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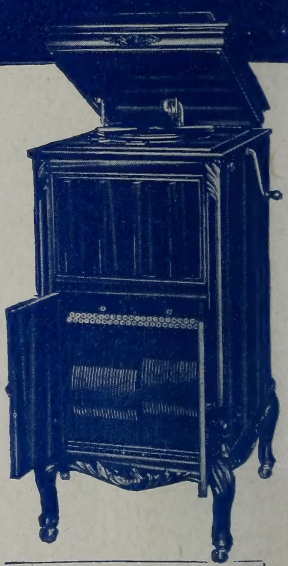

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Dont forget to look for your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE on the 5th of each month hereafter.

"Even better," and "The best yet," are sayings that are getting very common with our readers, and we intend to keep it so. We think you will find some very interesting matter in the present number, but there is still better yet to come. We have lots of good things under way for our readers, and we shall try hard to keep up our reputation as "The classic of Motion Picture publications."

Among the good things that are scheduled for the March issue, which comes out on February 5th, is an appreciation of Vera Sisson, by Richard Willis. Miss Sisson has risen into prominence and popularity by reason of her ability and also by the fact that she is the leading lady of Warren Kerrigan. This article is excellently illustrated. And we also have chats with Raymond Gallagher, Marie Wierman, Bliss Milford, Carlyle Blackwell, Edwin August, Edgar Jones, Louise Huff, Nicholas Dunaew, Harry Beaumont, Henry King, Warren Kerrigan, Robert Vignola, D. W. Griffith, George Larkin, Dorothy Gish, and others, all of which will appear as fast as we can make room.

"TAKING PICTURES IN EXTRAORDINARY PLACES," by Ernest A. Dench, is unusually interesting, and it describes the vicissitudes of Frederick Burlingham in the Alps, and carries with it some excellent Alpine illustrations.

"A MOMENT OF MADNESS," by Alan Crosland, is an extremely bright article, in which are shown the trials and tribulations of a beginner in the Edison Company, and carries nine illustrations.

"A TRIP TO VITAGRAPHVILLE," by Agnes Kessler, makes a very interesting journey and introduces many familiar figures in "close-up" views.

"HOW THE FILM IS MADE," by Irving Crump, is a supplement to "The Story of Your Story," which appears in the present issue. If you read one you will certainly want to read the other.

"MOVIES IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY," by Jacob Fasnacht, tells how important Moving Pictures are to the happiness of "the men behind the guns."

"PERILS OF THE MOTION PICTURES," by William Lord Wright, is well illustrated with scenes from famous films in which daring deeds were done.

"THE PALMY DAYS," by Robert Grau, draws an interesting parallel between the stage and the screen, and recalls the old "palmy days" and traditions of the stage. No writer in the world is better qualified to write on such a subject.

"FIVE MINUTES AT THE ESSANAY WESTERN," by Charles R. Holmes, gives a graphic description with photos of G. M. Anderson's studio at Niles, Cal.

"IT WAS THE THIRTEENTH," by Myrtle E. Gibsone, is an interesting episode in the life of Ruth Roland.

"FIVE MINUTES' EXPERIENCE OF A PUBLICITY MAN INTERVIEWING A MOTION PICTURE STAR," by Robert A. Dillon, is something different in the way of "chats."

"MOTION PICTURES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES," by Ernest A. Dench, is as interesting as it is instructive, and tells all about Motion Pictures in distant lands, what kinds they like, how they enjoy them, etc.

And dont forget the ten or more regular departments, including the Answer Man, the Cartoons, Great Cast Contest, the Penographs, Biographies, Stories, etc., and last but not least the exquisite cover design in colors, which will be a handsome picture of Mabel Trunnelle, of the Edison Company. (The April cover will probably be devoted to Ruth Stonehouse, of the Essanay Company, who is equally worthy of that high honor.)

Dont forget the date—February 5th. Wait and watch for it! Place your order now. The edition will probably be close to or above 300,000, but even that number will not supply the demand, no doubt, and you will hear the familiar "Sold out" all along the line when you make a tardy request for this magazine at the newsstands. The great war in Europe does not seem to lessen the demand for this magazine, as it does for nearly all others, and so we repeat—Be on the safe side and order now! Subscription rates and propositions will be found on another page.

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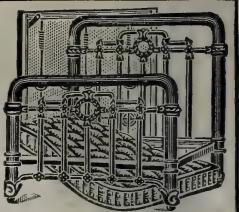

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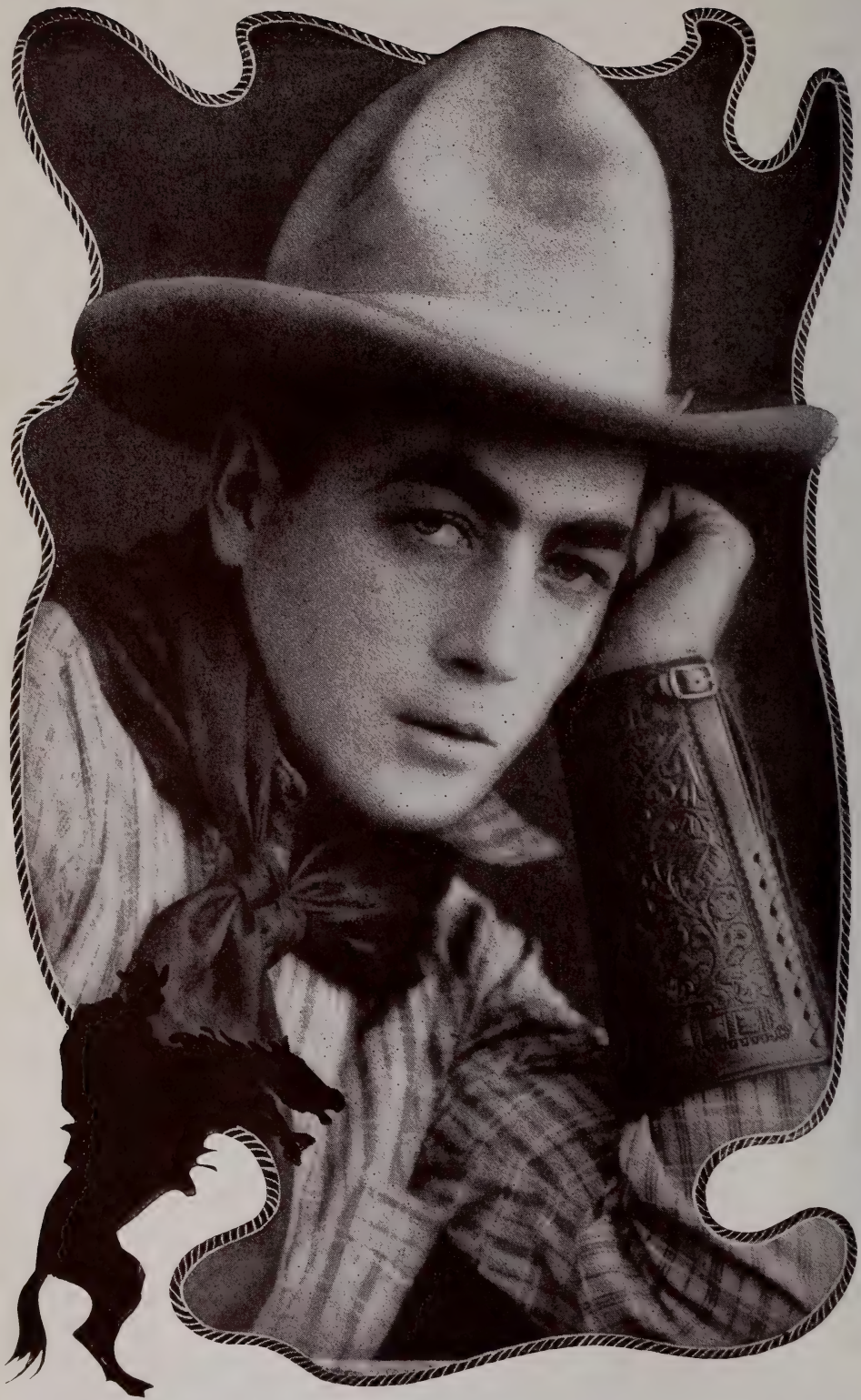

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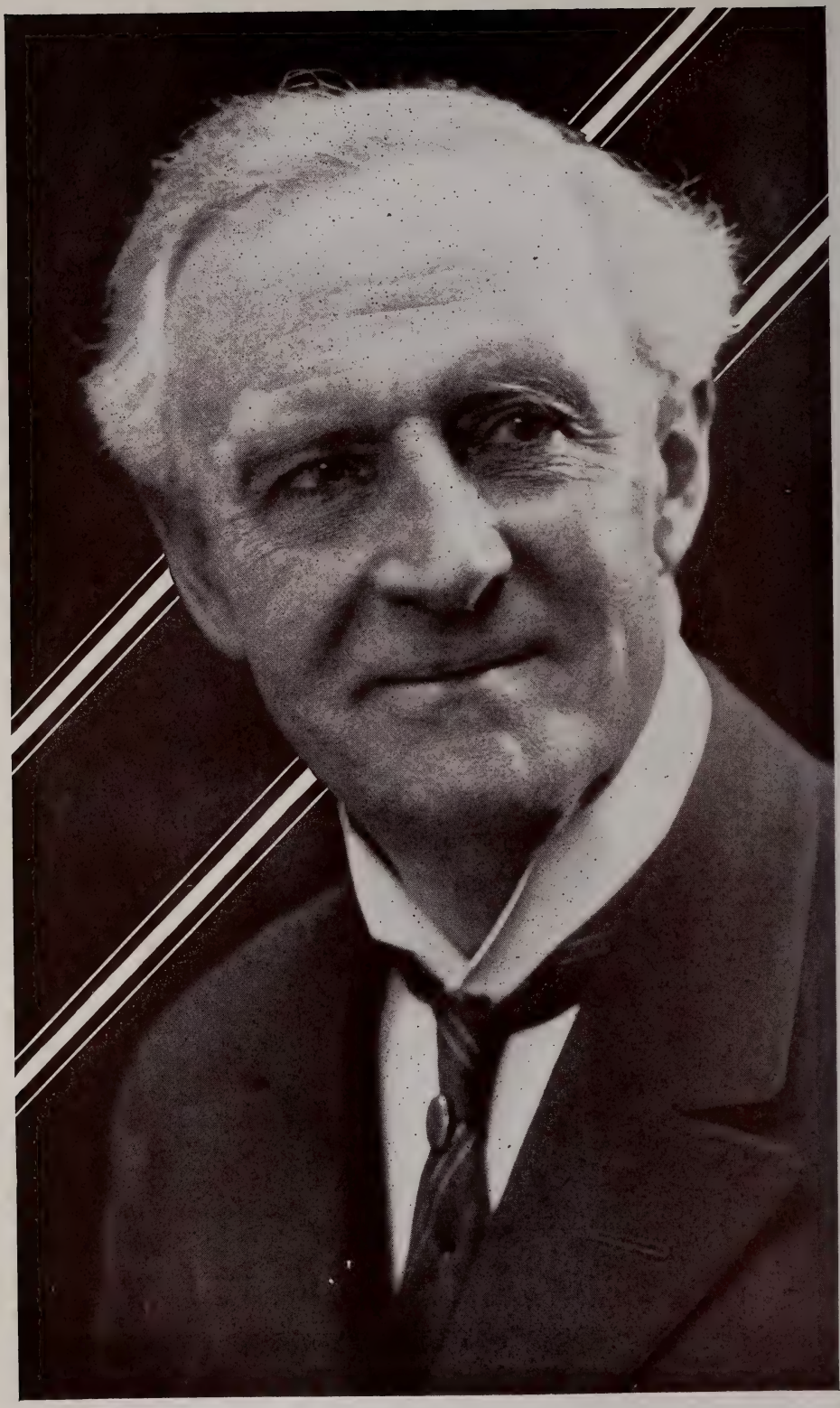

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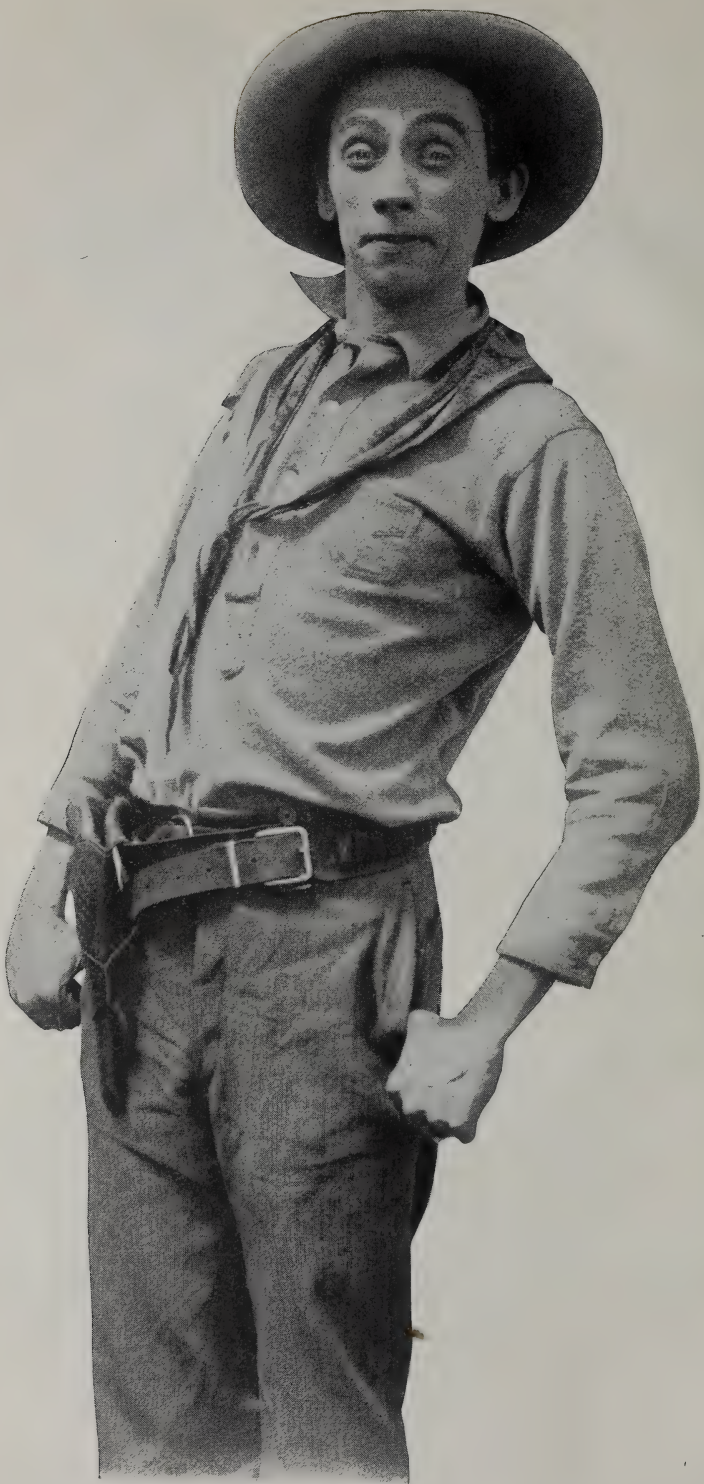

VICTOR POTEL
(Essanay)

Dont Forget to Vote in the Great Cast Contest. See page 125

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UNCLE SAM—WELL, I'M GLAD THERE'S ONE THING THEY CAN AGREE ON!

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Vol. IX No. 1
FEBRUARY, 1915

Comrade Kitty

(Lubin)

By KARL SCHILLER

This story was written from the Photoplay of SHANNON FIFE

"TRUE as I live, sweetness, you've made a real hit with me!"

"Aw, Ned!"

"I mean it, sweetness—every word. I'll be right there with the wedding-ring any old day you say. Whatcha waitin' for—ashamed of my father's business, maybe? I know face-powder isn't exactly swell, but I'll start in in the junk trade if you say the word—"

"Ned! You're just kidding—*me*, a factory girl. Look at the other girls nudging and whispering. And anyhow, how about Miss Alice Trent?"

"Gee, Kitty, I dont give a rap about her—she cant hold a candle to you! Honest, sweetness, you got me going——"

Kitty James, prettiest of girl workers in the Hicks Powder Factory—face-powder, not gunpowder, but quite as dangerous to mankind—watched the face of her ardent suitor under lowered lids. She saw reckless, handsome features, irradiated just now with true feeling and purpose. But life had taught the girl harsh lessons in distrust. Her heart pleaded one way; her brain another.

"Aw! I'm not such a fool as to believe everything I hear, Mr. Ned Hicks. Why, it's the talk of the place that you're going to marry Miss Trent—not that *I* care, y' understand—but you ought to be ashamed talking to me this way. Go on with you. I got work to do, and, anyhow, somebody's coming——"

Ned looked up quickly, then manfully kept his ground, altho the thunderous expression on his father's face would have driven a less earnest suitor from his lady's side. The pudgy, consequential man and the overdressed, artificial girl in the elder Hicks' train stared superciliously at the blushing Kitty. The girl tittered and said something in an audible aside that sent the angry blood to the factory girl's forehead.

"Ah! Ned, glad we happened on you." Mr. Hicks' tone was bland. "I suppose you were looking for us. Just take our guests on thru the factory, will you. I must excuse myself a moment—a matter to be attended to. Miss Alice, I think you will find the packing department worth looking at."

Gritting his teeth, with anything but polite pleasure on his countenance, Ned turned slowly to Alice Trent. He knew only too well what Kitty must be thinking. Indeed, he himself was the only one present who did not believe that he was going to marry Miss Alice Trent. Surely a good business proposition—the union of Hicks' Fairy Face-powder and the Trent chain of drug-stores. Mr. Hicks

watched the three move out of sight, his aggressive jaw thrust forward. He was of a bulldog nature that, having once acquired an idea, holds on to it with deadly grip. That any obstacle as absurd as one of his own factory hands should stand in the path of his will was not to be thought of.

"I do not pay my employees for conversation." His tone was chilly. "I believe I have notices to that effect where you can see them?"

"Yes, Mr. Hicks." Kitty spoke very low. It was in her mind to plead her own powerlessness in the matter, but she knew that it would get Ned into trouble and refrained. "I—I'm sorry. It shant happen again."

Hicks looked at her. Her beauty angered him. Miss Alice Trent, belle and society leader as she was, had no such clarity of complexion, such violet eyes and fine gold hair. All of these items increased the enormity of her offense.

"No, it shant happen again," he said grimly. "In fact, to insure against it, you may get your money and go!"

Events kept Ned during the rest of the day away from the factory. The Trents were to leave late that evening for their home, and Mrs. Hicks had arranged what she termed "a little social gathering" in the evening. In spite of this deprecatory description, the affair represented a fortnight of toil and planning and was fondly proposed to be the setting for the climax of their son's extremely lukewarm courtship. Indeed, his father intimated as much before the reception began.

"I want you to get busy, my boy," he told his son. "It will be the making of me to have you tie up to the Trent Drug Company. She's a good-looking girl, too, and Alex Morgan is buzzing around her. Morgan's Swansdown Superlative Powder for the Complexion is too much of a rival of mine to let his measly sissy of a son cop the Trent business. Now mind what I say."

"But I'm not in love——"

"Love! Humph! Piffle!" Mr. Hicks was contemptuous. "What's that got to do with business? I'm not askin' you to fall in love; I'm askin' you to propose to Alice Trent tonight. Get me?"

Dismally, Ned admitted that he did get him, and the matter appeared to be settled.

It was something of a jolt, therefore, for Mr. Hicks to see his guests drive away at midnight in their auto, with the despised Alex loathsomely in attendance and Ned's suit quite evidently not furthered.

"I couldn't get near her all the evening for that ass, Morgan," said Ned, sulkily, in extenuation, as his mother shed reproachful tears on the divan and his father ramped indignantly up and down the room. "If she wants that scrawny little runt, let her have him. I dont care. I'm going to marry Kitty James."

"Oh, *Ned!*" his mother was horrified. "For pity sakes, who is Kitty James? I never heard of her, and I'm sure I know all the best people in Hicksville!"

"He means a common, uneducated little factory hand in the works!" roared her husband. "That's all the gratitude we get for trying to make a gentleman out of him!"

"Oh! oh! oh!"

The harassed Ned stood his ground defiantly, and for a few moments there was silence in the room.

"Look here, young man." His father faced him at last, grimly, an ultimatum in his eye. "Trent is going to give a half-million dollar contract to a face-powder concern inside of a week. I want that contract, and you can get it for me. I dont want to be hard on you, my boy—your mother and I are thinking of your own good. Now, here is my proposition. You nab the order for me and complete all arrangements for your marriage, and I'll give you—ten thousand dollars. Does that listen good to you?"

A slight shade less defiance was visible in Ned's face. He was doing a lightning calculation in mental arithmetic.

"You can take the car to the

Trents' place," went on his father, reasonably. "I'll have it loaded with sample boxes of powder. Tell 'em it's used on all the crowned faces in Europe—talk it up, my boy—tell 'em anything, and *propose* to the girl. If you come back without a wife and my order, you can look elsewhere for your board!"

"Ned, I believe you've lost your

HE INSISTED ON BRINGING A BOTTLE OF CHEAP WINE OUT OF HIS OLD CUPBOARD AS REFRESHMENTS

way!" There was a threat of tears in the voice. "It's getting a-a-awfully d-d-dark——"

"Dont you care, sweetness—it cant be so much further on. Brace up, hon——"

"I'd never have come if you'd said you were g-g-going to l-l-lose m-me! How are we going to be m-m-arried in a c-cow pasture, I'd like to know?"

Ned released one hand from the wheel to turn a small, moist face to his for a brief interval. To tell the truth, he was badly disturbed himself. The car showed only too evident signs of going bad, and his map told him, depressingly, that he was still some miles from the Trents' country home. His hastily conceived plan of marrying Kitty on the way as the best means of not becoming hopelessly entangled in his father's network of plans, seemed remarkably absurd and ill-conceived here in an unknown forest, with the dark descending swiftly above them and an invalid car beneath. He had not dreamed there were so many difficulties in the way of getting married.

It was greatly to his relief then, when a light glimmered thru the trees a few yards further on.

"We're all right, hon. There's a house. Whoever lives in this God-forsaken spot can show us the way out."

The white-haired, white-mustached old gentleman who answered Ned's impatient rap on the door was unmis-

takably Southern. If his looks had not betrayed him, his accent would have located him at once. The flight of the young couple, explained to him, aroused every instinct of chivalry. He insisted on bringing a bottle of cheap wine out of his old cupboard as refreshment.

"Y'u-all must pahdon the simplicity of my little domestic arrangements," he told them, in courtly fashion; then lifting his glass he proposed,

A BUNCH OF ROSES ON HIS BREAST CONTRIBUTED BY HIS CHAUFFEUR

with a bow toward Kitty: "The ladies, Gawd bless 'em!"

As to their frantic questions about the way to the Trents' home, he was unfortunately very vague.

"Ah kin *show* y'u, but it is suttinly right difficult to describe it, suh," he explained. "Howevah, if y'u have no objection ah'll be ve'y happy to take y'u thah mahself."

This seemed the best solution of the difficulty. Accordingly, the three strangely assorted travelers joined the sample boxes of face-powder in the automobile and crawled on thru the unmistakable dusk. Five minutes further on, their car gave a hoarse gasp of exhaustion and stopped.

"We're done for now!" groaned Ned. "I was hoping I could nurse the thing along as far as the Trents'. Now we are in a pretty fix!"

"Pahdon me, suh." The Colonel rose in the stalled automobile with the air of a general taking command of an almost hopeless manœuvre. "Theh is an inn around yondah bend in the road. No doubt y'u kin find gasoline theh, suh, while the lady takes a little rest."

Before the inn stood a natty little runabout, with something vaguely familiar in its lines. A glance into the entrance hall confirmed Ned's suspicions. He drew back precipitately, with an exclamation.

"See that fellow in there—the short, dudish guy? Well, that's Alex Morgan. He's on the way to the Trents', after that contract, too!"

Kitty laid a comforting little hand on Ned's coat-sleeve.

"Dont you worry," she said bravely. "It isn't your fault, anyway. And I'd just as soon marry you if you hadn't a penny in the world!"

The Colonel grasped the situation in a few words. Looking thoughtfully at the hated Alex, his eye caught a sign hanging over the bar, which stood in one corner of the hall. A gentle, almost tender smile stole over his features, and the light of an idea dawned in his eyes.

"Ah will attend to him," the Colonel promised. "Y'u-all get the cyar in shape in half an hour and Ah will rejoin y'u hyah. Oh, by the way, Ah shall need ten dollahs for—er—the running expenses—thank y'u, suh."

It was something less than the stated time when the Colonel reappeared, a new and statelier bearing

apparent as he clambered into the resuscitated car.

"Y'u need give y'uselves no mo' uneasiness," he beamed. "Ah have just left the young gentleman lyin' on his bed, suh, in peace, with a bunch of roses on his breast, contributed by his chauffeur."

"Good Lord, Colonel," gasped horrified Ned, remembering suddenly the reputation of Southerners for pistol

until the lights of the Trent house shone out in front of them. Fragments of strains from an orchestra came from the open windows, thru which could be seen many couples dancing. It would have seemed to most men a particularly inauspicious time for a business venture, but Ned Hicks was rendered desperate by his father's threats and by the pressure of a soft shoulder against his arm.

ELABORATE PREPARATIONS FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF SOUVENIRS BY THE COUNTESS KITTY

skill, "you haven't killed the poor little runt, have you?"

"Suttinly not," replied the Colonel, calmly. "Ah simply challenged him to a mint julep contest, and Ah'm proud to say, suh, Ah won by a neck, with a score of ten to four. The fourth one knocked him down, suh. He evidently had had a right limited expe'nce with liq'or, po' boy."

With this pitying and melancholy comment, the Colonel became silent, remaining sunk in a meditative calm

"Kitty, sweetness, are you game for an all-fired big bluff?"

Startled, she looked up into his face.

"Ned!"

"Listen, hon. If I dont land this job, the governor will can me—I've *gotta* land it—for you. Dad said to tell 'em anything. Well, listen to me—you, too, Colonel; I've got a plan—"

The guests of the Trents were bored. The dancing dragged; the women concealed yawns behind their

fans, and the men surreptitiously glanced at their watches. Failure hovered perilously over the most ambitious affair yet attempted by the drug-store millionaire. Into this atmosphere of depression came Mrs. Trent and Alice, radiant; her husband and three strangers following.

"My dear friends," smiled the hostess, "such a delightful surprise for us! Our old friend, Ned Hicks, and the Count Van Rensller and his daughter, the Countess Kitty, were motoring thru the country, and we have persuaded them to remain here overnight."

A murmur of awakened interest passed about the room. The feminine part of the company noted Ned's tall, squarely built figure, impressive even in its borrowed dress-suit; while the masculine eyes rested delightedly on the demure Kitty, dainty and distinguished in one of Mrs. Trent's own gowns.

"And the Countess has kindly consented," went on Mrs. Trent, well satisfied at the result of her *coup,* "to distribute the souvenirs of the evening——"

A servant, dragging a huge basket, appeared in the doorway and deposited it on a table at Kitty's side. It was piled to the brim with small white-and-gold boxes of Fairy Face-powder, a tiny swansdown puff tied with white ribbon to each box.

THE PRETTY COUNTESS AND HER DAINTY GIFTS TOOK THE BLASÉ GUESTS BY STORM

There was no longer any doubt about the success of the evening. The pretty Countess and her dainty gifts took the blasé guests by storm. And Ned, observing Mr. Trent's satisfied smile, thanked the lucky stars that had favored his bold ruse.

" 'Tell 'em anything'—h-m!" he thought, with a shameless grin. " 'Come home with the contract and all arrangements for your marriage made.' Dad, I'll do it! Watch *me!*"

Before sunrise his hopes were justi-

fied. Mr. Trent signed the contract that was to put ten thousand dollars into Ned's pockets, and the automobile was unloaded of all its store of Fairy Face-powder. Alice Trent, discovering the Countess' engagement-ring, was inclined to be rather pettish, until Alex, rather pale and drawn, appeared in belated search of business. As Ned and his titled guests drove triumphantly away, they left Alex enjoying his rôle of invalid in a reclining-chair, with Alice, a most tender nurse, to listen to his story of plunging into the river on the previous evening to rescue a drowning child.

Mr. and Mrs. Hicks were radiant. Their one stone had brought down two birds —a splendid business contract and a marriage for their son that would advance them in the social scale several degrees. In the midst of their mutual congratulations appeared the young gentleman himself, sheepish and happy, leading a blushing young woman by the arm and followed by the faithful Colonel.

"Ned!" gasped his mother, after one quick glance, which had shown her horrified maternal eyes the obviously new and shiny wedding-ring on Kitty's hand.

"You young scoundrel!" roared his father, angrily. "Where is Alice, I'd like to know?"

"I didn't marry her for fear my wife wouldn't like it," said Ned. "Father and mother, I want you to meet Mrs. Edward Hicks, Junior, and Colonel Carter, who has performed the office of guide, philosopher, friend and chaperon!"

The storm hovering on the elder Hicks' brow hesitated as he took in the Colonel's genial features; then, too, Kitty's pretty blushes, stylish apparel and most genteel deportment greatly amazed him. He broke into a harmless roar of welcome. "Well, if it isn't old Comrade Carter, of Gettysburg! Colonel, I'm certainly glad my scapegrace of a son fell in with you—couldn't have found a better—"

"Suh, y'uh sentiments do y'u honah!" beamed the Colonel. As the two shook hands long and earnestly, Mrs. Hicks, taking her belated cue, drew Kitty into motherly arms.

MR. TRENT SIGNED THE CONTRACT THAT WAS TO PUT $10,000 IN NED'S POCKET

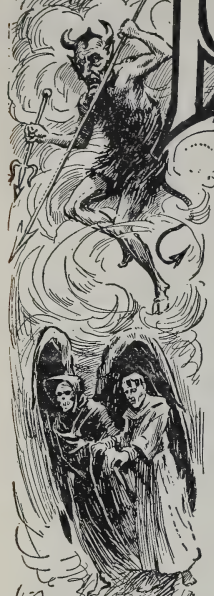
"And, Colonel," said Mr. Hicks, turning to his guest, "Colonel, what would you say to a mint julep to toast these foolish youngsters in?"

"Suh," replied the Colonel, "suh, altho stric'ly temp'rance mahself, still this once, in honah of this happy occasion, Ah dont kyar if Ah do!"

"I believe—ahem—my dear," suggested Mr. Hicks, "that I have not yet had the opportunity to welcome my new daughter." And taking heart of courage, he kist the bride squarely on both cheeks.

The Photoplaywright's Inferno

BY ELMER EDMOND JOHNSON



You have shuddered and shivered with horror and dread
At the thought of the place where you go when you're dead,
As described in the books which no doubt you have read,
The brain-storms of Milton and Dante.
But I'll tell you a tale as bombastic as they,
Of the regions infernal where despots bear sway,
With the satiric mien of a Don Quixote,
The creation of Miguel Cervante.

Death claimed his reward, making captive my soul,
Which he carried thru space to its ultimate goal;
And he ushered me in that the Judge might take toll
For a life spent in vain aspirations.
The demons and fiends gathered 'round me in glee,
While they danced and they grinned diabolically;
And I knew that the errors committed by me
Would require some strong explanations.

Then the Judge, looking up from his book of the law,
Struck a chill to my heart—overwhelmed me with awe;
For the cut of his beard, and his square-chiseled jaw,
Betokened a critical nature.
"Who art thou?" thundered he, "and why comest thou here,
And what didst thou do in the world of good cheer,
That the Angel of Death, whom the body doth fear,
Brings thy soul to this grim Legislature?"

With these questions he paused and awaited reply.
"I know not, Your Honor," most humbly quoth I,
"Why Death brought me here; but, before I did die,
I wrote photoplays that were clever.
My wealth of technique was astoundingly great,
And original plots were a cinch to create;
But the editors were, I am sorry to state,
Not inclined to reward my endeavor."

"Enough!" roared the Judge; "your own answers convince
That an editor's pest you have been ever since
You wrote your first play, and my words I'll not mince,
Sulphur flames shall be your habitation."
Then the demons and fiends drove a spike thru my brain,
And I woke with a start at the horrible pain,
To discover my daughter was playing a strain
From the latest ragtime perpetration.

IN the middle ground the setting sun bronzed the roofs of Asping Hall like brown breasts bursting from a girdle of green oaks. The avenue, beneath two long processions of sentinel beeches, lay black and straight as an arrow. One window, embrasured and lozenged, cast back the burning red of the sun—a torch to light the tunnel of ancient trees. It was a solemn, even peaceful landscape, as old as the Athelstan and the free forests of Middlesex.

The dryness of harvest-tide crisped the air, but in the room of the burning red window an old man sat with his back straight against a coal fire. His features were very fine-cut, like those of a coin, and his clear, white hands shone with the luster of lilies from the laces of his cuffs.

And as he read thru polished horn spectacles, the rhythmic rush of horse-shoes at full gallop sped up the avenue. To swing the glaring window and to peer, shaking with inner cold, down the shadowed vista, were the nimble movements of the reader. He caught the choked breath of the horse; the hiss of his exhalation; the whirring pant of his lungs.

"Grigson!" The old man danced frantically at his bell-cord, pulling like a sexton. "Quick! Lend me your eyes! The beast has the bit in his teeth. Is there—is there—does Jeffrey still sit him?"

The fish's eyes of the valet goggled into the gloom.

"He sits the horse queerly—he rocks in the saddle—his eyes——"

"D—n you!" shrilled the listener—"it's his heart. Be quick to carry him into the hall."

The valet's heels pounded down the staircase, and he fairly leapt at the maddened horse. The ashen-faced rider fell stiffly into his arms. And with his boot-heels cutting zigzag trenches in the drive, the servant dragged the lifeless rider thru the Hall's door.

The old man bent over him with savage quickness, a tiny glass globule in his fingers. There came a slight report, the tinkle of glass on the floor, and instantly an acrid, choking odor filled the room. Smothered in a handkerchief, the volatile fumes were forced into the prone man's lungs.

"Ah, his heart beats—the nitro-glycerin works!"

A flutter of eyelids answered the rasped words.

"Summon Doctor Huntington at once—Bethlehem Hospital."

The valet babbled inchoate words into the telephone instrument. But, somehow, they throbbed over the wires to London, and the gist of their urgent meaning was caught by the staff physician.

"Nurse," he instructed tersely, "I'm off by motor to my uncle's, Asping Hall—back by noon tomorrow."

The white-uniformed girl raised her eyes to his; quickly said, "Yes, Doctor," and spread open his instrument-

case. No one could have suspected that these two were lovers and that their hearts were other than functional, so bluntly crisp were the words.

The girl did not even look from the office window as she heard the slam of the motor's door. The discipline that comes from tension, routine and thousands of iodoform bandages had effectually stifled such silly last glances.

Squirming thru the press of traffic, leaping open-lunged across country roads, the doctor's motor flashed its gray streak toward Asping Hall.

The ghastly tableau of terrified valet, spent and tragic father, and between them the rigid, sprawled body with fluttering eyelids, was a scene that set the doctor's nerves to twitching.

He instantly became the personage of the hour, on whose slightest word or move the hectoring old man hung.

"There, Grigson, bring his shoulders up to a comfortable position. Uncle, strip away his collar and tie."

With the commands, Doctor Robert Huntington mixed a colorless powder in a drinking-glass and tilted its contents down his cousin's throat.

Relief came almost miraculously, and a faint, panting breath exhaled from the lungs of the stricken one.

"Robert"—the speaker's voice was curiously broken—"again you have saved his life. You have proved yourself of our blood."

A dull light, like that back of a bull's-eye slide, appeared in the doctor's eyes, but he doubly screened it behind his professional manner.

"Jeffrey's respiration is becoming normal," he said, "and his heart will grow stronger—in an hour he can go to his rooms."

"Ah!" said the old man, and the word meant everything.

"After this," the doctor resumed, "I suppose you realize that this climate is far too rough for him." He paused to drive home his words. "Send him, with Grigson, to the Riviera or——" And an eloquent head-shake took the place of the unspoken words.

"It shall be," muttered the old man. "Why should I pit my hard heart against his fragile one? He shall winter where you say. And, Robert"—the words were half-command, half-appeal—"I request you to resign from the hospital and to come live with me—as my private physician."

The doctor's strong hand imprisoned his. "In three days you will have my answer," he said. But in his inner mind there remained not the shadow of a doubt.

"Nurse, please ask Nurse Morton into the office."

The hospital nurse departed, and returned accompanied by another.

"Nurse Morton"—then, as the other departed—"Ann, dear girl, I have something very painful to tell you."

The girl, whose courage never faltered over the operating-table, trembled violently.

"My uncle desires that I leave the hospital and go to live with him."

Again the uncontrolled agitation that shook her as with a palsy.

"Come, Ann, dear little girl," the big man comforted, "this is not like you. Tell me that you are glad."

"Yes, I am happy—for you," she said.

For an instant the overpowering impulse came to crush her into his arms and to pour out the words that panted in his heart, but, instead, he held out his hands in conventional farewell.

"For me!" he said, and her fingers closed over his tightly.

Then came quickly, and passed as quickly by, long nights before the coal fire of Asping Hall, where the old man sat huddled in his patterned-silk dressing-gown, and the doctor's low voice rose and fell like the guttering wind in the chimney.

What a scarecrow shadow his audience presented, he thought; ready to scuttle out of this mundane existence like a squeaking rat.

The broad brow beneath the silvered hair and the hollow eyes held

something of nobility as he turned them time and time again toward the honored guest.

"Robert," he spoke up abruptly one night, "I've been thinking if anything should happen to Jeffrey."

"Tut, tut, uncle! He progresses wonderfully well."

"If anything happens to Jeffrey," the old man persisted, "Asping Hall will be yours." And his arm, scythe-like, made a gesture of sweeping across the broad, grain-ripe acres.

The old man became closer wrapt in his thoughts, and his bent head gave no sign of pleasure nor pride in his brother's strong son.

Once the very dismalness of things started the doctor's tongue to telling of his clinical work, and before he was aware of it the courage, the skill, the unutterable sweetness of Ann Morton came in broad description to his lips.

He stopped, utterly shocked at his lack of discretion. The silvered head was bowed to the flames; its eyes were

JEFFREY'S HEART THE CAUSE OF MUCH ANXIETY

"Put such thoughts away," said the doctor, almost sternly, but with the words the dull, masked light showed from his eyes.

And that night, too, in the privacy of his room, his soul underwent a feeble conflict, wherein the love of the slim, white nurse was choked off from him forever in the few formal words of his note.

"Circumstances alter cases," he said aloud, and cursed himself for the brutal truth of the platitude.

And then came a sequence of fire-lit nights, with the specter-haunted dressing-gown for his companion.

closed. Surely no human tenant could inhabit a shell so frail!

Doctor Huntington seized the lustrous white hand. It was very cold.

His uncle was dead, then, in this utterly comfortable way, and his own witless words had remained unheard.

Two days after the funeral the doctor received a telegram from Jeffrey stating that he was on his way home and breaking the journey at London.

His own carefully worded message addressed to Nice remained unclaimed then? And in the short hours following its sending, a new and paramount feeling had grown in the nephew's

breast. He felt that *he* was the old man's heir. Nothing could dissuade him—the obsequious servants, the keys to the document vault, the very air of Asping Hall proclaimed him its master.

Let us give him the scant credit that his professional instinct wrestled long with his passions as to the wording of his second telegram to the real, not the visionary, heir. He knew the probable effect of a tragic message upon his convalescent cousin, and in the long run and the nearness of his supplanting he took the brutal risk.

"Your father is dead of heart failure." The words of fire struck Jeffrey down with the sure aim of shrapnel.

And it was thus that Grigson found him, sprawled across a table, the yellow death-warrant clutched in frigid fingers.

The hotel physician, in fright lest an unearned and sudden death empty the place of patrons, hurried Jeffrey off in an ambulance to Bethlehem Hospital, and he was placed in the ward in which Ann Morton was one of the night-nurses.

Unconsciously, the girl's misery of heart attracted her to the sufferer whose heart was empty almost of life's blood, and she sat by his cot unremittingly, watching the marble of his delicately chiseled face.

In the long night-watch she recalled that Doctor Huntington had always evidenced a keen interest in cardiac diseases, and try not to as she might she wished that he were there to pass judgment upon her new case.

Morning showed a slight improvement in Jeffrey's condition, and by noon he was propped up and stared vacantly about him. The past was dead; he hardly realized why he was stricken—that his father was dead and he the master of Asping Hall. But with the silent, slow-slipping night came a girl with brilliant yet trustful eyes, who sat near him and silently watched thru the hours. With convalescence came poignant memory, stabbing at his brain and racking his fluttering heart. And it was then that the quiet nurse with the sad, truthful face became the one image to which his fevered eyes turned.

They knew each other in soul—without words—and each was satisfied.

Into such a serene night Doctor Huntington entered, casting his heavy-furred coat like a snake shedding his skin.

"Jeffrey, little soldier, only the most serious affairs have kept me away from you."

Jeffrey thought of his father's burial, and pressed the doctor's hand.

As for the nurse, she rose up and would have fled precipitately, deserting her patient, if the doctor's eyes had not caught and held hers. Appeal, triumph, mastery, malevolence shone from those singularly powerful eyes.

She stood fascinated; then slowly, step by step, drew away from his presence.

"I shall ask to have you brought to the Hall presently," said the doctor, with eyes smiling down at his cousin. But his full lips below were flattened into the snarl of the man who has dared and lost.

Days of regaining strength came, and the love of Jeffrey for Ann Morton ripened into a steadfast, purposeful one. As for the girl, she had fought her battle out alone, and had destroyed even the memory of Doctor Huntington.

They were married privately in a little chapel near the hospital, and Jeffrey planned to utterly surprise his cousin by bringing home a bride to the Hall.

He succeeded better than he thought. Without warning, he advanced into the library and clasped his hands over the doctor's eyes. Ann, in traveling veil, followed close behind.

"Jeffrey, I know you!"

"Then permit me to present my blushing bride."

The eyes of the two met, expressed volumes, and fell. And Ann knew that, as long as he remained under

her husband's roof, she was the master.

The weeks sped by with this ill-assorted trio living in apparent happiness, and perhaps a no more deceptive triangle of two men and a woman had ever tried to preserve appearances. For there was the doctor cordially hating his cousin and wishing his death, and both loving and fearing Ann. As for the young wife, she loathed the doctor to the point of hysteria, yet all the while kept up a

A great curiosity had come over them to thumb the rare volumes in the Huntington library, and upon the night when the doctor sat bolt upright upon a backless settle, scowling into the fire, they came across an old legend, long since forgotten, of the Huntington family:

THE CRIMSON MOTH

A Chronicle of the Huntingtons, Set Forth and Writ by Hugh of Middlesex

JEFFREY BRINGS HOME HIS BLUSHING BRIDE

smiling, pretty face in his presence. And poor Jeffreys loved and trusted them both, not knowing that his life and his love were at stake.

How the doctor detested the long evenings of three spent in the solemn, high-paneled library! In times not so far gone his had been the paramount figure, pouring words of wisdom into a senile man's ear.

How damnably different things now were, with the loving couple, his masters both, battling with their nauseating lovers' prattle and now and then flinging him a spare word.

Now, we have neither length nor breadth enough to this story to display the full text of this most amazing tradition. It is enough to say that, in turn, Jeffrey and Ann read it aloud to each other and were, in turn, charmed, thrilled and awed.

The pith of the tale was that in the cavalier days of Charles II, Cuthbert, known as the Black Huntington, loved his ward, Marjorie; but her heart was given to Cuthbert's young cousin. The three lived together in seeming happiness, until one day the Black Huntington dis-

THE LEGEND OF THE CRIMSON MOTH

covered the lay of his ward's heart and taxed his young cousin with treachery.

Then they fought, cousin against cousin, until the high-paneled room was flecked with the blood of their hurts. At last Cuthbert, with a savage thrust, ran the lover thru, and he lay dying in a pool of his bright young blood.

It was thus that Marjorie found him, and as she bent to catch his last faint breath, a white moth fluttered into the window and clung to the dying man's chest. The flowing blood dyed its wings a bright crimson, and the girl took it as an omen and fell into a swoon.

When she recovered, the lover was dead, and the crimson moth had fluttered away.

But the tale ran true and straight thru all the years that, whenever a crimson moth appeared, thereafter a Huntington must pay immediate forfeit with his life.

The grimly pretty fancy held them both in its charm, and the lovers took no heed of the doctor, who sat gnawing his nails at the childish tradition.

A heavy, chuckling laugh snatched the readers back to things real.

"A fig for your crimson moth and your black, sword-skirling Cuthberts," burst out the doctor, rising; "it's rotting away to death we are, instead of by imaginary sword-thrusts."

There was an ill temper back of the words, a glowering rage, and the feel

of its edge set Jeffrey to trembling. As for the doctor, with the key once turned in his lock, he decided that affairs must come to a passage.

Firstly, why had Ann Morton shown such insane stupidity as to marry Jeffrey, and did she still care for himself?

This two-edged question he meant to fling at her in the early morning. And as for the night, he passed it, fully dressed, pacing the floor of his room.

Ann's first outdoor thought was always of the brick-walled rose garden and the blooms to be plucked for her husband's breakfast table. And there, on the following morning, the doctor found her.

"Ann," he said, boldly, "you will notice I have been careful to avoid you, except by the ill luck of our devilishly close relationship." He paused to catch the effect of his words. "You married the family heir, you know."

"Robert," she said, tonelessly, "will you in turn answer me a question? Why do you attempt the Satan in our paradise?"

The words seemed to whip him into sudden resolve. His face colored to a purplish red, and he seized her wrists, drawing her close and kissing her squarely on the lips.

Ann turned without a word and drew away from the shame of the thing. For the first time in her life she was utterly dumbfounded.

And, from the distant terrace, Jeffrey saw the whole passionate minute, and an agony greater than hers welled into his heart.

The doctor did not appear for breakfast, and for the first time they ate alone, but deceit sat as a masque between them, for neither would tell of the morning's event.

If they had had the courage to have flared up, to have thrashed the miserable thing out, and then to have set upon Satan, the horrid tragedy of the late afternoon could not have happened.

As it was, they withdrew into themselves, and the doctor took to strolling around the shrubbery flanking the farm buildings.

Presently he took to capering wildly and darted thru the foliage, flinging his arms about and clapping his hands like a lunatic.

There was a method in his madness, however, for quite suddenly he ceased his exertions, and a large white moth lay fluttering in the cup of his hands.

After the service was cleared away in the breakfast room, Ann made a slight pretense of cheerfulness, but the look of pitiable suffering in Jeffrey's face warned her that only a full confession would give him relief.

Was it her duty to have him hate his cousin? She thought not, and so the dismal morning wore away.

In the afternoon Ann took to her room, and she heard the doctor's door softly close and with it the grinding of the key in its lock.

Whether or not the doctor was a dangerous man or only the victim of his feelings, Ann thought it high time to be rid of him, and she sat with aching forehead locked between her hands, trying to find a way.

The afternoon wore on, and she mechanically started to dress for dinner. She studied her face earnestly in the mirror and hated it cordially for looking so pinkishly unconcerned.

With the last velvet band set about her round throat, and a crimson rose gleaming from her hair, she sat down and wrote a few rapid lines. Opening her door cautiously, Ann stole noiselessly across the roomy hall and tucked her missive under the doctor's door.

"Ann!"

She whirled in her tight skirts and looked into the pale, set face of Jeffrey.

"Ann, dear," he said, almost humbly, "come into the library, please."

She knew what was coming, knew now that he had seen the poisoned kiss of the morning, and a yearning, mothering pity for him searched her flesh.

"Ann, dear"—his voice strained like a sick man's—"I have brought you here to tell you that my devotion

will do anything to give you happiness." He seemed to clutch at his throat to force out the words. "If—if you need Robert—tell me, as a sister to a brother, and I will go away."

"No, no—I hate him!" she cried.

DR. HUNTINGTON'S PLOT OF THE CRIMSON MOTH

"Dont make a mockery of this," he said sternly—"the scorn of kisses and the hate of love-letters, it seems."

"Jeffrey," she gasped, clinging to his arms, "I once loved Robert, deeply, without reserve——"

He flung her off, and groped blindly for support, clutching at his heart.

"Christ's pity—look!"

Thru the sun-dust of the lozenged window there fluttered a blood-red moth. It beat its crimson wings about uncertainly, then set their tiny flight straight for the breast of Jeffrey.

He cowered away, striking frantically at the symbol of death. Suddenly his face fixed in agony, and his two hands set to pressing against his side.

The crimson moth settled upon his heart.

At its first appearance, Ann had told herself, "There is no such thing—it's a creature of my disordered brain—a chimera born of books and tales—a coinage of that ghostly bygone liar, Hugh of Middlesex."

She smiled back her fears, closing her eyes as if curtaining an ill-conceived play. But she opened them again, and it was to lock them fast with the look of mortal agony in Jeffrey's eyes, and the vampire still resting over his heart. She could stand it no longer, but dashed forward and seized it in her hands.

Immediately her palms were stained with crimson red.

The moth's wings, beating against her fingers, were rapidly becoming white. Instantly the thought of a dastardly trick flashed thru her brain, and she ran to the lozenged window.

The rip of loosened ivy, a man's scream, a dull concussion, and silence again.

Ann leaned from the window. There, some forty feet below, in grotesque death, lay the shape of what had been the handsome lover and consistent hater, Dr. Robert Huntington.

"Jeffrey, dear," she exclaimed in joyous hysteria, running to comfort him in her opened arms, "the crimson moth has fulfilled its tradition—the house of Huntington is safe forevermore."

CRAFT VERSUS LOVE

(Thanhouser)

By ALEXANDER LOWELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of LLOYD LONERGAN

THE girl tapped the hearth impatiently with one jewel-crusted slipper tip. Norman was never late for the opera, knowing her unsocietyfied fondness for arriving in time for the first curtain. It was most unlike him—most! Her parents, however, could not be gainsaid, and the reluctant girl listened with one ear to the wailing, climacteric tragedy of "Madame Butterfly," and with the other heard the million-tongued voice of Fear. The next day there was no welcome ringing of the telephone; no long, florist-labeled box; no dearly foolish note to be smiled over with lips that curved to tears. The girl felt for a certainty that something was amiss with her lover. This was not the way of Norman Scarborough, either as fervid wooer or courteous gentleman. His valet knew nothing of him; said, over the phone, that Mr. Scarborough had gone out the preceding afternoon, leaving directions for his evening-clothes to be in readiness, and that he had not returned. The man was plainly concerned. Apparently this was not the way of Norman Scarborough, master. The young man was of substantial habits—free of vagaries and other more material detractions.

Of a sudden Florence remembered the last conversation she and Norman had had. He had recurred to his ever-increasing doubts as to the honesty of his executor.

"You know, father trusted him almost to insanity," he had said. "The man is a plausible creature, and father was credulous in his latter years. I never liked him. He was too suave, too oily, to inspire confidence. He struck me as being one of that admirable class who will not stop at a few evasions of the law better to further their own ends. And I dont think he likes me——"

"Why haven't you looked into it, dear?" Florence had asked.

"For one reason, because I must have inherited some of father's credulity in regard to his executor; then dad was so unreasonably fond of him that it has seemed sort of—well, treacherous to his memory to doubt his judgment. I realize, however, that this is all utter rot, and I'm going down to see Drake tomorrow."

That was what Norman had said. Evidently he had gone to see Drake. Little doubt remained that he had found his worst fears justified—funds misappropriated; peculiar actions with stocks; various juggled transac-

tions. Also, evidently, he had not returned.

To Florence, Drake was some ogre, doer of impossible deeds; fearful to the eye and detrimental to the safety of persons within his clutch. Yet so much more real was her fear for the man she loved—with a love her perfectly groomed, self-sufficiently beautiful exterior belied—that she determined to beard the lion in his den, to force some sort of an explanation from Drake's lying lips. She decided to keep her errand a secret. So carefully was she guarded that she knew full well she would not be allowed to go into the business district without some sort of an attendant. She particularly wished to dispense with an attendant today. She had always felt that, allowed free rein, she could match wits with anybody. But wits are not society bait. Men nibble best at the sweetmeats of airy persiflage—such men, at least, as were wont to gather at the Gray affairs. Florence had long felt a lack—she loved Norman first for his complete fulfilling of that lack. He was refined, but not to the point of foppery.

Drake's office was the conventional, thriving, semi-luxurious affair. It imbued one with a sense of comfortable security. It exhaled an atmosphere of affairs honorably attended; of fees righteously earned; of a reputation solidly founded. It bore no slightest token of villainy; not a hint of the shady. One felt that here all was open, nothing *sub rosa*.

An immaculately shirt-waisted, marcelled, businesslike stenographer greeted Florence as a freckle-faced office-boy ushered her in. Florence used her wits at once—those wits that were born of the founding, not the present-day luxuriating, of the Gray house. She detected a slight—oh! a very slight—wavering of the correct stenographer's correctly inquiring greeting.

"My name is Florence Gray," she announced, coming directly to the point and giving her candid gaze straight into the stenographer's indeterminate eyes. "I have come here to see Mr. Drake."

"Mr. Drake has gone out," the stenographer, Miss Lucille Willis, replied.

"When do you expect him to return?"

"He did not leave word, Miss Gray. I believe his business is—is important. He has canceled all engagements for the day."

"Ah-h! You are Mr. Drake's private secretary?"

"Yes."

"Then will you be so kind as to tell me where I can reach Mr. Norman Scarborough, my fiancé?"

"Mr. Scarborough? Why, really, Miss Gray, what a very—what a very peculiar question!"

"Not so very peculiar, Miss Willis, since this office is the last place Mr. Scarborough entered before his unaccountable disappearance. You see, I am very familiar with all that concerns Mr. Scarborough. He is confidential in detail. I know all about Mr. Drake—even to your own name. If Mr. Scarborough does not appear, there is going to be trouble—a great deal of trouble. The skeleton in Mr. Drake's business office is going to rattle to the public gaze. There will not be many people who will care to entrust their affairs to the firm of Drake and Conway again. All employees will naturally come under the ban of ugly suspicion. Come, Miss Willis, the law of self-preservation is first and greatest. I can promise you safety and continued work if you are frank with me. If not—well, of course——" Florence paused suggestively, wondering underneath what her parents would think if they could see their dainty, dependent daughter arguing thus manfully. How remote we stand, ofttimes, from those of our flesh and blood!

The besieged stenographer, who had no very pressing reasons for loyalty to Damon Drake, leaned forward impulsively. "I know only one thing, Miss Gray," she blurted forth, "and that is that Mr. Scarborough was in this office yesterday afternoon

about four o'clock; that he had a very heated argument with Mr. Drake, and that he was taken from this office by Mr. Drake and another man somewhat—forcibly. They got in a taxi and drove away—uptown, I believe. That is absolutely all I know about it. And oh, please, Miss Gray, dont let me lose my position over this! I—I really cant afford to."

Florence patted the girl's nervous hand reassuringly and thought rapidly. One thing was certain; she *must* be in touch with Damon Drake.

"Listen to me," she said to Miss Willis, eagerly. "You understand, of course, that Mr. Scarborough has *got* to be found. I—I am afraid for him. If anything happens to him, it will mean a twofold tragedy. I love him—being a woman, you will understand, and I wont say more. The one way I can get into close touch with this affair is to be in this office—constantly. I can only do this in the position of stenographer. Fortunately, I have learnt the—art. It was one of my whims at school. Now, you must be ill, supposedly; I am a friend you have sent in your place. In the meantime, your salary shall be paid as usual—by me—and you will not be the loser in any way. Tell me—do you agree?"

Lucille Willis did not see in this proposition anything but gain for her important self. It meant rest, unearned increment, and—the adventitious friendship of Florence Gray, with whom she suddenly realized her familiarity in the Sunday paper's "Society Notes," "What Was Worn at the Opera," "Arrivals at Watering Places," etc., *ad infinitum*.

A WOMAN FIGHTING FOR THE MAN SHE LOVED (PAGE 49)

"Yes, I'll do it!" she exclaimed, with just a touch of magnanimity—just the faintest essence of the suggestion, "And for me?"

"Thank you," Florence Gray said gratefully; "you will not lose by this, as I have said, and now, if you are agreeable, Miss Willis, I will assume my duties at once."

"I hope Mr. Scarborough will be—safe," vouchsafed Lucille Willis, tentatively, as she made ready to exit, feeling for this clever, imperious girl the invariable woman-bond. And

Florence Gray's warm-beating heart smiled her own hope back.

Damon Drake was not only suave with his own sex. He put on an extra layer or two when it came to the weaker sex—particularly when the fragile vessels were young of face and round of limb, generally and colorfully pleasing to the eye. The charm of Florence Gray was instantly apparent to the practised eye. He felt not one qualm of regret for the suffering Miss Willis. She was an admirable business adjunct, but this spirited creature bade fair to serve a double purpose. Not often are business and pleasure so toothsomely allied. Drake smacked his sated lips. Florence, shuddering, believed him capable of anything, but she concealed her shrinking and ignored the all too obvious advances.

A week passed, and Florence appeared every morning, leaving at home excuses dealing vaguely with settlement work and meetings. Each day Drake waxed more amorous; each day the poignant charm of the girl made itself more felt. She was like heady wine; influx of new, vibrant blood; the sap of a spring reborn.

She was aloof, yet rich with the suggestion of yielding. Drake risked his all one evening as she was departing, and charged upon her like the animal he was. The girl was outraged, terrified, aghast. Only her aching need of Norman Scarborough, her dread fear for his safety, kept her head clear at all. When she finally repulsed him, she left the office a-quiver in every nerve.

Drake was thwarted—temporarily. He was not accustomed to such summary measures. He held as bait too glittering a reward. Evidently this girl had no price. Strange! Drake entered a new specimen in his collection and speedily evolved a new method of capture—a subtler, more villainous one.

When Florence appeared the next morning, Pat, the office-boy, informed her that Mr. Drake had been in, but had been called away on business that would keep him till noon. He fingered a crisp dollar bill as he said this—hush money—and thought vaguely of confession next Friday. Lucky that he could make a dollar and still relieve his soul.

Florence did not notice anything amiss and went ahead with her work in a convincingly businesslike, stenographic manner. Suddenly Pat whistled. "Gee!" he said, "the old stiff must be gettin' dotty—he's left th' safe open." Florence started suddenly, her heart beating. She had been hoping for this for a long time. Her intuition told her that Norman Scarborough's whereabouts were secreted in that safe. She looked at Pat thoughtfully. His was an ingenuous countenance. Far, oh far removed from thoughts of hush money, methods not described as straight, and everything but sweet, artless boyhood. Save the mark!

"Pat," she said suddenly, "I have a nice, crinkly dollar bill—my rich uncle gave it to me. I want you to have it, because I would have had a dear little brother just your age if he had—if he had—er—lived."

"Gee!" Pat was all sympathy. "What'd he die of?"

"Die of? Die—of? Yes—why, certainly, he died of quincy—quincy, you know."

"Sounds orful," condoned Pat, cheerfully. "Well, pass it over, miss, and here's me thanks."

"And, Pat," went on Miss Gray, "you're to have this morning off—Mr. Drake says so in a note he left for me."

Pat wrinkled his forehead, then departed. "Hully gee!" he commented to himself, as he shot down in the elevator, "I'd hate to match that pair up in a lying contest—if they wouldn't beat th' war news!"

Free from observation, Florence flew to the safe and ransacked its drawers, compartments and closets eagerly. At last, in a drawer indexed "Personal," she came across a paper in an envelope inscribed "Tellford's Asylum for the Insane." The contents noted the entry of Mr. Norman Scarborough.

The girl felt dizzy, faint, numb. She leaned against the side of the wall and steadied her beating heart. As she leaned, a voice broke into a harsh guffaw. "Just as I thought, officer," it spoke sneeringly; "the girl's a thief."

Florence wheeled. Damon Drake stood at the safe door; by his side an officer. "It's a lie!" cried Florence —"you—you scoundrel!"

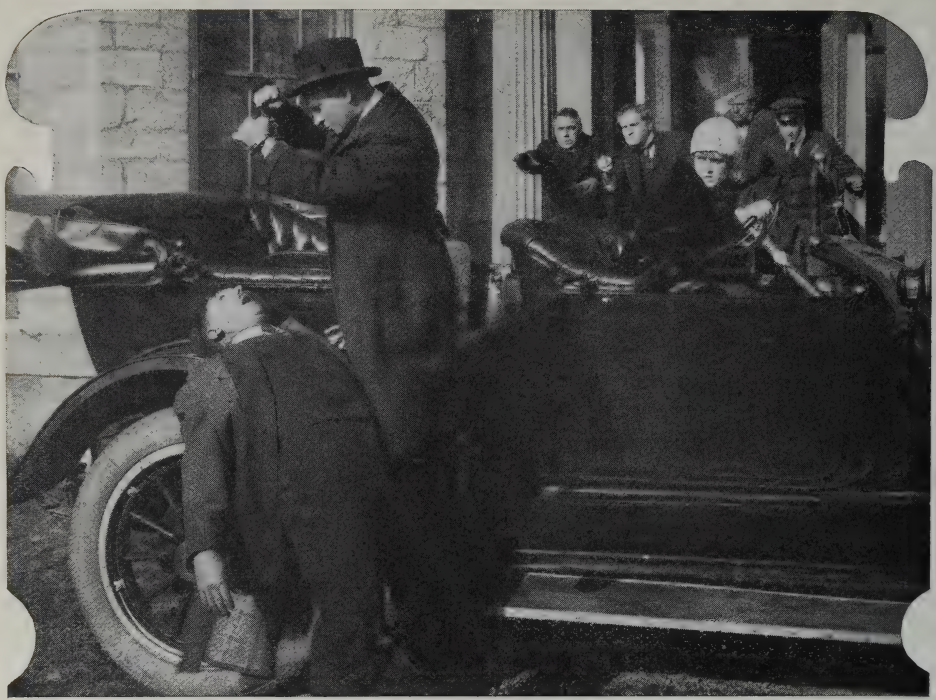
FLORENCE SECURES THE RELEASE OF NORMAN SCARBOROUGH

Drake smiled disagreeably, but his eyes said greedily: "I've trapped you, my beauty; it's up the river for you —or the arms of Damon Drake."

In the drawer where had reposed the incriminating paper the girl had noted a revolver. Quick as thought she grabbed it and faced the two men, a splendid animal at bay; a woman fighting for the man she loved with every ounce of thrilled blood, every nerve in vibrant body, every fiber of quickened brain. A chase ensued—the men, wroth, more or less clumsy; the girl, agile, inspired by her vital motive. And she triumphed, escaping thru the office door, dropping the pistol, and locking the door from the outside as she ran.

In her possession were several sheets of paper devoted to the honorable correspondence of the firm of Drake & Conway. At the bottom of each was inscribed the signature of Damon Drake—a time-saver on days when he was absent. On the train, bound for Tellford's Asylum, the girl used her fountain-pen diligently and managed a few words in Drake's characteristic handwriting, trusting to the fully authentic signature for any questioning.

Driving to the asylum in a hired conveyance, the girl's mind was afire with the unspeakable villainy of the whole affair. The tears of smarting injustice burned her eyes; then she quelled the rising tumult of her feelings with the thought of how dearly



HE FELL BENEATH THE BLOW, AND THE CAR LEAPED TO SUDDEN LIFE

Drake should pay for this thing he had done.

At the asylum she presented the note asking for the immediate liberation of Mr. Scarborough, merely stating briefly that she was Mr. Drake's private secretary. When Norman came into the doorway, the girl rose with a swift, nearly imperceptible gesture, and the man, whose hungry eyes were devouring her, noted it on the instant. Therefore he obeyed in silence the injunction to don hat and coat and followed her meekly, handcuffed, and followed in turn by an attendant in civilian clothes who was to accompany them to the station in the hired motor. Florence used her eyes to advantage, and as she jumped into the absent chauffeur's seat, Scarborough brought up his manacled hands and let them descend with telling force on the attendant's soft-hatted head. He fell beneath the blow, a senseless mass in the road, and the car leaped to sudden life and sped down the drive.

From that moment Damon Drake's hour had struck. He had against him a wily young man, made deeply cunning by the executor's treachery and inflamed by a well-grounded hatred. He had against him, also, a woman whose womanhood he had attempted to defile and whose lover he had conspired against—that woman used against him a goodly fund of evidence accumulated while she was there in her triple position of detective, stenographer and coveted possession.

And during the long, hard hours of the trial Norman Scarborough came to realize that in Florence Gray he had met and found a woman who was true as steel, with a lance-clean soul and a dominant, splendid mind.

And when all was over—the shocking details of court and newspapers—and Drake, grown an old and shaking man overnight, was led up to the bar for sentence, this resourceful girl became all woman again.

To the reverence of Norman's embrace her pool-deep eyes held only tenderness, and her velvet mouth trembled like a child to his touch.

The Real Mission of the Movies

The Personal Viewpoint of Miss Ruth Roland, "The Kalem Girl"

By ALBERT LEVIN ROAT

SINCE Miss Ruth Roland, endeared to "picture fans" as "The Kalem Girl," entered filmdom she has increased that prominence won on the legitimate stage by her true portrayal of characters, cleverness, personal charm, individuality, naturalness and versatility. Her idea of "pictures" and their real mission is best told in her own words:

"That the cinematograph has broadened the field and scope for portrayal of the personality of the individual actor over the opportunity presented on the legitimate stage is accepted generally as true; but that the cinematograph has broadened the outlook and given a higher tone to the stage is still doubted by many.

"The modern stage has become decadent during the past quarter century and reminds me of a plant forced to flower unceasingly until the bloom has become little better than weeds. But, given a rest, that same plant will put forth flowers as beautiful as of yore. And so it is with the modern stage. It has been forced to yield instruction and amusement to the public for so long a time that it has lost its real mission—to give new ideas. But those same new ideas are yielded to the public in another form —'pictures.'

"Motion Pictures were given to the public at a nominal charge that allowed the poorer class, and necessarily the less educated, to claim them as their own. Pictures have not held so high a standard as they should have maintained to give the masses the stories that would educate and amuse and pay the producer.

"The cinematograph, however, is to be the instrument of salvation to the stage. It will allow its output the necessary relaxation that is needed to lift its moral tone. The stage will have to produce plays superior to those of recent years to demand the price from the public, because the public now can obtain education and amusement at a low cost in Motion Pictures.

"This, as I view it, will be its first great mission. Then the art and industry of pictures will lift itself above the clamoring demands of the public, and its promise will be fulfilled which its scope holds forth. Motion Pictures will then portray on a larger scale some of the masterpieces of the world.

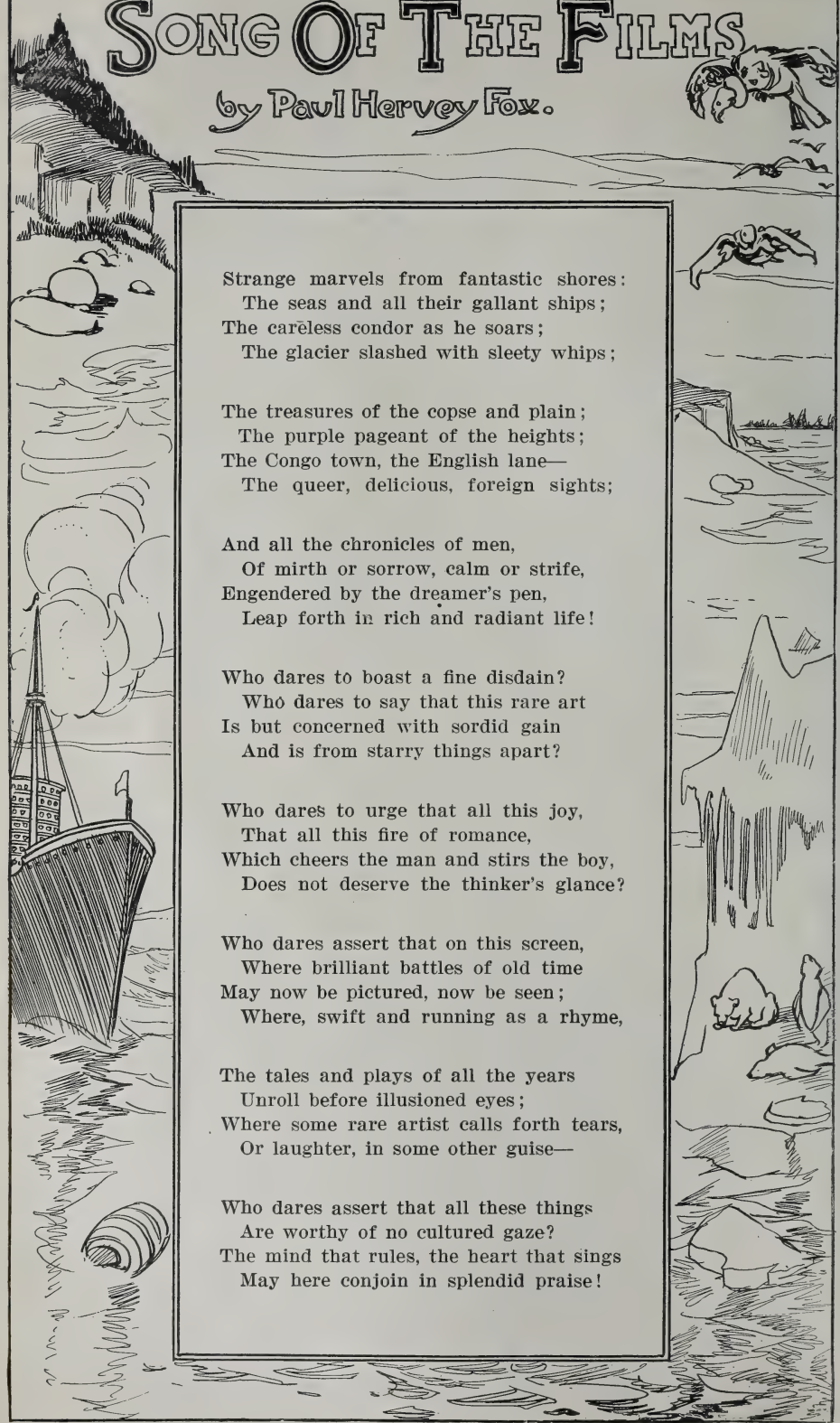
"Now, and for some time past, film producers have sent out into the world pictures with a message poignant with appeal for higher motives in life. They have given screen plays which characterized the detail of deep study and thought and which brought to those who viewed them the true atmosphere and life studies of ancient periods and different countries portrayed in a perfect manner.

"With photography under water graduating from the experimental to the practical stage, it will give enlightenment to all. It is a science equal to telegraphy in its value to mankind. From an educational viewpoint, it has opened a new vista without limitations for excellent results. The wonders of the sea are prepared for the screen.

"To the poor and to the children, Motion Pictures have been a blessing. They teach the manners and customs of people and the geographical conditions without a pilgrimage to foreign lands to view them. Pictures instruct and amuse at a comparatively low cost. Comedies have passed thru a slower stage of development than the drama, but they are quickly outgrowing their childhood faults and assuming character and strength. Real comedy motives and real comedians have arrived in photoplay. Motion Pictures, sometimes called 'the little brother' of the stage, will bring a surer, stronger, quicker, clearer and more realistic message to the public than the legitimate stage has ever supplied."

Song Of The Films

by Paul Hervey Fox.



Strange marvels from fantastic shores:
  The seas and all their gallant ships;
The careless condor as he soars;
  The glacier slashed with sleety whips;

The treasures of the copse and plain;
  The purple pageant of the heights;
The Congo town, the English lane—
  The queer, delicious, foreign sights;

And all the chronicles of men,
  Of mirth or sorrow, calm or strife,
Engendered by the dreamer's pen,
  Leap forth in rich and radiant life!

Who dares to boast a fine disdain?
  Who dares to say that this rare art
Is but concerned with sordid gain
  And is from starry things apart?

Who dares to urge that all this joy,
  That all this fire of romance,
Which cheers the man and stirs the boy,
  Does not deserve the thinker's glance?

Who dares assert that on this screen,
  Where brilliant battles of old time
May now be pictured, now be seen;
  Where, swift and running as a rhyme,

The tales and plays of all the years
  Unroll before illusioned eyes;
Where some rare artist calls forth tears,
  Or laughter, in some other guise—

Who dares assert that all these things
  Are worthy of no cultured gaze?
The mind that rules, the heart that sings
  May here conjoin in splendid praise!

This story was written from the Photoplay of MARY FULLER

THE girl turned from the insolent refusal of the office brat with a baffled rage in her heart. She had heard that the great Rudernstein was more or less democratic as to interviews. It was also said that this same democracy had found for him the cream of art. In many an obscure applicant for his hearing he had uncovered the royal ruby of Genius. Evidently, however, Helga Moran had not hit upon a democratic day. Perhaps the latest uncovering had proved to be a flawed stone. The girl sighed again. She had counted much on the hearing and enthusiastic appreciation of Rudernstein. Her soul throbbed with the music in her, and her fingers tingled to give it expression. So subtle was her art, so eccentric, so passionate and vital, that many a manager had turned away, either fearful of so exotic an art or totally unappreciative—usually the latter. We of the biped race are wary of departures, artistic and otherwise.

Helga climbed three flights of stairs to the studio of her friends, where a Bohemian lunch awaited her. Her steps dragged with the disinterest of one in whom enthusiasm has but newly died.

She was greeted with acclaim. "What luck?" demanded Frieda Teller, brandishing a frying-pan in the air anticipatingly.

"Is thy footlight future an assured one, Fair One?" queried Teddo, "the Beloved Vagabond," as he was called, and fed and funded accordingly.

Helga raised a deprecating hand and dropped onto a divan whose birthday had long since taken rank with antiquity.

"Please dont," she pleaded; "because he—he didn't hear me."

"W—hat?" incredulously. Tilda Bracken, "the Plebeian Genius," rushed to the rickety couch and shook Helga by her drooping shoulders.

"What do you mean, Helga Moran?" she inquired viciously. "He had to see you—you know he did. Why, he *had* to!"

"Well, he didn't!" Helga said this with finality and removed her hat, whose brave little feather seemed to have lost the jauntiness with which it had sallied forth. The trio gazed at her and then at one another, their faces comical mixtures of amazement, wrath and doubting. They considered Helga, individually and collectively, as the most radiant genius, the most brilliant disciple of her art that had ever come to light. They

believed in her firmly and ardently. Teddo began to pace the room. His whimsical, gypsy face was righteously indignant. He burst forth melodramatically: "I'll go up there, Helga; I'll force an—an interview; I'll tell him——"

"Teddo, dear, you are a delicious baby, and as such endurable," smiled Helga; "but dont, please, masquerade as a man. It's a little too ridiculous." Teddo smiled good-naturedly and dropped into a nearby chair relievedly. For an instant he had felt that a man's part was being thrust upon him. And he was not one to shirk. But he was relieved of the painful necessity.

"Let me play to you, girls," Helga said finally; "I've got seven devils in my finger-tips, and all the angels and tears and the ghost of a smile."

The violin had been Helga's father's, who had died in his improvident youth, bequeathing to his orphaned daughter the rare old instrument. Helga loved it for the exquisiteness of its tone and for the tears and laughter that had given it its soul. It spoke to her of her mother's love for her Pan-souled father—of their gypsying days—and her mother's tears and pain. It spoke, too, of visions near and dear—visions that speak to the heart of woman and leave behind a fragrance more of heaven than of earth. And the girl longed to give to the world this quivering, flame-edged thing that was at once a torture and a joy.

As she played to the trio in the studio, the clatter of preparation gradually ceased. Frieda dropped back into her chair and let her mind go at will into empyrean regions where mortal cannot dwell. Tilda's plebeian soul took fire and shone from misted eyes, a pleading thing. Teddo's face was afire with dream—such a dream as is blended of the senses and the soul in those rare, poignant moments when the two unite.

When the last note died away, a silence ensued—the essence of that appreciation we have not coined words to express. Then Tilda rose. "The pickle juice has dripped all over the floor," she announced. "Why didn't you wipe it up, Teddo?"

Teddo scowled. There were times when he felt that he hated Tilda. There were other times when he suspected her of a deeper art than possessed by any of the others.

"Helga," he said solemnly, as he scrubbed at the offending pickle juice, "*I* advise you to return after we break bread. I have a feeling that Rudernstein will hear you. Then our fortunes are made. My feelings have never been known to fail—never."

"It seems rather useless," Helga said ruefully; "the office brat is a perfect little beast. He invests himself with all the authority of the managerial world and positively cows you with his insolence."

Nevertheless, fortified with pickles and ham sandwiches and a soda from the corner drugstore, Helga started

forth again to storm the brat-barricaded office of the great Rudernstein.

Rudernstein was having a trying day—peculiarly trying. He had been looking for certain types, and their antithesis *would* turn up with amiable persistency, serenely unaware of their particular unfitness. When Helga applied to the harassed brat the second time, Herr Rudernstein was interviewing an applicant for the rôle of comedian in a light comedy. The applicant bore a strong likeness to the rickety divan mentioned here-

tofore, in that his birthday, too, had long since taken rank with antiquity. His face was deeply furrowed with the lines of tragedy, simulated and otherwise. His voice gave token of the unseemly quaver of age—that quaver that unpleasantly suggests the common end of man. In fact, he gave forth blatantly pathos, sobs and hard luck. Rudernstein glared at him thru baleful eyes. "H—l of a fine comedy sketch you'd make!" he bellowed. "You'd bring a laugh, you would—s-ure. Say, the audience 'd hear the spade clinkin' in Potter's Field while you was spieling 'Gather round me, Ra Ra Girlies!' Say, get th' h—l out—I'm not from Tuskegee!"

Into this amiable frame of mind did Helga force her way, by many a bribe and jest, leaving the office-boy gasping reluctantly, "*Some* chicken!"

Rudernstein glared afresh. He was too irate to take note of the girl's slender grace and vivid, mutable face. "Come for the rôle of motherly housekeeper in new drama, I take it?" he inquired cuttingly.

"Why, no," she said, "I didn't; I came to—play for you."

"Oh, you came to play for me—for *me*, you say? Now that's kind—that's very kind. It's not often, young lady, that visitors to this office are so un-self-seeking. Not often, I assure you. In view of which, my dear young lady, there is the door." Rudernstein selected a cigar and lit it blandly. Helga did not move. Her dark eyes burned; her warm cheeks paled. She stepped nearer the coolly oblivious manager.

"Herr Rudernstein," she said quietly, "I've come here to play the violin to you. I can play. You will regret it if you do not listen. I shall not come back again. When the world hears from me—and it is going to hear, Herr Rudernstein—it will not be you who discovers me. That will

hurt. When the applause and the fame come my way *you* will be out of it because you were too—*ignorant.*"

Rudernstein wheeled on her sharply. He had seen her before, yet he took in now the animate, wistful face of possibilities; the speaking, supple fingers; the yielding form.

"Go on," he commanded gruffly.

Helga knew that her great hour had come. She would not live another such again. The master-ear was harking to her now. No lover's kiss would ever carry with it so marvelous a thrill. And she played a dream into the master's brain. His eyes closed, and he seemed to sleep. The stuffy, poster-lined office dimmed away—he was resting against a tree in an abysmal solitude of forest. Suddenly back of him a tree was rent asunder, and, lo! from its cloister sprang a dryad girl, and the face was the face of the young violinist—pagan, woman, wisp and lure. She danced with an inspired grace, bending anon to dust the delicate pollen from some faintly blurred, blossoming thing. Again, she would stand erect and draw into her quivering nostrils the fragrance of the air.

It was good to be alive. It was good to be alone—with her. Thus musing, he sprang to his feet and gave chase to the wild, flying feet that darted here and there with lithesome agility. She was truant from his arms—infinitely desirable. He pursued with a flaming ardor, when suddenly the deep green of the wood gave way to ornate posters; the fragrance became the odor of his weed; the deep blue sky was the smoke-grimed ceiling. The girl had ceased playing, and she had made him dream as he had never dreamed before. She had brought desire into a sated heart; a promise of cool, restful things—a hint of perpetual spring. Rudernstein fell to his unaccustomed knees.

"You have the genius of all the gods!" he cried. "You have given me rest—dreams—love. I beg of you—love me—love me. I offer you my heart—the world as your stage—the laurel as your crown. Ah! spirit of the violin—I love you!"

Helga's eyes filled with hard, bitter tears. If he had dreamed, she had waked. She had played out her heart and her soul into the master-ear—and Rudernstein had slept! A strange hiss came from her lips. An insult to Genius is a bitter thing. She raised her arm and brought the instrument down on the master's head. Then she left the office, never to return.

This story was written from the Photoplay of ELAINE STERNE, which won the $1,000 prize in the recent contest conducted by the "Evening Sun"

"THERE'S one born every minute," said the woman, wearily. Her hand, slimly sensitive, brushed the book, open before her on the desk, as a musician might his instrument; yet there was disdain, too, in the gesture. She was a tall, ripe creature, a little too beautiful to be true, and strangely—as clothes have a traitorous, telltale way of doing—her perfectly conventional costume hinted subtly at something furtive and doubtful about her.

The man standing, squat as some sardonic god of chance, at her side, furthered the impression. His manner was a nice balance between servility and familiarity. He was neither the retainer nor the equal.

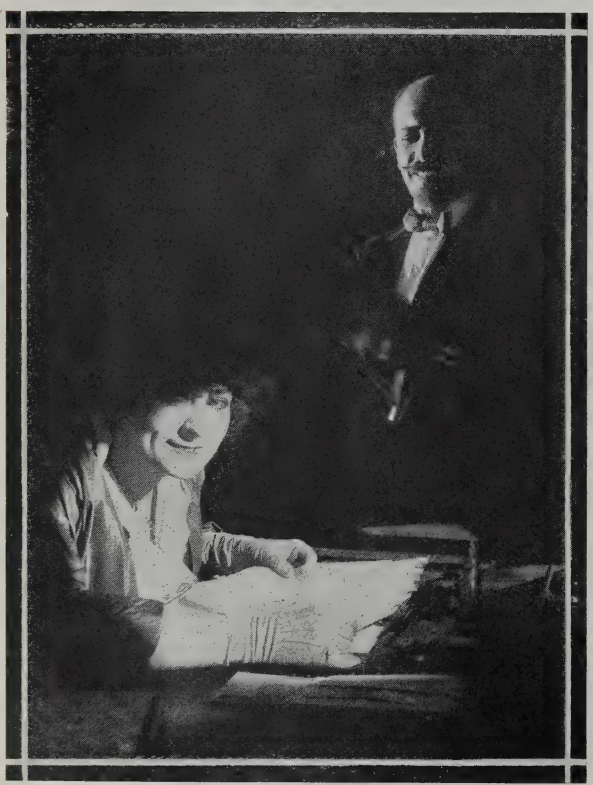
"Ah, *mais oui*, madame," he assented, tugging at his war-lord mustache with manicured fingers, "but it is well it is so, for zis bees-nes—it is of an uncertainty, *vraiment*. Some of these days one who lose will babble, and all will be—zut!" He snapped his fingers. "As you Eenglish say—it's a long worm that has no turning, madame."

"Not while the present eminently satisfactory powers that be have charge of our noble city government," said Mrs. Raymond, shrugging her shoulders. "But tho it is tiresome to furnish aldermen with touring-cars and trips to Europe, it pays in the near-sightedness of the dear creatures." She rose, closing the book and tapping it with white-gloved forefinger. "I am more than satisfied, my good Henri. See that everything finds its place in the records, for tho I cannot come often to go thru them, my absences have eyes."

Henri's smile did not change, but his eyes disagreed.

"Yas, I suppose ze young mademoiselle—ze pretty Trixy—she take op mooch time." His voice was saccharine and significant and had its desired effect.

Trixy—pray, what business is she of yours, Henri?" flared Mrs. Raymond, hotly. "I may speak to you of rouge-et-noir and roulette-wheels, but my daughter is not for your tongue."



MRS. RAYMOND MAKES A SECRET VISIT TO HER GAMBLING PALACE

She controlled herself hastily, drawing her heavy veil across her chagrin. "See to putting in the new tables at once. Send Commissioner O'Brian his check—he's leaky. If young Potter-Mason plays tonight, as I've reason to believe, let him win to a thousand. Oh!—and tell De Voie I wont consider his offer. That's all, I believe."

"*Bon jour, madame.*"

"Good-morning, Henri."

She rustled out into the hallway, and the door marked "Private" swung softly behind her. The thick, red velvet carpet yielded noiselessly under her feet. Other doors, shut and furtive, lined the long hallway to the stairs. She passed them with distaste in her face and gained the street. A motor panted and coughed, waiting. With a sigh of relief, she sank back on the fawn cushions.

"Home, Peter."

Sitting laxly in her beautiful car, with its acknowledgment of wealth in every filigree silver fitting, in the tiny gold clock on the panel, the hot-house violets in the cut-glass flower-holder, the silky square of the Orient under her feet, Eloise Raymond put away the thought of the business behind her with the ease of long practice. There were pleasanter things to think of. One particularly tripped into her mind like a shy, laughing, girlish presence. Trixy! The mother dwelt passionately on the image of her—the dark, violet eyes; the creamy forehead and fine, silken web of hair; the way her laugh ran up the scales like a flute. She was as eager as a lover in her visioning, with the swift, hot, stabbing joy of maternity.

"A *nun!*" she laughed richly, under her breath; "the blest, unsophisticated child! She hasn't found herself!"

She could hardly wait to see her now, jealous of every moment of absence. For ten barren, dry-as-dust years she had been an exile from the girl, but now—oh! there were long, blessed months to pay her arrears of mothering! She hurried into the handsome foyer of her home with anticipation in her eyes.

"Miss Trixy—isn't she in?"

There was unreasonable distress in the question. The butler bowed.

"She left word she had gone to tea with Miss Alice, madame," he said. "Shall I serve tea now or wait till Miss Trixy comes?"

Mrs. Raymond glanced at the clock and turned into the drawing-room. She felt the anticlimax of thwarted emotion, mingled with a queer, inexplicable uneasiness.

"Bring it in now," she directed; "I've no doubt Miss Trixy will soon be here."

But the tea was almost cold before the girl's quick, impetuous steps were heard in the hall. The mother, looking up with relief, was struck by the sparkle and color of the young face, dimpling into hers. Again the nameless, unadmitted fear dizzied her. She gave it the lie with a bright smile.

"Tea, darling? Did you have a nice time?"

"No, please—yes, thank you—wonderful!" The girl sank into the wicker chair opposite, raiding the tea-tray childishly for cakes. In every darting, changing line of her there was excitement, glossed over with a varnish of triumph.

"I *love* French pastries, mother;" she sighed blissfully over the fat chocolate shell oozing with almond cream. "What was it you asked me? Oh, yes! did I have a good time? I should *say* so! I won fifteen dollars and——"

A sharp cry, instantly suppressed, startled her. Across the clutter of brass and silver her mother's face stared white and rigid.

"You—*what?*"

"I won fifteen dollars at auction bridge," repeated the girl, slowly. "What makes you look so queer, mother—are you sick?"

"No—no, I'm all right; nothing is the matter——" The mother bent her frozen look over the tea-ball on the tray, twisting the fragile trinket in cold fingers. "I—how did you learn to play auction bridge, dear? I didn't know that was one of the things they taught in convents."

'Oh! Alice showed me." Trixy's tone was prideful. She looked boastingly at her mother across a jam-filled tart-shell, like a greedy child eager for praise. "She said it was astonishing how I picked it up. It seemed as tho my fingers knew just the right cards. And I'd never even *seen* a card before! It's heaps of fun! I could play all day, only I won everything the girls had——"

The tea-ball fell in twisted fragments from the mother's grasp. She half rose from her seat; then sank back, breathing heavily.

"Trixy, I would rather you wouldn't play cards again," she said slowly. "Please dont ask questions—just promise me."

The girl's face clouded. "I dont see *why* not," she said sulkily. "Alice says all the girls do."

"Norris Graham would not approve of it." It was a new tack, and Mrs. Raymond saw that her shot had told. Trixy sprang up, ran around the table and kist her crumbily, blushing to the oval of her hairline.

"All right, precious, I promise!" she cried easily; "but it's such a lot of fun!"

Mrs. Raymond's ordeal dated from this hour. Never, during all the days to come, would she be quite serene again. She must be always watching, waiting, dreading — like a haunted murderer who fears at every turn to see the shade of his victim on the wall. Yet at first she trusted Trixy absolutely. There were no tricks of the spy about her watching; it was rather that of a physician with finger on fevered pulse. Nor was she morbid about it. It was, after all, quite natural for a girl to enjoy a new sensation. She would not condemn herself until she must. She was in the anomalous position of one who does not know whether or not he has committed a crime.

But the night of Trixy's first ball arraigned her before the stern bar of her own soul.

She had prepared for the event with such warm anticipations of joy, lavished so much useless thought on flowers and ices and music. And no one could have been a more charming débutante than Trixy, with her young,

soft curves and misty coronet of bright hair above her creamy gown. Mrs. Raymond had no cause, after the first dance, to feel the tension of an author waiting the public's verdict on his "first night," the usual state of mind of a débutante's mother. Presently she slipped away from the lights and orchestra into an alcove, where she could press her hot forehead against the cool midnight window above the garden. It seemed to her,

TRIXY PAYS HER GAMBLING DEBT

blessedly, in the relaxation of the moment, that she might safely lay aside the Dread that she had carried like a dagger rankling in her heart.

"I suppose I have been rather a fool," she acknowledged indulgently; "probably such—instincts are not inherited at all. Heaven knows! my people were good old-fashioned Methodists. But his—— I believe I shall sell out to De Voise, after all. I'm tired of it——" She did not say, nor even think—"ashamed."

"Mrs. Raymond."

She started up, drawing a veil of animation across her thoughtful face. "Mr. Graham, will you share my retreat? It was so hot. I believe in my soul I'm growing old."

He did not notice the bait for the expected compliment. His handsome, arrogant young face was puzzled.

"Have you seen your daughter anywhere, Mrs. Raymond? This was my dance with her——"

"Trixy?" The Dread sprang tautly into her voice. She got to her feet, breathing quickly. "No, I didn't notice she was not dancing. Let us find her—naughty child."

They wove a complex way thru the dancers and into the foyer. It stretched empty to the dining-room, but behind a door on one side came the sound of voices and the ring of a coin on a polished surface. Mrs. Raymond moved to the door unwillingly and opened it. Norris Graham, at her shoulder, gave an exclamation of surprise. About the table in the study sat a tense group of two men and two girls. They were playing cards, and the stakes, from the piles of coin and bills, were not low ones. But it was Trixy's face that had caused the exclamation.

She sat quivering with impatience over her cards. Her face was heavily flushed, with a thick, congested, drugged red; her eyes were dilated and unnaturally bright, and under the filmy gown her young breasts rose and fell stormily.

"Trixy!"

The agony in the mother's voice was naked; the poor smile she summoned to cover it as ineffectual as a chiffon bandage over a mortal wound. The girl shuddered. The polished cards slid laxly to the floor as her dazed eyes sought the intruders. Norris Graham's angered face acted on her as cold water, bringing her from the trance. She staggered up,

holding out appealing hands. It was Alice who came to the aid of convention at last with her high-pitched, screaming laughter.

"Dear Mrs. Raymond, do forgive us!" she cried. "We were going right back! Just a little friendly game between dances——"

"Mother! Dont look at me so!" said Trixy, whitely. She laid a small, cold hand on Mrs. Raymond's arm, but her glance was beyond, for the man who stood silently in the doorway. "I—I forgot. I wont forget again."

"Your guests are missing you, Trixy," was all the older woman said, very gently, and the little *contretemps* was at an end. But the Dread had come back to stay. Thru her life the mother must carry it, chained to her soul, as in old days murderers were condemned to drag the body of their victim.

"Why must she be punished for my sin?" she revolted bitterly. "It is not fair that she should pay my price. I wont have it, God! I *wont!*"

"I—I couldn't help it, mother," Trixy wailed, bewilderedly; "but the next time—there shant be any next time in the world!"

It was a month after this that Norris Graham, looking up from his law briefs, saw a small, frightened little figure in the doorway, hesitating whether or not to run away.

"Trixy!" he cried, in glad surprise. He had been thinking of her indeed, and it was as tho his thought had taken form.

"Come in—this is delightful! Now, I hope you haven't come for me to draw up your last will and testament. You look solemn enough."

"I—I COULDN'T HELP IT, MOTHER," TRIXY WAILED

The girl slid into the proffered chair with a slackening of her frightened muscles. Then, suddenly, she raised a white, defiant little face to him.

"It's pretty bad—what I've come for," she said; "but it isn't half so bad as the reason why I had to come." She drew a long breath, visibly getting her courage in hand. Then, in a rush, as one takes a nauseous draught quickly to get it over with—"I've been playing cards again and lost a

hundred dollars. I want you to lend it to me."

The man was silent, outwardly, and motionless. Within him a wave of passionate tenderness uprose, drowning judgment and the warning voice of reason. Like a tide it beat against his lips, but he held it in check, waiting.

"Dont look at me so—so *hardly!*" she burst out suddenly. Great child-tears rolled their silent way down her cheeks, dripped from her small, pointed chin to her clenched hands. "I know I promised—I meant not to! I—I *tried.* You dont understand—it's as tho I had to—something in me pushing, clawing. When I see the cards, I *know* I will win—I must win! It makes me break my word!

"Oh, I hate myself! I'm—I'm *afraid*——"

Norris Graham, face as tender as a mother's, leaned forward and took the small, shaken figure in his arms, and, as tho he were ashore after buffeting waves, she laid her drenched cheek on his shoulder, clinging to him as if she could never let him go. Still, with more of the mother than the lover in his face, the man turned her face to his, smiling a little, understanding smile.

"There, there, little girl," he whispered, "do you know what you're going to do? You're going to marry me right away, and we'll fight this thing out together, Trixy mine."

"I told yer yer couldn't lose t' back Lady Maud—she cantered home."

"YE AINT LOST—YE'VE *WON!*" SAID THE MAN

Trixy Graham looked down on the roll of bills in the grimy hand as a sleep-walker who is wakened by falling off a particularly vicious precipice.

"That's *mine?* All that?" she gasped. There was horror in her eyes. She had been *betting,* and she had promised Norris and mother——

"Ye aint lost—ye've *won!*" said the man, puzzled. "Shure th' fav'rite was beat by a good five lengths!"

Her small, cold fingers touched the bills unwillingly; then, with a swift movement, she doubled them up and thrust them into her gold mesh-bag.

As the bookmaker turned to his other patrons, the girl left the paddock hastily, outstripping her companions.

"Good haul, Trix!" shrilled Alice Conway, enviously. "I've had the rottenest luck today—going to stay for the half-mile?"

"No!" cried Trixie, in a smothered voice, "no—I'm going home!"

"Well, dont let the old man beat you up," said her friend cheerfully—"bye-bye."

"Luck?" she cried to the others, as the motor-car disappeared in an expansive whirl of dust, "she just finds it lying around loose, that girl! As if her mother hadn't enough money — tho Lord knows where she gets it!—without Trixy picking up Norris Graham, too! But say, once she gets to going, there's no stopping her till some one's broke! She's the greatest little plunger I ever saw!"

Trixy was not happy, but she was determined to *be* so. She had a remarkable faculty for arguing herself into the rights of a case. Now, riding home with the fruits of her wrongdoing distending her purse, she gradually, by imperceptible degrees, decided that Norris would not be angry with her, because she had won instead of losing. But the sight of her husband's face across the luncheon table made her less optimistic. If Trixy had been worldly-wise, she would have said nothing about the affair of the races, but she was as honest as a child or an animal.

"Norrie," she burst out, when the maid had left them alone over their soufflé, "Norrie, dear, do you love me a great deal? Not just a little great deal, but a *lot* great deal?"

"What do you want now, you little diplomat?" said her husband, good-naturedly. "And, by the way, where is your mother this noon?"

"She's lunching downtown somewhere—oh, dont interrupt me, Norrie! *Do* you?"

"Yes, of course. Now, how much money do you want, dear?"

Trixy's eyes refused to meet his. "I dont want *any*," she said hurriedly; "I—I wont—need any money for some time, I guess. They were long odds. I—you see—Lady Maud won!"

NORRIS PRESENTS TRIXIE WITH A NECKLACE LIKE HER MOTHER'S

"Trixy," said Norris, grimly, "have you been breaking your word again?"

Her face was his answer. He rose from the table, pushing back his chair violently. She had never seen the outraged male look in his face before, and it terrified her.

"Norrie!" She was clinging to his coat—"Norrie, forgive me——"

"I am tired of this folly," said her husband sternly, detaching her hand, tho not ungently. "Until you can

assure me on your word of honor that you have kept faith with me for a month at least, I shall say nothing at all to you. You *can* control yourself, and you *must.*"

He was gone. Weeping, she flung herself into a chair and buried her face in her hands. It was her fatal facility of self-deception that sent her, a few moments later, to her feet, anger-red flaring like an anarchist flag in her cheeks.

"He's got no business bullying me," she cried; "I'll do as I please!"

That afternoon she played for high stakes at a card-party and lost her race-track winnings. Followed a miserable procession of days. The lure of Chance drew her as mercilessly as a magnet, with a like unseen, unescapable force. She played recklessly; dreamed at night of the cards; tried to avoid her mother's haggard eyes. Norris, true to his promise, did not come near her, and, with a queerly distorted viewpoint, his harshness seemed to her a justification for her actions.

Dovey, the old nurse who had brushed her hair from pigtail days, was her confederate, lending her her own pitiful savings when Trixy's allowance was gone. The girl was beyond the shame of taking her servant's money. She crept to her sordid rendezvous like a desperate, starved little animal, bright of eyes, with hollowing cheeks and restless lips.

Mrs. Raymond, watching, heard the Furies' wings very near her, and the flimsy barricade she had erected so laboriously between herself and her own soul lay in fragments about her feet. Her utter helplessness gave her a sensation of numbness. She could deal efficiently with tangible problems, but the dark, secret, hidden flow of heredity was beyond her. She knew that her remorse was a generation too late. For a month the situation tautened; then, one evening, with a snap, the end came.

"Dovey!"

The old woman turned with a start, letting the silver case crash from shriveled, frightened fingers.

"Madame?"

Mrs. Raymond made no reply. She rustled to the dressing-table and opened the lid of the box, inventorying its contents.

"Diamond lavallière — rings, pendant, star—my necklace! Dovey, where is my pearl necklace?"

The old woman shivered. Truth lurked in her honest, miserable eyes, but falsehood faltered to her tongue.

"Madame, I do not know."

Mrs. Raymond was incredulous. She could not have been more amazed had a mouse snarled at her like a lion.

"I cant believe it! *You*—why, I would as soon suspect Trixy of stealing, but—at least you know who took it. Dovey, tell me at once. I warn you you'd better not trifle!"

Dovey cast a hunted look about her. Then, with dogged eyes, she faced her mistress.

"*I* took it!" she said huskily; "I stole your necklace—*I* did it—I did it—I——"

"That will do!" Mrs. Raymond's voice tinkled like ice. She stepped to the bell. Her own misery of the past month found an outlet in the infliction of misery. "It is a matter for the police, and I shall not let your long service block justice, you may believe."

In her luxuriously fitted dressing-room, Trixy, at this moment of her ally's immolation, was coming back to warmth from the frozen unhappiness in which she had shivered so long. She was a child who has awakened from a nightmare to find its mother beside the bed. All the sick, shameful doings of the past days seemed suddenly like the grief one feels in a dream. Norris, her husband, was beside her, and the world was very good again.

"I thought you'd *never* come," she whispered, drawing his head down with eager, hungering arms. "Oh, Norrie, dont ever leave me again, dear. I—I'm too *little* to find my way around the world alone."

"But I had to, dearest, to teach you your lesson," said her husband, gravely and tenderly, "and I couldn't

come till I knew you had learnt it—till I heard from your own true little lips that you hadn't touched a card for a month——"

"Dont speak of it!" shuddered the wife. Her face had grown strained and she hid it against his cheek passionately. "Let's talk about nice things—like *me*——"

"But I must tell you how proud I am—surely you dont mind my doing that, Trixy?" Norris Graham's voice trembled with passionate undercurrents. "Do you know, you've made me happier tonight than you ever did before. I was almost afraid——"

"Norrie!" Trixy stifled his words with mutinous kisses, "I've told you once I haven't gambled since that day at the races. Now please let's bury it. I'm tired of the subject; I—I *hate* it!" The tears were near the surface, but she drove them back with a tremulous smile. Lying back in the rose-covered chair, her misty hair aureole-like about her oval beauty, she was a picture that no husband of a few months' standing could gaze at unmoved.

"Sweetheart! you little witch, you!" laughed the man. His fingers touched the rope of pearls in her hand. "Do you know why I asked you to wear these tonight, Trixy?"

Again the haunted look. "Because you gave them to me for a wedding-present, I suppose, you romantic boy!" she laughed breathlessly; "because I look so nice in them——"

"Trixy, dear, may I come in?" Her mother stood in the doorway, petulantly annoyed. "Ah! I see *yours* are safe, anyhow!"

She nodded toward the string of pearls. "What do you suppose? You'd never believe it—Dovey has confessed that she stole mine! Of course I sent for the police—one cant keep a thief in the house——"

"Dovey? You've *arrested* Dovey? "No! no! no!" shrieked Trixy. She sprang to her feet, wringing futile hands; then, with a sick glance at her husband, fell back, moaning and shivering. He bent over her, laughing indulgently.

"You poor, tender-hearted innocent, you!" said Norris Graham, with the masculine pride of a man before his wife's feminine foibles. "There, cheer up, heart o' mine—did you forget we were going to the theater? Dont worry about Dovey. We'll just give the old lady a good, sensible scare at the station-house and let her go, if you say so. I'll get your mother another necklace——"

Trixy smiled wanly. She had controlled herself with a painful effort, tho her eyelids twitched and her lips were dry and restless. "Yes," she breathed, "yes — the theater — I — I had forgotten."

Norris sprang up cheerily, taking possession of her opera-cloak and satin bag. "I'll wait for you downstairs, if you want to prink a final prink," he assured her. The door banged behind his tall, erect figure. It was not quite so tall nor so erect when, a few moments later, the two women descended into the hall. He was turning over a pair of little, white gloves, and his jaw was set and stern.

"Your gloves fell out of your bag," he said slowly to his wife, "and *this* dropped out of one of them." He held the tiny slip of pasteboard out rigidly. With a weak cry, the girl snatched it and began to pant.

"A pawn-ticket for a string of pearls!" his voice grated. In his face was intolerable, white fury. "God! So you lied to me! So you sold *my* gift to gamble with! So you let a servant take the blame of your thievery——"

"Norris!" She ran to him, beating his breast with little, frenzied fists. "Norris! I only borrowed mother's! I knew you'd wonder where mine were! I was afraid you wouldn't love me. Norris, you've *got* to love me—you've got to!"

"The servants!" said the mother, whitely. "Trixy, dont scream, dear. We've got to all be calm and *think*."

"And you lied to me? You *have* been gambling?"

The girl burst into strangling, hysteric sobs.

"Norrie—I cant help it! Norrie, I had to lie to get you back. No! no! dont look at me like that—you *married* me, didn't you? God! dont let him look at me that way!"

Mrs. Raymond went to the wild, little, crazy figure and took her in her arms. Across the abased head she looked at Norris with pale, desperate calm.

"She is not to be blamed," she said tonelessly. "*I* am the one. It is the *me* in her that makes her gamble—it is heredity, Norris, only I am an old woman and she is a child. It enslaved me, and now I am its creature. I—I will sell my—business and take her away. God wont let her suffer for my sin. If He did, the world would be too cruel to live in——"

NORRIS—"SO YOU LET A SERVANT TAKE THE BLAME OF YOUR THIEVERY——"

Norris Graham, new broom in the District Attorney's office, was resolved to sweep clean. He presented the disquieting spectacle of a man who regarded his campaign pledges as something more than oratory. Under his pitiless workmanship the city had become puritanical in its morals. One by one the great pleasure houses had closed their shutters.

"There's nothing to do but *sleep* after eight o'clock in the evening," wailed bored, blasé society. To the murmurs of their dissatisfaction Norris Graham returned a bland smile. His own troubles and worriments had miraculously disappeared. For the two years since Trixy and her mother had returned home, his wife had not touched a card. She was happy and entirely content to play hostess in her home. The cure had been complete. Leaning back in his swivel chair, the husband's keen, tense face softened with the rare, tender look that stood for her.

"Trust her? I'd stake my soul on her!" he exulted inwardly. "And today is our third anniversary! If it wasn't for that ugly business tonight, I'd take her out celebrating——"

He recalled the disappointment in Trixy's violet eyes when he had told her that business had spoiled their evening. She hadn't been looking well lately—too many clubs and dinners. Well, he must go on the raid that evening; there was no help for it; but tomorrow night he would take Trixy on a belated celebration—— He turned to his desk alertly. Yes, by Jove! after he'd seen the last gambling-house in the city closed, he would take Trixy on another wedding trip and bring her color back.

Mrs. Raymond stood so rigidly that she scarcely seemed to breathe. She might have been one of the shadows in the hall for all her daughter noticed her. The girl went swiftly down the hall, paused before the mirror to tie a heavy veil across her face and slipped out of the front door noiselessly. Her movements were jerky, like those of a wooden creature pulled by a string.

"No, no, no," whispered the mother, monotonously, "it cant be—it *cant* be. But for three nights——"

She shut her lips firmly and drew on the cloak she had brought with her. Then she, too, hurried noiselessly to the door and out into the night.

The slight figure in front did not pause or hesitate. She took the turns of the streets as one on a familiar route, and suddenly the way became familiar to the mother as well.

"*There!*" she said aloud. "Oh, my God! she is going *there!*"

At a shuttered house on a quiet back street the girl paused. She seemed to be struggling with herself. Once she drew back and nearly turned, but even as the other gave a moan of relief, she whirled and went swiftly up the steps into the shrouded hall. Following, Eloise Raymond stood on the familiar threshold of her shame. The same shut, wary doors; the long, red carpeted corridor, and, at a room far down the hall, a shaft of light, a click and voices. She hesitated a moment; then went to the door marked "Private" and knocked.

"Enter."

A short, fat man with a war-lord mustache looked up from his books and the heap of money he was counting. Recognition flashed into his face.

"Madame Raymon'—you!"

"Hush!" said his former employer. "Henri, why is De Voise keeping this place open now? Doesn't he know the danger?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "He is one fool, madame."

She was about to say more. Vague threats and fears hesitated on her lips, but before they took form a sudden sound brought them both to their feet, staring into one another's eyes in terror.

"The police! I tol' heem! *Mon Dieu!*"

"I'm too late!" said Mrs. Raymond, in an awful voice. She brushed by the shivering, muttering creature into the hall, already full of struggling men. Fighting a frantic way among them, she gained the room of lights and voices. At the tables still sat the players, paralyzed by the shock of their discovery. The owner of the place, choleric with anger, stood facing the young District Attorney. And at one side Trixy cowered, shorn of her radiant womanhood, hands still full of red and green counters, eyes fixed in unbelieving horror on her husband's face. So one may look at one's approaching death. But as yet he had not seen her.

"Dont curse! You're done, De Voise!" he was saying coldly. "You had your warning. Now it's my turn."

"Perhaps so—perhaps not!" panted the man. With a vindictive laugh he thrust a piece of paper into Graham's hand. "Read that—ha! You see! It will make a pretty story in tomorrow's paper how the District Attorney's wife was raided by her husband!"

"I do not believe you!" shouted Norris Graham. "It is a d—d forgery!"

"It is, is it? Look, then, and see!"

Eloise Raymond saw Trixy cover her face with her hands; saw the torture in the husband's look; heard the

naked, raw agony smarting in his voice.

"Trixy! Oh—my—God!"

Then, desperately, Graham whirled on the smug De Voise. "Dont suppose you are going to escape!" he said hoarsely. "You cannot blackmail me. My wife is my personal care. You are my public one. Jackson, the handcuffs, here!" De Voise drew back, a snarling, dangerous, cornered animal. Something ugly flashed in his hands. With a cry, the mother sprang forward, thrusting herself before Graham. The shot that spat from the revolver in the gambler's hands sent her swaying to her knees.

"THE POLICE! *MON DIEU!*"

"Mother! oh, *mother!*" screamed Trixy. She was on her knees, straining at the huddled figure, lifting it by superhuman strength—holding the poor, tormented face to her young breast. Hot tears rained over the upturned face; hot lips kist it passionately.

"Look at me, mother—dont die! You shant die!"

"Norris," said the twisted lips with difficulty. The young man, shocked and unnerved, bent over her. "I—have — paid — for — her," said the mother. "God will forgive—me—cant you—for—give—her——"

"Yes, yes," groaned Norris Graham. The dying eyes brightened an instant as he took the sobbing girl into his arms. Then they clouded.

"Mother—dont leave me—mother, I'm—I'm lonely," moaned the girl. Norris bent, laid the lax form tenderly on the floor and lifted his wife to his breast. The two looked into each other's white, tired faces in silence. Not joy nor happiness, nor success, not even love itself, can draw two people together as can a sorrow shared.

"Trixy! poor little Trixy!" said Norris, and kist her solemnly, oblivious to the confusion all around. "Lonely, dear? I'm here—I'm here *always,* no matter what——"

His hand took her two cold ones strongly. "Trixy," he whispered, "Trixy, we'll fight it out together, my little girl!"

Recreation

By L. M. THORNTON

I dreaded stern winter's array;
I said, when the heavens turn gray,
I shall pine and regret,
I shall worry and fret,
With no place to go or to stay.
My walks in the woodland no more;
No longer my seat by the shore—
Oh! luckless am I,
Or southward I'd fly
Till spring is again on her way.

I dreaded stern winter's array;
Instead I am happy and gay—
My labors complete,
With my fellows I meet,
And we go to a good picture play.
And what do I care for the snow,
And what for the tempests that blow?
I've a haven secure
And a pleasure that's sure—
So hurrah and hurrah for the play!

"Dear Old Girl"

BY

GLADYS HALL

(ESSANAY)

TED waved the telegram till it fluttered like a liberated canary in the haze of cigaret smoke. His three pals regarded it whimsically, but the eager, unashamed joy in his face made them oddly tender. They respected the love that shone from his transformed face, if they didn't quite understand it.

"She gets here tomorrow!" Ted exulted. "Think what that tomorrow means to me, boys! Seems like all of life is going to culminate into one perfect heaven—tomorrow!"

"Must be funny to be so—er—gone on a girl," Jack Rodman remarked. "I cant imagine it for myself."

"It isn't funny," declared Ted, his seriousness communicating itself to the others. "It's a lot more than funny, Jack—it's happy; yes, and it's sad; and it's part of everything in life, the fundamental, *underneath* part. It's holy, because it means—well, you know, motherhood and—and all that; and—and it's *man,* too—the brute in man, I mean."

"What's she like, Ted?" inquired Richards, respectfully. "You've never given us a very sane description, you know, and I want to be prepared for the coming of the bride."

"How can you expect a day-removed bridegroom to be sane, Rich?" laughed Ted. "Never demand the impossible of a man, you know; but I'll tell what she was like when I was down home the last time and we prepared for tomorrow! She's slim—sort of curvey slim, you know—and dark; and her eyes—her eyes say things; and her mouth—— But, hang it, fellows, *I* cant tell you what she looks like—I only know she suits me *every way.*"

Ted looked off into space, and the boys contributed voluminously to the already smoke stifling atmosphere. Not often in their busy college days did they thus sentimentalize over fair woman—this particular quartet were usually otherwise engaged. And Ted—good old, studious and at the same time out-of-doors Ted—had been the first to capitulate, and he had done so with a royal abandon—such an abandon that the "boys" paused in their careless way to wonder whether they were not missing much of life's power and glory.

"Tell you what, Ted," suggested Jack; "we'll go down four strong to

THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN COLLEGE

greet and meet the bride tomorrow—in the car; flowers, song, and all the rest. We've worked together for four years; we're going to receive our degrees together, and—well, it seems we ought to be together even in this."

"I hoped you'd want to, fellows," Ted affirmed gratefully, "and so did Dora. She wants to be one of us."

When the boys, with their noisy clatter and clouds of smoke and gruff sentiment, took their unceremonious departure to dress for a class dinner, Ted Warren dropped his wavy head in his hands and gave himself up to that sweet tomorrow approaching on wing-shod feet. It seemed a *glad* tomorrow. He opened the crumpled telegram, creased from the spasmodic clutching of his fingers as he talked to the boys—of *her*. The joyous intelligence stared him in the face again—that she and her family were starting tomorrow on his father's private car, arriving in the college town about twilight of the same day. It was the very materialization of a long-cherished dreams of theirs. 'Way back in his junior year—the Christmas vacation, to be exact—he had spied Dora Allen under the mistletoe in his very own library. He had known her since childhood, yet he had felt that he had never known her until that moment of revelation. He had kist her there, and, somehow, both had known that the kiss was not the kid kiss of former days. It had all happened that night, and they had planned then and there, with the impetuous haste of youth in love, that they should be married in Ted's fraternity house on the day when he received his degree. Unlike the accepted course of true love, their path had run smooth and sweet. It had been paved with flowers and lined with dreams. Over them had smiled a sky perpetually June, and their lips had sung the anthem in their hearts. Tomorrow it was all coming true, and the man's heart swelled anew with the man's resolve to keep ever over her the blue June sky and on her lips a song.

The class dinner seemed intermi-

THE FAITHFUL JIM WAS ALWAYS LOOKING AFTER HIS MASTER

nably long—the fellows seemed to lack luster and their wit was a sorry thing. It took all Ted's will-power to keep up the semblance of camaraderie, when his arms ached for a slender, clinging girl-person and his nostrils quivered with the remembered perfume of her.

And then tomorrow dawned—as all tomorrows do, no matter how far away they seem, how freighted with ecstasy or numbed with pain. All day Ted and the boys banked the frat house with fragrant white roses and even carpeted the path where her girl's feet were to go down and her bride's more stately steps to return.

"White roses suit her best," Ted had said; "she is so pure and white and sort of droopy-sweet herself. And she loves the fragrance of them. She says they are distilled angels' breath. She has those fancies all the time."

A quiet fell over the boys as they stood on the steps together waiting for the motor to take them to the station. They were looking at Ted, his arms burdened with their weight of white roses, his face alight with a glow that reminded one of sanctuaries and dim, twilight cathedrals and the things one leaves unsaid. Suddenly over the quiet the university chimes rang out with the poignant, wistful refrain of "Dear Old Girl." The boys took it up, and their young voices, tempered and sweetened by this interlude of something not akin to their busy lives, fell, strangely deep of feeling, on the quiet air. All the way to the station the notes of the song quivered about them on the air, and Ted's illumined face seemed part of the quaint pathos of the song. For happiness that wells from the soul's deeps has a pathos where sorrow has not, and that sorrow wots not of. It is the spirit's transient sip of joys celestial, the while the flesh holds warning fingers on the lips.

"Ten minutes to wait," reported Richards, consulting his watch as they jumped out at the station.

"They'll be the longest minutes I ever lived," declared Ted—"and the happiest."

"Mr. Warren," announced the sta-

MEANWHILE, THE BRIDE-TO-BE WAS MAKING ELABORATE PREPARATIONS

tion-master, coming up to the group, "here's a telegram for you, sir; it—it just came in." Ted took it eagerly and his lips smiled indulgently.

"Dora is announcing her arrival all over again," he said. "She dearly loves pomp and circumstance."

The boys watched him eagerly; he seemed to take a long time to digest the brief words—a very long time. They thought they had never seen Ted look so queer before. The first telegram had not affected him like this. He raised his head and looked at them, and a smile spread over his face—a smile before which the boys fell back in horror.

It is a ghastly thing to see a soul leave a body in death—the remaining clay dignified by its rigidity of repose; yet in the body's marble inanimateness rests death's somber glory. It is infinitely more ghastly to see a mind take flight and a soul sicken unto death, while the poor, vacated flesh moves and lives, impulseless and devoid of reason. That is what happened to Ted Warren—it was the mindless idiocy of that poor smile that struck his friends with a nauseating terror.

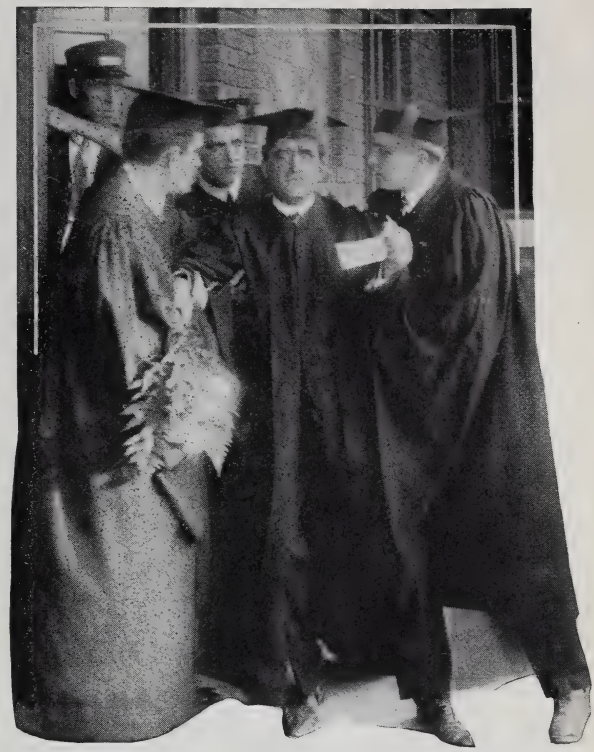
The telegram had reported the wreck of his father's private train and the death of all aboard. The bride, who was to have thrilled to his caresses, was lying instead in the chill embrace of death. The flowers would wither, and she would never know. The songs would die unsung by her lips. The chimes would ring these many, many times, and her ear would never hearken. Their perfect June had bared its breast to this devastating blight. Such are the frail joys of man—thus does the flesh bathe the spirit in Lethean waters. And for consolation—God loveth most those whom He most chastiseth. Ah, well! how many have moaned thru stricken lips: "This, too, shall pass away!"

How many of these thoughts passed thru Ted Warren's mind in his hour of bloody sweat no one would ever know; how great the pressure bore ere his mind tottered in the balance might only be surmised; suffice it to say that the splendid motive power of his being had abdicated its high

throne and was keeping its phantom tryst with the bride whose soul had gone before.

They took him back to the college, and he begged to see the fraternity house where the ceremony was to have been. As he looked at the dim, white altar—that portal thru which he was to have entered the high heaven of his heart—the same smile came over his lips, and he turned to the mute, white-faced boys with a pitiful, terrible eagerness. "Tomorrow"—his lips were saying—"tomorrow, boys, the train gets in, you know; these delays—these delays, you know—they're awful; but she'll be here this time tomorrow—just you bank on that."

The college days over, the boys settled down in the college town, and old Jim, the faithful negro servant of the Warrens, stayed to care for his stricken young master. His devotion to the only remaining Warren was unswerving, and his black head was whitened prematurely by the grief his people had known.



HIS MIND TOTTERED IN THE BALANCE

Ted lived eternally in his blessed "tomorrow." Every twilight, as the university chimes pealed out their tender-sweet refrain, he called the motor, stopped for the boys and, armed with his white roses, went to the station to meet the train that was never to come into a station again. Each time he turned away with a bitter hurt on his face and a hard-hit hope; each time he would rally and buoy the boys up with the assurance that it would all come true "tomorrow." Noted alienists had told them that argument was worse than useless and might only further derange the darkened mind. To humor him in his sick fancy was to be kind—the only kindness left to show him now. Recurrent disappointments finally undermined his hitherto unimpaired health, however, and the physician in charge ordered Jim to keep him in bed—thus doing away with the terrible strain of the trips to the station.

As the chimes rang out each evening Jim would endeavor to be in the room and engage his young master in conversation, or the boys would troop in and rally him with unappreciated song and jest. Ted would smile at them and shake his whitened head. "Why do you act like this, boys?" he would ask them. "Why do you try to keep me from meeting Dora? Dont you know I cant let them arrive without any one at the station? What would she think—my little girl—and dad? Why, dad wouldn't know what to make of it——"

And at last the day came when the hurt mind, keen as the mentally afflicted always are to elude vigilance, saw a chance of escape and flew down the dusk of the road toward the station and the train that must surely be due at last. Thru the scented, summer air the refrain of "Dear Old Girl" rang out, and as Ted ran he

"THE TRAIN—I'M GOING TO MEET THE TRAIN!"

hummed it softly to himself and laughed quietly to think that he would meet her at last; hold her to his sore, aching heart; banish forever this nightmare that had been. And she would tell him, close into his ear, that he had been dreaming a fearful dream; that she was with him as she had been before; that she would never leave him again. Ted approached the station with elaborate caution. There was no one in sight, and afar off sounded the siren whistle of a locomotive rapidly approaching. Ted's face broke into a glory of hope and a fulfillment of joy. "The train!" he whispered. "I'm going to meet—the —train. All aboard—killed? Ha! ha! that's—pretty good; but it's a lie, Dora, my sweet—it's a silly—lie—"

His flying footsteps took him afar down the track, and they found him there an hour later, his lips still moving faintly, his eyes gloriously at peace.

"It is well," the doctor told the boys and old Jim, who stood sobbing by the quiet figure stretched on the bed; "it is a merciful release."

Ted looked up at them; then his face lit with a transfiguration that all who saw realized as a foretaste of a joy unearthly. Alone with him in the room of Life and to his shining eyes a figure came, a slender, curvey figure, ashimmer in clinging white satin and cloudy white veil, and burdened sweetly with white roses. The face smiled into her lover's with such a divine compassion, such an infinite love and promise, that the prisoning flesh relinquished the yearning spirit and a marriage was kept in heaven. Ted's tomorrow had dawned.

The Photoplay

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

A living tale of love and hate,
Of life and death, adventure rare;
A drama built of chance and fate,
To brighten hearts and banish care.

UNCLE CRUSTY

(Edison)

by NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Photoplay of VIOLET TIKE, produced in co-operation with the National Kindergarten Association

EDWARD VAN NEST walked furiously to the window, then back to the mantel where the disturbing letter lay. Beside him, on the wall, in the deep sunlight of late afternoon, his shadow strode—furiously, every detail of the tall, thin, austere figure duplicated. And as they paced up and down, they spoke—the man, angrily; the shadow, silently.

"It's an imposition. I wont stand it. Billy has no right to unload the boy on me, even if he *is* my brother. I tell you I wont stand it. *A child! —here!*"

He snorted aloud. For the twentieth time he read the brief note, searching a loophole of escape; but the big, blunt handwriting said only one thing—said it unmistakably and matter-of-factly. "Antwerp is no place for Billy-Boy now. I am sending him to you until the end of the war."

And the war was just begun! Van Nest snatched up his morning paper, feverishly delving in the columns. "War Threatens to Be a Long One" —"Big Struggle Just Begun." No, there was no hope! He, Edward Van Nest, child-hater, bachelor and recluse, was to be saddled with a small nephew, aged seven. He had a deadly mental vision of the orderly, dignified room in which he now stood strewn with rattles and bottles of milk—children of seven got their pleasure and their nourishment in that fashion, didn't they? And his very soul revolted.

Casting about him for some object on which to vent his displeasure, his ears were assailed by the shriek and rattle of roller-skates under the window.

"Wiggins!" he roared—"Wiggins! Do you hear that?"

The butler was a mild-appearing old man, with grandfatherly hair and a mouth that wanted to smile. He went unwillingly to the window, opened it and leaned forth.

"Tell 'em I'll have 'em all arrested as public nuisances!" snarled his master. "Tell 'em if I hear another sound out of 'em this afternoon I'll telephone the police."

The butler delivered the message, softening and expurgating somewhat, and the whirr of small wheels ceased. From the street below a shrill chorus arose. "Uncle Crusty! Uncle Crusty!" in a score of baffled, angry little voices. The butler drew in his head, kindly old face distressed. He felt that he shared his master's unpopularity with the children of the street, and the thought hurt. In a pocket of his coat at this moment was a bag of licorice drops which later he

intended to distribute when he was off duty. Wiggins had very strict ideas of his duty to his master, and in office hours, so to speak, was as stern and harsh with children as was Van Nest himself. What he did in his leisure hours he considered quite a different matter.

"Wiggins!"

"Sir?"

Van Nest scowled down at the letter that had upturned his world.

"My—my nephew is coming tomorrow on a very short visit—a *very* short one," he said ungraciously. "You may meet him at the pier at four. Meanwhile, get what he will need—blocks, you know, and milk and a—a primer, I suppose, and lay in a supply of soap." He brought out the last command triumphantly. Small boys, he believed, hated to be washed; but altho *any* nephew was bad enough, a dirty nephew was even worse. Some one would have to do the washing—he glanced at Wiggins doubtfully. The old man was bewildered. There was no precedent for this state of affairs in all his experience.

"Yes, sir—soap, blocks—bottles—er—may I ask how old your nephew is, Mr. Van Nest?"

"Seven."

Wiggins bowed again. He went to the kitchen and imparted the news to his wife, who was also the cook, and her motherly soul was aroused. She got out a long unused cookie-cutter and a box of currants and fell to work at once.

"Th' poor little lad!" she sympathized. " 'Tis a har-rd time he'll be havin' with that auld curmudgeon up yonder, I'm thinkin'."

"So this is Billy, is it?"

Van Nest surveyed the short, sturdy figure grimly, under frowning brows. "How do you do, Billy? Dont scuffle your feet on that rug. I hope you are a good boy and a quiet boy. I dont like any other kind."

"You'll like me." Billy's voice held no doubts. He looked up at his uncle with big, wide, blue eyes. "Nobody ever didn't like me once! Which knee shall I sit on, and why does Wiggins wear his hair so far back on his head?"

Van Nest's frown deepened. It was evident that Billy must be taught his place. He crossed his knees discouragingly and picked up his newspaper with an air of finality.

"Little boys must not ask questions," he said coldly. "Run away and tell Wiggins to wash your hands and face before dinner."

Billy was indignant. "I can wash 'em myself!" he avowed. "I can wash all o' me, 'cept the back of my neck. My arms dont reach as far around as *that*. My father says——"

"Never mind, Billy"—his uncle's voice was dry—"you must remember that grown-up people are not interested in what little boys have to say. Now run along."

Left alone, Van Nest took up his paper, but the words blurred meaninglessly before his eyes. Instead of the printed page he seemed to see a face—a lovely, delicately molded woman-face, with sweet curves and wide, innocent, blue eyes. The sheets slipped from shaking fingers to the floor. Like a bitter flood the waves of memory broke over him, and the taste on his lips was salt with old, long-shed tears. She had been so dear—so very dear—and this boy had eyes like hers——

"Winnifred," whispered the man, in intolerable pain—"Winnifred, why didn't you stay with me, dear? It might have been so different if you had stayed——"

If she had lived to marry him there might have been a little son like this one. All these stark years he had thought of that, had mourned, dry-eyed, over the grave of the Little Boy Who Never Was. He would have been like Billy, straight of leg, sturdy——

At dinner, an hour later, he did not glance at the child. Billy was puzzled. Never in his seven years of experience had he been so left out of things as now. Over the rim of his milk-bowl he stared at his grim uncle and decided in his own mind that he looked very much like an Ogre or a

Cruel Uncle or a Bluebeard. He confided this to Wiggins after dinner.

"I was *goin'* to let Uncle Edward pray me," he said severely; "but now *you* can. I wont say I dont *like* my uncle, 'cause that wouldn't be polite, but I will say I *mightn't* have if he'd been somebody else's uncle 'stead o' mine. Wiggins, do you s'pose God'll know it's me talkin' here 'stead of at Antwerp?"

Having explained his change of address in his prayer, Billy crept into his new bed and waited until Wiggins tiptoed away. Then he sobbed himself into a troubled sleep, in which a big, growly bear with a face just like his uncle's chased him across the ocean, roaring: "Run along, little boy—run along——"

That same night Van Nest wrote an answer to a letter he had received that afternoon.

"Miss Marion Burton," he penned crisply. "Madam: I regret that I cannot contribute to the kindergarten fund. Children are a pest and a nuisance and should be suppressed, not encouraged."

He signed his name with a single whirl of his pen, placed the note in an envelope and called for Wiggins. But the zest of ill-humor was gone. He felt oddly shaken, as tho the sluggish blood in his veins were moving to his heart and warming it. The touch of a stubby, warm, fat hand on his knee still echoed thru him. He found himself absently jogging that knee, as tho something sat upon it. The discovery infuriated him.

"Cheeky little beggar!" he muttered—"spoiled, too. Trust Bill not to know how to bring up a child. Needs a firm hand—and he shall have it as long as he's here. Children are a pest——"

Then, suddenly, the graying head went down on his hands and dry sobs shook him for the Little Boy That Never Was.

Of course Billy could not know why his uncle was so stern with him. In the days that followed he exhausted his little arts of friendship to no avail. Never once did the grim, gray man smile at him. The small, home-sick figure stole thru the immaculate house like a little, frightened ghost. He would not play with the other children after he found their dislike of his uncle. Indeed, he fought a boy who called him "Uncle Crusty," returning home, valiant and bloody, to be scolded severely for his condition.

"YOU'LL LIKE ME. NOBODY EVER DIDN'T LIKE ME ONCE! WHICH KNEE SHALL I SIT ON?"

He had never dreamed that there were so many things a seven-year-old must not do. The list of his offenses appalled him into worse blunders. At

length, one day at luncheon, his nervous little fingers slipped, under his uncle's cold frown, and the glass of milk streamed across the beautiful white cloth.

Two hours later, a pretty young woman came upon a small, independent figure sitting on the curbing, trying valiantly not to cry. A strange collection of articles lay about him—a photograph; an iron steam-engine; a red necktie. The boy looked up at her exclamation of surprise.

"I've run away," announced Billy-Boy, desperately. "An' I'm goin' to keep *on* runnin' till I find somebody to love me."

A few questions drew out the rest of the story. With a little laugh that had a tremolo in it, Miss Burton stooped and kist the small, upturned face of woe.

"Then you wont have to run a step farther!" she cried cheerily. She gathered up the treasures scattered at her feet. "You're coming across the street with me to the nicest place in the world. And one of the things that *makes* it the nicest place is love, Billy-Boy. Afterwards—well, we'll see."

A SMALL, INDEPENDENT FIGURE SITTING ON THE CURBING, TRYING VALIANTLY NOT TO CRY

Under her breath she murmured indignantly: "The wretched man! He deserves to get a good fright. He can just think his poor little nephew is lost, for awhile!"

Billy-Boy, following across the street, found himself led by a warm, kind hand into the loveliest room he had ever seen. It had big, sunny windows, and flowers and plants, and pictures all over the walls—not stupid, grown-up pictures, but the boy-and-girl kind. There was a yellow canary singing in one window, and a piano in the corner that another pretty lady was playing. And there were fifty other little girls and boys marching around the room in time to the music and singing as they went. Billy-Boy drew a long breath of sheer delight. The whole warm, yellow, happy room was like a friendly hand reaching out and drawing him in. A little girl, with dark curls and a wide smile, saw him first. She clapped her hands and beckoned, and before Billy-Boy quite realized what was happening, he found himself in the eager ring, marching and singing with the rest.

Followed for Billy an afternoon of perfect joy. The pretty ladies seemed to know a hundred splendid games and songs. There were bright-colored blocks to be piled into pyramids, and a sand-heap, and a natural history lesson about the red-and-yellow fish swimming about the big glass bowl on Miss Burton's desk.

And then, right in the middle of it all, appeared Uncle Crusty, looking queerly gentle and frightened and sad. He stood in the door without looking at the game of Drop the Handkerchief going on before him and spoke to Miss Burton very fast and breathlessly.

"I am looking for—a—a little boy. The policeman outside thought he saw—but he was probably mistaken."

"No," said Marion Burton, slowly, searching the tired, lean face above

her—"no, you were not mistaken. Billy-Boy is here. I found him looking—for some one to love him——"

Then Uncle Crusty did a queer thing. He seemed to crumple up and his hands went over his face.

"My God!" said Edward Van Nest, hoarsely. "I thought I had lost my boy—all over again."

Billy-Boy crept out of the circle, dropping the hand of the little girl with dark curls.

"Uncle!" piped the small voice—"Uncle—I—I didn't s'pose you'd looked up now and then to give him a friendly smile. And somehow, undefinably, the man realized that the little son he had not had was one with all the children in the world.

"Well?" Miss Burton questioned him, pretty brows raised. Billy-Boy, clinging to her skirts, tucked his other hand into his uncle's.

"Did you see the fish I drew?" he cried proudly. "I guess it's a pretty good fish—an' the paper house I made, an' the wool mat? Say, Uncle Edward, can I come again?"

THERE WERE BRIGHT-COLORED BLOCKS TO BE PILED INTO PYRAMIDS, AND A SAND-HEAP, AND A NATURAL HISTORY LESSON ABOUT A RED-AND-YELLOW FISH

care. If you do a very lot—I'll—I'll come home."

"Oh! but Billy-Boy is getting on so well," said Miss Burton, artfully. "Mr. Van Nest, wont you stay and see what we do in a kindergarten?"

It seemed strangely unreal to Van Nest to be sitting there in that Place of Little Children, with its flowers and its sunshine and joy. Yet it was somehow very pleasant. As he watched the small, eager figures in their pretty play he seemed almost to see a little shadowy form among them, the small, sturdy, denied form of the Little Boy Who Never Was. And then, as he looked at it more closely, it merged into Billy-Boy's straight, firm little body and intent face that

"I want you to come again," said his uncle, slowly. Even to Billy-Boy his words seemed to mean a great deal more than they said. "Miss Burton—I was mistaken the other day. I hadn't learnt then how important children are in life. I shall send my apology thru the mail in the form of a check. Will you forgive me and let *me* come again, too?"

Billy-Boy, stumbling home, blissful and hungry, thru a new world of love and ambition and anticipation, could not guess that the world of the tall man striding at his side had been sweetened, too; yet vaguely he felt a difference.

"Uncle, can I have one o' your knees now?" he questioned timidly.

UNCLE CRUSTY IS TRANSFORMED FROM A CHILD-HATER INTO A KINDERGARTEN PATRON

"You may have *both* knees, Billy-Boy." Billy-Boy gave a joyous hop, skip and a jump.

"Then I'll let you pray me tonight, 'stead o' Wiggins," he promised munificently.

THE MOTION PICTURE

BY CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

Like spectral scenes that clearly haunt our sight,
Like vivid visions in a shrouded room,
Like daylight shining in the midst of night,
Or living silence framed with ebon gloom;
Amid a quiet throng and darkened hall,
'Mid merry music changing oft to sad,
As joy is rife or dangers dark befall
The heroine of fortunes good and bad;
Then, like a flash of mind, we fly afar
To other climes, to war, or peaceful land,
To foreign cities, home of king or czar,
To jungle, mountain, river, sea and strand—
As tho alone, endowed with vision vast,
We view our world, its present and its past!

I do not know whether one woman's ideas about the present horrible war that is devastating European civilization, its cause and its end, will be of much value toward its settlement, but I do believe that there is one invention of the twentieth century that will do much toward rendering further wars impossible.

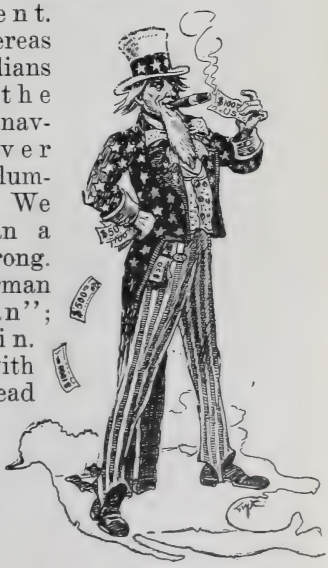
ENGLAND

I believe that one of the main causes of this war, and I am sure the one thing that makes war possible, is a spirit of extreme national prejudice, not so much a case of the aggravated patriotism of a nation, but a state of almost colossal ignorance of and prejudice against the inhabitants of other nations, and like most other errors, it is based on ignorance.

Tho one may not believe it, the extent of the knowledge of the people of one country of the people's habits and characters of another country is 99 per cent. distorted and vicious. In this I do not especially refer to European ignorance of American life, habits and conditions, but to the lack of knowledge displayed among the commoners of England of the proletariat of France, the burgesses of Germany and the moujiks of Russia. A similar ignorance of European inhabitants is displayed by the majority of home-staying Americans. Not only is there this ignorance, but the minds of the people are inflamed by vast stores of misinformation.

To make this point clear, no need to go further than our own country. Ninety per cent. of Americans believe all Englishmen wear monocles, drop their "h's" and speak with a cockney accent, and that all Englishwomen have big feet, protruding teeth and big waists. Nearly all of us believe that Frenchmen never bow or shake hands, but kiss each other at every available opportunity; that all Frenchmen are hopelessly degenerate and all Frenchwomen extravagantly immoral. We are also led to understand that all Germans are fat and beer-swilling and composed of but two classes: officers (naval and military) and professors and students.

Russians are held up to us as illiterate, degraded and ugly, whereas some of the handsomest and the most popular men I have ever met in my life have been Russians. To us all Italians are dark, with flashing eyes; ninety per cent. Mephistopheles and ten per cent. Romeo; whereas there are Italians as blond as the fairest Scandinavian that ever stepped on Columbia's shores. We call an Italian a "dago"; wrong. We call a German a "Dutchman"; wrong again. And if we, with our widespread system of national popular education, our ever-present newspaper, our million-circula-


AMERICA

NEW YORK CITY

tion magazines, fall into these errors and occasionally glorify them, what must happen to the millions in the plains of Russia, the Hungarians and those other European nations where the standard of literature is not so high?

I do not know whether my readers are aware that even in some parts of England Red Indians are supposed to walk up and down Broadway, and that the enterprising American sportsmen shoot buffalos around Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue. I do not know whether one is aware that the popular European conception of an American is a tall, thin man with very tight trousers strapped under high boots, who wears a mustache and a goatee, chews tobacco all the time, owns a waistcoat made out of the Stars and Stripes, and interlards his conversation with "I guess," "I calculate" and "By gosh!" To a great extent the theater, which, in order to make its points, must exaggerate, is responsible for this.

The American stage, for example, when wishing to portray an Englishman, has but two accepted types: the "haw-haw," heavy-mustached, monocled Lawrence D'Orsay type, and the "h"-less coster. In England there are but two accepted stage types of the American: one, the tall, thin, lanky, attenuated, tight-trousered, tobacco-chewing, mustached and goateed individual who talks thru his nose; and the other, the handsome, aristocratic, swaggering, educated, noble cowboy, whose skill with a revolver is as miraculous as his ability to deal cards. He is a compound of a centaur and a Chesterfield.

TURKEY

The American woman in an English theater is always of the soubret type, due in no measure to the phenomenal success of Minnie Palmer when she originally produced "My Sweetheart" in London.

In France and Germany, in their plays, the American is taller and thinner; wears a tall, block hat decorated with the Stars and Stripes, high top-boots and full-dress coat. His goatee and mustache are larger, and he carries revolvers (which he fires at any or no provocation) in every pocket from which thousand-dollar bills are not protruding.

TIMES SQUARE

To the French and German eye the average American is a "gol-darned" combination of a backwoods farmer, an oil millionaire and uncouth boor. This might be explained by the 3,000 or more miles of water which separate us from Europe. But France is only twenty-two miles from England, and yet in Paris there are just as extraordinary caricatures of the English.

In Paris the Englishman is always a very fat, little, round, red-faced man with side-whiskers, a check suit of alarming pattern, two teeth pro-

RUSSIA

jecting, a pipe, who is always drinking tea and eating his "bifteak."

In Germany this picture is again exaggerated, and so on right thru the world.

The artificial and political lines, which we call frontiers, are the limits of knowledge of our neighbors and the base line upon which are reared mountains of ignorance, prejudice and contempt. It is impossible to indict a whole nation, and yet every day some inhabitant of some one country indicts and finds guilty some other country.

Witness: "Perfidious Albion," "A nation of shopkeepers," as regarding Great Britain; "Dollar-hunting demagogues," "Yankee notion" (meaning some cunning fraud), "The land of wooden nutmegs," in reference to our own United States; "The blond beast," "Beer-swilling Dutchman," "The land of sauerkraut and sausage," with reference to Germany; and "The treacherous Italian," "Unspeakable Turk," "The Slav peril," which reveal their own identity.

Now, in sober moments of thought, one realizes that every American is not a millionaire, that every Englishman is not a shopkeeper, that every German is not a "blond beast" — no more, to bring the comparison closer, than every Northerner who was fighting against the South in the Civil War was or had a "Blue-belly"; and I am sure that if this could only be brought home to the minds of the different people, if it could be shown that the "Colonel's lady" and "Judy O'Grady" are sisters under the skin, then wars would cease. Why should I or you want to murder and kill any person with virtues, good qualities, vices and failings, perhaps not exactly the same as our own, but of the same comparative value? Is an American, apart from his clothes and his method or manner of speech, any different from an Englishman, Frenchman or German? Has he not the same eyes, the same limbs, the same loves, the same family ties as we have? Because I happen to be born an American, am I, by virtue of that fact, tremendously superior to every other person not of my own race? Yet such is national feeling run riot. Remove this feeling, and then the most arrogant of autocratic rulers, the most militarist commander, could never force war upon a people. Is there any possible way in which this darkness could be lightened, this ignorance removed and this misinformation corrected? It certainly never will be corrected by the daily or evening newspapers, even if we exclude the jingo and a yellow press which howls for war at the slightest provocation, doubtless with one eye on the circulation and the other on the news value of murder by the million. Sad as it may seem, the mission of the daily press seems to be to stir up prejudice and bias, alike international, national and local. I know the Germans are not the beasts some American papers portray them; I

ITALY

GERMANY

know the English are not the contemptible cowards other papers tell us; I am perfectly sure Mr. Roosevelt and President Wilson are not the incompetent, self-seeking, selfish traitors to their country, such as they are sometimes held out to be, and I am convinced that the Mayor of my own city is not the crook, thief and grafter, without one redeeming trace of virtue,

THE TRIPLE ALLOWANCE

such as is pictured by the papers who are opposed to him in politics; and, therefore, to hope that this enlightenment will come from the newspapers is not only hopeless and illusory, but impossible.

The schools and primary education will not remedy it, for they are steeped in this mistaken notion of the superiority of the individual of some particular nation. If you do not believe, just get histories of the Civil War, written immediately after its conclusion, and compare the one issued in the South with the one issued in the North, and draw your own conclusions. And yet there is something, and with it I have the honor and pleasure to be associated, which can remove this petty national provincialism and render wars impossible, and that is the Moving Picture. We cannot all see foreign nations at work and at play, but thru the pictures foreign nations in life, in death, in study, in work, in love and in anger can be brought to our very doors.

I am sure that the output of American pictures, which has girdled the world for the last three or four years, has done more in the eyes of Europe and other countries to remove misconception and kill prejudice against Americans than all the peace congresses and talks on America ever held.

Let each country see the toiling, common people of every other country; let them see the men at work, the babies at play, and the desire to exterminate them by Maxim, submarine or Zeppelin will disappear.

Whatever may have been the cause of this present tragedy, poverty and deprivation will be an effect, and Moving Pictures can aid in preventing the crimes that are sure to follow; another one of its effects will be great international hatreds, and there can be no nobler future, no greater aim for the movies, than to banish hatred, to found and nurture mutual respect between the nations of the world and hasten the time when "swords shall be beaten into plow-shares" and "peace shall replenish the earth."

Morals Behind the Screen and Curtain

By MARY FULLER

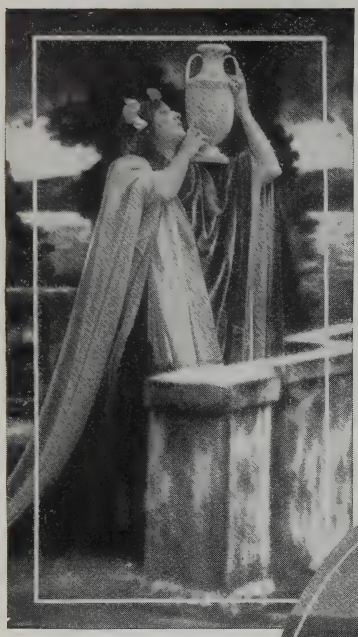
THERE has been a discussion of late as to the morals of Moving Picture studios, and I have been asked to give my opinions on this subject as derived from my photoplay experience. Of course we all know that in every profession, be it butcher, baker or candlestick-maker, there are persons of low moral fiber, undeveloped views or weak stamina; but it does not behoove us to dwell on such people in whatever profession they may be. There are a few so-called "sinners" in every walk of life, but the majority of us are not concerned with the sordid or vulgar. The world is, for the most part, good; therefore it is the bad spots, being the exception, that are conspicuous. The theatrical profession is always in the public eye, consequently the transgressions of its members cannot escape the limelight. If we were all wicked, the spotlight would emphasize the premium on the good. The same reasoning can very well apply to any laxness or immorality in the Moving Picture studios, in some of which it doubtless does exist to a certain extent, but the very fact that most of the Moving Picture world is entirely free from it makes these instances stand out all the more glaringly.

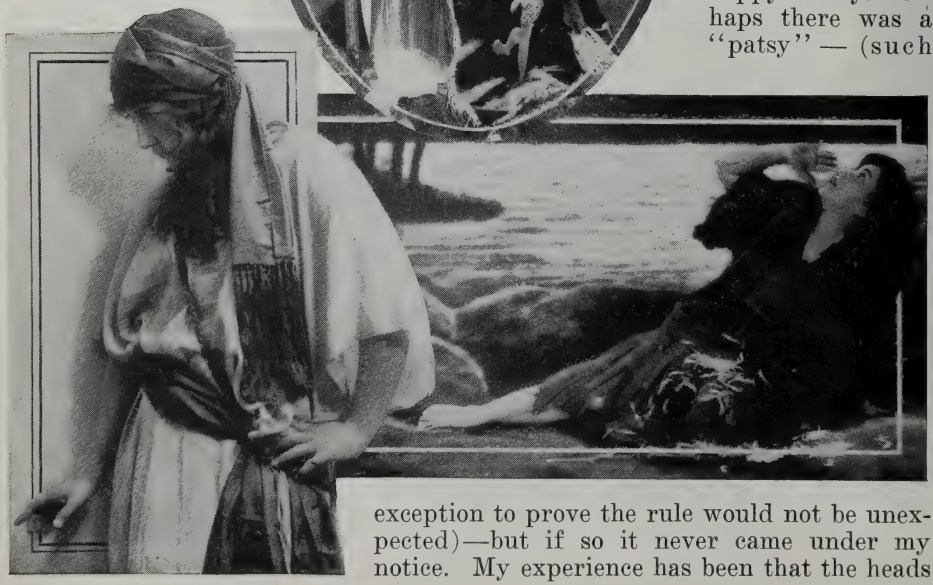
MARY FULLER

It has been said by some that Moving Pictures, not requiring any particular training or study, have led to women being chosen merely for physical charms rather than for talent or ability. This is a matter which, I think, would be to the welfare of the entire Moving Picture world to refute absolutely; for while physical beauty is probably more necessary to Moving Pictures than it is on the legitimate stage, yet it is by no means the principal consideration.

Situations of conflict between good and evil, vicious and virtuous, are very entertaining on the stage and interesting in fiction stories, which mediums of expression are lifted into the realm of the unreal and purely imaginary, but in real life we do not want to rub elbows with the unhealthy attitude of the lecherous-minded. The stage in olden times was branded as a profession of strolling players, gypsies, vagabonds, and this view, tho dying out in great measure, still maintains in small communities. Yet some of the noblest natures enrolled on the Book of Fate have been actors of the past—and when I say actors, I mean both men and women of the theater. There is nothing sweeter and finer than the recollections those great artists have left behind them.

That stage life offers many moral





CHARACTER STUDIES BY MARY FULLER—NO ARTIST IS MORE VERSATILE

pitfalls cannot be gainsaid, but it lies with each individual person whether these alleged "pitfalls" materialize into truths, into realities, into real "ruin" or not. Stage life, with its night work, its daytime sleep, its irregular meals, its traveling and close contact, does make for an unnatural existence and throws a so-called glamor over many people.

Contrast its possibilities with those of the picture studio. In the latter place work is done in regular office hours—daylight work; no glamor of night, of orchestra, of artificial light. A player is located in one neighborhood and is recognized as a permanent and respectable citizen. Evenings can be spent at home, and the normal healthiness of one's own fireside is an atmosphere conducive to refining influences. Healthy outdoor daytime work and a permanent circle of friends make for a sane and not-precarious existence. The restlessness and loneliness attendant on a life of travel is also eliminated.

In the studios in which I have played there has always been a good-fellowship, the camaraderie of a happy family. Perhaps there was a "patsy"—(such exception to prove the rule would not be unexpected)—but if so it never came under my notice. My experience has been that the heads

outlook is what I call the undertow in the sea of Nature's human beings, which is forever trying to pull down the overflow of stronger and better natures who attempt according to their principles and higher aims.

I say: Let us not dwell on the pinch of evil, but on the quart measure of good. I do not wish to see any unpleasant aspect of my profession. I love it and my artistic confrères in it. I regard it as a great, beneficent power to refresh, to inspire, to amuse, and all we who cherish a regard for the theater (whether we sit in the audience or behind the footlights, whether we sit before the screen or are one of its shadows) should look to its bright side, its clean side, and do what we can to make that side the only one.

If there are some girls who have had bitter experiences in connection with photoplay work, it must have been partly their attitude which invited such experience, or they might have lacked

of departments in the studios of my acquaintance were always courteous and interested more in building up a strong and brilliant organization to better their finances and surpass their competitors than in wasting their substance on side issues and debauchery. All that one hears is not truth, and all that one sees need not be construed to mean something covert and sensual. Eyes which are full of suspicion will never be able to light up with the healing joy of true happiness, and what we elect to look for must, with "the mote in our own eye," be distorted to us into something crooked, or with our own beauty must be beautified. As clouds pass their shadow over a beautiful and peaceful country, so does the shadow of suspicion and evil-seeking in an evil mind cast its blight over the innocent object of its furtive attention. Why should we look for the unpleasant? Are we to constitute ourselves ferrets? Such an

the wisdom to hold aloof from unworthy influences. Ignorance is the cause of the misfortunes in these isolated instances, and as none of us would choose to be ignorant if we knew better, we should not point out the few unfortunate ones.

Photoplayers who have held a *dignified and lasting* position in this branch of the theater have done so on merit, on hard work and conscientious endeavor, and not on the favoritism accorded a studio hanger-on. I hope that the general public will not be beguiled by any sensationalism or scandal regarding photoplayers which may be in circulation, but will recognize the movies as an industry which is as clean and wholesome at its source as it has proved itself entertaining and progressive at its outlet—to its audiences and patrons. I think I am safe in saying that favorites on the screen are held in as high regard by their associates as by their "fans" and audiences.

Managers, employees, actors—every one on the staff of a film studio—are the busiest people imaginable. Each department of film manufacture requires thought, foresight, energy and the realization that it must keep up to production. And in this whirligig of scenes, of plots, of heroines, of love stories, of constant production, the film actor has little time or energy to devote to riotous living. "Burning the candle at both ends" is a short-sighted policy for a movie actress, for "looks" are a great asset, and evidences of late hours are detected by the camera eye. Also, the many moods of a player caught by the camera at various times must reveal something of the real nature, good or bad, of such player.

With the competition today, managers and directors must concern themselves with their production, in which they want to surpass their colleagues; actors must cultivate themselves in every way to better their performances. One cannot serve two masters for long, and business and sentiment will not mix with the best results. It creates trouble, and trouble is the friction which wears the machine. I, myself, am so busy trying to rise early, report at my studio on time, preparing for the day's work, playing the scenes, changing my clothes, playing more scenes, keeping up with my mail, attending to wardrobe, photographers, etc., etc., that I have no time for "trouble."

Since the elevation of pictures to a higher level, a level which is comparable to the stage, manufacturers want actors and actresses of intelligence and refinement to depict their drawing-room drama—supposed to reflect the higher strata of life. It is, therefore, hardly likely that they would engage girls who would submit to such tests of immorality (as has been mentioned in a recent discussion), for such character would show in their faces. Qualifications for work are not tests of this kind. Engagements are based on real worth, assets of ability, beauty and youth.

Sweeping assertions of immorality of the photoplay profession should not be made; there are too many nice girls in the movies—really nice girls, who have done nothing to deserve such a stigma. Manufacturers would resent, I am sure, such an imputation, and the general public would be misled to believe an unpleasant condition which does not exist. The film magnates I am acquainted with are gentlemen and business organizers of broad ideas and sincere purpose, and have no time for the petty or degrading. Their studio managers and lieutenants carry out the same policy.

This article is not only a plea for a higher moral view in connection with the theater, but is a vindication of the photoplay studio in particular. And I can only reiterate that up to now my experience has been that managers have been considerate to me. Directors have been courteous and fellow-players have been friendly and charming. In my heart of hearts I cherish the memory of some dear friendships made in my profession, and tho time and business may separate me, the feelings of tenderness for them will always remain.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

At last we found him, after trailing all over the Essanay studios —found him, a tall, good-looking blond, talking with his director. We were introduced.

"How do you do?" he said, cordially extending his hand and smiling upon us as only Francis X. can smile.

"Now for the story of your life," I entreated.

He laughed. "Well, I am sure there is not much to tell," he said.

"And I am equally sure there is," I replied decidedly.

"Not long ago," he began, as he escorted us to a corner of the studio, where we settled ourselves comfortably, "I was most grievously misrepresented by an unscrupulous interviewer, and I have not quite recovered from a certain feeling of the injustice done me."

"I read the article you refer to, Mr. Bushman," I said; "and I noticed it was rather calculated to prejudice one against you, but I am here to make my own observations, for I want to tell your many admirers what I honestly found you to be."

"Now tell me what you would like to know," he asked, turning toward me in his pleasant way, "for I prefer to answer your questions instead of just talking about myself at random."

"I would like to have you tell me something about your career up to the present time."

"I shall do that briefly," and he began: "As a very young man I was a student under Isadore Conte, the sculptor, in New York. I was used by most of the artists there as a model for some time. Then there came the choice between the stage and sculpturing. I chose the stage, and for many seasons was leading man with a stock company. Later I went into road productions. The last company I was with before going into pictures was 'The Queen of the Moulin Rouge,' with Carter de Haven. Just three years ago I accepted an offer from the Essanay Company, and here I am."

"At the top of your profession," I finished.

"Yes, I suppose I am," he admitted.

"You like this work?" I asked.

"Oh, very much," was his enthusiastic answer. "You know, I find myself becoming quite impatient when I try to sit thru a play now. After the movies, everything seems to go so slowly; the settings have an unnatural, stilted appearance—in fact, I do not enjoy anything so much as the Moving Pictures."

Here we were interrupted by Miss Stonehouse, another Essanay star, who wished to introduce a friend from out of town to Mr. Bushman. I watched him as he charmed "the friend," for he has all the attractive mannerisms of the Southern gentleman. As 'most every one knows, he was born in Virginia.

When he returned to us, I questioned him about his mail, for I knew he must receive some interesting letters. But he seemed disinclined to talk about them, so I asked him if he were fond of books.

Then his face lighted up as he described his library, and, as I listened, I was impressed with his knowledge of the writers of all ages. He is evidently a great reader and a thoughtful one. He spoke of his books almost as a vain woman speaks of her jewels, with reverence, admiration and joy in their possession.

"You like outdoor sports?" was my next question, for I had not

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

From a pencil sketch from life by F. I. LEWIS

failed to note his exceptionally well-built figure.

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "I have, all my life, enjoyed everything of that kind."

"Oh, Bush, Bush," some one called, and he excused himself to get ready for a picture.

"Is that all you would like to know?" he asked, before leaving.

"Yes, thank you," I said, adding sincerely: "It has been a pleasure to meet you," and with that we parted.

To continue—my observations were, for I spent most of the day in the studio, that he is an even-tempered, kind-hearted man who ruffles no one's disposition and allows no one to disturb his. He is very serious in his work and prefers to depict optimistic, uplifting situations. Of course he is the typical hero, just suited to romantic plays. I have watched him before the camera on numerous occasions, and he always puts the same interest and enthusiasm into his acting.

I was told he receives about three hundred letters a week from his appreciative admirers. He seems to have a very happy influence over the movie fans, who have made him their favorite.

And last of all, to those who have only seen him on the screen, he is far handsomer in real life, for his coloring and the sparkling deep blue of his eyes are lost in the pictures, as is also a pleasing, musical voice.

L. R. S. HENDERSON.

"A MAN" OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

HE was brought up in the lap of luxury, but fed mentally with scanty smiles and only meager love-looks; tutor-crammed with unnecessary knowledge and veneer deportment.

When he should have been making mud-pies, or getting or giving black eyes, he was compelled to commit Cicero to memory. He does not *now* blame anybody—what benefit could be derived from that?

The rest? With such a start, at nineteen he *was* the world—possessed of an ungovernable temper and a hundred thousand dollars, which it took him a whole year to dissipate. But he was the most temperate person, so far as any indulgence in love and affection was concerned.

After finding out that the world was not made for his exclusive use and indulgence, he concluded that, after all, he was made for it. It took time to come to that conclusion, and some bitter suffering.

Poverty has killed or dwarfed many a character; others it refines and builds. It leaves some scar, but not necessarily an ugly one—nor one in sight.

The period of poverty, struggle, fighting day and night for some small recognition from one's fellow man to enable one to exist, may be pleasant in retrospect, but is as near as any one imagines a hell in reality.

To have conquered and made this dear old world "sit up and take notice" may be egotistical; call it by any name you like, it counts for much with the man who accomplished the conquest.

If the battle has left any bitterness in any tiny corner of his compound, the people of the world dont know it, because he knows they are absolutely indifferent, and indifference he utterly loathes.

Now his mission is to lift these people, where possible, from their condition of lethargy; not by preaching any sermon to them, save the one of making themselves see themselves as they really are and as they appear to their neighbors.

The man who has been thus feebly outlined is Romaine Fielding.

LOTTIE PICKFORD, OF THE FAMOUS PLAYERS

"SHE is a wonderful swimmer and holds records for long-distance, plain and fancy diving, and you should see her dance! Why, Mr. Frohman thinks there's no one equal to her in that line, and then, too——" But here we were interrupted by the entrance of the young lady herself, and just what was to be the next accomplishment I never heard.

Could this charmingly petite person really be the heroine that I had been seeing in Shadowland 'most

every night? Yes, it was really Lottie Pickford, for she very modestly told me she *did* swim and dance, but declined to say anything about the medals or Mr. Frohman's opinion.

The setting for this scene was the Famous Players studio on a busy afternoon; the principals in the group were Miss Pickford, her sister Mary, her brother Jack, and several other players; while I, as the scribe, was a minor character.

"I'm very hungry, and a nice little luncheon at Shanley's sounds tempting; that is, if you will join me."

Yes, I would.

So Miss Pickford and I left the group, and in such a short time that it seemed like a dream I found myself enjoying a delicious consommé, all the while watching my hostess. I almost forgot the purpose of my errand, and, when I did remember, I began hastily to make notes on the back of a little souvenir that had just been given to me, and between bites I managed to note the following facts:

The eyes before me were wonderfully large, dark and expressive, and as I watched them I saw the changing emotions gather in them like ripples in a clear pool. How quickly they changed expression when first she related some exciting incident apropos to a recent picture, and again as I heard how near death sister Mary had been last summer!

Much depends upon the eyes in Moving Pictures, for often an actress or actor will enact scene after scene, using the eyes to run the gamut of emotions, instead of the limbs. With such eyes, it is no wonder that Miss Pickford has become the popular star she is, for in them lies the great secret.

A merry laugh brought me back from my dreaming, and I discovered that my hostess was enjoying a joke at my expense, for I was telling the waiter that I liked them large and dark, much to his surprise—and mine also, when I found that a portion of chicken à la King,

LOTTIE PICKFORD AND HER BROTHER, JACK PICKFORD

and not eyes, was the table topic.

"What is your age, Miss Pickford? The public, you know, is always interested in that, and you dont mind telling them, do you?"

"Oh, no," she confessed. "I am nineteen; was born in June, 1895; and you may tell my friends in the audience that altho I am younger than my

sister Mary, I have always been thought the elder. You see, we have made Mary the baby of the family and look upon her as a child, forgetting that she is twenty."

I soon learnt that Miss Pickford's hobby was not swimming, nor dancing, nor even acting, but "her sister." She is never happier than when talking about this wonderful little miss, and, unlike some sisters, she is not jealous but proud of the fame that has come to "Little Mary." Entirely different is Lottie from Mary, for she has dark, curly hair; is taller and heavier built; while her sister is a decided blonde and very diminutive.

"I much prefer the one-reel pictures to the four or five, for, you see, they offer more opportunity for excitement, but I have, nevertheless, done several multiple-reel subjects, my last being 'The House of Bondage.'" Miss Pickford does not care for this picture, but that makes little difference, as the public does. Her work in it is splendid, and her ability to do heavy acting is ably demonstrated.

"What companies have you been with? And what parts do you prefer playing?"

"Well, to your first, Biograph, Kalem, Vitagraph and Famous Players; and to your second, any. I think I have played almost every character, from the young girl of sweet sixteen to the heavy woman, commonly called the villainess, but I have no choice, and enter into any part hoping to do my best."

Any one who has seen the films featuring Miss Lottie will appreciate the foregoing remark, for every picture surpasses the former, and it is "hoping to do my best" that has gone a long way toward making Miss Pickford successful.

"And now last, but not least, are you married?"

"Yes [I held my breath], the check, if you please" [I gasped]. The much desired "yes" was not in answer to my question, but a gentle reminder that our meal was over and my hostess was paying the waiter.

As I said good-by, I was told to give the public Miss Pickford's love, but I never received the answer to my last question; so, dear reader, suit yourself—"yes" or "no."

The next release in which the public will have an opportunity to see Miss Pickford is now being produced by the Famous Players and is "Fanchon, the Cricket." "Little Mary" also plays in this picture; so with the two sisters in one play nothing more could be asked.

EDNA WRIGHT.

ALICE HOLLISTER, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

INTERVIEWING Alice Hollister is like interviewing a fairy. Trying to pin her bubbling good-nature down to hard facts is like trying to pin a gorgeous, bright-winged butterfly down to a hard board with a long nail. All these thoughts and many more passed thru my mind as I sat in her dainty, airy, pink bower of a dressing-room down in Jacksonville. Not that she was unaccommodating nor resented my questions. She answered them all and was very anxious to please. But I dont think she's ever serious—when she can help it.

"I was born in Worcester, Massachusetts," she told me, in a voice that was low and sweet, with a little lilt to it. "I was educated at the Villa Maria Convent in Montreal. Oh, I loved it! The time I spent there was the happiest of my life. I am of French parentage, you know."

Her voice told me plainly that I should have known, and rather guiltily I jotted it down, for, you see, I hadn't known.

"I have been in pictures for four years—every one of them with Kalem and every one of them filled to the brim with happiness and hard work. Do you know, I'm never so happy as when I am working very, very hard and having a trying time with some nice part." Here she laughed. "I'm afraid the public wont like me if I

dont stop playing so many 'wicked' parts. Do you know, during the past winter here in Florida I have eloped with one of my 'husband's' best friends no less than eleven times, set fire to a schoolhouse (a reformatory school at that!), been a bad wicked 'chorus lady' three times, eloped with another woman's husband twice, murdered a man, and have been a nasty, wicked 'little cat' all in one winter."

Then, as I looked rather aghast, she laughed merrily, displaying two pretty dimples and a double row of small, even, white teeth.

"Oh, of course, I mean in my work," she added, with a twinkle lurking in her velvety brown eyes. "Those are parts I have played, you see. Please dont think I'd do all of that really and truly. Why, at heart I'm meek as a lamb."

We got on swimmingly after that. "Mammy Chloe," a dusky-skinned relic of "befo" de wah" slavery times, served us with delicious tea and little seed-cakes. Alice Hollister is very proud of Mammy and is also very fond of her. As the dainty slip of a girl, in a pink silk kimono, her glorious black hair in curls down her back, introduced her, Mammy's face glowed with pride and joy. She curtsied in old-time style and was "pleased tu know you, miss."

"What are your favorite parts, Miss Hollister?" I asked, as Mammy withdrew with the tea-things. And my lovely young victim gave a little gasp.

"Oh, my goodness!" she ejaculated, as her eyes widened. "Do I have to answer that? Well, that is a hard question. You see, the parts I have played lately are so widely varied and so different that it is rather hard to have a preference. But I like strong, emotional rôles, such as 'The Vampire,' 'The Show-girl's Glove,' 'Thru the Flames,' and all foreign parts. I love

Italian parts, especially. Then, we played a very simple little thing some time ago, and I rather liked it. 'The Primitive Man' it was, and my part was different from anything I had played in a long, long time, and I enjoyed it, therefore.

"Do you know, I have always longed to play a boy part and a Japanese part. In all my four years I have never had a Japanese part nor a boy part. I believe I should like both."

In appearance "Our Alice" is about five feet three inches tall and would weigh about one hundred and six. She has lovely black hair, ebon as night, and fluffy and cloud-like. Her eyes are large, brown as woodland pools (phew!) and a trifle long. She has slender, dainty hands, well cared for and graceful. I should imagine (*imagine*, now, mind you) that she is very little past the year-mark of twenty.

"Please dont forget to say," she stated, "that I dont exactly like all the parts I play. When I thrill over the character to be interpreted, the right mood inspires me and I live and breathe the rôle that I am acting. And I never forget these characters afterward," she added.

"And now, Miss Hollister, for the last question," I said, as I rose and, poising an expectant pencil, finished: "Are you married or single?"

"Yes," she answered, while an imp of mischief danced in her brown eyes. And that was all the satisfaction I received. Puzzle it out for yourself.

ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

Funny Stories That Are True

By THE PLAYERS THEMSELVES

(Collected by ALBERT L. ROAT)

The Recital

By ALICE WASHBURN

(Edison)

THE bread-and-butter question was of very much importance "down stage," but how to get it was a puzzle.

Many kind friends told me repeatedly that I was a "phenom" as an interpreter of "comedy," so I decided to try a recital somewhere. A possible opportunity presented itself thru a personal I read in the Milwaukee *Sentinel.*

A carefully worded letter was dispatched to a social leader in a small Wisconsin town. The diminutive-sized stage of that town was, of course, unknown to me, until I journeyed some two hundred miles there to appear in a humorous recital.

Previously, I had arranged with that social matron to give the entertainment for half the proceeds. I started on an early train for my destination and traveled all day. A tall, sandy-haired, anemic individual met me at the station with a bunch of cheery news.

"Miss," he began dolefully, "you needn't expect a big house tonight, as one of our oldest and most popular citizens was buried this afternoon and the funeral was largely attended."

Naturally, I was disappointed with that bit of tidings. "And cant you," I asked facetiously, "cant you folks afford two forms of dissipation in one day?"

The minister's solemnity never wavered, but he continued his monotone apology: "And another thing—you wont be gettin' any encores; our people aint used to givin' any to nobody."

That was encouraging assurance, sure enough. However, I went to the church, where twelve townspeople and the town reporter awaited me.

The minister introduced the entertainer with: "Here's Miss Washburn come down here to *try* to entertain us this evening. She's traveled all day and is hot and tired, and I trust, my dearly beloved brethren, that any weariness on her part will be cheerfully overlooked."

That damper did not cool my ardor—the humor of it buoyed me up. Eugene J. Hall's never-failing "Debatin' Society" brought down the house. The audience made up in en-

thusiasm what they lacked numerically, until the astonished parson, at the close of the entertainment, grasped my hand enthusiastically and said: "Let me congratulate you, Miss Washburn. We haven't had such a crowd out to a show in years!"

My Pet Duck

By MARY FULLER

(Universal)

SOME humorous incident connected with the pictures? Let me see. Oh, yes! I will tell you about my *pet duck*. And it is a *true* story.

Two years ago our Edison company was quartered at Gloucester, Mass., taking scenes for a picture called "Foul Play." Gloucester had been selected for its wild, rocky coast, for you know we were supposed to have been shipwrecked on a desert island.

All of the scenes went beautifully, despite the fact that there was considerable climbing over jagged rocks, wading about in the shallows, rowing on rough, choppy seas and getting up at 2 A. M. to photograph a sunrise effect.

The last scene to be taken depicted the hero wading around in a swamp, catching wild ducks to send a message, tied to their legs, to some passing ship.

The director had placed a number of wooden decoy ducks in the swamp, also eight or ten live ones anchored with string, to keep them on the water in the picture. As I was not to appear in that particular scene, I sat on the bank out of range of the camera and howled with merriment at those ducks quacking and tangling up in the cord, and at the good-natured discomfiture of the wading hero. The brackish water was up to his chest. He was afraid he would step on a snake. The camera kept buckling. And if you are a *real fan*, you know how exasperating it is when the camera "buckles." When every one was thoroly out of patience and the sun had set, the picture was finally taken satisfactorily.

"Some ducks!" ejaculated the director, mopping his brow. "Wouldn't you like to have one, Miss Fuller?"

"Certainly I would."

"All right," he offered generously, "pick one out. I'll have him crated and shipped to the studio."

"There, the one with the green neck and purple head—that talkative chap," I said, pointing to the voluble thing scolding furiously against pictures in general and that scene in particular. Personally, I cant speak "duck," but I am sure he was decrying the indignity of being tied down with the others.

"That one it shall be." And the director, true to his promise, shipped the duck to New York, where I found it several days later.

Of course I was intensely happy when I pulled him out of the crate, washed him off, tied a string to his legs and walked him home like a pet dog. He was a dignified darling, with his green neck and purple head and the most roguish twinkle in his dark eyes imaginable. The duck waddled sedately before me. I followed, holding the strings—a very appropriate suggestion, a good caricature of "Lines on a Waterfowl." How people laughed and stared! But

I was exceedingly happy. I named my duck "Oscar," after the director.

I couldn't keep him in my room or the bath-tub, but he had to be kept somewhere. And the house where I lived had no back yard. I found a place to board him for $2 a week, down at the corner where they had a large yard. The young man dug a washing-pool at the foot of the house rain-spout.

Each morning on my way to the studio Oscar gave me a knowing side-glance as I passed by. Every leisure afternoon I took Oscar over to the Bronx River, a small stream about a mile from the house, and swam him on a colossally long string. One day on the way there he was very naughty; I had to whip him soundly. But I was very fond of Oscar Duck, all the same.

Later in the summer I was sent away with my company to get pictures on the St. Lawrence River, and I was forced to leave Oscar at the corner where he boarded. The people promised to give him excellent care. I missed him very much, and, on my return ten weeks later, I went straight to inquire for him. He was nowhere to be seen in the yard—his knowing side-glance, neither.

"Where's my duck?" I demanded of the boy.

"Dogs got him," he answered stolidly.

And so I turned and went back to work.

JOHN INCE has an amusing reminiscence of a motor trip thru Pennsylvania. He stopped overnight at the farmhouse of a stuttering fellow whose impediment of speech was so distressing that the man's friends would yell to him to *sing* the word he couldn't shoot out. In that way speech always came back to the stutterer. On the night in question the farmer returned from the village with the result of a "lodge meeting" far past concealment. Long since his indignant wife had locked the front door, and when his poundings thundered thru the house, there was no response. From his open second-story window Mr. Ince could hear the furious sputtering and, finally, the wife's voice from inside. "Well, what d'you want?" More sounds like

muffled firecrackers, but no word. "Well, you brute, why dont you *sing* it?" That loosed his tongue, and he nearly split a lung. "Sing? How can I sing," he yelled, "when I haven't got the key?"

The Disguise

By YALE BOSS

(Edison juvenile)

IN a picture called "The Janitor's Flirtation," I assumed the character of a girl. Dressed up in my sister's clothes, I stood waiting for the scenery to be set for my inside work, and none of my companion players knew me.

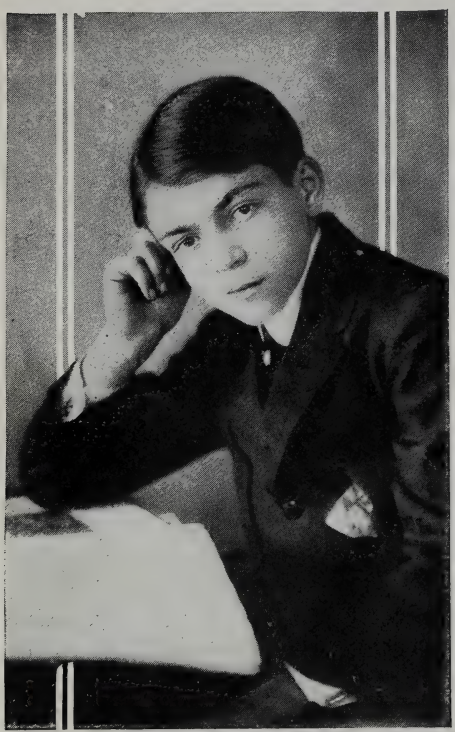
As the different boys passed, each one would say: "What part are you taking today, little girl?" Imagine, and I worked with them every day! At first I was annoyed. Then I determined to have some fun.

A player, a man, approached. He

paused. I smiled and, changing my voice, said pleasantly: "Have some candy?" And I offered him the box. Presently the director shouted:

"Has anybody seen Yale Boss this morning?" He stood within a few paces of me, and he didn't recognize me.

"Here I am, sir," I answered.



"Well, Yale," he said surprisedly, "you are the first man who ever fooled me in woman's attire."

My masher flew from my coop. The reason my disguise fooled all of them was because I wore a thin veil.

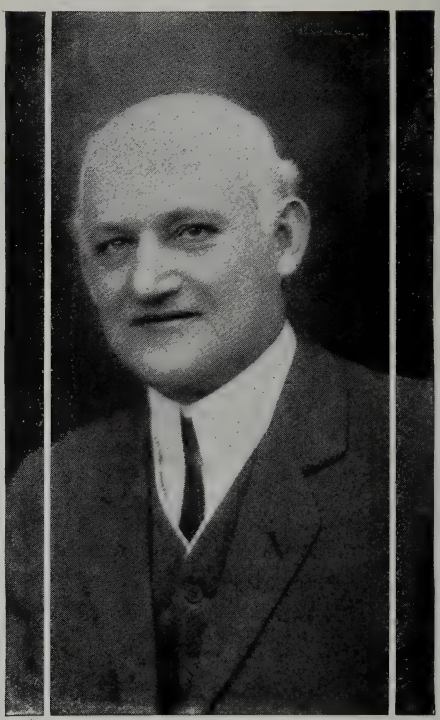
The Joker

By CHAS. C. BRANDT

(Lubin)

SINCE I have the reputation of being the joker at the studio, I might as well live up to my reputation.

Arthur Johnson recently directed a picture at the studio. In one of the scenes a drawing-room was represented with some fifty people. The



scene was very serious and included an orchestra of several pieces. The director ordered the musicians to play. The leader inquired if there was any particular piece preferred.

"Play anything you like," returned Johnson.

The guests at the tables assumed the pose proper to the atmosphere of the scene. The camera man was given his cue. The leader waved his baton. Everybody burst out laughing, because I had whispered for him to play "Everybody's Doing It."

Of course the picture was spoiled. And what did Johnson say? Well—

I dropped into a theater where a picture called "The New Physician" was showing. The doctor, Johnson, was walking about; the nurse was attentive to the patients in the cots.

A man in the seat before me was deeply impressed. "I can almost smell that iodoform," he told his companion. He sniffed again. "By George, I can smell it really!"

And I hugged my iodoform-bandaged arm closer under my coat.

Where to Get Photoplay Plots

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Author of "The Plot of the Story," "The Photodrama," etc.

PLOT material is the telltale dust of Deeds that lies heavy behind the curtain of Commonplace Events; in the crevices pried open by Ambition; in the niches worn by Crime; and in the knot-holes gnarled by Nature.

Daily life is filled with dull routine and monotonous detail; but drama is contrary to actual life, in that it picks and chooses the events it requires for its purposes, isolating, magnifying and suppressing them according to its needs. Drama demands that there be a keynote of human interest, a bond of vital relationship, in the life of man, or the revealment of a soul's supreme moment under pressure of struggle.

To have one's eyes open in a search for plot material is not sufficient; the plot-seeker's imagination must be sensitively alert, and his emotions prepared to throw some feeling into the impression. Thus equipped, he may acquire visions thru observation, and not mere mental photographs. Bear in mind that this matter of creating Literature and Drama draws just as heavily on the emotions as it does on brains. The imagination is the frontier post between the two.

A plot-germ resulting from observation: A man sits in his office, looking out of the window, when a blinding flash assails his eyes. It proves to be a boy passing the window opposite, with a bright can in his hand, which refracted the sun. A plot-germ instantly suggests itself: He visions an old house, set back from the road, surrounded by shrubbery; he is the hero who sits in his own home some distance away; the flash; he gets his glasses and sees a woman in distress —there is productive material for a

PETER LANG HARRY MEYERS ETHEL CLAYTON MRS. GEO. WALTERS

FARM SCENE FROM A LUBIN FILM

play. Scarcely a vestige of the original suggestive matter remains.

It is more beneficial for a student of literature or drama to associate with the works of a master than with the master himself. Few successful artists are successful teachers; their success lies in their having absorbed and forgotten technique. Thus, in hearing and seeing drama and reading literature, the promising student should normally feel all that is noble Bad''—which is the title and theme of our incipient play.

In employing facts to any large degree, the photoplaywright will encounter danger in two particulars: (1) The more commonplace the plot material, the more subtle the dramatic art necessary to make it attractive as a play; (2) The more extraordinary the fact material, the greater the tact requisite to make it seem plausibly real. The simple rule is: Drama-

THOMAS ANDREWS ALMA TAYLOR

FROM THE ENGLISH FILM, ''JIM, THE OLD FIDDLER''

and great within him arise—like a host on the wings of inspiration—to meet and do honor to the master creatures of thought and feeling created by the playwright and author. Exaltation is the coveted gateway to inspiration, thru which every artist-creator must pass.

A visit to the drama might yield a plot-germ in the following manner: Let us say we saw Douglas Fairbanks' noteworthy impersonation of Bertie in ''The New Henrietta.'' We were inspired at once with a story surrounding ''The Boy Who Couldn't Be

tize your facts before you employ them! Develop the dramatic habit in all your five senses; better still, create a sixth and call it the Sense of Drama.

Little tragedies, romances and dramas are constantly happening in the circles of people with whom we come in daily contact—therein lies danger, however. More than a mere change of scene or character is necessary. The actual, intimate happening must form, if employed in any degree, but a suggestive plot-germ, or only an episode in an entirely new story. The best way to avoid disaster in this re-

lation is to see to it that the development and elaboration of your resultant plot is not the same as that of the incident upon which it was based.

The almost daily sight of an old character who is brow-beaten by his entire family inspires speculation as to how he lost his nerve and prestige —possibly a fortune, too. For the purpose of our plot, we say that he gambled away his fortune. He had a story—will take the same point of view, will assume the same mood, will employ the same plot development, or will choose the same plot manifestation. True originality consists in doing the much-done thing in a new way. Be sure that you are not trite, then go ahead.

The newspaper is most useful, perhaps, as a source of novel situations, which are in constant demand in the development of the photoplay. We

RAY GALLAGHER MILDRED BRACKE.

A WESTERN SCENE FROM A MÉLIÈS FILM

theory of beating the market. He and his wealthy son-in-law become friends, and before any one realizes it he has induced his son-in-law to put his whole fortune back of the old theory!

The daily newspaper is perhaps the most prolific source of plot-germs. Take special note that this does not mean complete plots. The question of originality rises—for suppose other seekers choose the same news-clipping for development. In answer to this, it may be said that not two persons in a thousand—provided they employ only the suggestive germ and do not try to follow verbatim the news-

arrive at a pass in the progressive building of our plot and find that we are about to use an incident that has been worn threadbare. If our press-clippings are classified, all we have to do is to turn to the proper classification, and in all probability we will make a discovery worth while.

Suppose we are seeking some new way of catching a thief, some of the following ought to be illuminating: (1) Clue to Leegson Murder; (2) Join Dictograph to Telephone; (3) Police Hoax Brings Gunmen's Capture; (4) Women Sleuths Catch a Fugitive; (5) Bomb-throwers Trailed

EDITH STOREY HARRY NORTHRUP

A "PRIMITIVE MAN" SCENE FROM A VITAGRAPH FILM

by a Boy. Here are five items of plot material, plot-germs and dramatic situations.

Beware of "true stories" as plots. They lack the essential ingredients of the fiction story, or dramatized play. They are loaded with deadly personal detail that is usually too localized for the world-sweep of the photodrama. They need most of their prime facts ripped out and ought to be larded with choice bits of invented detail. True stories make excellent anecdotes; but not one in a thousand bears any resemblance to a complete photoplay plot.

Plot material is useless unless it is stored in sufficient quantities to enable the consulting plot-seeker to make use of it without being cramped in his selection. Photoplaywriting is too arduous labor to resort to slipshod methods, such as trying to remember items of plot material. It is part of the author's business to store up energy and ideas. The application of a simple system, along the line of that following, will enable the playwright to catalog, classify and file all of his plot material (notes, clippings, pictures, etc.) in a manner that will enable him to find any conceivable item instantaneously.

This classified plot directory and catalog is elastic and universal. The ambitious student may readily carry it to completion along the lines indicated. There are easily a thousand sub-divisions possible. There are seven grand divisions: (I) The Heart of Man; (II) The Ambition of Man; (III) The Flesh of Man; (IV) The Soul of Man; (V) The Mind of Man; (VI) Not-Man; (VII) Humor. We

MARC MACDERMOTT MIRIAM NESBIT

AN ENGLISH SCENE FROM AN EDISON FILM

will divide but one of these grand divisions: (I) THE HEART OF MAN—(1) Man; (2) Woman; (3) Love; (4) Marriage; (5) Children; (6) Family; (7) Home; (8) Friendship; (9) Separation; (10) Reunion. The sub-divisions of (4) Marriage: (a) Name; (b) Money; (c) Bigamy; (d) Deception; (e) Beauty; (f) Blunder; (g) Runaway; (h) Miscegenation; (i) Morganatic; (j) Eugenics.

A final suggestion as a source of plot material (as well as a harvesting of titles for plays and stories) is a persistent search for, and a diligent setting down for future use, of happy phrases, which may be heard, read or conceived by the playwright. He will find that a large percentage of these phrase-titles are the nucleus of plots in themselves. In most cases they suggest the coveted big story.

The Tides of Fate; When a Man Cannot Pay; Give Him a Chance; Somebody Had to Do It; To Those That Have; Who Live in the Past; The Quality of Youth; For a' That; For Good and All; One Chance in a Hundred.

Plot material is the stuff that souls are made of; it is the composition from which careers are molded; it is sparks from the forge of nobility and salt distilled from the tears of humanity. It is the crises of Life. Plot material means a record of man's activities outside of the four dull walls of Convention and beyond the dominion of the Commonplace.

Serving Up War in Films

By ERNEST A. DENCH

NO FILMS involve so many risks to the players and incur such a great expense and trouble to the producer as do war productions.

When the British & Colonial Company produced "The Battle of Waterloo," Irthlingborough, a typical English village, was invaded by English and French troops. These comprised over 4,000 extras, and by the time the picture had been completed $30,000 had been spent. Three thousand cavalry horses and fifty large cannon were engaged in the producing of this film. Of course, all the ammunition was harmless. Charles Weston, a well-known American director, was responsible for the success of the production.

So unusual was the event that a holiday was declared in the hamlet. For miles around the villagers swarmed to the "battlefield"; schools and factories were closed and houses deserted while "The Battle of Waterloo" lasted, which was several days.

For the well-known "Victory" picture the American fleet was borrowed. Mr. J. Parker Reed wanted to produce a "thriller," and learning that the Atlantic fleet was going for a cruise in Cuban waters, he secured a special permit from the War Department and sailed for Cuba with a large company.

Reaching there, he secured the cooperation of the Navy.

The "admiral of the fleet"—otherwise Mr. Reed—while producing the film was given command over all the firing, and delivered all instructions from the bridge of the battleship *Utah*.

Then he persuaded Lieutenant John H. Towers, the famous aviator of the United States Navy, to risk his life while piloting his hydroplane thru the smoke of the battle. His daring flight ended in his being badly scorched by powder.

The enterprising director also secured the services of several hundred marines in a land engagement for the production.

The American Navy officials were full of praise for Mr. Reed's cleverness in producing such a realistic war spectacle on seeing the play afterwards at a special exhibition.

Herbert Brenon also did the borrowing act in order to take the Imp version of "Ivanhoe" at Chepstow Castle, Monmouth. Only, it was some wonder that any of the historic building remained after the movies had finished with it. Apart from King Baggot, Leah Baird and other leading players, it might have been dubbed a local effort. In ordinary life the Crusaders and Robin Hood's merry men were employed in foundry and workshop, but a thoro drilling by the director soon converted them into photoplay actors. They entered heart and soul into their work, encouraged partly by the joking crowd and the man in command, who bawled out instructions thru a megaphone in the manner of a born director. Their determined fighting with swords, etc., ended in a number of casualties. This afforded a fine opportunity for paying off old scores, which was no doubt taken advantage of.

Once an onlooker, smoking a cigaret, was the cause of smoke passing across the lens of the camera, thus spoiling a scene, involving the inevitable retake.

Kalem's "Shenandoah" was produced in Jacksonville, Florida, during the thros of a labor strike. For this big war picture, cannons went off at regular intervals, mines exploded, and there was plenty of rifle-play. Not knowing the cause, the inhabitants concluded that the strikers had decided on a desperate measure.

It put the town in a panic, and martial law was declared. Happily, the film company caught wind of the unintentional trouble they had caused, and their explanations saved the impending crisis.

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

JAMES W. MORRISON

James W. Morrison first saw the light of day in Mattoon, Ill., on November 15, 1888, and emitted his first call for nutrition in a mixture of Scotch, English, Dutch and French dialect — these being his ancestral tongues. From the public schools of Mattoon, "Jimmie" attended the University of Chicago, and thence to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. With his fellow students, Helen Gardner and Tom Powers, he specialized in pantomime. These three were soon associated with the Alberta Pantomime Players in vaudeville.

He then joined the Vitagraph Company, where he was advised to learn his art all over again. He stuck to it and has since become one of the best-known juvenile leads on the screen.

ORMI HAWLEY

Ormi Hawley, the famous Lubin star, is known to her friends only as "Bunny." In her long and brilliant career before the camera she has played opposite such well-known leads as Arthur Johnson, Harry Myers, Edwin August and Edwin Carewe.

Ormi Hawley is best known for her emotional work in society plays, altho she has done many daring types of character work, from a gypsy to a woman of the slums. She was born of American parentage at Holyoke, Mass., and educated at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Always vigorous, magnetic and forceful, Ormi Hawley soon became known on the regular stage, where she played in Poli's stock and vaudeville. In the Lubin studio she thinks nothing of creating emotional rôles thru an honest ten-hour day.

Miss Hawley is considered by many the most beautiful woman in Moving Pictures, and her generosity, talents and unfailing good-nature have kept step with her physical endowments.

HOBART BOSWORTH

A romantic and rugged career is that of Hobart Bosworth, who, with the Selig Company, helped to make each other famous. Tired of town life, he ran away to sea when a boy, and for eleven adventurous years he saw and did in real life more daring deeds than the average actor feebly imitates on the stage. By turns he was a sailor before the mast; was locked on a whaler in the frozen Arctic; stevedored on the 'Frisco docks; wrestled

as a professional, and ranched in Southern California.

After that came the stage, and Hobart Bosworth played with Julia Marlowe, Henrietta Crosman, Mrs. Fiske, and other famous stars. But he was built for the open and contracted tuberculosis. Always a fighter, he took up the outdoor work of Motion Pictures, and soon the rugged characterizations of Hobart Bosworth made his name synonymous with Selig.

Ambitious, restless and an artist to the core, he recently formed his own company, Bosworth, Inc. "The Odyssey of the North," "The Code of Honor," "The Pursuit of the Phantom" are recent productions that Hobart Bosworth directed and acted straight from chapters of Life's book.

MURIEL OSTRICHE

Only seventeen, looks fifteen, and can make up to fool you into believing her half that age—this is Muriel Ostriche. And she is leading woman—a photoplay star—for the Princess department of the Thanhouser Company.

Muriel Ostriche was born in New York and danced her way thru school. She has been dancing ever since with great success when she is not being embodied in film. The smart hotels and winter gardens in New York say that she is a clever tangoist and has captured prizes galore.

She started in at fifteen, playing extra at the Biograph studio after high-school hours. After that she played thru a whole Pathé picture, and then joined the Eclair Company as a stock member. But when Princess wanted an ingénue lead, a pirouetting one with russet-brown hair, they captured Muriel Ostriche.

GUY COOMBS

Every one loves a soldier—but the enemy. So perhaps Guy Coombs's bid to fame is his cavalier and soldierly bearing in the Kalem war plays. Grim captains of war are considered heartless, but not so with Guy Coombs, who, in his four years of photoplay, has fought, made love, shed his gore and plighted innumerable vows 'neath the roar of shot and shell.

For a young man who was born in Washington, D. C., in 1882, he has had a remarkable stage career, having played with Hilda Spong, Louis Mann, Lena Ashville, Wilton Lackaye and Joseph Jefferson. Edison first saw him in photoplay in 1913, but that fall Kalem started sweeping the Shenandoah Valley with their big war plays and has captained him ever since.

He is tall, athletic, studious and democratic enough to eat pie on a rail fence.

GERTRUDE McCOY

Gertrude McCoy is like an old Southern rose garden—all fire, color and sweetness. Her soft accent, too, will never become unsnarled from Dixieland. But she is a leading woman for the formidable Edison Company and is scarcely old enough to vote.

On arriving fresh from Rome, Georgia, she retired from the hubbub of Broadway to the footlights, where

she took part in "Mademoiselle Mischief" and "Hamlet of Broadway," starring Eddie Foy.

She says that she is quick-tempered, but her forehead does not wrinkle when she scowls—a sure sign of a sunny disposition.

She has been pictured in over one hundred plays and excels in light comedy. Some of her big parts were in "The Witness of the Will" and "Peg o' the Movies," but for real, rollicking, delightful Gertrude McCoy give her to me in such portions as "Nora's Boarders" and "The Stolen Models."

Gertrude McCoy is fond of reading, is romantic and idealistic, but can talk good housekeeping, horse or kitchen garden equally as well.

PAULINE BUSH

Pauline Bush, the star of Allan Dwan's Universal Company, comes from a long ancestry of physicians on her father's side. Her mother's folks, in most cases, were musicians or artists. Pauline Bush inherits the family traits. She is earnest to the point of intenseness, but she must have her little joke now and then, like a daughter of all good practitioners.

She was born in Lincoln, Nebraska; educated in Virginia, and brought up for the operatic stage. Pauline Bush preferred the stage, however, and played in stock in California, afterwards joining the "Kitty Grey" company of New York. Bidding adieu to the Liberty Theater stock company, of Oakland, California, she started her Motion Picture career with the American Company. When Dwan became a director in Universal, she followed him, and is now featured in her own company, her present director being Joseph de Grasse.

Pauline Bush is a student and an exponent of music, is young, very beautiful, and is considered one of the best dressed artists appearing in the studios.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL

A gripping hour is "The Key to Yesterday," and one man predominates the motive and action of this powerful picture. He is our old friend, Carlyle Blackwell, who has crowded twenty years of fame into a short four. Syracuse, N. Y., claims him for a native son, and Cornell University is his alma mater. College theatricals started his career; then came the Keith's and Proctor's stock companies in New York, and several seasons with "The Gay White Way," "Brown of Harvard" and "The Right of Way."

The "lightning express" of photoplay side-tracked with Vitagraph for a few months, and then opened up the throttle as Kalem's star attraction, for whom he acted and directed for upward of three years. Most of us remember his "The Redemption," "The Invaders," "The Honor System," "Intemperance" and "The Wayward Son." With his opposite, the beautiful Alice Joyce, they were long considered the handsomest pair in camera land.

His hobbies are bungalow building, dancing, autoing and work, principally work, and for years he penned hundreds of hand-forged letters from desert places where the typewriter does not bloom.

Carlyle Blackwell recently paid New York a flying visit, where he was featured in photoplays of the Famous Players, and he then sped back to the Coast, where Favorite Players would be a misnomer without Carlyle Blackwell.

What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

By LESTER SWEYD

Claire McDowell (Biograph) was in the Chicago production of "Sky Farm" at the McVickers Theater during the year of 1903.

E. H. Calvert (Essanay) originated the part of Albert Garland at the College Theater, Chicago, during the week of February 20, 1905, in the new play, "The Man Who Wins."

Sidney Bracy (Thanhouser) was Feste, the jester, with Viola Allen's "Twelfth Night" in 1905, and in 1912 was the Sir Guy in the all-star cast of "Robin Hood."

Walter Edwin (Universal) was Herbert in an all-English company brought over here by Fred Terry and Julia Nielson to play in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" in 1910 at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York.

Murdock McQuarrie (Universal) appeared with Ralph Stuart in 1904 as Lieutenant Gradinsky in "By Right of Sword."

William H. West (Edison) was Constable Millar in the Aborn Opera Company's production of "The Highwayman" in 1907.

Frank Lanning (Universal) was Billy Jackrabbit in Blanche Bates' "Girl of the Golden West" in 1906.

William Humphreys (Vitagraph) was Oscar Brandt in "Ritcher's Wife," with Julie and Chrystal Herne in 1905.

Vinnie Burns (Solax) was with Annie Russell and John Bunny's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1906, playing the small part of Moths.

Jane Gail (Imp) was Susanna in Clyde Fitch's last play, "The City," in 1910, at the Lyric Theater, New York.

About four years ago Edna May Hamel (Edison) was with George Beban's four-act play "The Sign of the Rose," opening the new Atlanta Theater, Atlanta, Ga.

Lottie Briscoe (Lubin) was the favorite ingénue of Harry McHall Webster's stock company in Philadelphia, playing the Broadway plays in 1905.

Courtenay Foote (Bosworth) appeared at Wallack's Theater in 1910 as Viscount Delford with George Arliss in "Disraeli."

Harry Keenan (Essanay) was in Eugenie Blair's "Zaza" in 1904, and Captain Hadgman in "Arizona" in 1905.

William Robert Daly (Universal) was supporting W. H. Turner, now of Lubin Company, in "David Harum" in 1904 as Chet Tennison.

Fern Foster (Progressive) was Lavinda in "The Little Princess" in 1904, and Juliette Day (Progressive) was Mazie in the same production.

Robert Broderick (Famous Players) was Marquis Kroto in Jefferson De Angelis' "Fantana" in 1905.

Jessie Stevens (Edison) was Bridget Rooney in "On the Bridge at Midnight" in 1905.

Joseph Girard (Edison) was heavy man with Corse Payton stock company for the last fourteen years, playing at the Lee Avenue Theater, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fred G. Hearn (Eclair) was Martin Underwood with James J. Corbett in 1905.

Etienne Girardot (Vitagraph) was the creator of Brandon Thomas's "Charley's Aunt," and was supporting Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna," as Valentine Tavie, in 1905.

Eddie Redway (Essanay) was Picardo in "A Venetian Romance" in 1904.

James Cooley (Famous Players and formerly of Biograph) was Henri Frochard in Amelia Bingham's production of "Mademoiselle Marni" in 1905.

How I Became A Photoplayer

A LUCKY meeting with E. S. Porter, of the Famous Players, who was then of the Rex Company in New York, and to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for introducing me to the game and for taking the interest in me that he did.

It was due to him again that I joined the Famous Players, for when he went to Los Angeles with Mary Pickford, Mr. Porter chose me out of a number of applicants to appear opposite to Miss Pickford, and then, as you know, I came to New York and was transferred to the forces of Allan Dwan. I was only too glad to enter the pictures, for I was tired after a long vaudeville trip, and was looking for a position with some New York legitimate company. Is it not strange that so many of us have entered Motion Pictures, not from our own efforts, but from chance and the meeting of some one who has suggested the screen? It is a wonder to me that every actor and actress does not go into the Motion Pictures, for they are both fascinating and offer great opportunities.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD.

I became a photoplayer by applying for a position at a good salary and getting it. I became a photoplayer because I had been sizing up the possibilities for a long time, had talked to a number of people engaged in the industry and had visited lots of theaters. It became clear to me that there was a wide field for artists who were in earnest, and I determined before I went into the business to

study every phase of it and to become a director and eventually the owner of my own company. I joined the Motion Pictures to make a name and to make money, and I keep the commercial end in view all the time that I strive to be artistic and to produce artistic plays from stories that mean something and which can do some good. HARRY POLLARD.

A cold was the primary cause for my going into pictures. Hoarseness, caused by the cold, forced me, by advice of my physician, to lay off and give my voice a rest. During that lay-off I called on an acquaintance directing with the Edison Company.

He talked pictures to me. I remarked that I might some time try the game. He said, "Now is an opportune time. You are just the type for a picture I want to make." When I left the studio that day I was engaged to make the picture "Professor Nutt."

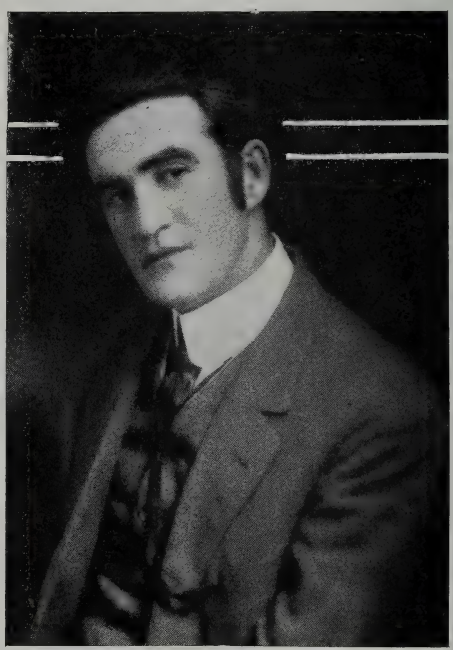
When finished, it went over, and brought me a proposition to join the Edison Company, where I have been since April, 1913.

For thirty years or more on the stage I played German characters exclusively. My liking for the theater and German characters has not diminished, but the pictures have afforded me an opportunity for quite a range of characters.

I know of no broader field for character study than the movies. There is an old theatrical saying, "Looking the part is half the battle." If that is true of the stage, it is doubly so in Motion Pictures, where looking the part counts for much.

DAN MASON.

It was in the fall of '64—I mean the vaudeville sketch in which I acted, not the actual date, of course—that I took the perfectly unique view that the movies were the coming attraction, and that in time the movie actor would be as highly regarded as his brother on the stage. I kept these things to myself, however, and in-



vited myself to the "Centaur" headquarters, where Dave Horsley paid the bills and Milton H. Fahrney, Alexandra Phillips and Al. E. Christie did about everything else. I felt they needed my assistance, and gave

it for day's pay. Suped? Call it that if you like. Fahrney was a slim young lead these days, Alexandra Phillips was the perpetual heroine, and Horsley turned the crank quite nicely. I stayed with the Centaur quite awhile, and then acted or directed with the Edison, Méliès, New York Motion Picture Corporation and Universal companies in turn.

FRANCIS FORD.

I became a photoplayer by just naturally drifting into it. I had always liked pictures ever since I first saw them, and had a longing to be an actress as so many girls do. In high school I did some amateur dramatic work. One of my friends who saw me was playing for the Essanay Company, and she said that she thought that I could do good work there.

She introduced me, and after a short interview with the manager he said, "You will do." I took a part that very day. I went back every day after that, and it was only a short time until I was given a regular engagement. That was two years ago, and I have been playing leading parts ever since.

Of course, as I never was on the legitimate stage, I cannot compare the two very well, but I know enough about it to wish never to change. I like my work with Essanay and do not ever expect to change to the legitimate. I believe there is a far better future in Motion Pictures, and one is certainly enabled to lead a pleasanter, more home-like life.

BEVERLY BAYNE.

I literally stumbled onto the Motion Picture stage. After graduating from Cornell University, in the medical department, I found that practice for a young doctor was slow in coming. I had played amateur

parts in school, and when an opening offered, thru one of my patients, to go on the speaking stage, I took it. Between engagements I was on my way from Baltimore to Philadelphia and met two Motion Picture actors on the train. They invited me to visit the Lubin plant with them. I was watching a picture, and got too near the lights and was registered on the screen. Fortunately the picture was of such a character that it did no harm. That was my first appearance as a Motion Picture actor. The company wanted a man to drive a racing-car, and, as I was an expert at the wheel, I was engaged. Later I tried my hand again on the speaking stage, playing in "The Passing of the Idle Rich" at the Garden Theater in New York City. I found that after a taste of the Motion Picture stage the other did not appeal to me at all, and so when I had a chance to go with the Essanay Company I took it. I am going to stick to the picture stage the rest of my life. I consider it the only legitimate stage.

RICHARD C. TRAVERS.

To the oft-repeated question, "Why did you take up Motion Pictures?" I might say that I was ushered in. I had been playing New York City when I visited the Thanhouser plant, and then left for the road in "Madame Sherry." A recollection of the home-like appearance of the studio and the apparent contentedness of the players appealed to me, and I promised myself, should opportunity present itself, to listen to the "call o' the movies" if it came to me. And while I was contemplating the studio affairs, the studio people were thinking of me, because an early mail asked if I cared to pose before the clicking Pathés.

That was several years ago, and it was my first picture experience, and I am not sorry that I made the change, because, no matter how good one is and how excellent a show may appear to be, one is apt to go "broke" on the road because of a finicky public. Every season came parting from home ties unless a long city engagement was had, but in the "movies" it's different. One can have a Ford, a bungalow, a young farm in the rear, a cow that gives fresh lacteal fluid, friends all around

and a home to love. A photoplayer can belong to lodges, churches, clubs, and have his nights for pleasure. "This is th' life!"

HARRY BENHAM.

Next month, and later, we shall give the experiences of Louise Huff, Cleo Madison, Edgar Jones, Edward Boulden, Charles Ray, Ruth Roland, Earle Metcalf, Bessie Learn, Mrs. Bechtel, Robert Brower, Louise Glaum, Francis X. Bushman, Stella Razetto, Wilfred Lucas, Yale D. Benner, Grace Cunard, Myrtle Stedman, and others.

The Drama in Pictures

Reminiscences of the Dramatic Actress

MAUD FEALY

"SHAKESPEARIAN rôles," said Miss Fealy, leading lady for the Thanhouser Company, "are like magic garments, which, no matter how often worn and cast aside, always retain their luster and lie ready at hand to be donned when need and occasion arise. I would like always to play in Shakespeare, but public taste for him waxes and wanes, and one cannot always choose.

"No, I cannot say that I do prefer any particular rôle to another. It depends upon the humor I am in at the moment. If I am feeling especially independent and buoyant of spirits, then I love to play Portia. If I am tired, then I prefer something lighter, such as Ophelia, which is more acceptable. I always like the rôle of Viola. There is a simplicity and gentle steadfastness about that character which strongly attracts me.

"Have I any reminiscences of Henry Irving? Well, you know I was only with him two short years, succeeding Miss Ellen Terry, and my recollection of him is that of a grand and noble structure crumbling and tottering into ruin. He should never have played those last two years; he was not physically fit to do it. Always, however, he was gentle and gracious in his manner, with his inexhaustible fund of stories, a penetrating wit and keen sense of humor.

"We were playing 'Hamlet' in Dundee, Scotland, and somehow or other the cup which was to be used in the last scene had become mislaid, but a substitute was found in an earthenware marmalade jar. Unfortunately, tho, the label had not been removed, and, to the consternation of the players, the audience betrayed a tendency to giggle just when the tragic influence of the scene should have been strongest. Sir Henry Irving was considerably annoyed over the incident, and in nowise was he appeased by the action of a member of the firm of jam manufacturers, who accosted him after the play and thanked him for the advertisement given to their product.

"One very pathetic tho startling incident occurred very shortly before his collapse. We were giving a one-act play called 'Waterloo,' when Sir Henry, in the rôle of the old corporal, was seated before the fire supposedly asleep. I was standing directly behind his chair with one hand on the back of it. The third person of the scene, a young sergeant, asked if the 'old man' was my father, and, on my replying 'yes,' said 'that he seemed not long for this world.' At those words, Sir Henry half raised his head and muttered to himself: 'The fellow's right! The fellow's right!' I was terribly startled and upset, but managed to finish the scene somehow or other in a series of cold

chills. For several performances, when it came to this point in the dialog, Sir Henry would mutter those same words to himself. One evening I could stand the strain no longer, and, as he began to mutter, I grabbed him by the shoulder. He started, seemed to realize that he was endangering the whole scene, and paused abruptly. He never repeated those words again.

"Towards the last he became very feeble, and it was only his indomitable will that enabled him to hold out after his physical strength was gone. He was the grand old man of the stage and did much to elevate and elaborate Shakespearian rôles."

Asked as to whether or not she considered dramatic schools feasible and successful, Miss Fealy replied: "Most assuredly I do. My mother has conducted a dramatic school in Denver, Colorado, for years, and I could name you a round dozen who, since graduation, have achieved remarkable success on the stage.

"It is true that experience is the best teacher," continued Miss Fealy, "but much experience can be obtained under conditions less trying than those of the stage. Personally, I consider the history of drama, the study of modern dramatists and stagecraft, should be well considered. Elocution should be taught, and all the public reading, recitation and work in amateur theatricals possible should be indulged in by the aspirant. To learn to speak and move naturally and easily, and to be absolutely free from self-consciousness—these are the beginnings of wisdom for an actor. Drama in pictures will gain its position and hold the public when other styles begin to fail and lose interest. The picture player, to be a seasoned actress, should study and give at least a season or two to the legitimate stage before she attempts to gain fame and prominence on the screen. And, even then, she must 'unlearn' some of the technique of the stage."

ALBERT L. ROAT.

Maxims of Methuselah, Jr.

(Via HARVEY PEAKE)

Give ear, O ye children of men: Look ye not with scorn upon the Moving Picture theater. For what men and women of the best judgment have pronounced worthy, call ye not trash.

Cultivate broad-mindedness and fairness in thy criticisms, O son. Remember that there are limitations to the filmed drama that the spoken drama knows not of.

Turn not thy face from the film, lest at that moment something may be done upon which the entire story may hinge, and thou wilt thereby understand not the subsequent action.

Allow not thyself to become blue. Remember that for twenty cents thou canst not only put thyself in a happy frame of mind at a Motion Picture playhouse, but thy friend also.

Confine thy tongue, O garrulous son. Let the film itself explain to thy friend the picture thou hast seen before, without thine annoying aid.

And lastly, O my children, remember when ye have passed the portals of the picture playhouse, that the performance is not being given entirely for you. Therefore, let your conduct be so regulated that your neighbor may have no cause to complain of your presence.

THE WAR IN EUROPE IS OFTEN FILMED ON LONG ISLAND

The Story of Your Story

By L. CASE RUSSELL

You have had a photoplay plot accepted! Well, if you haven't you are going to, because you are determined never to give up until you have experienced the delicious thrill caused by sitting in a darkened playhouse, where on the magic screen appear famous stars who enact a drama which had its conception in your brain, while a vast audience sit spellbound, eagerly enjoying the story your cleverness has made possible.

Is my shot still wide of the mark? Can it be you are of the small number who have not as yet written a photoplot? It is reported that such a class exists, altho it is seldom indeed one meets with a representative.

Confident that the widespread infection will get even you, Mr. Immune, the following illuminating lines will be worth your while. To return to our opening gun—"You have had a photoplay plot accepted!" Would it interest you to follow the fortunes of your brain-child thru his various stages until he comes out a full-fledged Release?

To begin at that glad day when the postman's cheery whistle foreruns the thrill you are to feel when a *thin* envelope—oh, how we do love those *thin* envelopes!—bearing the Whatagraft's well-known Chinaman's head-brand in the corner, is handed you, and, instead of the familiar features of your child with a kindly worded rejection slip in his hand, you find a crisp check for twenty-five simoleons, and you go out within the hour to tell your friends and to put the cash into circulation.

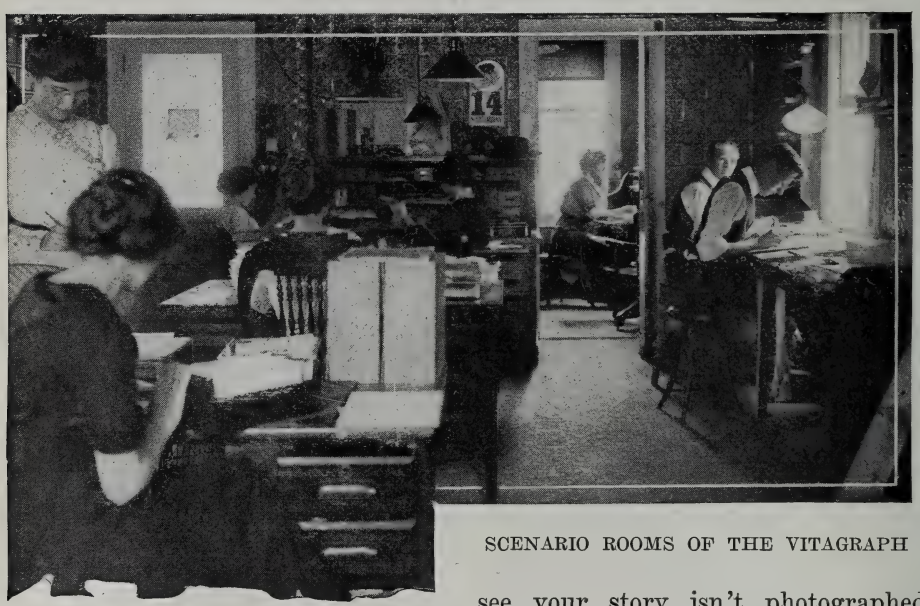
While you are thus thrilled and swelled, B. C. (short for Brain Child, not meant as a reflection on antiquity of plot) has been turned over to a staff revisionist by the director who had a determining voice in B. C.'s selection. The staff revisionist now prunes, cuts, trims, puts a flounce on here, a bit of ribbon there, removes the cowdergrass from B. C.'s *modus operandi,* revamps and generally fits to the selected cast, convenient locales, costumes on hand, *ad lib.* Then, too, certain minor changes must be made, such as cutting out all your expensive and impressive "interiors," and instead of allowing Dolores Castaigne to sweep down the broad marble staircase leading to the palatial ballroom, while gorgeously gowned women, uniformed attachés and foreign noblemen fall back, leaving the startled Wellington de Montressor to face her dramatic denunciation, the aforesaid

Dolores will do her denouncing on the front steps of a country mansion, kindly loaned by the caretaker for a five-dollar bill. Also you may discover quite a bit of your best "business" arbitrarily cut out and a new, and sometimes disconcerting trend given your theme by the introduction of some of the actor's own personal touches, but "be that as it may," it is *your* story, the offspring of your own gray matter, and it follows along the general line blazed by your own keen thought.

Your story now having been revised to suit the cast selected, and a large number of clarifying "exit" and "entrance" scenes cut out to allow Miss Castaigne to get in a lot of emotional business in Scene 29, and again, all possible interiors converted to exteriors, where reliable Old Sol will furnish free candle-power, your play is returned to the director and actual work commences.

Scenes 5, 19, 23, 28 and 34 are in a library, and it isn't a very promising day for work in the field, so Mr. Director decides to do some of his interiors to-day, with the result that Scenes 19, 23 and 34 are actually photographed. Your brain child is taking on reality.

A question? Certainly, I'm here to answer. "What do I mean by saying your story is begun at Scene 5?—how can Dolores be pacing the library floor trying to decide whether she will elope with the fascinating Wellington, or remain true to honest Hank, when she hasn't met Wellington yet? She stumbles—figuratively speaking, of course—over Wellington, when he is debating which mountain-path to take, and she comes dancing down the hillside, her sunbonnet——" Oh, to be sure—never mind about the entire scene—I remember perfectly, but you see your story isn't photographed scene for scene as the plot runs.



SCENARIO ROOMS OF THE VITAGRAPH

If you have six scenes laid in the country while the rest are in offices and houses, those six scenes are taken on one trip, even tho they are Nos. 3, 14, 18, 20, 31 and 35.

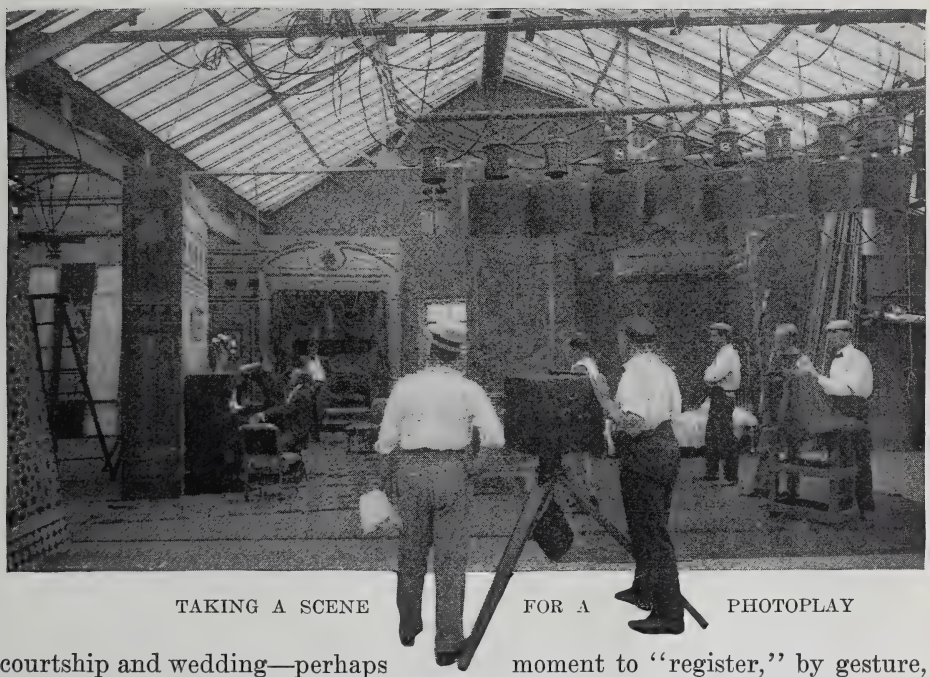
"Then how does the actor ever keep the story in mind?" you ask, your respect for the profession leaping up to the 'nth degree—the reply to which may cause temporary heartburn. The actor seldom knows your story from start to finish, and while this knowledge may sting, it will save you a yet more severe disillusionment when you meet the famous Bayne Crillbur and blushingly announce yourself as the author of "The Poisoned Gumdrop;

or, The Candy Woman's Revenge," in which he so satisfactorily portrayed the character of Wellington de Montressor, and Bayne cannot conceal the fact, strive as he may by gentlemanly subterfuge, that the mention of "The Poisoned Gumdrop" brings no recollections to his mind.

The director says: "Mr. Crillbur, you have met an innocent country girl and persuaded her to elope with you. You are in your den gloating over your easy conquest. You rise and pace the floor nervously as you recall your courtship and wedding—perhaps your wife still lives—register fear here, followed by bravado, contempt. You consult your watch. The time set for the elopement is at hand. You ring for the butler and order your wraps. Ready? Bell!" and the signal for "lights on" clangs forth, the brilliant arcs glow, Bayne Crillbur proceeds to gloat, while the camera man turns the crank (without exposing the film, however), while the director follows the action with his stop-watch. Crillbur receives his hat and coat and prepares to go out. The camera man ceases grinding, and he and the director consult. They discover that the scene will run thirty feet and take an entire half minute—far too much and too long—consequently Bayne must rehearse again, cutting down the time in which he gloats, and taking two turns at pacing instead of four.

"Does the screen actor then have no lines to learn? And if so, how account for the torrents of tempestuous language in some of the big scenes?"

While he has no regular lines to learn, he has a more difficult requirement to fill—he must be ready at any moment to "register," by gesture, facial expression and suitable words, the emotions demanded by the director. Gone is the day when the hero, enfolding the girlish heroine in his arms and apparently murmuring "Star of my life, shine for me, else is my existence one long night," was really muttering, albeit with languishing glances, "For the love of Pete, when you know we've got to clinch, Gladys, cut out the onions." A combination of lip-reading on the part of the seasoned photoplay fan and elevation of the art on the producer's part demand appropriate words.



TAKING A SCENE FOR A PHOTOPLAY

The next day being clear, Dolores

and Wellington, together with Mr. Director and The Man Behind the Gun, commonly known as the camera man, board one of the company's automobiles and speed out into some sylvan fastness where Scene 10, portraying the meeting of the ingenuous Dolores and the designing Wellington can be appealingly shown.

This lack of continuity in scenes gives rise to distressing moments occasionally. For instance, in Scene 5 Wellington's handsome figure is encased in a cutaway of irreproachable for a month after Scene 5 was recorded. Wellington has forgotten what he wore in Scene 5, but is quite sure it was his new sack suit and the straw head-piece he remembers wearing when he first clasped Dolores to his manly chest. Consequently, a puzzled audience behold an apparently lightning change of costume, effected in transit thru the open door. Fortunately, such realism-destroying effects occur but seldom, thanks to the omniscient director. Many studios are beginning to em-

EXTRAS AND REGULARS IN A STUDIO YARD AWAITING TO BE CALLED FOR A SCENE

and pronounced cut. When Wellington makes his exit, he pauses as he swings open the door for a good full front pose, knowing his natty cutaway and classy top-piece with the folded silk band and timorously protruding feather are bound to make due impression on innumerable girlish hearts when the picture is flashed on the screen, and may add needed votes in a coming popularity contest.

Now Scene 6 is an exterior view of Wellington's bachelor apartments, and is to show Wellington jauntily emerging therefrom, pausing to light a cigaret with his customary *savoir faire,* then proceeding down the street. Scene 6 is not photographed

ploy a "checker," whose duty it is to make notes upon the details of costumes worn by principals in the various scenes.

The last scene has been taken. Thru the coöperation of director, actor, and camera man, your B. C. has been converted from several sheets of typewritten paper into approximately 16,000 photographs, each about three-fourths of an inch high and one inch wide, on many strips of celluloid, coated on one side with an emulsion, the most sensitive thing known to chemistry.

Brain Child is no longer a Scenario —he has graduated into a negative film, ready for the developing room.

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

PLEASE, Friend Contributors, grant me two favors, namely, dont request an answer to your letters unless you enclose the wherewithal in stamps. And dont write me a week after the original contribution has been sent, requesting me to change some word or line—ten to one the aforementioned contribution has been forwarded to the artist it lauds and is beyond my amending pen. Thank you!

For the sincerity manifested in the following letter from F. C. Coolidge, San Raphael, Cal., we award the prize:

GLADYS HALL, Editor of Popular Plays and Players:

Using you as a medium, I should like to express my appreciation of one whom I believe, considering his extreme youth, to be a most remarkably clever actor—Robert Harron.

Tho but twenty years of age, this brilliant young man has, as we all know, achieved what some work a lifetime to become—a leading man or a star. Young Harron gets thru with his parts with such ease and is so visibly unconscious of himself that he is more deserving of praise than a good many who have praise and applause lavished upon them for no other particular reason than because of their good looks. There is that lack of self-consciousness about the boy that makes every film he plays in a masterpiece.

He has about him that look of determination that will some day bring him to the very front of the ranks of grand actors. For we must consider his youth, and if he keeps on at the pace he is going, we need not fear for his success in future.

Harron is growing in popularity steadily. Being an enthusiastic admirer and well-wisher of him myself, stray remarks that sometimes float about a picture audience are not lost on me. He is *growing up with the pictures, the new pictures,* and picture audiences are fast changing. They are coming to just what we have wanted them to come to ever since they came into existence, but time is needed for everything. Harron and his kind are the sort of actors we have wanted. Not himself personally do I mean, but his *spirit,* the spirit that brings *success;* and he has my heartiest wishes for that and more in a brilliant future.

Erwin Francis, 336 Second Street, N.E. Minneapolis, Minn., has felt the kindly, screenly influence of Florence LaBadie, and he gracefully tells her so:

TO FLORENCE LABADIE.

The color of thy eyes I do not know,
Or if thy hair be golden strands that blow
About thy temples fair, like sunset glows,
Nor if thy lips be red as reddest rose,
For only on the photo-picture screen
Have I thy gentle features ever seen.
But this I know—thy soul shines in thine eyes,
And in thy face thy heart, without disguise;
And if at times the world seems cold and drear,
At sight of thee the skies are once more clear,
And if my heart be sad, thy gentle smile
'Gain makes me feel that life is worth the while;
So this my heartfelt wish shall ever be—
Long life—success to Florence LaBadie!

Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

I SHALL devote my space this month to a subject that is about as important as any I know, and I shall use entirely the words of Mr. A. E. Kirschner, who has kindly supplied me with the following information:

MOTION PICTURES FOR CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

Since that masterpiece of laws, "The Decalogue," was handed to Moses on Mount Sinai, there has been a tremendous amount of legislation on all conceivable things and in every section of the world. Outside of "The Decalogue" there has never been a human-made law which was not subject to mutations of time and the developments of civilization. A law made today for today's conditions cannot be expected to stand indefinitely. Witness the old Puritanic Laws, commonly called the "Blue Laws" of the New England States. Altho still on the statute books, any attempt at enforcing them in this modern era would meet with a howl of derision and protest.

Motion Pictures came into popular favor little more than a decade ago with a rush, and as the high-powered machines were attended with grave danger of fire, possible panic and consequent loss of life, laws were made governing their use. They were hastily made and since added to enormously, without the least thought of what the morrow might bring in the way of improved machines or less dangerous conditions.

Soon there arose the need of what may be called "Semi-Professional Machines," for general purposes outside of theater service: for example, machines for manufacturers to advertise their wares or methods thru Motion Pictures; machines for temporary use in the schools for education and instruction; machines even for home entertainment, etc.; machines light and portable, simple in construction and easy of operation. Today there are barely a half-dozen makes of such, all of them practically safe, because they do not use high amperage. Their average consumption is about four amperes. The leading machine of this kind is doubly safe, because its air-duct system of lighting carries the heat away from the film. Film, even of inflammable kind, may be left fixed in the light of this machine, so long as the light will burn, and yet without danger of igniting the film. Hence, this is the ideal machine for the stated purposes; but the law steps in and says it dare not be used without a booth, because it takes standard film, and standard film is largely of inflammable kind. The machine, therefore, is being punished for the sin of the film. How absurd! It would be as consistent to say that guns must not be sold because powder is explosive. There are ten thousand churches in the United States today eager to put Motion Pictures into service, but they find it prohibitive, because of the regulations that say any and every machine must be used in a booth, and this booth, thanks to the controllers of asbestos, costs more than the semi-professional Motion Picture machine that they want to buy. In addition, the law steps in and says: "You must have a licensed operator; you must have such and such wiring; you must do this, you must do that." The church throws up its hands in despair and gives up the idea. In schools it is even worse. Motion Pictures today should be used in every school as part of the curriculum, and there are machines just ideally fitted for the purpose. Machines which any intelligent person, young or old, can handle with impunity and with splendid results; machines that are absolutely without danger and can so be proven.

There should be strong demand for a change in the rules to meet present-day conditions. The only way to get this change is by agitation, by popular demand. The louder the shout and the more the shouters, the quicker will come the much needed change. The writer is mindful of the fact that less than three years ago National Legislation was enacted in a

much less important matter, thru the splendid and vigorous efforts of women, who took up the cudgels against the manufacture and sale of poisonous matches in the United States. They carried their point despite the protest of all the match manufacturers of the United States, who pleaded that such law would ruin their industry and throw thousands out of employment. The law is today in effect. Not a single poisonous, phosphorus match is being made or sold, and yet the industry is in a healthier state than ever, and not a single employee was thrown out of work.

The very same thing can and should be done in the matter of inflammable film. Grave danger with all Motion Picture machines is in the use of inflammable film. Then why not restrict the making and selling of it, instead of hampering progress? Film exchanges and some others may argue that non-inflammable film is less serviceable, a bit more costly. Let the law say that after a certain date there shall be no more inflammable film, and see how quickly the price of the new kind will come down to normal, and the quality of it be equal to or better than the inflammable kind.

Foreign countries always precede us in matters of this nature. France and Belgium in many of their cities absolutely prohibit the use of inflammable film. And in England quite lately the enactment of a law was urged by a committee of the House of Commons to the same effect. That which is dangerous should be removed, if there is a fitting substitute. This axiom cannot be denied. Inflammable film is and always will be a source of danger. Non-inflammable film is gettable. Then why not legislate it into use? Let the churches and schools demand it. Let the subject be agitated. Let it be discussed in the newspaper columns. Let no stone be unturned to hasten that which is bound to come soon or late.

I may not be able to solve a problem in trigonometry, nor explain the nebular hypothesis, nor square a circle, nor construct the fourth dimension, nor point out the various stellar constellations, nor read Homer in the original, nor decipher the ancient hieroglyphics, but I can tell you how to make business problems, which on Saturday look large and ugly, look like trifles on Monday. Here is the prescription: Spend Saturday afternoon, and as much of Sunday as you can spare from religious duties, in the open air, preferably in the woods and fields, and take with you a child, or some congenial companion. Dont ride; walk. Dont walk slowly; you must perspire. To perspire means to breathe deeply, and to breathe deeply means to purify your blood and to rid the system of large quantities of waste matter that is nothing short of poisonous. If you can play at some game, while on this outing, so much the better, but you must not think of business, nor of any unpleasant subjects. Forget your cares, and imagine that you have no responsibilities. In climbing fences or mountains, or in playing at some pastime, see that you give every muscle in the body a little exercise. Try to appreciate all the beauties of nature and to be thankful for them. Dont go home till you are tired and wet and hungry, and on arriving home see that fresh garments are prepared for you after your bath. When thoroly rested, eat heartily, and spend your evening at some good picture show, or at the fireside with the family. You will sleep like a top, and when you awake Monday morning you will be surprised how brightly the sun shines and how small your troubles look. Worry has vanished, and when you look into your mirror you will observe an unusual sparkle in your eye. You will feel the red blood surging thru your veins, and you will go to your duties feeling that what appeared to be mountains of difficulties are only molehills which you can easily surmount. Your system is no longer clogged with stagnant blood, melancholy has vanished, and you feel like a new man and a strong one.

What's What—and Why

By TARLETON WINCHESTER

Out in the wild and woolly West, in the State of California, there is a whole city devoted to the making of Moving Pictures. It is called Universal City, and in the very recent past there has come from its huge factory a photoplay to which we of Yankeeland may justly point with pride when labeled "Made in the U. S. A." Its name is "Damon and Pythias," and it is a six-part production in which a number of Universal stars, including Herbert Rawlinson, Anna Little, William Worthington and Cleo Madison, take part. It is well worth seeing.

About a year ago Colin Campbell and Tom Mix outlined to Gilson Willetts the plot of "In the Days of the Thundering Herd." W. N. Selig, who was present at the interview, suggested that no expense be spared to make it a film in which the customs of the great West of long ago should be depicted in a way which would give it an appeal, not only as a stirring drama, but as something to which any one, wishing to learn of those troublous times, could turn. The production has been made, and Mr. Selig's instructions carried out to the letter. Pawnee Bill's buffalo herd—the largest in existence—was used in its making, and a carload of tepees was shipped to the scene in order to give a true picture of the Indian village of the eighties. There is not a dull moment in the five reels.

In picturizing John Reed Scott's story, "The Colonel of the Red Hussars," the Edison Company has shown good judgment. It is a delightful offering. The settings, costuming and lighting effects, especially in the bal masque scene, are remarkable.

Probably there is no better authority on the aborigines of North America than Edward S. Curtis. He has given the fruit of many years' study to the making of his film, "In the Days of the Head Hunters." If I were asked to cite an instance of the educational value of the Motion Picture, I think there would be no hesitation in picking this one. As a drama it is compelling in its charm, but as a gem of the instructive film it has rarely been equaled.

Paramount makes three releases of more than usual importance this month. "The Rose of the Rancho" comes from the Lasky studio and is notable chiefly because it was made under the personal direction of Cecil B. DeMille and David Belasco, the author of the original play. "The Ghost Breaker" is a film version of the stage success, with H. B. Warner in the title rôle. The acting of Rita Stanwood and the star is fine, but the production on the whole is not quite as good as one would expect. John Emerson wrote "The Conspiracy" and played it for two years on the legitimate stage.

In "On the Heights," "A Scrap of Paper," "The House of Silence" and "Saved by Her Chee-ild" it can be plainly seen that Biograph has expended both care and money. The last named is a really amusing burlesque.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish make the two-reel Majestic production, "The Sisters," a virtual creation. The scenario is deceivingly simple. There is nothing theatrical about it. It is a pretty, straightforward story, and the players lift it into the art class.

It cannot be denied that "The School for Scandal" loses much of its delightful satire in its film production, nor is this unexpected. The Kalem Company shows courage in attempting to give us something infinitely worth while. Tho the wit of the dialog is not here, the play is, nevertheless, an excellent one—more than that, is well above the average.

Henri Bernstein's "The Thief" lends itself to Motion Picture presentation, and Edgar Lewis has given us a photodrama that reflects the greatest credit upon him. Dorothy Don-

(*Continued on page* 163)

Great Cast Contest

In Which the Public Are Selecting the Greatest Company Ever Organized

THERE are several hundred excellent Motion Picture players, each having a distinct personality and certain talent and ability. Some are noted for beauty or form; some for characterization; some for emotional acting; some for serious rôles; some for humorous parts, and so on, while a few seem to have all of the qualifications necessary for a versatile player of the first rank. The object of this contest is to determine who, according to public estimate, are the best in their respective lines; who have acquired reputations that stamp them as premiers; who, if a great company were to be organized, composed of the greatest players in the world, would fill the different places in that wonderful *all-star cast.* We realize fully that some of our best players are at a disadvantage. For example, Francis Bushman has many admirers as leading man, character man, handsome young man, and even as a portrayer of old gentleman parts; hence his votes will be divided. Again, numerous players of great excellence are almost unknown to the general public, owing to the fact that their names have not been given out by their companies. On the other hand, certain players have a decided advantage in that they have always been identified with one particular kind of part, and their total vote will, therefore, be massed to their credit—for example, Mrs. Maurice, who is far in the lead as the best "old lady."

We are certainly elated over the success of this contest. Our readers seem to enthuse over it as they never have before in any other contest. It should be as gratifying to the players as it is to us, for everybody likes appreciation, and the photoplayer is deprived of the pleasure of hearing applauding audiences such as the stage player enjoys.

As to the prizes, it has always been the policy of this magazine not to award prizes of great value, because we have contended that this would tend to invite competition among the players themselves, whereas we wished to hear only from the public. In this contest, however, we have adopted a different view. If the public desire to present their favorites with valuable presents, we are willing to be the medium. We are already at work on the list of prizes, and in the next issue we hope to give to our readers a complete list of them, including their value, and our circulation manager has some information for those who desire to make this a serious business for the benefit of their favorite players—see announcement and official ballot on another page.

Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Every ballot must contain the name and address of the voter. The ballot will be found on another page.

2. The name of no player may appear more than twice on the same ballot. For example, the voter may choose Wallace Beery as the best comedian and best character man, but, if so, he cannot also be chosen as the best leading man, nor for any other part.

3. It makes no difference in what company they are now playing, for it will be quite improbable that the winning players will ever be brought together into one company.

4. Each person may vote only once a month, but any number of ballots may be enclosed in one envelope.

5. The villain and child may be either male or female.

6. The ages of the players need not be considered. Romaine Fielding may, in the opinion of some, be superior to Robert Brower as an old man. Beverly Bayne may be voted for as the best leading woman and also as the most beautiful young lady.

7. Ballots should be addressed to "Great Cast Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.," but they may be enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine.

8. Ballots need not be entirely filled out.

Each month we shall publish several casts, in which will appear the names of those who have received the largest number of votes.

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO DEC. 14TH.

FIRST CAST

1. Leading Man Francis X. Bushman...	82,940	7. Comedian (Male) Charles Chaplin.....	150,650
2. Leading Woman Mary Pickford.....	75,930	8. Comedian (Female) Mabel Normand.....	84,960
3. Old Gentleman W. Chrystie Miller.....	129,790	9. Handsome Young Man Warren Kerrigan.....	88,100
4. Old Lady, Mary Maurice...	193,850	10. Beautiful Young Woman Anita Stewart.....	97,420
5. Character Man Warren Kerrigan.....	42,620	11. Villain, Jack Richardson....	80,190
6. Character Woman Julia S. Gordon.....	65,200	12. Child, Helen Costello.....	117,980

SECOND CAST

1. Leading Man Earle Williams.....	74,820	7. Comedian (Male) John Bunny.....	139,500
2. Leading Woman, Alice Joyce	59,370	8. Comedian (Female) Flora Finch.....	82,360
3. Old Gentleman Charles Kent.....	97,400	9. Handsome Young Man Francis Bushman.....	85,930
4. Old Lady, Helen Dunbar....	60,410	10. Beautiful Young Woman Alice Joyce.....	80,950
5. Character Man Romaine Fielding.....	36,310	11. Villain, Harry Morey.....	69,490
6. Character Woman Norma Talmadge.....	62,020	12. Child, Bobby Connelly.....	71,760

LEADING MAN

1. Warren Kerrigan.....	69,480
2. Crane Wilbur.....	29,470
3. Arthur Johnson.....	24,690
4. James Cruze.....	23,480
5. Carlyle Blackwell.....	22,470
6. Harold Lockwood.....	11,960

LEADING WOMAN

1. Anita Stewart.....	40,760
2. Florence LaBadie.....	33,930
3. Clara K. Young.....	30,910
4. Edith Storey.....	26,870
5. Beverly Bayne.....	25,200
6. Mary Fuller.....	24,640

OLD GENTLEMAN

1. Thomas Commerford.....	42,780
2. Van Dyke Brooke.....	39,180
3. Robert Brower.....	24,940
4. William West.....	22,250
5. Francis X. Bushman.....	13,930
6. Bigelow Cooper.....	11,650

OLD LADY

1. Julia Stuart.....	24,130
2. Louise Lester.....	21,580
3. Mrs. George Walters.....	12,250
4. Norma Talmadge.....	10,810
5. May Hall.....	10,640
6. Kate Price.....	9,080

CHARACTER MAN

1. Harry Morey.....	34,820
2. Francis X. Bushman.....	34,470
3. William Wadsworth.....	29,800
4. Marc MacDermott.....	25,250
5. Arthur Johnson.....	23,100
6. King Baggot.....	19,360

CHARACTER WOMAN

1. Edith Storey.....	39,300
2. Ruth Stonehouse.....	22,500
3. Clara K. Young.....	20,200
4. Mary Fuller.....	18,860
5. Mary Pickford.....	18,700
6. Cleo Madison.....	16,230

COMEDIAN (MALE)

1. Ford Sterling.....	89,500
2. Wally Van.....	49,410
3. Wallace Beery.....	29,900
4. Sidney Drew.....	24,110
5. Roscoe Arbuckle.....	17,760
6. Billy Quirk.....	15,900

COMEDIAN (FEMALE)

1. Lillian Walker.....	71,910
2. Margaret Joslin.....	69,010
3. Ruth Roland.....	38,340
4. Kate Price.....	25,720
5. Norma Talmadge.....	18,700
6. Florence Lawrence.....	8,310

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

1. Crane Wilbur.....	83,500
2. Antonio Moreno.....	60,150
3. Carlyle Blackwell.....	54,320
4. Earle Williams.....	47,200
5. Harold Lockwood.....	35,680
6. Webster Campbell.....	13,310

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

1. Mary Pickford.....	75,920
2. Norma Talmadge.....	35,690
3. Beverly Bayne.....	24,410
4. Pearl White.....	22,860
5. Florence LaBadie.....	18,200
6. Clara K. Young.....	17,480

VILLAIN

1. Bryant Washburn.....	56,140
2. Paul Panzer.....	54,610
3. Rogers Lytton.....	27,370
4. Harry Northrup.....	24,840
5. Romaine Fielding.....	23,510
6. Marc MacDermott.....	13,560

CHILD

1. Audrey Berry.....	55,120
2. Yale Boss.....	45,300
3. Helen Badgely.....	41,090
4. Andy Clark.....	26,890
5. Clara Horton.....	17,020
6. Billy Jacobs.....	16,420

ELEANOR WOODRUFF, of the Pathé Company, has enlisted as a Red Cross nurse.

While playing in a scene for "Every Inch a King," Beverly Bayne narrowly escaped death when attacked by a deadly copperhead snake. Almost, but owing to some one's presence of mind, not!

Extree! extree! Victor Potel and Leah Baird are married! P. S.—But not to each other.

Crane Wilbur has left Pathé and, at this writing, is unattached.

In an effort to quit smoking cigarets, Jack Richardson had his throat painted with nitrate of silver. But he has since decided that he prefers the tobacco to the cure.

Edwin Carewe, also Jack Noble (Reliance), are now with the B. A. Rolfe Photoplay Company.

Marguerite Clayton has left G. M. Anderson's Essanay and joined the Liberty Company.

Rene Alexander, of the foreign Pathé, was killed in a battle in Belgium.

Ruth Roland has left the Kalem Company and joined the Balboa Company.

After leading the Exhibitors' Ball in New York City, Francis Bushman left for Norfolk, Va., his old home and birthplace.

Anita Stewart has started a chicken farm—possibly to reduce the high cost of living. Yes, thank you, we are very fond of chickens.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the writer of "The Crimson Moth." In any other issue it would probably have gone to the author of "The Sins of the Mother," which takes second prize, or to the author of "Uncle Crusty."

Kate Price has been invited to play the wonderful organ in the Vitagraph Theater. The organ stool has been reenforced.

A modern concrete building is under way to replace the immense Edison plant that was burned to the ground early last month.

Andy Clark, juvenile Edison player, was given a reception recently by the pupils of Public School No. 10.

Warren Kerrigan's 150-page book is selling well, we are told, but not having been presented with a copy and being too poor to buy one, we are not able to recommend it.

"The House of Fear" will always be remembered by Frances Nelson, because while playing in it she was bitten by a large dog.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Sidney Ayres and Doris Pawn are now under the revolving world brand.

Edwin August is now with the Kinetophoto Company. (Printer will please keep this line standing and fill in name of company from time to time as directed.) A chat with Mr. August is ready, and it is a very Moving one.

Mary Pickford still holds the world's championship for publicity getting, with the other little Mary (Mary Fuller) a close second.

Edgar Jones (Lubin) added considerably to the supply of food for the starving Belgians by canvassing hundreds of farmers in his native county in Ohio.

Among the accidents of the month were these: Dorothy Gish was struck by an auto and dragged forty feet; J. P. McGowan (Kalem) fell from the top of a telegraph pole and was seriously injured.

"Patsy Bolivar" is to be featured every week by the Lubin Company.

Marguerite Clark, who seems to be catching up to "Little Mary," is coming out as "The Pretty Sister of José," which is a part quite to her liking.

Lee Arthur, well-known playwright, has been engaged by the Edison Company.

All on the same day, Romaine Fielding started four big feature films for the Lubin Company, and he directs and leads in all. We do not know what Mr. Fielding does in his spare time.

The title of that Vitagraph play, in which some of the editors of this magazine and the Answer Man personally appear, has been changed to "How Cissy Made Good," and it has been lengthened into three reels, which proves that we literary folks are *some* actors.

Henry Walthall has cast his lot with the Balboa Company. Adele Lane has left the Selig Company and is considering seven different offers.

Those who have seen Mary Ryan's strong emotional work in "On Trial," now playing in New York, will be pleased to learn that she has been engaged by George Kleine to play "Stop Thief" for the screen.

When Mary Alden first landed in Los Angeles, she ordered five dollars' worth of violets. Just from New York, she expected that five dollars would purchase only a very small bunch. What was her surprise, then, to have a bushel-basket full of violets delivered, and she feared that her figures had been mistaken for five hundred dollars.

William Garwood plays opposite Violet Mersereau in Mr. Garwood's first Universal offer, "On Dangerous Ground."

John Brennan is now a member of Ford Sterling's company; Louise Orth has joined the L-Ko Universal; Jack Standing is back with the Lubin Company; Marshall Neilan has become a Famous Player, and Owen Moore is to play opposite Elsie Janis in her first Bosworth film.

To her other accomplishments, Alice Joyce has added that of swimming. This was fortunate, for a fellow player in "Cast Up by the Sea" was seized by a cramp while taking part in one of the ocean scenes and was then seized by Sweet Alice just in time.

Earle Metcalfe has joined the army of Benedicts.

Otis Turner says that Anna Little did the best screen work he has seen, in "Called Back."

Alice Hollister steals a real ruby in "The Stolen Ruby." It was loaned to Director Vignola by a Jacksonville jeweler and is valued at $25,000.

Rosemary Theby, Harry Myers and Brinsley Shaw all appear in "The Accusation."

Nell Kenny recently attempted to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge, for the Universal Animated Weekly, but was arrested in time by the police. If at first you dont succeed, etc., is her motto—so watch out.

J. W. Johnston and Norma Phillips are playing leading parts in "Runaway June," by George Randolph Chester.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox and the celebrated Jack Rose, reformed gambler, are writing a photoplay for Warner's Features.

The prize for the best photoplay submitted to the Photoplay Clearing House this month is awarded to H. F. Jamison, of Alexander, Ark., for his drama, "The Concrete Heart."

Marguerite Loveridge, sister of Mae Marsh, is playing leading parts for the Thanhouser Company, notable among which is "The Chasm."

Who said that Flora Finch is not a humanitarian and a martyr? Recently, when she went to take her seat in a Vitagraph Pullman, she found 353 pounds of Hughie Mack asleep in her seat. Rather than disturb him, she rode second class until he awoke.

Next month the prizes will be awarded in the "Missing Letter Puzzle." Among the thousands of answers received are many that are so artistically executed that they will be placed on public exhibition.

Bliss Milford (Edison) has decided to play opposite Edwin August in the Kinetophoto Company.

Edna Maison is to play opposite Murdock MacQuarrie in a series of four photoplays written by Bess Meredyth.

True Boardman and wife (Virginia Ames) have left the Western Essanay for the Liberty Company.

Ethel Clayton, who adorns our cover this month, is playing opposite Joseph Kaufman in "A Woman Went Forth."

Tom Moore thinks he knows how to play the piccolo. The members of his company entertain another opinion. Nevertheless, they were compelled to sit and suffer in silence recently, because a scene in "The Adventure at Briarcliff" called for a piccolo solo.

We have with us this evening: Charles Sutton (page 77); Mary Fuller and Charles Ogle (page 53); Arthur Johnson, Lottie Briscoe and Eleanor Blanchard (page 34); Florence LaBadie and Harris Gordon (page 50); Sidney Bracy (page 47); Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne (page 69); Earle Williams, Anita Stewart and Julia Swayne Gordon (page 65), and George Morgan and Louise Vale (page 37).

As we go to press, report has it that Mary Pickford has left Famous Players and signed up with Kay-Bee. Charles Chaplin has left Keystone.

Helen Holmes, the Kalem railroad star, has been made honorary member of a railroad union. She will now have to charge union wages.

Thomas H. Ince (Mutual) has put Inceville on the official postoffice map.

Marie Walcamp was painfully clawed recently by "King," the big Bison lion, necessitating five stitches.

George Larkin is now with the Rex, Gretchen Lederer also, and William C. Bailey has joined the Peerless Company.

Louise Huff (Lubin) has seven mice for pets.

When you see Mabel Trunnelle in "Olive Is Dismissed," you will wonder how she got all those dogs to howl at once. Well, she got a certain player to sing, but we decline to give his name.

Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport recently won a cup in a tango contest.

Edna Maison has had her turn playing opposite Warren Kerrigan, as have most of the other Universal actresses, and some say that she has no superiors.

FORD STERLING

JOHN BUNNY

RUTH ROLAND

MARGUERITE SNOW

FLORA FINCH

PAULINE BUSH

MILLER

PANZER

PHILLIPS

KATE PRICE

ANDERSON

COSTELLO

THE MOTION PICTURE BOY
PLOT
COUNTESS NOTWORTH REDUCED TO POVERTY, LEAVES HER CHILD ON THE DOOR-STEP OF THE RICH AND POWERFUL JUDGE BUNNY
YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN
PST
MOTION PICTURE
DESERTED
WHITHER
AH! A WEALTHY LOOKING GENTLEMAN LOSES HIS CARD
A HOME FOR MY CHILD!
JUDGE BUNNY 84
8-4
84
J. BUNNY
4. A.M.
DING
DING
84
J. BUNNY
6. A.M.
AH! A BABY AND A LETTER
HEY! EVERY BODY! COME HERE I'VE GOT ONE
Dear Judge I leave my child of noble birth in your care. He is a Prince. —UNKNOWN
THE MOTION PICTURE KID!
A "PRINCE"
MOTION PICTURE
JACK SMITH

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

OLITA M. L., BUFFALO, N. Y.—In answer to your inquiry, a letter will reach Harry Morey at the Vitagraph Brooklyn studio.

A. O. DOFFORT.—You say that "Lucille Love" and "Perils of Pauline" are very popular in your theater. The penograph of how you think I look is all right, but it bears not the slightest resemblance.

BLANCHE L.—Cleo Ridgely was Dorothy, Douglas Gerrard was Mr. Trent and Marin Sais was Rose in "The Potter and the Clay" (Kalem). Elsie Maison was the master's daughter. Yes. Chester Barnett and Belle Adair in the Eclair.

VANCOUVER.—We cannot publish "Love's Sunset" at this late date. We have to take mostly what the various companies send us. Even they cannot tell what will be popular. I am sorry that the people around Vancouver are dissatisfied because we do not use stories with the players you mention.

MAURICE, CRISTOBAL, C. Z.—Yes, about the first player. John Bunny is traveling now. Your letter was very interesting, and I hope to hear from you again.

GERTRUDE B., MILWAUKEE.—Marin Sais was Jean, Frank Jonassen was Walter in "The Prison Stain" (Kalem). Your second is not a Kalem. Louise Glaum was Mary in "The Invisible Power" (Kalem). Claire McDowell and Charles West in "Their Soldier Boy" (Biograph).

W. G. R., WELLINGTON.—Yes, Biograph bought the Klaw & Erlanger rights to produce some of their stage plays. Just send a postage coupon, and you will receive a list of manufacturers.

DOROTHY J. R.—The answers to the Silhouette Puzzle appeared in the December issue. Henry Walthall played in "Strong Heart" and also in "Lord Chumley." Lorraine Huling was Gladys in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" (Famous Players). Vitagraph's was "Wood Violet" and Essanay's "Wood Nymph."

ARLINE W. L.—L. C. Shumway played the double rôle in "The Candidate for Mayor" (Lubin).

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Mildred Bright was the girl sculptor in "Cupid Victor" (Eclair). Stanley Walpole was the girl's sweetheart. Elsie Albert was the girl in "A Lass of Killarney" (Victor). Barbara Tennant and O. A. C. Lund are with World Film Company now.

PHIL, 16.—Welcome to our city. Your first is very promising. You, too, disagree with Olga about the most wonderful city, and you are for Cleveland. Very well, have your way about it. See Mr. Fielding's announcement about Correspondence Club in December issue. Try our Photoplay Clearing House.

HELEN R. X.—Darwin Karr and Naomi Childers in "The Ageless Sex" (Vitagraph). Wallace Beery was Sweedie in "She Landed a Big One" (Essanay). E. K. Lincoln in "Shadows of the Past." Earle Williams in "Eve's Daughter."

MARIAN R. S.—I can tell you nothing about Bryant Washburn that you ask. We will chat him soon.

E. C. G.—The Smallwood Company has changed its name to the Ethel Grandin Company, and they release thru Warner's. Yes, you can obtain original photographs of the players direct from the studios.

IN DARKEST AFRICA

AURA L.—Yes, Marguerite Courtot was the sister in "The Girl and the Stowaway" (Kalem).

WESTIE.—No, "David Garrick" was not a Broadway feature, and did not deserve to be. Clara Young was chatted in May, 1913. Use your own judgment as to whether that was a real goldfish that Clara Young swallowed in "Goodness Gracious." Perhaps it was taken as a gold cure. The longest day, I believe, is at Wardbury, Norway, which lasts from May 21st to July 22d, without interruption.

E. J. S.—You are right; Edwin August would certainly speak to you if he met you. He is very democratic.

EDWIN F.—Please sign name. Your letters are very bright, but I cannot answer questions referring to spaghetti.

FLORENCE A. S.—William Humphrey is still with Vitagraph. Walter Edward in "Stigma" (Kay-Bee). Sam De Grasse was the husband and Francelia Billington was the wife in 'The Blotted Page" (Reliance). William Worthington and Helen Wright in "The Vagabond" (Rex). Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "The Bride of Marblehead" (Victor).

GABY D.—Your letter was interesting, and I am glad you joined the club. Yes, she is the same Olga.

CLARA L. L.—James Neill was in "The Man in the Box." I have to destroy them, because I own no warehouse.

ROSE K.—You think Wallace Reid greases his hair too much? Very well, I'll see to it at once. I admire your style.

SWASTIKA.—Blanche Sweet will be seen in "The Woman," her first play for the Lasky-Belasco Company. Lester Cuneo was the father in "The Other Man" (Essanay). I dont think "The Wandering Jew" has been done. If not, it should. There were twenty instalments in "Perils of Pauline." I have never heard of the company you mention.

JOSEPH D. H.—Warren Kerrigan's picture in December, 1914; G. M. Anderson's in July, 1914, and Maurice Costello's in June, 1914. No; G. M. Anderson is not dead yet. Earle Williams and Edith Storey in "Warfare in the Skies."

MAE W.—Little Billy Jacobs was the child in "Lost in the Studio" (Sterling). Perhaps you refer to Jane Wolfe.

ABE, 99.—Yes; "The Master Key" is going to be released on the instalment plan, with Ella Hall and Robert Leonard in the leads. No; Carol Halloway is with Eclair now. Mrs. E. A. Eberle was the mother in "A Wayward Daughter" (Vitagraph). Art Ortega was the Indian lover in "A Gypsy Gambler" (Kalem). Albert Hackett was the little boy in "The Lie."

H. S., ST. PAUL.—No, reputation does not sell the photoplay; it's the plot, and not the name. Yes; Mr. Chaplin is clever.

MRS. T. E. MILLER.—It is unfortunate that you have to read aloud the titles on the screen for the benefit of your daughter, whose eyesight is not good, for this undoubtedly annoys others. However, if they knew the circumstances, I am sure they would bear with you.

MARGUERITE W. H.—J. W. Johnston in "Where the Trail Divides" (Lasky). Enid Markey was the girl in "The Right to Die" (Broncho). William Taylor, who had the lead in "Captain Alvarez," is now directing Carlyle Blackwell.

AT THE MOVIES—A BOX OF AMERICAN BEAUTIES

MARGARETTE K. T.—Henrietta Crosman was Mrs. Hatch, Harold Lockwood was Jack, and Lorraine Huling the daughter in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" (Famous Players). I enjoy your letters very much, and I am sorry I cant print them.

J. L. Y., WASHINGTON.—Mary Keane was the leading woman in "Her Mother Was a Lady" (Lubin). V. Smith was Vane's wife in "Masks and Faces" (Biograph). Charles Chaplin had the lead in "Dough and Dynamite" (Keystone).

M. E. FULTON.—You shall have an interview with Edgar Jones, for the Editor has one on hand awaiting its turn. I appreciate all you say.

EDNA L.—Dorothy Gish in the Mutual. Edwin August is still afflicted with wanderitis. He is now established with the Kinetophote Company, at 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

KERRIGAN ADMIRER.—You refer to Jere Austin in the Kalem. Mildred Bright and Stanley Walpole had the leads, and Anna Mansfield was Cupid in "The Danger Line" (Nestor). Mayre Hall was the girl in "The Face at the Window."

GLORIA P.—Blanche Sweet will be chatted in time. Florence Turner will be seen in "Thru the Valley of Shadows" in four reels very soon.

ALBERT G. FINLUS.—The one requisite I ask is the enclosure of a stamp, at least, or of an addressed, stamped envelope, before I can answer questions by mail. Otherwise it would almost bankrupt the magazine. Your questions on Censorship have been answered many times before, and the Great Debate of last spring will give you the arguments on both sides.

CYRIL F. W. G.—Anita Stewart was the girl in "The Web" (Vitagraph). You refer to the Fairbank twins (Thanhouser).

STEWART L. B.—Richard Stanton was Bill in "Sheriff of Muscatine" (Kay-Bee). May Thompson was Ruth in "The Golden Goose" (Broncho).

MARJORIE A. E.—Earle Williams' diary appeared in the May 1914 issue. I believe that a player is inclined to look larger on the screen than off.

H. W. MITCHELL.—You are apparently a very intelligent critic, and I like to hear from you even if you do not ask questions.

ETHEL M. O., SCRANTON.—Franklin Ritchie and Louise Vale in "The District Attorney's Burglar" (Biograph). Louise Huff and Edgar Jones in "A Pack of Cards" (Lubin).

RUBE, 15.—Your fish story was good, but I couldn't devour it. Address Ruth Roland, care of Kalem, Glendale, Cal. *Unter den Linden* is the name of Berlin's famous street.

MARION G.—Arthur Cozzine was Bob in "Boys of I. O. U." (Vitagraph). Marshall Neilan was Bert in "Classmates." Mary Pickford's curls are of her own hair.

Mary's thoughts are far away;
She is dreaming all the day
She would like to be a star
Of the picture show, and far
Outshine every other queen
On the Moving Picture screen.
She thinks that this would be great fun,
And she is not the only one;
For every girl that's near or far
Would like to be a movie star.

GRANT D. C.—Frankie Mann was the girl in "The House Next Door" (Lubin). Biograph produced "Their Soldier Boy." Thanks very much for your kind words.

PAULINE F.—Charles Mailes was the father, and George Morgan the newsy in "The Meal-ticket" (Biograph). Louise Vale in "The Condemning Hand."

The Movies in Beastieland

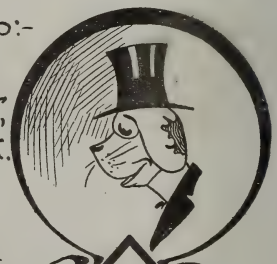
By Walter Wellman

Since Mr. Hogg began to act
He's been a hit—and that's a fact.
He always stars in business parts,
But he's a failure breaking hearts.

Miss Tabby Katt's the heroine.
On every film she's always in.
It's really fun to see her purr
When anyone makes love to her.

Then there is Mr. Rabbit, who
Is always mixed up in a stew.
It's always safe to bet a dime
That he's in some stew every time

And then, of course, there's Mr. Pupp:—
As a 'movie' actor, he's 'way up.
He acts, but never has to speak,
And still he gets ten bones a week.



There's Mr. Goat—we most forgot
That he's in every 'movie' plot:—
He's always butting in the scene
To get his picture on the screen.

In every chase, you'll see Young Ratt,
While just behind is Mr Katt.
In every slap-stick
reel you'll find
Ratt just ahead,
and Katt behind.

Mrs. A. H. M.—So you like Norma Talmadge and Antonio Moreno. May Abbey was Sapphina in "Grand Opera in Rubeville" (Edison).

Canuck, Montreal.—Mr. Glechman was the lawyer in "Repentance" (Thanhouser). Miss Beautiful was the daughter. Ruth Roland was Cleo in "An Elopement from Rome" (Kalem). John Smiley was John, and Joseph Sanley was Henry in "The House of Darkness."

Fred T. Lexin.—Your "Ifs" were clever, and I passed them to the Editor. You say that you have lists of 270 players which you will sell for twenty cents a copy; address 3546 Southport Avenue, Chicago. I wont charge you for this ad., but I ought to.

E. H. Fuller, E. Signal Corps, Fort Shafter, Honolulu.—I gave your letter to the Editor, and it will be published.

Mat Mereness.—Those verses of yours were awfully clever, and I gave them to the Editor, who will, no doubt, publish them when there is room. Cecil Spooner will be in "The Dancer and the King," by the World Film Company.

Jesse S.—Certainly women would scream when they saw a mouse, even if they wore trousers. Several of the foreign Pathés are being released. No; Charles Ogle is with Universal. See our August 1911 issue. Richard Travers and Ruth Stonehouse in "The Real Agatha."

Charles A.—Santa Monica, Cal., is where "Mareea, the Foster-mother" (Vitagraph) was taken. Vivian Prescott in "The Iron Master" (Biograph). Glad you liked the music. Even a hand-organ sounds good to a person in love.

Marion F. S.—Yes, moles are said to be marks of beauty, so you should not fret. When a man says he likes moles, a woman will believe him—if she has any. That reminds me:

"A little mole is growing, John,
Just here beneath my chin;
It gives me so much trouble, John,
I'm growing pale and thin.
And so I want to ask you, John,
Will e'er your love grow cold?
Oh! whisper to me, darling,
Will you love me when I'm moled?"

Turkey has 1,565,000 square miles and a population of 35,400,000; Germany, 208,780 square miles; France, 207,054, exclusive of colonies. Antonio Moreno is not *the*, but one of the leading men of Vitagraph. Messrs. Costello and Williams, also.

Mrs. I. E. W.—Adrienne Kroell and Clifford Bruce in "Our Neighbors" (Selig). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "The Country Girl" (Lubin). Richard Cummings in "His Little Pal" (Majestic).

Florentine H.—Some paper. Alan Hale was the curly-headed chap in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Biograph). The other is not cast. Robert Ellis was the reporter in "The Cub Reporter's Assignment" (Kalem). Always glad to hear from you.

Dorothy D.—Eleanor Woodruff, formerly of Pathé, sailed for France to help nurse the wounded soldiers. Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "Liberty Belles" (Klaw & Erlanger). Dorothy Gish was the other. Harry McCoy was Mabel's sweetheart in "Mabel's Blunder."

Mrs. Ratt—I guess Mr. Catt makes pretty good money acting for the movies, doesn't he?

Mr. Ratt—Yes, but I guess he has to scratch for it.

HERMAN.—Edison are now reviving "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" The Dryeda Corporation are planning to build a $75,000 studio near New York City.

KERRIGAN FRIEND.—Joe King was Joe in "Helping Mother" (Rex). Miss Bauer was the cousin, and Charles West the husband in "The Smuggler's Wife" (Biograph). W. J. Butler was the master, and Hattie De Law his wife in "Master and Man" (Biograph). Helen Marten was the girl, and Fred Truesdell was the imaginary chauffeur in "The Girl and the Chauffeur" (Eclair). Anna Little and Beatrice Van were the two girls in "The Prince of Bavaria" (Rex).

REEL MAD.—Sorry! George Morgan had the title rôle in "The Man from the Past" (Biograph). Louise Vale was the wife, and Franklin Ritchie was the husband. "Under Royal Patronage" (Essanay) was taken on the northern shore of Chicago. Isabelle Rea in "Gwendolin" (Biograph). Charlotte Burton opposite Edward Coxen in "The Song of the Sea Shell" (American). Very fine letter, Gertrude.

EARLE A.—Claire McDowell and Charles West in "The Guiding Fate" (Biograph). Tom Mix and Goldie Colwell in "The Real Thing in Cowboys" (Selig). Isabelle Rea and Mr. Reed in "Her Doggie."

F. J. ROSS, GALVESTON.—I agree with you about the poor scenarios that many of the companies are now using. I must admit that most of these are written in their own studios by their own people. That may account for the sameness of them. They apparently do that to save money, because a $30-a-week man can turn out three or four plays a week, such as they are, whereas they would have to pay that much for one if bought from the outside. The only way to correct this ruinous evil is for people like you to write to the officers, showing them the danger and naming specific instances. You will find that the company that buys the most scripts from the outside always puts out the best stuff. You also say, with many others, that serials are turning backwards the hands of the clock Progress.

WAHNITA H.—Your questions are all against the rules. See paragraph at the heading of this department.

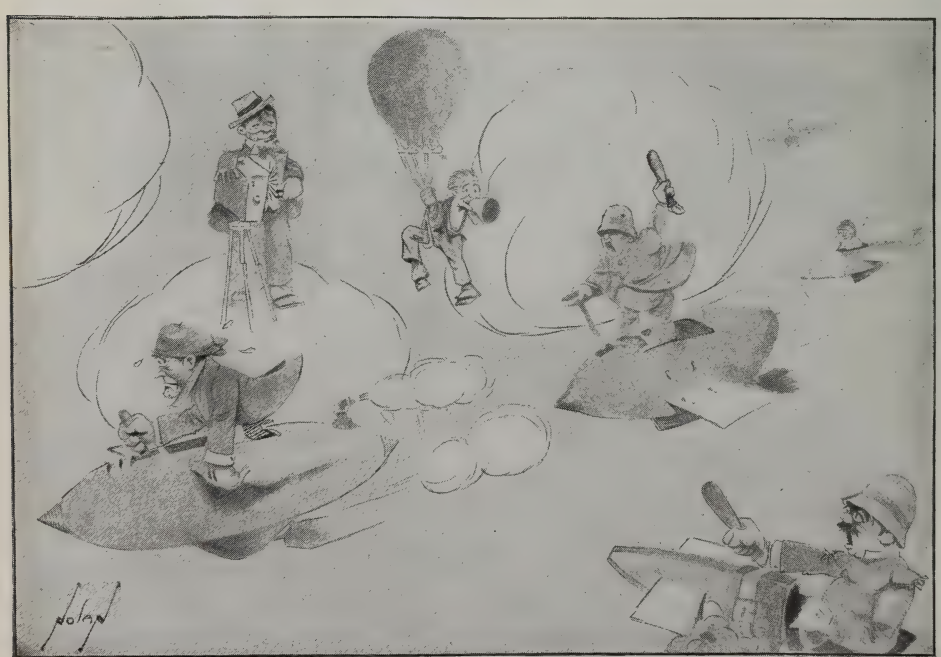
VIOLET B.—Thanks for all your kind words. You misunderstood the article about Florence LaBadie; it was in her favor. No, most studios do not allow an audience to watch the taking of a picture.

NELL M.—You neglected to give the name of the company.

GERALD MC.—Your long letter was very interesting. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the manufacturers. New lists are just out. Alice Joyce is playing for Kalem same as ever.

FRANCES C.—Mildred Heller and Harry Benham in "The Trail of the Lovelorn" (Thanhouser). They also played in "The Harvest of Regrets." Gladys Brockwell in "Stacked Cards" (Kay-Bee).

GABY GIRL.—"Her Triumph" is the name of the picture in which Gaby Deslys appeared for Famous Players.



THE CAMERA MAN OF THE FUTURE

RUTH, 17.—Your letter was interesting. Haven't that girl. Tobacco was first introduced to civilization by Columbus and his men. Raleigh took it to England later.

GEORGE C.—Yes; Keystone films are passed by the National Board of Censors. You ask, "What became of the $10,000,000 that Andrew Carnegie gave as a peace fund a few years ago?" Dont ask me; I haven't received it. Charles Chaplin was the lead in "The Love Thief" (Keystone). Yes; Vitagraph are now planning a serial with the Hearst forces.

EDWARD K.—George Brunton was the father-in-law in "The Key to Yesterday." That Blackwell picture was taken in California.

JACK POOLE.—You must write Miss Williams herself for her photo. Perhaps your verses will yet be published, my lad. Be patient. It takes several months, sometimes.

ARTHUR S., MONTREAL.—Some players change their name when they go in pictures; others retain their right name. Haven't room here to explain the "double rôle." The director sometimes gives the player the scenario so that she may prepare, but he always rehearses the scenes. If the first and last scenes are in a dining-room, they are both taken at once while the "set" is ready.

D. E. BARNET.—We cannot print the story of "413," because we print stories that have not yet been shown. It would be too late now. No magazine will publish that story. So you think that Vitagraph is the best because it has the best players and more of them.

H. L. N.—Yes, to your Harold Lockwood question. Most babies are just hired for that particular play. Motor-run projection machines are not best in all cases, because very often a picture may be improved by slowing down or increasing the speed in certain scenes. A clever operator adjusts the speed in bright scenes so as to reduce the flicker.

FLORENCE J.—Vivian Prescott was the girl in "Man's Enemy" (Klaw-Erlanger). Your verses were very good.

FRANCIS E. P.—Your list of players who are Jewish cannot be printed here. It is immaterial what one's religion is.

FOXIE-ROMAINE.—I presume the reason Olga resigned from the club was that she was getting more mail than I am. Mae Hotely is at Jacksonville. Address Pearl White at the Pathé studio. Glad you won the Indian ring in the drawing contest. You ask which I would like—"a powder-puff or a razor." Thanks, but I prefer an automobile.

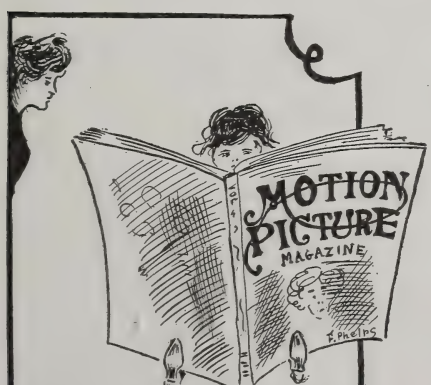
KERRIGAN, JR.—Robert Grey was Jim in "Jim Takes a Chance" (American). Leona Hutton and Frank Borzage were Parson Larkins and wife in that play. Broncho. Yes.

CHARLES E. G.—Your temper seems to be armed with a hair-trigger. Think twice before you write again.

LOTTIE L. P.—Robert Leonard and Ella Hall in "The Symphony of Souls" (Rex). The expression "Mrs. Grundy" is from Tom Morton's "Speed the Plow," and means What will our neighbors think?

GEORGE C.—Carrie Ward was the wife in "Percy Pumpernickel" (Kalem). Neva Gerber in "Mrs. Peyton's Pearl" (Kalem). Webster Campbell in that Kay-Bee.

WITCH HAZEL.—I am glad to hear you are well again. No; Guy Coombs was not in "The Vengeance of Winona" (Kalem). Will answer your other questions by mail.

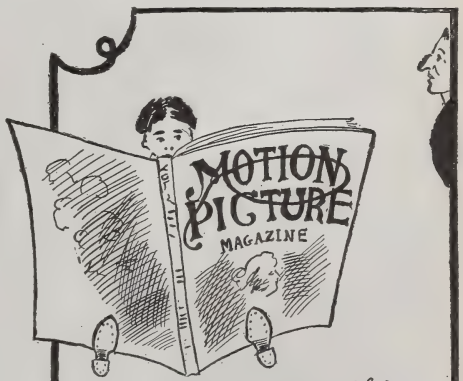


MAMMA—Nellie, dear, are you studying your lesson in botany?

NELLIE—Yes, mamma.

MAMMA—What about?

NELLIE—I'm reading about Lilly Walker, Margaret Bush, Bushman and Sweet Williams.



FATHER—Johnnie, are you studying your lesson in natural history?

JOHNNIE—Yes, sir.

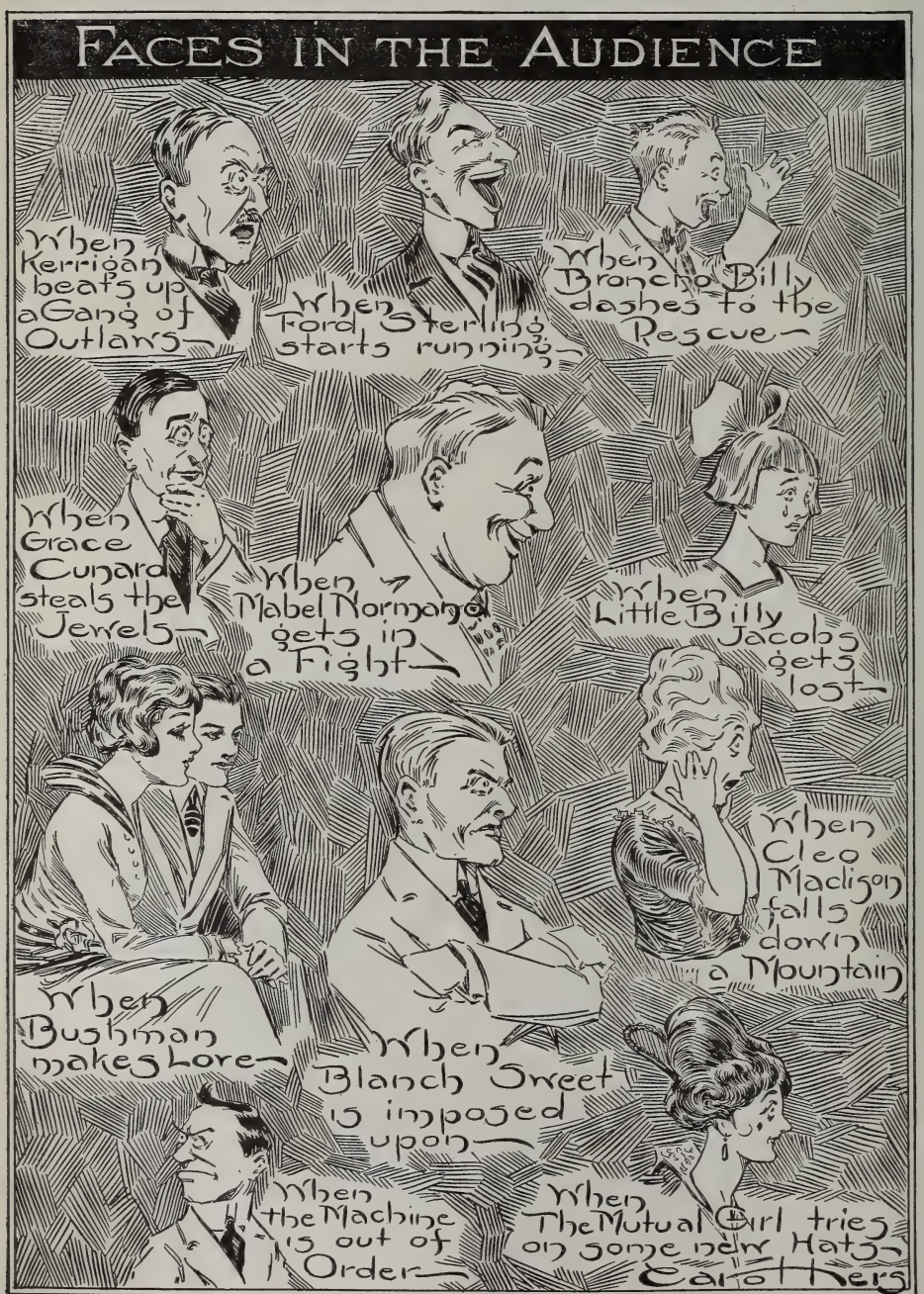
FATHER—What part of it?

JOHNNIE—I'm reading about Miss Ostriche, Crane Wilbur, Mr. Campbell and John Bunny.

WHICH WAS QUITE NATURAL

ANITA S.—I believe that Arthur Mackley is the champion sheriff, having assumed that rôle over two hundred times, twenty-five of which were with Reliance. More than ten million feet of film have carried his picture. Elizabeth Burbridge was Iris in "The Word of His People" (Kay-Bee). W. E. Lawrence was Jack in "The Painted Lady" (Majestic).

ALMA W. B.—Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Cub Reporter's Assignment" (Kalem). She is no longer with Kalem. James Kirkwood was opposite Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes."

SIS.—Your letter was interesting. Yes; Mary Pickford is kept quite busy at the studio. Donald Hall was Drake in "The Christian" (Vitagraph).

FACES IN THE AUDIENCE
When Kerrigan beats up a Gang of Outlaws—
When Ford Sterling starts running—
When Broncho Billy dashes to the Rescue—
When Grace Cunard steals the Jewels—
When Mabel Normand gets in a Fight—
When Little Billy Jacobs gets lost—
When Cleo Madison falls down a Mountain
When Bushman makes Love—
When Blanch Sweet is imposed upon—
When the Machine is out of Order—
When The Mutual Girl tries on some new Hats—
Carl Hers

GLADYS L.—Enid Markey was Daisy, and Webster Campbell was Bruce in "The Friend." Fred Church was Fred in "In the Hollow of an Oak" (Frontier).

ESTHER, KY.—It is impossible for me to give you the list you ask for. I haven't the information at hand. Sorry. I appreciate all you have done for our magazine, and hope you keep it up.

ELFRIEDA.—Welcome. Glad to see you back. Leona Hutton and Frank Borzage. Baldy Belmont was the count in "Back to the Kitchen" (Majestic). No answer on the others; sorry.

MARTIN M. D.—If you had your way you would have a system that would result in the smallest happiness to the fewest number.

ETHEL C.—The Editor decides as to the best story that is written each month, and it is not open to the public. You say I am "The eighth wonder of the twentieth century." Och! my feelings!

IDA M. W.—Thanks for your kind letter. Guy Coombs and Marguerite Courtot had the leads in "Marion, the Swamp Fox" (Kalem). Harry Millarde was Frank in "The Viper" (Kalem). Charles Clary and Wheeler Oakman in "The Speck on the Wall" (Selig). Thomas Ross in "The Only Son" (Lasky). Herbert Rawlinson was Bert in "Prowlers of the Wild" (Bison). You refer to Charles Ogle in that old Edison. Robert Burns was the Southerner and Donald Crisp was the Northerner in "Blue or the Gray" (Biograph).

OLGA, 17.—The trouble is, many people, when they get married, quit being friends. Rhea Mitchel has been playing opposite Thomas Chatterton lately. Thank you.

ELLEN P.—Both those Vitagraphs, "Tho Your Sins Be as Scarlet" and "Elaine," were released in 1911. Edith Storey was chatted in November, 1913, and Dorothy Kelly's picture in April, 1914. The latter has never been chatted.

BESSIE W.—You refer to Alan Hale. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "Dear Old Girl" (Essanay). So you got the photograph of Mona Darkfeather for submitting a drawing of her.

E. B., NASHVILLE.—I simply cant stand such flattery. Why, I'm getting all stuck up with flattery and candy, and I feel like writing a dictionary or starting a fly-paper factory or doing something else to make me solid with posterity. But what's the use? What has posterity done for me? Anyway, I cant resist publishing your letter: "Dearest (this begins like a love-letter—but it isn't)—Do you know that you are the most wonderful man in the world? Why, there's not another such man as you living, or ever did exist, either. And the world's greatest men, why, they cant compare with you. Think of Daniel Webster, the guy who wrote the dictionary, you know (or was it Noah? Oh, no, I'm sure it couldn't have been Noah, 'cause he built the ark). Now, he was smart and all that, but you'd make him look like a summer resort on a wet day—that's a fact. And also Christopher Columbus, who on the glorious Fourth of July landed at Plymouth Rock and cried, 'Give me liberty or give me death!' And Julius Cæsar, who said, 'Sic semper tyrannus, e pluribus unum!' But they haven't got a thing on you. No, indeed. For are you not the greatest ever?

"We should worry" about the weather;
We're off to the picture show together.
We'll brave the wind and the ice and snow,
For we cant miss a Moving Picture show.

SWASTIKA.—Yes; Gerda Holmes is still with Essanay. Her Brief Biography appeared in December, 1914. Clara Young and James Young are with Peerless Company. Gretchen Hartman in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Biograph). General Film Company release the Mina or Horsley films. Anthony is of New Orleans.

JANICE M.—Owen Moore is with Mutual. More Earle Williams pictures now.

ABE, 99.—Bert Hadley and Edna Maison in "The Senator's Lady" (Victor). Allan Forrest and Ella Hall in "White Roses" (Rex). Murdock MacQuarrie and Agnes Vernon in "The Wall of Flame" (Nestor). Mary Fuller and Charles Ogle in "The Witch Girl" (Universal). William Sheerer and Carol Holloway in "The Violinist" (Eclair). You're welcome.

PARDON ME!

While strolling thru the woods today,
I spied a maiden fair—
So beautiful, my eyes I could not make obey,
Till I tiptoed up to see her there,
Attired in quite an ancient frock.
And as I asked her who this living picture might be,
She turned, with a sigh, from the frightened shock,
And said: "I'm posing for a Moving Picture—dont you see?"

TOD, OTTAWA.—You refer to James Kirkwood in that Famous Players. Olive Golden was the other girl. You would like to see some skating in some of the plays. Directors, where are you? Tod wants skating.

DIANA.—Irene Howley and George Morgan had the leads in "The Mealticket" (Biograph). The average run of a film is twice a day, and since the average life of a film is about 200 days, that makes 400 runs.

DOROTHY C.—How is Fanny? Ernesto Pagani was the slave in "Cabiria." Yes, he is a real negro. Write Mr. Kerrigan, in care of studio. Frank Borzage was the American in "The Wrath of the Gods." Wheeler Oakman was Rowland in "The Speck on the Wall" (Selig).

GERTIE.—A woman has a reason for everything except that reason. Yours was fine, but it was all about Thomas Chatterton.

KEARAMY, STAFFORD.—Mae Gaston was the girl in "Down by the Sounding Sea" (Majestic). Evelyn Moore was Beatrice in "An American Citizen" (Famous Players). Wellington Playter was the valet. Cant tell you how many photoplayers live in Los Angeles. And you want Vyrgynya's address. I agree with you absolutely, and I wouldn't believe what that person says.

IDA M. S.—Helen Badgely is the Thanhouser Kidlet. Leah Baird is playing for Vitagraph. You say "long white beards denote benevolence and mustaches denote villany." Yes, Charles Chaplin is getting very popular.

GENEVIEVE, 16.—Child, you are only raving. That is a new name you have for me—Saint Peter.

TOOTHPICK BILL.—Rupert Julian was the snob in "A Small-Town Girl" (Universal). Eugene Pallette was George in "A Woman Scorned" (Reliance). January number was off the press when your letter arrived.

Miss F. K.—Yes, I read the reports about Max Linder. Anyway, he is still living. Yes, the other girl is Dot Bernard. Why dont you join the Correspondence Club, and then you can write to the players as well?

H. P. PRINCE ALBERT.—Matt Moore, Tom Moore and Owen Moore are brothers.

HERMAN.—Your toast, "To our wives and sweethearts; may they never meet," may be funny but it is not good. A better one is, "To our wives and sweethearts; may our wives be our sweethearts and our sweethearts our wives." Too many jokes of the other kind.

HELEN K.—Gerda Holmes opposite Bryant Washburn in "Whatsoever a Woman Soweth" (Essanay). Your letter was very interesting, and I want to know more about you.

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Miss Marguerite Clayton in the Charles William Dance-Frock named for her

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NEWCOMER FROM CALIFORNIA.—Some theaters do show both Licensed and Independent films. No, an actor has not the right to choose his opposite. Marin Sais was Rose, and Douglas Gerrard was Bertram in "The Potter and the Clay" (Kalem). Antonio Moreno was Frank Nelson in "Strongheart." Two cents up.

H. S. B.—V. Smith was the wife in "Masks and Faces" (Biograph).

HERMAN.—Yes, I have heard that whisky is good for snake or mad dog bites, but the best method is to tie a band above wound and burn with white-hot iron, or cut out wound, making it bleed freely and then apply nitric acid.

RAY M.—Evelyn Thaw posed for one picture for the Lubin Company. She is not playing steadily. I agree with you about the revivals. I like good ones.

MARTIN S.—Do not think of marrying an actress if you can possibly avoid it. It is awfully hard to keep a sealskin wife on a muskrat salary.

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Ada M. S.—Sorry you could not make the trip. Thanks for the bit of advice.

Henry V. B. D.—Joseph Gerard is now with Edison. I guess that the director knew what he was about. It was a Western scene, and they do strange things in some of the Western States. I guess it is "kistomary to cuss the bride."

Norma M. H.—Thank you so much for the clippings. Violet Mersereau was the girl in "Peg o' the Wilds" (Imp). Mary Fuller is still with Victor.

Herman.—You must learn to appreciate the storms and clouds as well as the sunshine. As Maeterlinck observes, "Would Carlyle have desired to exchange the magnificent sorrow that flooded his soul and blossomed so tenderly there, for the conjugal joys, superficial and sunless, of his happiest neighbor in Chelsea?" (A quotation, I find, is often very useful as a substitute for original wisdom.)

Julia E. S.—Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson in "The Chorus Girl's Thanksgiving" (Universal). Guy Coombs in the Kalem. Rupert Julian was Rupert in "The Small-Town Girl" (Universal).

W. P., Cleveland.—C. Thomas was the violinist in "In a Persian Garden" (Eclair). Barbara Tennant is with Peerless; also Chester Barnett. Dorothy Davenport is with the Thistle Company.

Australia, 15.—Hazel Dawn was Kate in "One of Our Girls" (Famous Players). She played the Pink Lady in the musical comedy of that name on Broadway.

"So you want to act for th' movies, eh? Have you ever had any experience on the stage?"

"Wal, I was th' horrible example wan time at a temp'runce lecture."

Melva, 18.—Charlotte Ives was Olive in "Clothes" (Famous Players). Eugene Pallette and R. A. Walsh in "The Only Clue" (Majestic). Irene Hunt was the detective. I am not the original Daddy Longlegs with whom Ruth Chatterton fell in love. He is much younger than I and richer in this world's goods.

Clarence B., Oakdale.—Beverly Bayne in the Essanay. Lillian Gish in "The Left-handed Man" (Biograph). Wallace Reid was Willow in "Before the White Man Came" (Bison). Lillian Gibson was the heroine in "Against Heavy Odds" (Pathé). Gertrude Robinson and Marshall Neilan in "The Old Wedding Gown."

Saddie T.—Chester Barnett was Joe Standing in "The Man of the Hour."

Maude R., Albany.—A. E. Hammond was the agent in "The Lost Mail-sack" (Kalem). Earle Williams was Jack in "The Leading Lady" (Vitagraph). Webster Campbell and Velma Whitman in "The Girl of the Café" (Lubin).

Olive, Jr.—Lowell Sherman plays with Famous Players. Jack Pickford was with Famous Players last. Your letter was very interesting indeed.

Helen, 15, Oakland.—You write too close together—leave more space. Jack Harvey was Ned Finley's pal in "The Reward of Thrift" (Vitagraph).

Kerjey. — Charlotte Burton opposite Edward Coxen in "The Redemption of a Pal" American). Adda Gleason was Lola, Mr. Foxe was Earl, and Miss Clifton was Bess in "The Harbor of Love" (Selig). Anna Luther was the daughter in the Lubin. Yes; Harry Myers will be as stout as John Bunny if he keeps it up.

Rene.—I dont understand why those pictures are rejected at your theater. I saw nothing objectionable about them. Velma Whitman and L. C. Shumway in "A Face in the Crowd." Marie Hesperia in "When a Woman Loves" (Cines).

C. J. Lane, San Diego.—Your opinion coincides with mine precisely in regard to the killing of animals in the pictures. Even if it is only a snake, I do not like to see any living thing killed unless it is plainly a danger.

Mike, Los Angeles.—Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton in "Playing with Fire" (Selig). Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "The Private Officer" (Essanay). Florence Lawrence and Matt Moore in "The Girl Who Won."

Otto D.—Violet MacMillan was the girl you refer to. No studio works on Sunday. Your letter was very interesting and very helpful.

Irene M. G.—Address Pearl White, Pathé Frères, 1 Congress Street, Jersey City, N. J. Kathleen Williams' picture in April, 1911, and October, 1912.

Sylvia, 16.—Wallace Reid and Gertrude Robinson in "At Cripple Creek" (Reliance). William King was Captain Simpson in "Traffic in Souls."

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PAULINE B.—Elsie Esmond was the girl in "The Pawn of Fortune" (Pathé). Miss Sackville was Winnie in the Selig series.

ESTHER L.—Tom Moore was the assistant in "The Green Rose" (Kalem). Your letter was very interesting. Thanks.

MRS. H. L. S., MILLBURY.—J. P. McGowan and Helen Holmes in "Grouch, the Engineer" (Kalem). Helen Holmes and William Brunton in "The Rival Railroad's Plot" (Kalem). William Stowell in "The Decision of Jim O'Farrell" (Selig).

Scratches from The Movies
KATHLYN WILLIAMS AND SOME OF HER PETS
HOBART BOSWORTH AS "BURNING DAYLIGHT"
ARTHUR JOHNSON THE BELOVED ADVENTURER
G.M. ANDERSON AS THE BRONCHO BUSTER
MABEL NORMAND SPEEDING IN HER 90 HORSE POWER RACER
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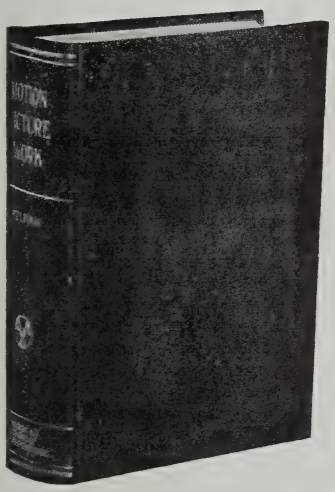

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY

175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

STELLA C.—Mona Darkfeather and Rex Downs in "Grey Eagle's Revenge" (Kalem). I haven't heard that Pearl White is going to return to the stage.

FERN, 16.—You should always give the name of the company. Ethel Lloyd and William Dunn in "The Locked Door" (Vitagraph). Much obliged for the enclosed fee and kind words.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Your big letter received. Henry Walthall has gone to Balboa. Yes, I will act as your confessor, if you wish it. If the world does not smile on you, as you say, it may be because you dont smile on the world.

MARY D. C.—Florence LaBadie was Venus in "Tannhauser" (Thanhouser), but I haven't the name of the player who played Tannhauser. Victor have a studio in Hollywood, Cal., and another at 573 Eleventh Avenue, New York City. You refer to Jane Wolfe. She is still doing good work for Western Kalem in Glendale, Cal. Thanks very much.

MELVA.—I am indeed fortunate to have a friend in my need, but am more fortunate to have no need of a friend. I welcome your name to my list of friends, however, with gratitude. So you want a photo of Cissy Fitzgerald? She is splendid and you will see me in "How Cissy Made Good." Florence Turner is in Europe yet. Willie Gibbons and Clara Horton in "In the Days of Old" (Eclair).

ANNA L.—I can give you no information as to "How can I become a photoplayer?" Out of my line.

MAE MOBILE.—You ought to change your first name to Auto. I thank your club very much, but I fear I would not know how to use a fireless cooker, altho I am an expert on cookless fires. By the way, if the pot called the kettle black, what would the fireless cooker call the paper bag? I am considered an excellent cook.

DOROTHY A. B.—Harry Myers was leading man in "The Hopeless Game" (Lubin). Congratulations.

KERRY, HAZEL.—So you would like to have Rose D. B.'s address? And you say you are undecided between Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clarke. Yes, I have heard several comments on "Wildflower." Warren Kerrigan is going to remain with Universal for two years more.

TYLLYE.—What are you talking about? Some one has misinformed you. Some day I'll get good and mad if you people persist in calling me a woman. How would you women who have little infants, like to be called men?

W. F. C. D.—Hobart Bosworth was the Wolf and Viola Barry was the girl in "The Sea Wolf" (Selig).

LURLINE DE M.—No, Francis Bushman does not live in California. People in Richmond, Va., and Baltimore, Md., are quarreling now as to which is his birthplace. You refer to Carlotta De Felice in "The Christian." Bryant Washburn was the son in "Whatsoever a Woman Soweth" (Essanay). George Morgan was the son in "A Bit of Human Driftwood."

LUCERN, M. S.—The first pianoforte was probably made in 1598 by an Italian named Paliarino, but the first real piano was made by Cristofori in 1709. Hence it was all right in that play.

H. E. R.—I did not see All Star's "One of Our Girls." Lionel Adams is on the cast as Captain Gregory.

LU ELLEN M.—That player is not cast. Sorry. World Film do not answer us. So you really would like to spend a week with Lottie Briscoe. Glad you enjoyed the article.

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I CAN 'ARDLY WAIT UNTILL HI SEE THA PHOTOGRAWPHS
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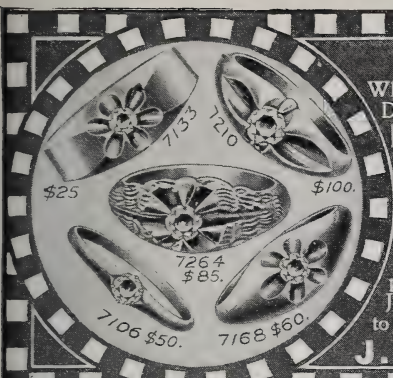

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My Valentine of Shadowland

By GEORGE WILDEY

The robin chirping in the tree,
The snow-bird in the columbine,
They ply the query ceaselessly—
"Good friend, hast thou no valentine?"

Where glance the moonbeams in and out
Among the snow-clad spruce and pine,
The gleeful brownies dance and shout—
"Sir Knight, where is thy valentine?"

From out the firelight's dreamy glow
Sweet fairy faces peer in mine,
And question, as they come and go—
"Hast thou no dainty valentine?"

Into the sanctum of my heart
Bold Cupid pries with eyes that shine,
And taunts me with consummate art—
"Poor man, he has no valentine!"

Unknown to all that gleeful band
The cherished secret that is mine—
My heart is lost in Shadowland,
Where dwells my dream-eyed valentine.

MILDRED S., KANSAS.—You are one of those who seem to want this department to be devoted to answering questions about myself. I much prefer to remain in the background and to be known by my works. What I eat, how I sleep, how long I expect to live, the length of my beard, the size of my shoes, etc., etc., will all be writ on tables of stone for the benefit of posterity, but for the present I prefer to retire into innocuous desuetude, as far as myself is concerned, and devote these precious pages to the interests of the Motion Picture business. Therefore, kindly shoo fly, dont bother me.

CURIOUS.—I fear you eat too much. Remember that in feeding our engine with fuel it holds much more than it can consume. So you think "A Million Bid" is the best play ever produced.

If I Had a Million $$

By ALFRED WEISS

If I had a million dollars,
do you know what I would do?
I wouldn't buy an auto
or a cottage built for two.
Neither would I play the races
or visit France or Spain.
From hesitations, tangoes, dips
I surely would refrain.
Yet neither would I hie away
to mountains grand and high,
For lonesome would I be alone
away up in the sky.
I would not have a string of servants
at my beck and call,
To pester me my whole life long—
a prisoner of them all.
Nor would I buy a handsome yacht,
around the world to cruise,
Or stroll along the Great White Way
to cure me of the blues.

If I'd a million dollars,
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd take the sub to Brooklyn—
does that give you a clue?
The Answer Man I'd buy for keeps—
oh, wouldn't that be fine?
His dancing eyes, his wavy hair—
all these would be mine.
And when my heart would heavy be
from sadness of the day,
He'd come with his puns and jokes,
and crack and crack away.
When from their blithe and merry sound
in sleep would fall my head,
He'd take me gently in his arms
and tuck me in my bed.

Oh, happy would my life be then
—my peace would be sublime;
But instead of a million dollars,
I only have a dime.
And still the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
it seems to me,
Even for a million dollars
would not let their captive free.
So I will have to live alone
and cherish my sweet dream,
For I am sure 'twill ne'er come true
—at least so 'twould seem.

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Monroe, Wis.....

International Photoplay Studio, New York.

Dear Sir:

Received the second lesson and am studying it thoroughly. The deeper I am going in your course, the better I like it. Am certainly interested in same. Thanking you in advance,

Your student, Edwin C. I.

New York City.....

Mrs. Olga Wernbruck, New York.

Dear Madam:

Your course in motion picture acting so benefited me, that you have my deepest feeling of gratitude. Your method of teaching is so clear, so easy to understand, so highly competent, that I will recommend you to all the young people that are ambitious to start in the profitable career of photoplay acting. Your school is without doubt the best of New York City, and your pupils will find out, as well as I did, that you keep very much more than what you promise them at their inscription to the International Photoplay Studio.

Respectfully yours,

_____ Frank L. C.

Hallis, L. I.....

My Dear Mrs. Wernbruck:

I want to thank you for the interest you have taken in my little daughter H. She has certainly made wonderful progress since she has gone to your school. It is marvelous how much she has learned in the few lessons she has had. My mother and myself would love to come over to the studio some day, when convenient to you.

I will certainly recommend your school to all I know are interested in motion picture acting. Let me thank you again for past favors.

Sincerely, Mrs. C. C. W.

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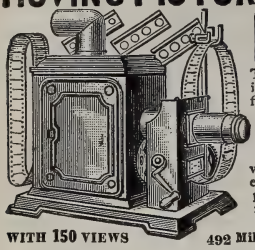

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JANET T. M.—Thanks for all you say. Harry Myers is with Universal.

ETHAN A. B.—Miss Steck was Ella in "A New England Idyl" (Broncho). Guy Oliver and Stella Razetto had the leads in "A Flirt's Repentance" (Selig).

ANTHONY.—Yes, but remember that it is not always safe to tell the truth to everybody. You think that William Duncan, Al Vosburgh, Myrtle Gonzalez and Marguerite Gibson are about as good a quartette as can be found. Yes, but they cant sing! Mr. Duncan was a Selig star.

JOHN R., BROOKLYN.—I noticed the same mistake in "The Marriage Wager" (Lubin). When the note was given, the word *help* was written with a small "h," and when the note was found it was written with a capital "H."

TIGER I.—Ah, but you are not willing to take the medicine that you prescribe. You joke with me, and then are offended if I joke with thee. He who gives must take. Chester Conklin was the little man in "Caught in a Cabaret" (Keystone). Jere Austin was Wilder in "The Viper."

FREDERICK ST. IDOL.—Anna Little was Edith in "The Silent Witness" (Broncho). Yes, Clara Young in "My Official Wife" as Helen Marie. Harry Benham in "Just a Shabby Doll" (Thanhouser). Mary Pickford was the wife in "The Smoker" (Biograph). Dorothy Gish in that old Biograph. Thomas Chatterton had a dual rôle in "The Substitute" (Kay-Bee).

EVA A.—You must stop using all those patent medicines. There is no person better qualified to tell the harm that these medicines are doing than the druggist. Just get your druggist to tell you confidentially. Your poem was handed in.

M. A. D.—That new song of yours is a howling success. I tried it on the dog, and it had that effect. Joking aside, it is very pretty.

PAUL M., MONTREAL.—Glad to hear that you like American made pictures best. So it is very cold up there. I am glad, for that is as it should be. It reminds me of these lines from Milton:

There was a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to his neck;
When they said, "Are you frizz?"
He replied, "Yes, I is—
But we dont call this cold in Quebec."

GRACYE ROMAINE.—Richard Travers was at one time with Lubin. Gwendoline Pates is on the stage and I believe the same of Charles Arling.

JESSIE M. L.—"Martin Chuzzlewit" was produced by Edison, also Biograph. E. K. Lincoln is with the Life Photoplay Production Company. So Francis Bushman is the first player you knew by name, and he is your favorite. Frances is feminine, and Francis is masculine.

DORA OF MAINE.—Marc MacDermott is still with Edison. He was chatted in July, 1912. James Kirkwood in "Behind the Scenes" (Famous Players).

OLGA, 17.—I am not the one you think I am, and the one you think I am is not I. Heap much thanks for them kind words, as Shakespeare says. So you have talked with Romaine Fielding.

LYDIA.—Ah, you flare up! I see that a word to the wise is resented. Glad you like our covers.

ANTOWN THE FIRST.—Miriam Nesbitt and Marc MacDermott in "On the Isle of Sarne" (Edison). Estelle Mardo in "The Mystery of Brayton Court" (Vitagraph).

G. A. W.—The term Bohemian is applied to those artists, musicians, actors, literary people, etc., who prefer easier and freer modes of living. It was introduced by Thackeray from France, where gipsies and their unsettled habits were supposed to be a product of Bohemia in Austria.

KEYSTONE FRANK.—So you were nearly run over by an auto while reading our magazine on the street. Chauffeurs should always be on the lookout for our readers, and they should know that it is hard to wait till they get home. You will now have an opportunity of voting for your Ford Sterling. Glad that reading this magazine cured your toothache.

DIANA.—Beautiful hair. Reliance are at Hollywood, Cal. The average life of a film is about 200 days.

MARCUS L. B.—Isabel Rae in "Fleur-de-Lis Ring" (Biograph).

CAROLYN P.—Dont get discouraged. James Kirkwood in that Famous Players. To remove a cinder from the eye, roll soft paper up like a lamplighter and wet the tip to remove, or use a medicine dropper to draw it out. It is also well to rub the other eye.

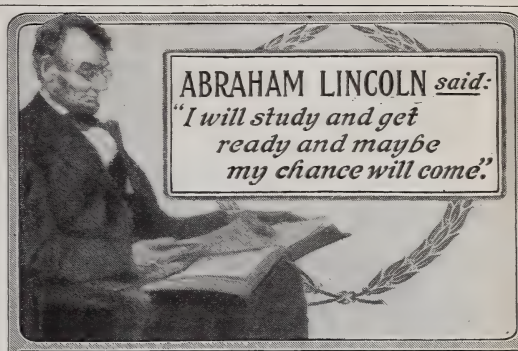
"WANT TO KNOW—BET YOU WONT TELL US."—You have struck a discordant note in the great harmony. Your letter sounds as if it came from ruffians or braggadocios. You are young and I am old. Were I young, I wonder if you would dare hurl your abusive epithets at me and at my correspondents. Yes, you would, because you are at a safe distance and because you know that I am the kind that prefers to turn the other cheek rather than stoop to resent an insult by a blow. If you gain any satisfaction in writing insulting letters, and if it gives you any pleasure, pray resume. Am always glad to hear from friend and foe.

I. S., NEWARK.—You refer to Alan Hale in that Biograph. Earle Foxe was Jack in "Carmelita's Revenge" (Selig). Gladden James was Dick in "His Unknown Girl" (Vitagraph).

ROMEO.—Sydney Ayres is no longer with American. The English pronounce Bulwer, *Bul'ler.*

M. P. FAN.—Yours was good. Perhaps some day you will be a great writer. Never can tell. Ruth Roland with Kalem.

LILLIAN B. C.—Come, cheer up. During the holidays, every one should be happy, and we all must make the best of life.



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TEDDY.—I added your drop, but it failed to wear away the stone that stands in the way of my giving you my correct name. There is no reason why we do not publish Selig matter, and the Editor says he will, now and then. I try to be neutral on war questions, but I cannot help sympathizing with the most intellectual nation on earth, now that they are hemmed in on all sides; yet I hold to my original opinion, because I am for world peace. I appreciate your views. You say that Olga, "Queen of Letters," could never have lived in Memphis or she would favor New York. Oh, I dont know.

L. E. G.—That is entirely against the rules, but G. M. Anderson and Marguerite Clayton are not married. G. M. Anderson directs most of his own plays.

LULU C. TULAS.—Yes, we will have a chat with Dorothy Davenport in time. Thank you for the card. Romona Langley is with the Universal.

EDYTH H.—Thank you for that article. It was very clever. You are in wrong; Antonio Moreno has not left Vitagraph to start a company of his own as you intimate. You must have a fine position.

LOIS F. COOLEY.—You may address Clara Young at Fort Lee, N. J. Your letter is so discreet and discriminating that I shall publish part of it: "We read that her place is to be ably filled by the charming, vivacious and beautiful Anita Stewart, who stirred such emotions in our hearts when she starred in 'A Million Bid'—that never-to-be-forgotten masterpiece. She and the savant, Earle Williams, will make a striking and unforgotten team. He is a dependable emotional actor and any rôle that is entrusted to him will be given the fullest portrayal possible. We may be assured that no one who ever spoke with Earle Williams, however high his rank, ventured to take a liberty with him. His acting bears the inevitable stamp of easy and unconscious power. It is as natural, as little difficult for him to act as for a beautiful person to look beautiful. It is very easy to transcribe the emotions which certain players awaken; but it is no easy matter to say *why* a picture is so enacted as that it must awaken certain emotions. Many persons *feel* art, some understand it, but few both feel and understand it. But there is an element of compensation in all things. The want of a nicely critical skill in art is not, on all accounts, to be regretted. When I sat before Vitagraph's 'The Christian,' and felt as lifted off my feet by the power and beauty of that incomparable picture, I could not lament that I did not see the slight imperfections which more trained and more fastidious eyes might detect in it. But, tho other pictures are more admirable, few are more fascinating. Its power over the spectator is quite magnetic." You need not fear to "take too much of my time" with letters like this.

L. C. D., 55.—There is difference of opinion as to what would happen if a cartridge were thrown in a fire. It might not act as the Vitagraph one did, but I imagine that the explosion would send both shell and bullet a-flying.

INGOMAR.—V. Smith was the wife in "Masks and Faces" (Biograph). A. C. Marston was Kittie in the same. Vitagraph. I dont agree with you that matrimoney is the root of all evil.

CHAS. A., BINGHAMTON. — Thank you very much for the rabbit's foot. I will keep it; thanks for your good wishes.

FLOWER EVELYN G.—Always glad to hear from you. Write any time. I appreciate your jokes immensely.

JACK B.—Thanks for the picture of club members; always glad to receive snapshots. Miss Anen and F. A. Turner in "Out of the Air" (Majestic). Ruth Stonehouse and R. Travers in "The Real Agatha" (Essanay). Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "The Green Rose" (Kalem). Dolly Larkin in "The Long Lane."

KERRY, AUSTIN.—Broncho Company at 1712 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, Cal. So you want Flossie C. P. to return. Yes, Pansy writes to the Answer Man.

BILLY ROMAINE.—Thank you very much for the sugar-cane. I enjoyed it very much. Thank the others for me, please.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Your letter was very bright, and even if it was all about Richard Tucker, I enjoyed it. Who'd 'a' thunket? Et tu, Brute! Even you call me a woman. That is unforgivable. I have nothing particular against women, but I dont want to be one, nor to be called one.

OLGA, 17.—My child, it is impossible to answer all those questions. It would take a fortune-teller. You want to crown me, but you forget that it is the readers who make this department interesting.

MRS. J. E. B.—Fay Tincher was the stenographer in "Tammany Young."

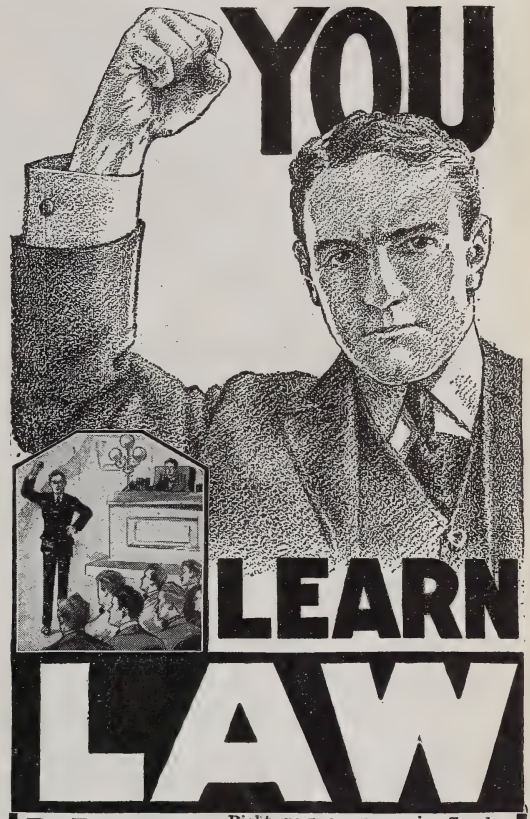
MAPLE LEAFE.—I believe you refer to Maurice Costello, and he is with Vitagraph yet. As to the woman players, I did not see the play, so cannot tell you. Sorry. Your letter was very interesting, and I wish I could print it.

ADAH H.—Write your questions at the top of your letter. Then say all you want underneath. I read everything as soon as it comes, but when I sit down to write answers I cant wade thru long letters. Your questions are about relationship, and you know they are against the rules.

J. C., VERMONT.—The gatling gun gets its name from its inventor, Richard Gatling, 1861, and now fires about 1,500 shots a minute. That was Richard Travers.

LILLIAN R.—Jack Pickford is still playing; Famous Players, I believe. So you are fond of Antonio Moreno. He is playing with Edith Storey.

WILLIAM R. B.—The drawing that you submitted was very fine.



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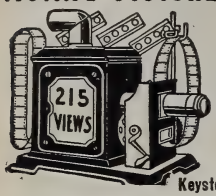

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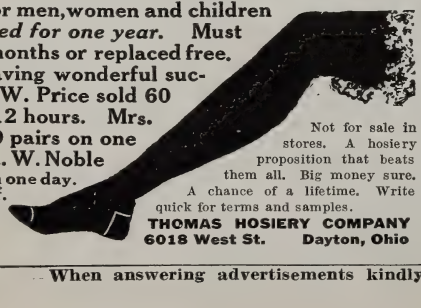

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E. Z. MARK.—I haven't Ford Sterling cast as a ball-player. Write Florence La Badie, care of Thanhouser studio. Marguerite Courtot at Kalem studio. Thanks.

BEACRANETICE.—The Fairbank twins in "Seth's Race with Death" (Thanhouser). I am afraid there isn't much chance now.

V. R. ADMIRER.—The chat with Vivian Rich, like all things, will come to him who waits. Be patient. Rhea Mitchell and Webster Campbell in "The First Love's Best" (Kay-Bee). Ann Luther in "The Double Life" (Lubin). Mabel Normand is still with Keystone.

MABEL V.—We will no doubt have a chat with Anna Little some time. Good luck to your club.

C. ARNOLD W.—Jere Austin was Van Block in "The Theft of the Jewels" (Kalem). Anna Little was the chorus girl and Herbert Rawlinson was Symmes in "The Chorus Girl's Thanksgiving" (Universal). Violet Mersereau and William Welsh in "Peg o' the Wilds" (Imp). Lasky produce in New York.

W. J. R.—Gertrude Robinson was Dora in "Men and Women" (Klaw & Erlanger). Anita Stewart and James Morrison, and Rose Tapley in "He Never Knew."

VIOLETTE EDYTHIA L.—Winnifred Kingston was opposite Robert Edeson in "Where the Trail Divides" (Lasky). Yes, Gerda Holmes and Richard Travers make a fine couple.

SEATTLE KID.—Jere Austin was the scientist in "The Green Rose" (Kalem). Donald Hall was the father, Van Dyke Brooke the guardian and Paul Scardon was Sperry in "Good-by, Summer" (Vitagraph). Fred Montague was Mr. Fairfax in "What's His Name?" (Lasky). Pauline Neff and Winona Winters were the sisters in "The Man from Mexico" (Famous Players). Edwin Barbour was Sir John and Gaston Bell was the son, Frankie Mann the daughter in "The House Next Door."

L. W. H.—Anita Stewart and Harry Northrup had the leads in "The Painted World." Marguerite Gibson was in "The Sage Brush Gal" (Vitagraph). There would be more bliss in ignorance if somebody did not come in and tell us something to destroy it.

BEATRICE T.—Walter Miller is with Universal. Owen Moore with Mutual. Write to Romaine Fielding, Box 1588, Philadelphia, about the Correspondence Club. Certainly I sing. I sing beautifully.

MELVA.—Marie Walcamp and William Clifford in "A Mexican Spy in America" (Bison). Laura Sawyer and Betty Harte in "A Woman's Triumph" (Famous Players). Constance Molineaux was Gypsy in "The Redemption of David Corsen" (Famous Players). Al Garcia and Emma Clifton in "A Strong Affair" (Sterling).

LOLA.—Thanks for your "Recipe on Love," but I will never need it. In your case I must render this verdict: Not guilty, but dont do it again.

BEATRICE B.—Pauline Bush was the girl in "A Small-town Girl." Alan Hale and Betty Gray in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Biograph). Tefft Johnson was Ned in "The Reward of Thrift."

EDDIE-SUNNY, LOS ANGELES.—I accept your apologies. Repentance is a virtue—after you have been found out.

CLAIRE H.—Mary Ross was Vivian in "The Lynnbrook Tragedy" (Kalem). Jane Morrow in "The Professional Scapegoat."

JAKE, LAKE CHARLES.—You say you want me to call you "Doctor," but you do not say whether it is medicine, Christian Science, divinity, horse, law, osteopathy, dentistry, or chiropody—everybody is a doctor nowadays. My letters are D.P.I.—doctor of photoplay information. Alice Hollister and Harry Millarde in "The Treasure Ship" (Kalem).

LUCILLE V.—If you send me a stamped, addressed envelope I will send you the information.

DAISY BELL.—Write to Cleo Madison, Universal Company, Hollywood, Cal.

ANITA K. B.—I dont like to advise you; better ask your parents. Mediocrity is excellent to the eyes of mediocre people.

MERYL E. S.—You say: "I would be perfectly willing to spend the rest of my life just looking at Warren Kerrigan, and my greatest hope is to see him in person." Seems to me you might devote your life to a worthier cause, and that you might have a higher aspiration than simply to see a mere man.

JOHANNA.—The word "nihilists" comes from the Latin *nihil*, nothing, and was introduced by Turgenieff in "Father and Sons," in which one of the characters would believe *nothing* that he was unable to prove by science. Hobart Henley was the detective in "Peg o' the Wilds" (Imp).

HELEN D.—You say you always read the Inquiries, and then you ask which company Earle Williams is with. Vitagraph, my child, Vitagraph. Harry Millarde was Harry in "The Fatal Legacy."

M. A. D.—Oh, but you are a little angel to send me that cake of naphtha soap. It cost you seven cents postage on a five-cent cake of soap. Next time send me the twelve cents, please. Appreciations nevertheless. Any insinuations?

M. P.—Harold Lockwood and Carlyle Blackwell both appeared in "Such a Little Queen" (Famous Players). Lowell Sherman was Teddy in "Behind the Scenes" (Famous Players). Sobeit!

BETTY M.—Robert Grey and Jane Novak in "An Innocent Delilah" (Vitagraph). Yes. Earle Williams. Yes, write again.

BLANCHE S.—I would think twice before I put my money in those mines. You may have to go thru many trying ore deals before you get your money back.

JOHN P. L.—You didn't send in enough votes for Arthur Cozine, otherwise they would have appeared in the magazine. We have had no picture of him as yet.

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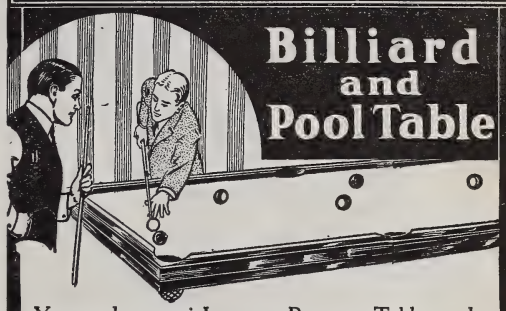

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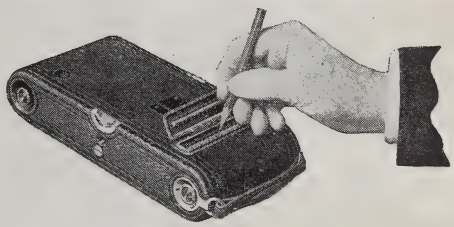

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MAE B. W.—You omitted to name the company. Sorry you do not admire Miss Stewart and think her work is due solely to the genius of Mr. Ince. You are apparently not familiar with the practical side of Motion Pictures. If you could see a few scenes being done you would learn that in many instances the player is entirely at the mercy of the director, and if the player errs it is usually the fault of the director.

DONALD L.—No, Harry Mainhall is not with Essanay. Edna Payne is with Western Eclair. She played in "The Return."

MISS J. S.—Thomas Santschi and Elsie Greeson in "The Empty Sleeve" (Selig).

ETHEL W.—I always think twice of what I promise, that I may promise but that I will do. I really dont know whether Roscoe Arbuckle hurts himself or not when he falls. But really he cant fall, he can only roll.

EVA B.—So I am "no good" if I dont answer your questions this time, and you ask "What is Warren Kerrigan's favorite flower?" I admit that I am no good.

WALTER E. H.—The Gish sisters are with Reliance. All companies sell photographs of players. Webster Campbell was Bruce in "The Friend" and Enid Markey was the girl.

MILDRED H.—Vedah Bertram, since deceased, was the girl in "Broncho Billy and the Girls." Warren Kerrigan played in "The Wanderer" (American). Harry Carey was the left-handed man in "The Left-handed Man" (Biograph).

GOOP.—We have never printed a picture of Neva Gerber. 'Most any company might take a chance at that play. Never heard of them. You ask how many film companies there are. There is a new one every day, and one goes under every day. Isabelle Rae is with Biograph.

MOTHER OF A MOVIE FAN.—Always glad to hear from the mothers. I really dont know how I could induce film manufacturers to put the cast on all their pictures. Many of them do now. It would be far better to have the casts on a printed program, Romaine Fielding, of course.

CHARLES A.—Never trouble your stomach and your stomach will never trouble you. Try this prescription: "Water internally, water externally, and water eternally." Anna Schaefer was Ann and Jack Mower was Eddie in "Ann, the Blacksmith."

B. T. S., GREAT FALLS.—You refer to Rogers Lytton. Lorraine Huling was the girl in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch."

JESSIE L. E.—You take the wrong view. You should be more charitable towards all. You will never prosper on the motto: "Whosoever thy hands find to do, do with all thy might."

M. MITCHELL.—Frères is *brothers* in French. Louise Vale and George Morgan in "The New Magdalen" (Biograph). Julia S. Gordon in "The Vengeance of Durand" (Vitagraph).

PHEBBIE B.—Jack Conway and Myrtle Stedman had the leads in "The Valley of the Moon" (Bosworth).

MISS PUSSY.—N. A. Myles was "the nice-looking young man" in "Bradsford in Arcadia." I prefer typewritten letters.

I. M. WAITING.—Robert Grey, George Holt and Jane Novak in "An Innocent Delilah" (Vitagraph). Karl Kenney was James. Wheeler Oakman was Rowland in "Speck on the Wall" (Selig). Charles Clary was John. Beverly Bayne was Margery in "A Masked Wrestler."

BERNICE M.—Alma Russell and Jack Nelson in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). She also played in "Jeweled Slipper" (Selig). Perpetual motion is impossible because of the law of gravitation and because all materials will wear out.

E. B., NASHVILLE.—You certainly have it bad. So you are making a collection of letters from the players. Well, I am sorry for them. I know one player who has to keep three typists to answer his correspondence. You fans are certainly giving employment to labor. If I were a player I would not agree to send a photo to everybody who asked it. In the first place, the company is supposed to sell photos, and even then they do not make anything on them. In the second place, it costs a lot of money and time. I suppose I would be a very unpopular player. I do not agree with you about Mr. Bushman's letter.

WHICH HAZEL.—No, I have not forgotten you, but really I cannot get time to correspond with anybody by mail, except merely to answer questions. Guy Coombs was not in that play. All the players you mention have brown eyes except Tom Moore and Crane Wilbur, so now you can proceed to color all the photos in your album.

SWASTIKA.—Your German was O K, but you mustn't call me an "inimitable comedian." I am really a tragedian.

K. O. CONFUCIUS.—Welcome to our city. Your comments are intelligent. It is generally conceded that "The Christian" was the best acted photoplay yet done. Ralph Ince directed "Million Bid," and James Young directed most of "My Official Wife." Richard III has not been done. Where is the Richard? Mansfield is dead. I dont know whether Keystone use crash on their stairs, but they use it everywhere else.

BEVERLY, 14.—Lester Cuneo was Griggs in "The Plum Tree" (Essanay). Veda Bertram never played opposite Mr. Bushman. I have registered your trademark, and it is thine.

R. B. J. K., MILWAUKEE.—You are entirely right.

M. A. D.—I gladly comply with your request. You say Norfolk, Va., claims Francis Bushman and is proud of him. I note what you say about his excellent ancestry.

MARY ANDERSON

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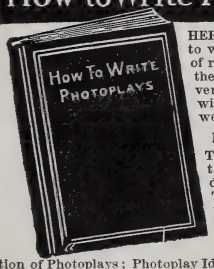

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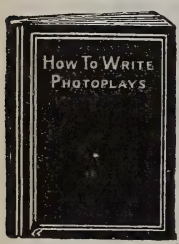

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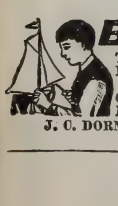

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VIOLET B.—My thanks are yours. Do me the favor of calling again.

J. F. HALLER.—I give yours up. I dont find you in "What's What." You must be the reincarnated Napoleon.

ZELOSO.—Cant tell who is the highest paid actress, but probably Mary Pickford. Bushman is not an assumed name. I was not aware that Miss M. Clayton used too much rouge on her "lips, eyebrows and lashes." It is not unlawful to melt United States money. All kinds of United States paper money are called "greenbacks."

IGNIS FATUUS.—You ask if I am a man, woman or child. None; I am a goat. Your others are too much for me.

C. M. BRAND.—You're dead wrong. I do not answer questions for any other publication; I am 73, male, live in a hall-room, unattached, sober, industrious and have no small vices.

M. A. D.—Kindly do not write in Spanish. I have all I can do to master one language, and I have been 73 years at it.

P. C. LEVAR, Editor *Correspondence News.*—Must decline your eloquent request for a photo, but the Editor says he intends publishing one in this issue, and he will doubtless lend you the plate. That is the best I can do for you.

BRADFORD K. H.—You refer to what is called double exposure. They sometimes expose only part of a film, and then take another picture on the unexposed part. By stopping down the lens they can gradually exclude the light until the picture disappears.

BONNIE AND NELLIE.—I was glad to hear from you. Your letter was very interesting. Thomas Chatterton in "The Primitive Call" (Domino).

RETTA ROMAINE.—I read every word of your ten-page letter, and all I can say is that you are a gem. Most of it was about Richard Tucker, of course.

REDHEAD.—Elsie Albert had the lead in "The Lass o' Killikrankie." Thanks for the information.

BETTY BELL.—I enjoyed your letter.

MRS. C. O. L.—Yes; Thomas Chatterton in "True Irish Hearts." He is now in Los Angeles, Cal. You should have put the name at the top.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—Francis Ford was Loubegue in "Lucille Love" (Gold Seal). Yes; Harry Myers in "The Double Life." I, of course, refer to the Lubin play. Mona Darkfeather and Rex Downs in "Gray Eagle's Revenge" (Kalem). Ethel Clayton and Joseph Kaufman in "A Daughter of Eve" (Lubin). Francis Bushman and Ruth Stonehouse in "The Motor Buccaneers" (Essanay).

WILLIAM B.—Julia S. Gordon's picture appeared in June, 1912, last. Will tell the Editor you want another. Thanks muchly.

EMIL S.—No; James Morrison is right. I think the information you speak of is contained in this department.

GERTIE.—You forget that you, the reader, need wit, wisdom and understanding just as much as I, the writer, do. James Cooley is with Imp. I enjoyed your letters very much.

HILDA B.—Your letter was all right, only a wee bit long.

OLGA, 17.—You are a wonder. Most girls would rather admit that they are thirty than to admit that they snore. Who ever saw a saint in trousers?

E. B. B. N. O. LA.—Some name you must have. Glad you liked Lottie Briscoe's diary. Letter very interesting.

WHAT'S WHAT—AND WHY

(*Continued from page* 124)

nelly proves herself to be as accomplished a screen artist as she is a stage star. The cast is excellent. Tho it is by no means perfect, "The Thief" is one of the notable developments of the last thirty days.

At the Vitagraph Theater delightful bills are being shown. Sidney Drew appears in a dialog playlet, "What the Moon Saw," written by his son, S. Rankin Drew, from whom I predict we will hear again. It is such a little gem that, tho it is not a photoplay and has, therefore, no place in my article, I cannot resist this opportunity of congratulating the fine cast of Vitagraph players concerned. "Underneath the Paint" was a disappointment.

Vitagraph's "C. O. D." is a very amusing farce-comedy. It would make a side-splitting three-reeler, but to me it seemed a trifle too long. Norma Talmadge and Gladden James make "Sunshine and Shadows," which is not particularly original in plot or construction, worthy of note because of their very excellent work.

That delightful actress, Mary Fuller, has every opportunity to charm her audience in "My Lady High and Mighty," and her fans need not be told that she does it. She is as fascinating as she has yet been given a chance to show herself.

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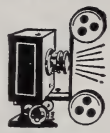

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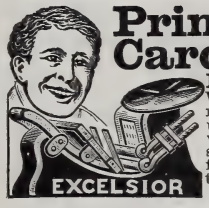

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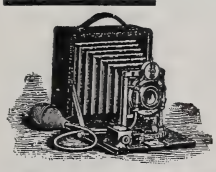

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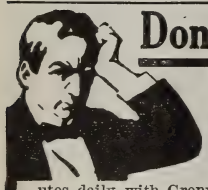

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OLIVE B. S.—I have forwarded your letter and poem to Mr. Blackwell.

INQUISITIVE TESS.—Yours is out of my line. Send it to *Puck.*

M. FORD, ST. LOUIS.—If that letter from the Photoplay Syndicate Company is genuine, it and they are a joke.

DAISY BELL.—You may address Cleo Madison, care of Universal, Hollywood, Cal. So you think the Universal pictures are better than all others?

A. HATFIELD.—If your questions were ignored, it was because they were against the rules or because they had been answered before in the same or recent issues. You see, we have not room to repeat, but I should have said so. Your characteristics of the players from your physiognomical study is not good enough for my readers: Warren Kerrigan, truth and honesty; Arthur Johnson, sincerity; Harry Myers, goodness; Richard Travers, unselfishness; Mary Pickford, innocence and childishness; Mary Fuller, cool-headedness and clear thinking; Alice Joyce, emotional; Marguerite Snow, handsomeness; Crane Wilbur, dreamer; Kathlyn Williams, strength of will; Lillian Walker and Blanche Sweet, sunshine; Wally Van, wit, cleverness and jollity; Florence La-Badie, lovableness; Francis Bushman, manliness; Marguerite Fischer, beauty. Claire McDowell and Irene Hunt are not the same persons.

W. T. A. H.—I believe we have already said that Norfolk, Va., is entitled to the honor of having given birth to Francis Bushman.

C. J. WAINWRIGHT.—Yours are puzzlers, but since you ask them in verse I shall answer them in time.

DIXI.—Visitors are always welcome. Always glad to see a new face in this department. So you say you are of Swedish parentage, and so are Lillian Walker and Anna Nilsson. So you think John Bunny is far better on the screen than on the stage. I enjoyed your letter.

E. O. J.—As to when and how Motion Pictures were invented, I refer you to Mr. Richard J. Hoffner's article in the November 1914 issue and to Mr. Brewster's in the June 1914 issue. There is difference of opinion, also, as to when they were first shown. These two articles seem to be the "last word."

ABE, 99.—Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley are with the Bosworth Company. Maurice is usually pronounced *maw-reece.* See dictionary.

E. J. WIGHT.—I am grateful. Would be glad to hear the tale.

LORELY.—Welcome to our city. John Bunny is traveling, so I cant get the number of his shoes; and Blanche Sweet is out West, so I cant get the color of her eyes; but you may put them down as blue, and you will not be far from right. No, I dont own a car now. I find it is cheaper to let my friends own them.

F. E. Grayce.—Bless your heart! I did not mean to neglect you, precious one. Yes, I like the Essanay-George Ade fables muchly, and agree with you about the Biograph, Keystone, Lubin, Sterling comedies. Wait till you see "C. O. D."

G. Romaine.—When you say that this magazine is superb and too few in number, you display excellent discriminating judgment. I see no objections to your putting your comedy on the market. You have my permission.

J. S. Martin.—Write managing editor for quotations on photos, plates, etc., please.

Gertie.—I dont approve of Domino's Jap pictures. It is a mistaken policy. Our country should not be pictured as at war with Japan. Yes; "The woim will toin," but you mustn't.

Mabel F.—You are certainly a Kerrigan fiend, as you call yourself. The girl and the lover in "The Face at the Window" (Princess) were Marie Hall and Boyd Marshall. The derelict and the girl in "The Derelict" (Biograph) were Louise Vale and George Morgan.

J. C. M.—Yes, your letter was readdressed to Robert Warwick.

Leo E. G.—I believe all the Kerrigan pictures are taken in California. Yes; Crane Wilbur was in Boston giving lectures. Florence LaBadie is not playing in "Zudora" (Thanhouser).

A Newcomer.—Superstition does not change us as much as you think. It intensifies us. It makes us more of what we were before. See elsewhere about the club. So Mary Fuller had too much paint on in the December cover. If so, it wasn't her fault. Your verses were very good.

Frances H. W.—I am sorry, but I cannot give you the name of the firm from your description. I hardly think Vitagraph could tell you. Your letter was very interesting. Thanks.

Dorothy O.—Irene Howley was the girl in "The Meal-ticket" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood in care of Famous Players, 213 West Twenty-sixth Street, New York City.

Marguerite H.—Thanks for the snapshots. I like to receive them.

Beatrice B.—Your letter was full of wit, and I appreciate it. Rather long, tho.

Seaside.—The verses were very good. Thanks for the news.

Mrs. M. R. A.—Thomas Chatterton was Dr. Emmerson, Arthur Jarrett was Randolph, and Gladys Brockwell was his wife in "The Worth of a Life" (Kay-Bee). Matt Moore was Tom in "The Law's Decree" (Victor). No, you dont have to be a subscriber in order to vote in the Great Cast Contest.

Estelle S.—Earle Williams and Anita Stewart in "The Juggernaut" (Vitagraph). Mary Anderson and Denton Vane were the grown-up children in "The Silent Plea" (Vitagraph). Yes, I shall be glad to hear from you again.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AMONG the thousands of letters received every month are hundreds that deserve a place in this department, but, unfortunately, we cannot make room for all. Here are a few, and we are holding many others for use in later issues.

We are in receipt of another discerning "review" letter from Irwin J. Cunz, 417 First Avenue, Spokane, Wash., and publish it in part:

There is, in my estimation, too large a number of so-called "feature plays" springing up daily, which have for their principal themes "gun play," robberies and crimes of every sort, and all of which are passed by our famed National Board of Censorship. However, I desire to state that the Famous Players, Jesse L. Lasky, All Star, and a few others are not to be included in these aforesaid blood-and-thunder features.

Cowboy plays have reached their limit. These Western "dramas," in which a small group of mining prospectors are made prisoners by a band of about sixty hostile Indians, only to be rescued by six or seven cowboys, who put the whole body of redmen to flight by their wild shooting of pistols, certainly are beyond reality and should not be released.

Concerning comedy plays, real and near, there is too much vulgarity prevalent in the greater portion of them. Such "business" as egg and pie throwing seems to please the lowest class of people immensely, and it surprises me to find that theaters which once catered only to the highest kind of patronage are now annexing this sort of coarse humor to their programs.

Nestor comedies are always vivacious, tho there is released, quite frequently, under this brand a low or "burlesquey" number—if I may call it that. I am of the opinion that Mr. Al. E. Christie, producer of these plays, has a company of actors who are almost unsurpassed as fun-makers.

Of the Joker, I wish to say that there are too frequent changes of character in their Dutch "Mike and Jake" series. First we have a stout and tall "Jake," in the person of Harry McCoy, who later went to Keystone. Then Bob Vernon was given the "Jake" rôle, and his characterization of the same did not prove in agreement with that of Mr. McCoy, as he, unlike his predecessor, was of short and thin stature. Still later came Al Franks who, upon succeeding Bob Vernon, converted "Jake" into an Irishman. Summing it up, the Dutchman Jake was first stout and tall, then short and thin, and

then made an Irishman. A notable life did this individual live. Undoubtedly he was a victim of a Hindu doctor of the occult who performed these changes in life.

Humorous plays produced by Edison and Vitagraph are very good. It is very seldom that we see vulgar releases under either of these banners. Let them keep up their good work.

The Eclair "Kid Productions" are also deserving of comment. Their two-reel comedy drama, "Just Kids," was absolutely one of the best juvenile offerings of its kind I ever witnessed. Miss Clara Horton was excellent in her part, as was Master Gibbons in his.

Strictly speaking, I do not favor burlesque, and I cannot fully understand why so many photoplaywrights pen comedy (?) farces on such serious events as the present Mexican War and the Civil War of '61. There is nothing funny or laughable about war, with its bloodshed and loss of life.

Lillian M. Rey, Lancaster, Pa., is a most interesting critic of plays and players:

A year ago I did not know your magazine; now it has become a habit, and I am a regular subscriber. I enjoy a recent feature—your letters from correspondents—especially. Please let me add my signature also to that letter signed "Johnson Admirer" in the August number. Everything I could say in praise of Arthur Johnson's work has been better said in that letter, but I should like to add my keen appreciation of his clever leading woman, Lottie Briscoe. She interprets her parts with a rare intelligence, and if you were running a contest of gracefulness, she ought to win. A Johnson-Briscoe play is always a treat.

Among the many other players whose work has given me great pleasure I should like to single out James Cruze. From the part of a drunkard to that of the righteous Old Testament Joseph is a far cry, but Cruze always seems to be the character he is playing. He and Maud Fealy and Harry Benham made "Frou Frou" one of the best pictures I have ever seen. But the greatest tribute I ever have paid James Cruze was to sit, in black disgust, thru two-reel Keystone comedies (?), awaiting his appearance in the next picture. And right here I want to shake hands with that July correspondent who wrote from Albuquerque concerning plays in general and comedies in particular. Truly I also am glad that companies like Vitagraph, Lubin, Edison, etc., lack "punch," if by punch is meant the extremely inane performances of Keystone players with garden hose, ice-cream cones and idiotic missiles of all kinds. I love comedy, but, like "Constant Reader," I want it to be "sane and interesting."

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I am sorry to be so lengthy, but I have, at least, overcome the strong desire to add eulogies of Mary Pickford, Clara K. Young, Earle Williams, Sydney Drew, Flora Finch, Harry T. Morey, and a dozen others, and last, but not least, "Junius," who writes that very interesting page, "The Spirit of the Play."

Ned Elsworth, of 1011 Walker Avenue, Houston, Tex., writes intelligently on a subject with which he appears to be entirely familiar:

I do not want to encroach upon your time, for this is probably your busy day, but I have been a "picture show fiend" for a long time and have made a study of the reels from the standpoint of the audience. I have observed that the little, simple, heart-interest stories are the ones that stick with the audience, just like the heart-interest stories are regarded in the newspaper as essential and pullers for home subscribers. The man or woman who sees one of these reels almost invariably seeks out the theater where it was seen when another visit is to be made. In the endeavor to show the thrillers and to accomplish the artistic, which, of course, is commendable and is probably the real developer of the art of making better pictures, the plain, heart-interest story is forgotten. But with the advancement in the art of making pictures, or rather in the conception of the subjects, there is danger of shooting over the heads of the people. You can change the style of pictures, but you cant change human nature, and if you go to educating it any faster than it cares to be educated, revolt and rebellion is the result. Many a photoplay idol has been ruined by seeking "something better." Arthur Johnson was a photoplayer who lighted up the faces of his audience, like a welcome guest lightens up the host's house, as soon as his picture appeared upon the screen, but somebody put a molecule between him and his audience which cut the bond of sympathy between them, and, notwithstanding the pictures, as pictures, in which he has lately appeared are exquisite, Johnson will have to go back to the farm, the old clothes and hot end of it again for about a year before his audience will look upon him with the old-time affection. Failing in that, he will become merely "a" player, where he might as well have continued in his distinctive field and have retained his distinctive fame. Little Mary Pickford has attained a place among those at the pinnacle of fame in photoplays simply because she acts like "homefolks" so perfectly that she does not appear to act at all. And she appears at her best in the plain, simple stories.

The Answer Man has handed in an interesting letter from "Gertie":

MOST INSPIRED ONE:

Now that the season of rosy cheeks and beating hearts has arrived, heed thou, most wondrous one and all ye little ones, the following antidote prescribed by Dr. Vigor. To derive thoroly all its benefits, it is essential that you absorb the following. Do not inhale it, but allow it to circulate and percolate thru your cran-E-um:

Sunday—Take a stroll with your best friend (?) to the nearest movie theater, where the manager is so enlightened as to produce a picture featuring the "Young Crane Wilbur," Thomas Chatterton. A feeling of refreshment follows.

Monday—Generally known as "Blue Monday." Dry your tears of anger, mortification, etc. (Also dry the dishes, me proud beauties.) Let not the salty waters of the fountain of tears drop into the soapsuds designated to cleanse those necessary articles of this work-a-day world, commonly known as dishes. P'raps the weather will not permit you to follow the bent of your inclination, which leads to the nearest movie theater, where you wish to view your favorite. Do not be discouraged! Have you not that most wonderful of all books—MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—in the house? How I can see all your sweet faces (blessings be upon them!) cheer at the sound of that magic name! Sit ye down therefore with this beloved book and turn to that department of sunshine and laughter known as the Answer Department. Presto! Gloom has banished, and Blue Monday has become "Sunny Monday."

Tuesday—Don your hats and coats, fair ones, for 'tis a glorious day and Tommy Chatterton is doing wonderful work on the screen nearby. 'Tis the gripping, human sob stuff that stirs the heart to quicker action and brings the blush of a rose to the cheek. Your heart shall be won as mine was, and your old hero will be forgotten for this youthful and hitherto unknown genius. Dont, in the words of a cynic, say, "Tush and nonsense!" Go and be convinced!

Wednesday—'Twas an understood thing among the ancients that mid-week was especially blessed by the gods for attaining knowledge. Therefore, sit ye down again with that book of wonders—MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—and turn to the article by that inspired and admired Editor of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Mr. E. V. Brewster, called the "Expressions of the Emotions." 'Twill give you more knowledge of humanity and its emotions by a five-minute reading than a whole book on physiognomy in a year's study. 'Tis a wonderful bit of work and will entertain as well as instruct you, for it is written in a style only possible to a man who has given years of study to the subject. His magnetism and charming personality breathe thru the whole article,

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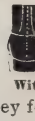

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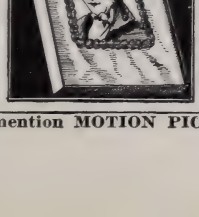

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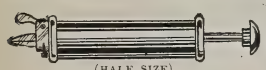

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Miss Frances D. Bowser, of Chicago, demands recognition, and, without going into the merits of her contention, we gladly publish her letter:

I desire to call your attention to the story by Helen Ware in the current issue of your magazine and to frankly state that the interviewer appropriated my idea and presented it to Miss Ware for elaboration.

Being on the editorial staff of the *Musical Monitor and World* (and formerly of the *Music News*), I was assigned to cover the recent appearance of Miss Ware at the Blackstone Theater three weeks ago. There I, myself, conceived the idea of teaching bowing by imitation and reproducing it on the screen. The following morning I went to W. W. Miller, whom I knew in a business connection, and asked about the possibility of selling the same in the company. He found it good and advised me to interest some musician with capital in the enterprise. I then went to Mr. John Hattstedt, president of the American Conservatory. He, in turn, sent me to his son, who is prominently connected with a feature film company in the Powers Building, on Wabash Avenue and Monroe Street. There some persons undoubtedly overheard the conversation and tipped it off to the head office. I talked with Mr. H. this morning.

My purpose in writing this is to ask credit for my idea, such as I certainly should receive. I shall get in touch with her manager, in the meantime, and others interested.

I hope that you will seriously consider this communication and feel certain that a reputable magazine, such as the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, will be happy to rectify all errors.

Winifred Caldwell, of Hattiesburg, Miss., winner of a recent prize contest, writes as follows:

I have just received the prizes awarded me in the "Silhouette Puzzle" and want to thank you for them. You certainly gave excellent prizes, and I consider myself quite lucky in winning the first. The volume of the magazine is handsomely bound and will look very pretty in my bookcase. I enjoy reading it more than I can say. The "oil paintings"

are beautiful, and I shall frame them at once. I am also enjoying "Success Secrets" and "One Hundred Helps to Live a Hundred Years" and "The Mysterious Beggar," but *best of all* the year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

I thank you again and again for the prizes, and I close with best wishes.

P.S.—Considering that I'm only fifteen years old, I'm quite proud to have won, for it certainly was a pleasant surprise, as I had no idea I'd be successful.

The following appreciatory letter was addressed to our "Junius," and is from Juliet S. Koenig, of 721 Cass Street, Milwaukee:

DEAR JUNIUS—Pardon me for saying "dear," because perhaps that is indiscreet, but what shall I say?

I wish to add my name to the list of silent admirers of your articles. I can, with a clean conscience, say that I admire your page as much, if not more, than any other in the whole magazine. I am sorry to say I have missed "Junius" in the December number, and sincerely hope it is just a temporary absence on your part.

I am a great admirer of photoplay and thoroly admire a good picture.

I think the best I have yet seen was "Judith." It certainly was excellent in every sense of the word. It was worthy of the name, "A Griffith production." In fact, some of the best work I have ever seen done—and I have seen a considerable amount—was done by the Majestic Company—Blanche Sweet in particular. I have seen her often and studied her, and she seems to "live into" her part—to make it a part of herself. Another thing I wish to say is how disappointing—but that isn't the word—it is to see a Keystone comedy after a good film. It breaks the atmosphere to see such miserable, wretched films. They are not only silly, but really vulgar. Dont the people realize the difference between comedy and vulgarity? Do they see no difference between a good, wholesome comedy, as "Uncle Bill," which the Vitagraph has lately produced, and a Keystone? The public doesn't seem to know where comedy ends and coarseness begins.

I am very sorry not to have seen "The Christian," which you have written about so splendidly.

It has been said, "If Blanche Sweet could have a show, the people would see what she is," and I second it. She is too hidden—may she become popular and may the public "see and understand" by witnessing Blanche Sweet's acting.

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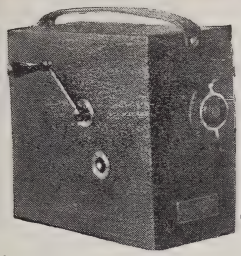

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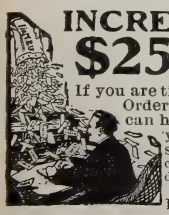

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Inner surface is made adhesive to secure the PLAPAO-PAD firmly to the body, keeping the PLAPAO continually applied and the pad from slipping. No straps, buckles or springs attached. Soft as velvet—easy to apply.

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THE ART OF SELLING A PHOTOPLAY

A THING MORE DIFFICULT TO ACQUIRE THAN THE KNACK OF WRITING ONE

The Photoplay Clearing House Acts as Advisor, Friend and Agent in Setting You on the Right Road to Successful Scenario Writing

Established for nearly two years, with a record of hundreds of sales, over 10,000 manuscripts reviewed, criticized and placed upon the market, the Photoplay Clearing House has become the one authoritative and reliable agent for the handling of authors' product in the Moving Picture industry. We have received over 4,000 testimonial letters; we are under the supervision of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE; our business is in intimate personal touch with all of the leading photoplay manufacturers, and our staff of editors, who personally pass upon all material, consists of the following well-known photoplaywrights: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, Russell E. Ball, Gladys Hall and others. In order to qualify for our reading staff of editors, it is necessary that an editor be a successful scenario writer, a fair and able critic, and a good judge of market conditions and values.

The Photoplay Clearing House was established to aid and counsel authors and to sell their wares. We believe we have given more definite help to the discouraged, have furnished more practical criticism, and have sold more photoplays at a higher price than all other similar institutions combined.

We tell you: How to Go About It, Where to Market Your Product, How to Revise and Cure Its Weak Points, The Kind of Photoplays Wanted, and a hundred other details of making and selling a finished scenario.

RECENT TESTIMONIALS FROM PATRONS AND STUDIOS.

Dear Sirs:
We enclose our check for $35.00 in full payment for the moving picture scenario entitled "The Great Scheme," by James Serpico, 3 Green Ave., Madison, N. J.
Kindly have two persons witness the signature after the enclosed assignment is executed and return this assignment to us.
BIOGRAPH COMPANY.

Dear Mr. La Roche:
I enclose herewith the two releases sent to me for my signature, covering the sale of my photoplay, "A Desperate Expedient," to the Vitagraph Company.
When you hear from the other two scenarios which the Vitagraph are still holding, please communicate with me at the above address, as I am now on a four-weeks' vacation.
Editorial Rooms, N. Y. World. W. S. MERIWETHER.

Gentlemen:
We are retaining "Jones, Adjuster of Difficulties," for further consideration. You seem to be doing excellent work at the Photoplay Clearing House, and we congratulate you most heartily. It would be much better for the business if more writers would work thru such channels and save them and us useless trouble. Hoping we will hear from you again, we are,
CRYSTAL FILM CO.,
per Howard J. Young,
Scenario Editor.

Gentlemen:
You are doing a great work with your Clearing House, and it has the endorsement of a great many writers. I am in constant touch with a great many of them.
H. A. PETERMAN, Jr.,
Shreveport, La. Editor, The Picture News.

Dear Sirs:
Enclosed please find our check for $25.00, as payment for a scenario, "His Wife's Sweetheart," by August Pirs, 423 E. 57th St., N. Y. City. Kindly send author's receipt for same. "The Proposal" and "Professor Small's Lucky Jag" we are holding for consideration.
DAVID MILES, Inc.,
Los Angeles, Cal. per David Miles, President.

Motion Picture Magazine:
Our Company has contracted with the United Program to release two one-reel subjects a week thru Warner's Features, and we would like to have you, thru your Clearing House, submit us a number of one-reel subjects suitable for featuring Miss Ethel Grandin. We would prefer comedy-dramas.
SMALLWOOD FILM CORPORATION.

Gentlemen:
I cannot speak too highly of the many valuable suggestions and assistance you have offered me in this new line of endeavor. The methods you pursue in reading and listing plays show your expertness in this line, and you certainly deserve a great deal of credit toward uplifting the photoplay and assisting young writers.
113 W. 96th St., N. Y. City. ROGER R. WILLIAMS.

Gentlemen:
We are enclosing herewith assignment for $35.00 for scenario entitled "Robert Obeys the Doctor." This you have submitted to us in two reels, but thru an arrangement with the author, we have accepted it in one reel.
THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.

And so on thru a long list of pleased patrons and studios, which we will announce as space permits.

THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.

We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus: It will be read by competent readers, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and, when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, $1.00 per reel), but to readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script; for multiple reels, 50c. per reel. For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U.S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

This Coupon is good for 50 cents. When accompanied with 50 cents more it will entitle holder to list one single-reel scenario with the Photoplay Clearing House.

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Boost Your Favorites
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HERE is the opportunity you have been looking for, a chance to vote for all of your favorite players.

Judging from the first returns, the **Great Cast Contest** will undoubtedly prove to be the most popular contest ever conducted by any publication.

During the last four weeks, the **Great Cast Contest** editor and his assistants have been deluged with an avalanche of votes that have swept into the offices of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE from all parts of the country.

By special arrangement, new and renewal subscribers are entitled to vote in this contest. A half-year subscription at 75 cents is good for 100 votes each for the cast of twelve players; an eight months' subscription at $1.00, 200 votes; and a year's subscription at $1.50, 300 votes. Subscribers desiring to vote will also be entitled to the half life-size portraits as announced on another page.

In voting use the Great Cast Contest coupon appearing on page 180 of this magazine.

Boost your favorites. Send in your subscription and votes NOW.

SPECIAL: Those wishing to send in more than one subscription should write for special subscription rates and voting schedule.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Rec-Rep

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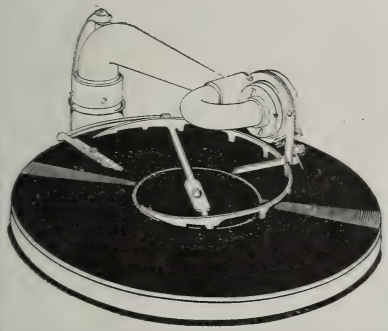

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Send today for the Rec-Rep (Record-Repeater). Know the joy of dancing without having to stop and start the record over again. Surprise your friends by providing for their pleasure an orchestra that plays as long as they command. Send $2.00 today—check, money order, stamps or registered letter—and the Rec-Rep will be sent you prepaid. If you are not more than delighted with it send it back at our expense. Your money will be promptly refunded. Send today so that you will be ready next time your friends drop in.

Rec-Rep, Room 1101, 456 Fourth Ave., New York City

THE HIT OF THE PHOTOPLAY SEASON

"HERE LIES" Is a Little Book That Is Causing More Talk Than All the Scenario Textbooks. The Brightest, the Most Timely, and the Most Valuable Contribution to Bewildered and Discouraged Writers.

L. Case Russell, the well-known photoplaywright, is its author, and new and interesting chapters are contributed by Eugene V. Brewster, Editor of the Motion Picture Magazine, and Edwin M. LaRoche, Editor of the Photoplay Clearing House. Replete with clever drawings, and it tells you **how not to write** in most entertaining fashion.

The most liberally quoted book of the year in trade publications, newspapers, book reviews and magazines.

The greatest obstacle in the way of a photoplay writer is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. It has been discovered that at least 80 per cent of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. That is why they don't sell! For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified, and buried in a most emphatic manner. "Here Lies" is written in a most novel and refreshing manner, and the lessons it teaches will never be forgotten.

Read what prominent studio editors, directors, and dramatic critics think of this little book:

I want to acknowledge receipt of your splendid little book, "Here Lies." So far I have only had time to glance at it, but I can readily see that it is going to be of great assistance to me.
LOUIS GLASER,
Motion Picture Editor, Washington Herald.

I want to compliment you on the booklet, "Here Lies." It is too bad nobody ever thought of getting it out a little sooner. It might have saved the editors lots of needless work as well as heartaches for the aspirants who think it is as easy to write scenarios as it is to see a nickel show.
Your book is so full of wit and humor that I took it home with me and gave it a place of honor on the same shelf in my library with the works of O. Henry and George Ade.
EMILY BROWN HEININGER,
Essanay Editorial Staff.

Some time ago I wrote L. Case Russell my "hearty congratulations" on the clever little book entitled "Here Lies." I sincerely feel that she has performed a great mission. My first thought after reading it was how can this be put into a wide circulation.
It has been my misfortune to be compelled to read hundreds of impossible photoplays and to give a truthful opinion to amateur authors. I shall gladly contribute from my weekly salary for the free circulation of "Here Lies."
It strikes so truthfully at the many pitfalls to all beginners in photoplay writing.
I feel confident that every producer shall feel it his duty to supply readers with copies of "Here Lies" for distribution among amateur writers.
BERNADINE RISSE LEIST,
Kinemacolor Company of America.

Your little Don'ts in "Here Lies" articles should be a great assistance to scenario writers in general and amateurs and beginners in particular. If your little book serves the purpose for which it is intended it will be of great assistance to the editor.
With kindest regards and best wishes, I remain,
F. A. WALL,
Scenario Editor, American Film Co.

I do not see why it should not be of great help to photoplay writers, and I am sure it will be to photoplay editors, in that it will teach outsiders to keep clear of the hackneyed themes which stare at us from every mail.
Best of all, and contrary to its more ponderous brothers, it gets to the point quickly and tells what to use and what not to, without confusing its readers.
Thanking you for my copy, and with best wishes,
CRAIG HUTCHINSON,
Keystone Editor.

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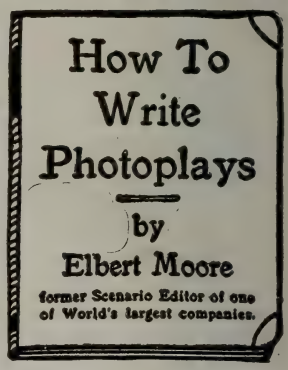

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The winner of a recent $1000 prize contest was practically a ***beginner.*** Not necessarily any more talented than ***you.*** You have doubtless been to moving picture shows and seen photoplays which you yourself could ***easily improve on.*** With 30,000 theatres changing program daily, and with the supply of photoplays from Europe cut off, the demand for ***new ideas*** has become ***tremendous.*** The American producers are making every effort to interest ***new writers*** in this work by offering prizes. Read these paragraphs clipped from a recent number of the Saturday Evening Post:

> The Balboa Amusement Producing Company, of Los Angeles, began by offering a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best picture story sent them. The Italian Society Cines, of Rome, offers five thousand dollars for the best moving-picture play submitted to it. The second-best writer is to receive one thousand dollars; the third-best, five hundred dollars; the fourth-best, two hundred dollars; and there are five consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each.
>
> Through the New York Evening Sun, the Vitagraph Company of America is conducting at this writing a prize photoplay contest. The first prize is one thousand dollars; the second, two hundred and fifty dollars; and there are consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each. These prize contests have greatly encouraged and stimulated the amateur photoplay writers throughout the country.

I Guarantee $10 for Your First Photoplay

So great is the demand that I am able to ***guarantee*** you at least $10 for the first photoplay you write by my method. This means ***you.*** I believe that every person with sufficient imagination and intelligence to be interested in this advertisement should possess material for ***at least one*** successful photoplay. And in order to make it worth your while to write to me I make you this remarkable guarantee. Many persons should be able to write as much as one successful photoplay ***each week.*** Such a record is by no means uncommon, and those who are doing this can earn from ***$100 to $300 a month*** simply for spare time work done in their own home. Writing photoplays enables those who lack the experience necessary for writing novels and stage plays to express the ***strong and original ideas*** which many of them possess.

Save $5 By Acting Now

I show you how to turn your ideas into correct photoplay form by a simple, easy method which is endorsed by the Balboa Amusement Company, mentioned above, and by many others. As former Scenario Editor of one of the largest companies, I speak ***with authority.*** Use the coupon to obtain the free booklet and ***full particulars.*** If you act at once you will obtain the benefit of a $5 reduction which I am now allowing for advertising purposes, to those who will start taking my lessons ***within 20 days.*** This cuts the cost to ***very low figures.*** Do not throw away $5 by delaying, ***when it costs nothing to investigate.***

Use free coupon at once, ***before you turn the page.***

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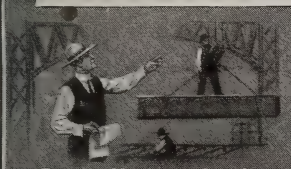

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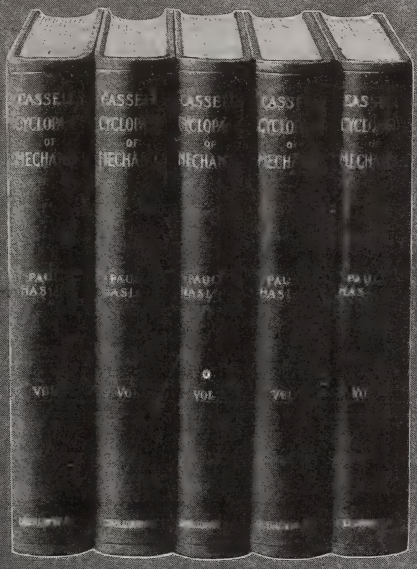

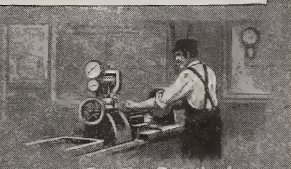

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I, the undersigned, desire to cast ten votes each for the following players for the parts indicated:

1. Leading Man _____
2. Leading Woman _____
3. Old Gentleman _____
4. Old Lady _____
5. Character Man _____
6. Character Woman _____
7. Comedian (Male) _____
8. Comedian (Female) _____
9. Handsome Young Man _____
10. Beautiful Young Woman _____
11. Villain _____
12. Child _____

Name of Voter _____

Address of Voter _____

How to Be Well and Strong Without Diet, Drugs or Appliances

We have known for years what it is that has control of every function of the body but undue consideration of individual weaknesses and diseases has so blinded us that we have totally neglected that which is greater than all else—that upon which the health of every organ and consequently our health depends.

By Homer Davies

HAVE you ever stopped to consider just what it is that keeps that most wonderfully delicate and intricate piece of mechanism—your body—working in harmony? If you have not, you should become acquainted without delay with the fact that it is your nerves.

Your nerves regulate and govern absolutely every process that goes on within you. Sever the nerves leading to the eye and not only would you be unable to move the eye but your sight would be gone forever. Your nerves regulate the beating of your heart, one set making it beat and another keeping it from racing too fast. You breathe unconsciously, your digestion proceeds without your having to think of it at all. The glands create and distribute their secretions, all at the bidding of your nerves.

It has been definitely established that more than 99% of all humanity, past their majority, are deficient from a standpoint of nerve strength and therefore, are deficient in nervous energy.

Nearly all functional weaknesses and disorders can be directly traced to weak nerves and depleted vitality.

You have never seen a man of achievements in athletics, in business or any profession who did not have a highly developed and powerful nervous system. Did he not possess this he could not be healthy, nor would he have the vitality to push his work through to success.

Macfadden, who is probably the foremost general physical culture authority in the world, says of Energy: "The longer and more thoroughly we study the structure and functions of the human body, the more clear and absolute becomes the conviction that the secret of human strength and energy lies in the nervous system."

Napoleon said "No man can win in the battle of life who has not Courage and

Persistency. These are impossible where Energy is lacking, hence Energy is the indispensable quality of great Success."

No greater truth than this was ever uttered. Were it possible to chronicle all the failures, not due to a lack of brains but to a lack of physical vitality, which is now recognized as an illness in itself, there would be a list so long as to appal the world.

Every great man of history—every highly successful man of the day—is possessed of more than an average amount of energy. Some have been gifted with this wonderful quality as were Lincoln, Napoleon, Rockefeller, Morgan and others; and some developed it as did Gladstone and Roosevelt.

Not one of these men, as they admit themselves, could ever have attained the position they occupy were it not for this factor.

Big muscles unless accompanied by powerful nerves are as useless as a trolley car without electricity. If your nerves are weak, your every organ will be weak in exact proportion. If you are troubled with indigestion, constipation, a weak heart, weak kidneys, a torpid liver or any of the functional ills that flesh is heir to, you should look immediately to your nerves. For unless your vital organs are receiving their due share of nervous energy, they cannot possibly do their work. Advanced thinkers in the medical world as well as those who do not use drugs have sought in vain for some direct method for the strengthening of the nerves.

Exercise, Osteopathy, Deep Breathing, Chiropractic, Hydrotherapy, Electricity and other methods without end have been advanced at one time or another, as offering an ideal means for the building of vitality or rather nervous energy which is what vitality really means.

Many of these have much to commend them, but not one can benefit the nerves except in a most roundabout and uncertain way.

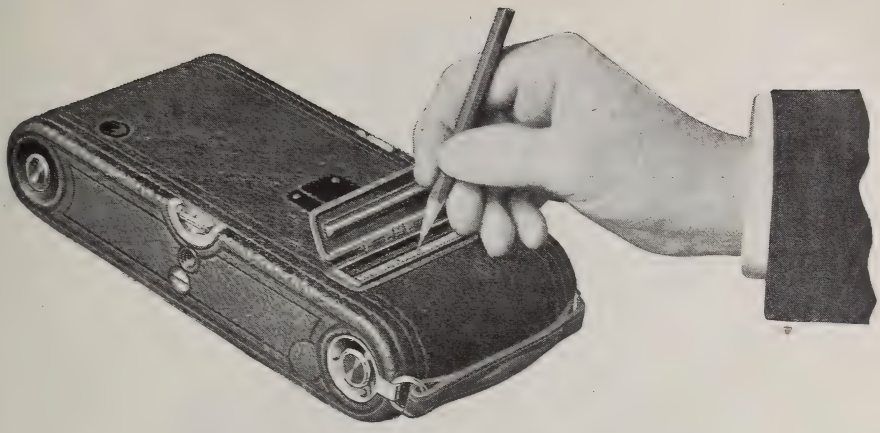
It has remained for Robert Duncan to discover a method for direct nerve stimulation. By his methods he can build and create a degree of energy that you can actually feel course through your body within a few minutes, unless you are horribly run down, and even then it can be developed within a very short time.

By this method he is enabling people to absolutely overcome functional weaknesses and disorders without resorting to tortuous exercise, drugs, repulsive diets and in addition build for themselves a degree of energy that will be the determining factor in their success in life.

He tells all about this discovery in his book "Building Energy." He has agreed to send a copy to any reader of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE who will write Robert Duncan, Suite 910, Metropolitan Bldg., N. Y. City, enclosing 25c. for the book in stamps or coin.

Every man and woman in America should read this work and every man, woman and child should follow its precepts.

This country is coming to be known as a country of neurasthenics. You should not be one of those who is a slave to his nerves. Develop them so that you may enjoy the health and the worldly success that is your birthright.



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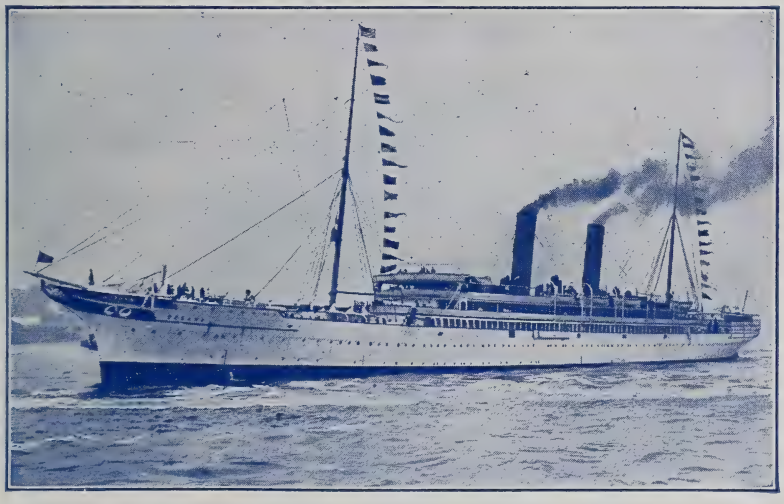

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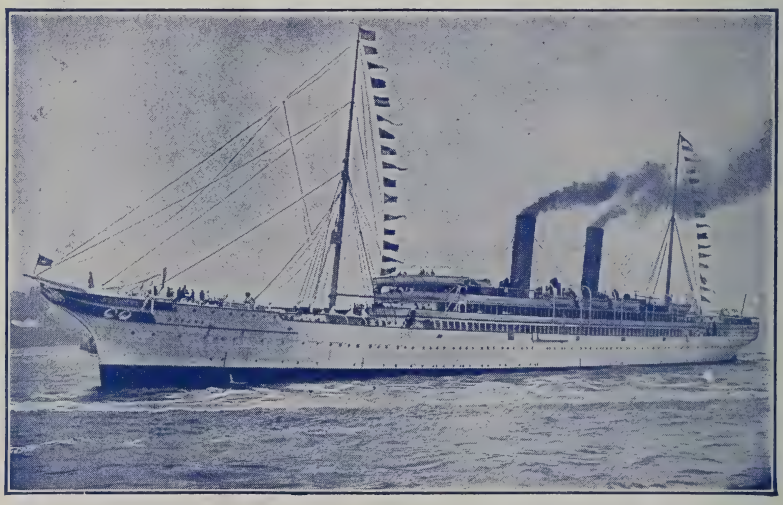

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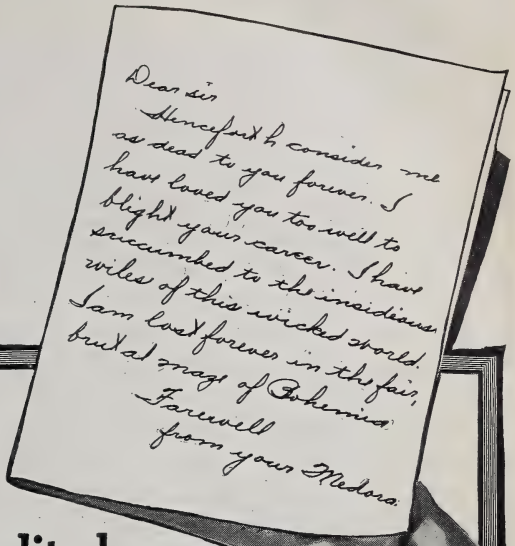
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have loved you too well to
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wiles of this wicked world.
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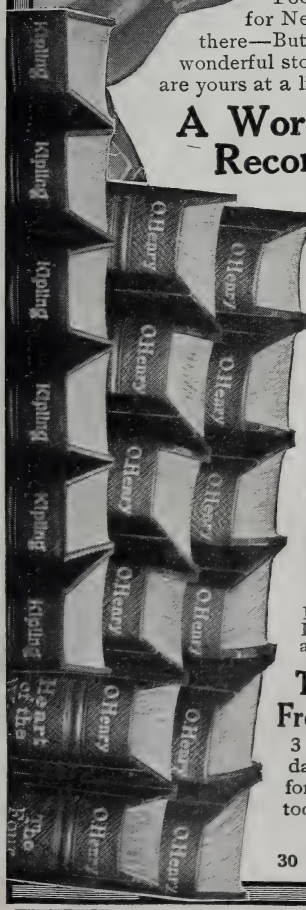

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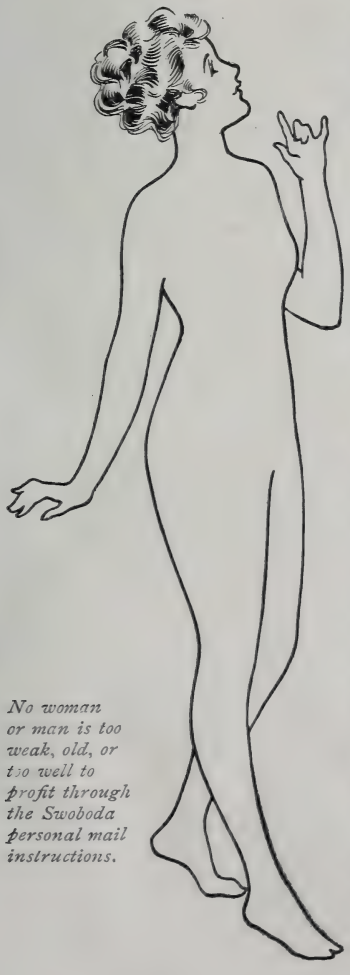

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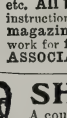

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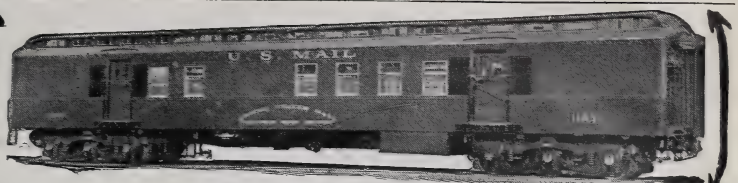

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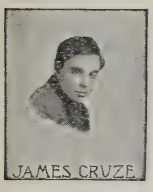
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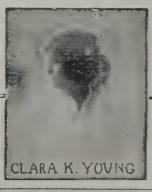
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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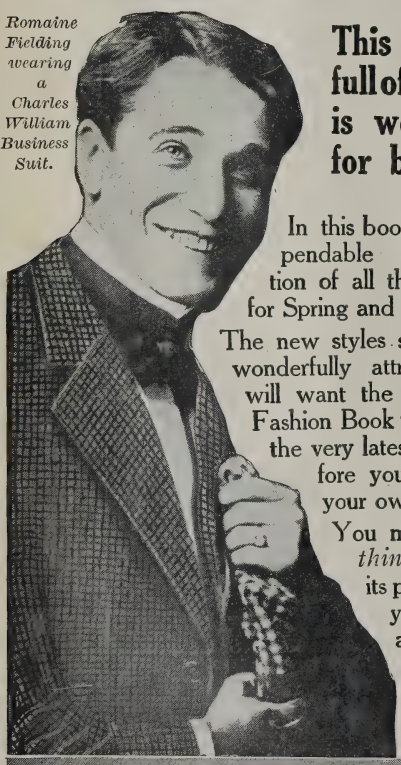

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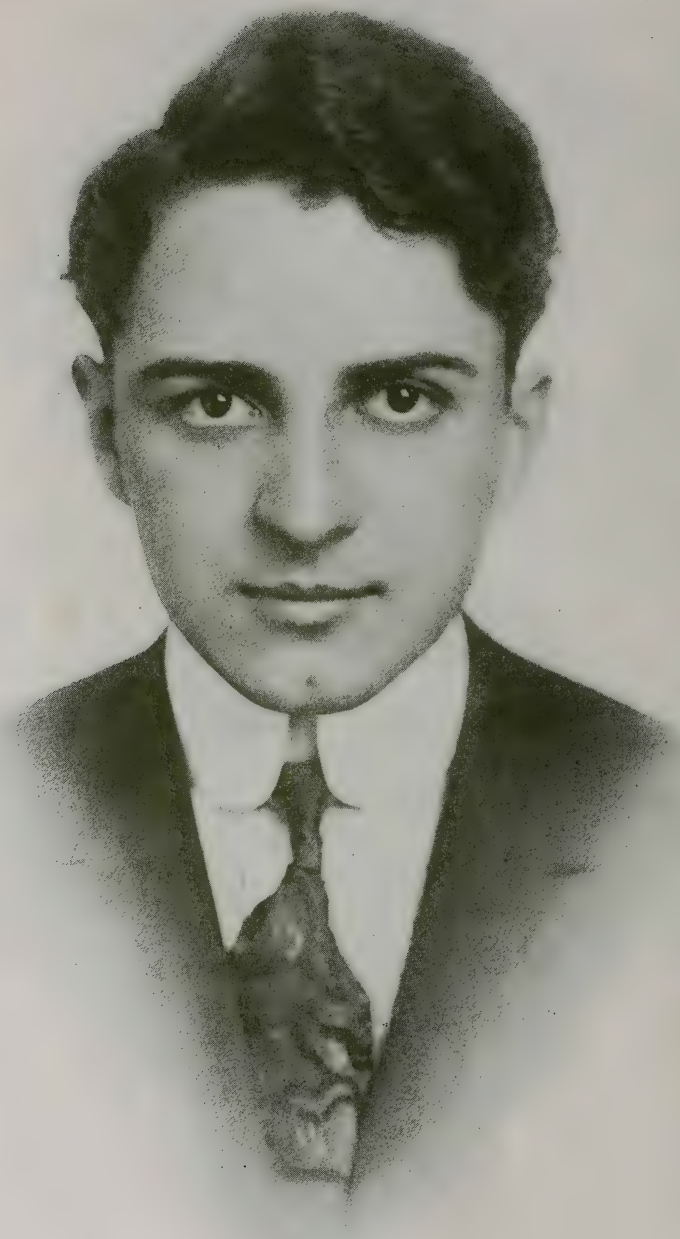

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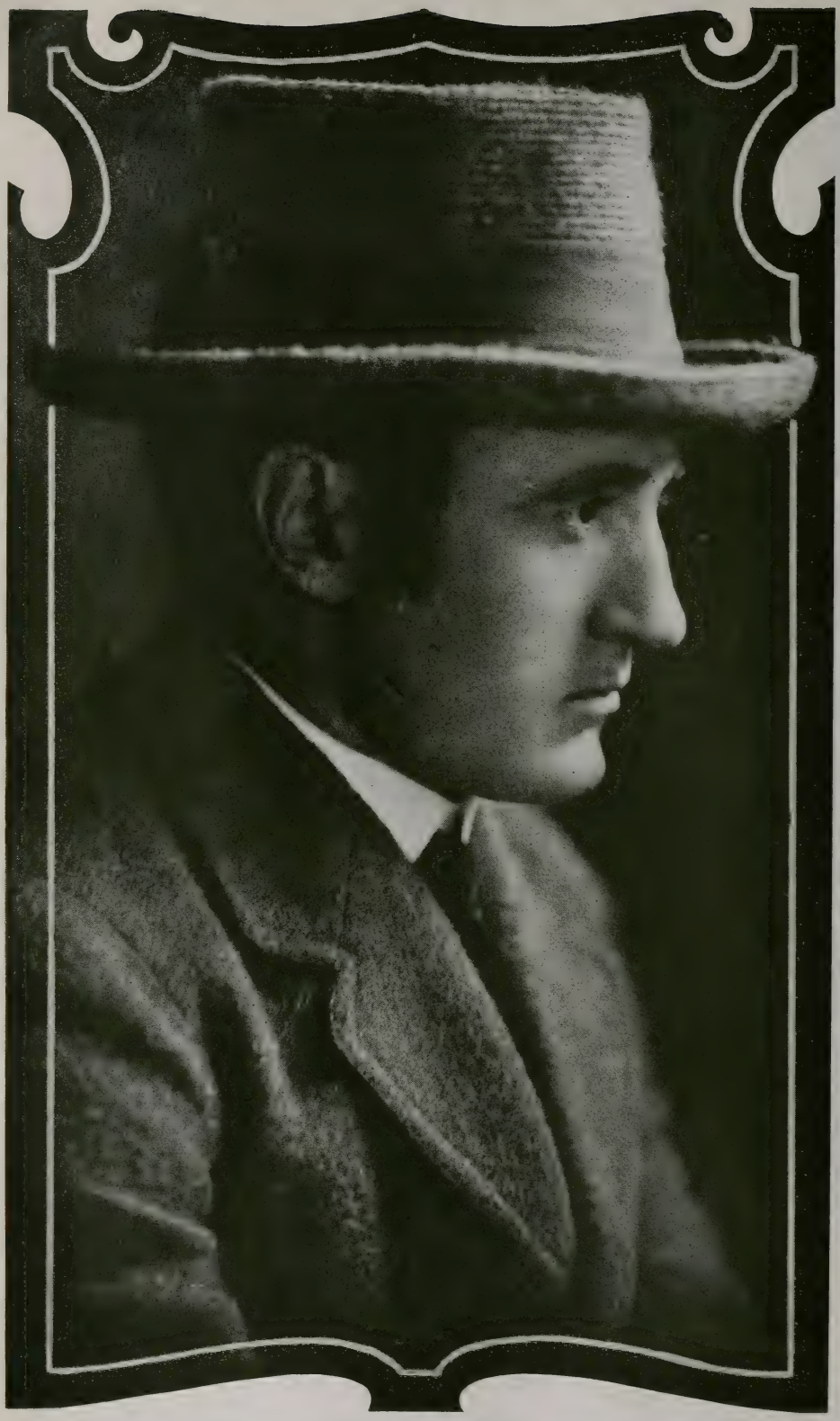

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Vol. IX No. 2
MARCH, 1915

The Regenerating Love

(Lubin)

By JANET REID

This story was written from the Photoplay of GEORGE W. TERWILLIGER

Is there anything more dreary than looking back over one's life and finding the retrospect dull with waste places and sodden with regrets? Is there anything more hopeless than facing the realization that it is too late to undo the things which have been done and to do the things which have been left undone? Do not the tears which we have caused seem mighty torrents rushing to our destruction, and the smiles wan, pallid sun-glints at the best? So it was with Henry Davison when, deserted by his son, broken in health and passing the recurrent milestones of age, he paused a moment to taste the bitter gall of recollection.

He had been the possessor, in his early manhood, of a wife, fair and true as steel; a little, sturdy son and a winsome, dainty daughter; also—an ungovernable temper. He had held their confidence in his strong hands, their faith, their pitiful trustfulness; and in return he had meted out the vials of his wrath, unleashed his temper and let it loose among them. It had done its work well, and, in the end, they had separated. He had taken the boy; she had kept the girl. The boy grew into manhood under the doubtful discipline of an unself-disciplined man, and longing in his lonesome little heart for the sweet sympathy and womanly tenderness his mother's pictured face promised him. The girl grew up in a disrupted home, questioning, curious, misunderstanding and longing for the "Daddy" who had become so in name only. Thus do we bear our duties to an integral cosmos. Thus does the chain of humanity show faulty links, strain, weaken and fall apart. Thus does the individual, ever the glutter of self, mar the perfect whole. And thus, daily, is Christ crucified again.

Bob Davison bore his father's tyranny as long as it was endurable to his inflammable young pride and spirit of American revolt; then he unceremoniously departed, leaving no itinerary. He was too young to pause a moment and probe the crusty surface, reading beneath the pride and love that Davison bore him, despite external evidence. He departed, wholesomely indignant, after having played Sherlock Holmes in his mother's direction, and, to his father's sardonic amusement, in vain. And once he was gone, Henry Davison felt his past years crowding in about him, crushing him, oppressing him, questioning him, mocking him. And well they might. For the hands that had held the most perfect jewels from the judicial fingers of Life, held now—wormwood and Dead Sea fruit. The

lion had raged in his breast, turning from him the woman who had loved him enough to give herself into his keeping, stamp his image in living flesh and humiliate her tender pride under his abuse; the tiny daughter who had learnt even in her babyhood to flee his footstep, and now his son—the man. The beast who had done these things was dead. And in his place a shame grew up—a shame poignant, sad with memory and tear-bathed with regret. There was no room for pride. He had not hesitated to bruise the pride of others—the sensitive, flower-like pride of women, babies and youth. Why should he now consider that sorry thing—his own? He saw no reason, and he saw a very great reason for gratifying the sudden longing that obsessed him for the sight of his wife and the touch of his little girl. He then departed from his Western home as unceremoniously as his son had done, and traveled East, knowing more surely each mile of the way that his home-coming would be brief; in truth, that, for him, the lights were very low.

When a woman has once loved, there lingers ever in her soul the faintly sweet aroma of that dear romance. Even tho she has bathed it with her tears, shrouded it and laid it away in lavender, she catches, now and then, the ephemeral perfume of it in her nostrils. The object of the romance may have become hateful to her, but the romance he has inspired, the love that once burned, the ashes of roses that must remain from every love that has flamed and died, these exhale a perfume as potent as it is everlasting.

When Henry Davison returned home after sixteen years, he took to his wife the humility of spirit, the brokenness of body and the reverence of mind that were as infallible as fitted keys to locks.

"It's not much of a compliment, Elizabeth," he said sadly, "to come back to you—to die; but it's all there is left, if you will have mercy upon it."

"It's a very great deal, Henry, and it is going to be more, for we are going to make you live—Ethel and I. We want you—we need you—we've needed you—a long, long while." Thus the woman who had loved him. *Mary, pity women!*

But they could not keep him. For the short time they had him they made him supremely happy, surrounding him with tenderness, forgiving him with the divine compassion of the mothers of men and sorrowing over him when he died as if he had been, in truth, the protective husband and the tender father. And his last request was for them to find Bob, that he might be made heir to his father's large estate.

Belle La Vie, footlightly—Isabella Smith, privately—was making up in her box of a dressing-room. On the trunk, watching her abstractedly, sat the partner of her act, Tony Hayden. He had been talking, eagerly and excitedly, and now, in the damp of anxiety and the chill of her decidedly cool reception of his news, he awaited the verdict of her coöperation or opposition.

"I dont see it, kid," she remarked finally, using the rabbit's foot one more unnecessary time; "honest—*I dont see it.*"

Hayden sneered at her. "S'matter—gettin' sweet on th' nifty boy?" he queried offensively.

"Cut it, Tony!" Belle turned her reddish eyebrows into alarmingly arched, ebon half-moons. "You know pretty well that Bob Davison's not my class when gettin' sweet's concerned—and he aint yours, neither; an' what's more, he's not done nothin' to either of us, unless buyin' us a drink when he's been flush is a shine thing. If *it is*, why, then, you'll excuse me—I'm dead wrong."

Tony scowled at her. She was not wont to moralize—when cash was in the wind. Something was wrong—either her digestion or her heart. He had found that both ailments are productive of the same results. And both are curable. He turned saccharine. "Looky here, kid," he

drawled stickily, "we may not be class in our present raw state, but neither of us sprung from the mud, y'know, if we have sorter got into it thru rotten luck and unappreciated talent. Now this thing's easy. Davison's way is clear. He'll make money sooner or later—easy. He's got the way with him, and he's only down on his luck temporary. He'll be out of the show business in a month, and where'll we be? Still here—same old round, same old disappointments, day in and day out, week in and week out, month in an'——"

"Oh, cut it, Tony, cut it, for the love of Gawd! You'd force an angel to break a commandment with your nagging. What's the dope?"

Hayden leaned forward eagerly. He picked up the roseate rabbit's foot and described circles as he talked. "This is it," he began. "I piped off the ad in the paper for a Robert Davison, y'know. I got it at once from different things the kid had let drop about his old man, and the mother he'd never seen, and all that. Last night, with half a still on, he got his tongue wagging, and he told me the whole blamed business. Now, his folks dont know him from a hole in the ground. His governor's dead, and I can get his identification papers easy—go home to mother—come into little Bobby's inheritance and come back and marry you. No one will ever know—the thing's too easy."

"They'd hardly think"—sarcastically—"that Mr. Davison would bring up his son with your line of talk and society manners.

"Dont you bat an eyelash over that," crowed Tony. "I'm not so poor an actor, and if I do make a slip now an' then they'll take it that a man, even a swell, cant put on the finishing touches a woman can. Then, too, old man Davison was a sulky brute, and he an' the kid didn't hit it off very well. The kid bolted, and I can say I was forced to mix with roughnecks for a time. Oh, the thing's easy, I tell you—e-asy!"

BOB DAVISON FALLS IN WITH LA VIE & HAYDEN, A TEAM OF DANCE-HALL PERFORMERS

"IT'S NOT MUCH OF A COMPLIMENT—TO COME BACK TO YOU—TO DIE"

"What's my bit in this sketch, Mr. Hayden?" Isabella pursed her coral-pink lips and unpursed them an unbelievable carmine.

"Why, *you* are to keep him soused tonight while I pinch the papers and make my getaway—that's all!"

"Oh! that's all? I—see."

"Aren't you game, Belle? It means—oh, Gawd, girl! it means all the difference between this hell here—and the heaven there; it means——"

"Dont waste any more breath, Tony—I'll do it. But take a Brodie to what I say: we'll live to curse the day as sure as my name is Isabella Smith."

That night Anthony Hayden, lately of La Vie & Hayden, was en route for the East with the identification papers of Robert Davison in his pocket and a self-assured smile on his face. And Belle was sitting in a tawdry café with the real Bob Davison, trying not to mind the ingenuousness of his boyish, befuddled smile, trying not to mourn over the yet unmarred confidence of his yet untainted youth, and trying not to believe the admiration shining from his too b r i g h t, yet strangely honest, gray eyes. She felt that she was doing a very sorry thing. She felt that she was injuring something curiously r a r e and precious. She had an acute sense of a harm that went down into the vitals of life and left an ugly sore.

Tony Hayden t o o k his papers and other means of establishing himself to the family lawyer, who found them fully authentic and, after a few terse questions, sent him on his way, rejoicing. Mrs. Davison and Ethel

TONY HAYDEN STARTS EAST TO PLAY THE PART OF BOB DAVISON

took him to their hearts with a fullness of welcome, a yearning and a rapturous gladness that amazed while it somehow touched him. It was not like he had expected. He did not know wherein the difference lay, except that he was not accustomed to the heart's love of a mother and sister. As the false-lived days sped by, Tony felt more and more acutely the miserable rôle he was enacting. When Mrs. Davison would recount fondly some baby trick of the toddling Bob, some little boy misdemeanor, and then, holding him to her, murmur fondly, "My son, my big, strong son," Hayden knew the shame that purges away past error and, by its own desire and fierce resolve, makes a soul new again. When Ethel would hang on his words, correct some trifling lapse with a gentle, sisterly tact or read to him in the evening, with the shaded lights touching her silken hair to bronze, he would be pierced to the core with the ineffable sweetness of it all—the warmth, the purity, the hungry longing of his own great lack. And, at last, the realization came that he loved Ethel with a love that was far removed from the love of a brother for a sister—far removed from everything but the hunger for a mate. Her kisses became a torture that racked his depths and built up in him a self-control before utterly foreign to his nature. She inspired in him a veneration that did more toward wiping out the tinsel ideals, and crooked ambitions, and low standards than years of education and teaching could ever do. She woke in the untrained, unloved, vagrant soul a steadfastness of purpose, a love of youth, a craving for the best, that only a woman can wake in the breast of a man who loves her. She had taught him the sanctity of a home, the sweetness of family ties, the love of the culture of life, the love of a woman that is builded on respect and founded on faith. And, in his shame and the throes of his love, he left, leaving a note to Ethel disclosing the whole unhappy tale, and telling, humbly, reverently, sans vestige of a hope, of his true love for her.

The Tony Hayden that stepped off the train in the little Western town was not the Tony who had stepped on. The outer man was practically the same to the unobservant eye, but a new heart beat in his breast, a new mind thought and planned, and a new soul winged on to visions of high endeavor, the like of which he had never known before.

He went straight to Belle, and found Bob with her. The young gentleman looked decidedly uncomfortable as he shook hands with Tony and made a hasty exit, muttering that he would return anon.

Tony deposited his suitcase and sat on a chair with an air of propriety distinctly foreign to his usual slipshod habits. Belle looked at him uneasily. "W-were you successful, Tony?" she managed at last, with a flare of interest that seemed feeble indeed. Tony looked at her gravely and a little sadly. "No, Belle," he said, at length, "not as you mean it."

Belle essayed a laugh that rang tinnily on the ear. "D-did you slip up on the rôle of—of gentleman?" she asked.

"No—not that. No, I did very well at that—very well, thanks."

"You're awful — awfully — polite now, Tony."

"S-so are you, Belle; I—I've noticed it."

"I noticed it in you, too, Tony."

"We've both changed, I think; dont you?"

"Y-es—how do you mean changed, Tony?"

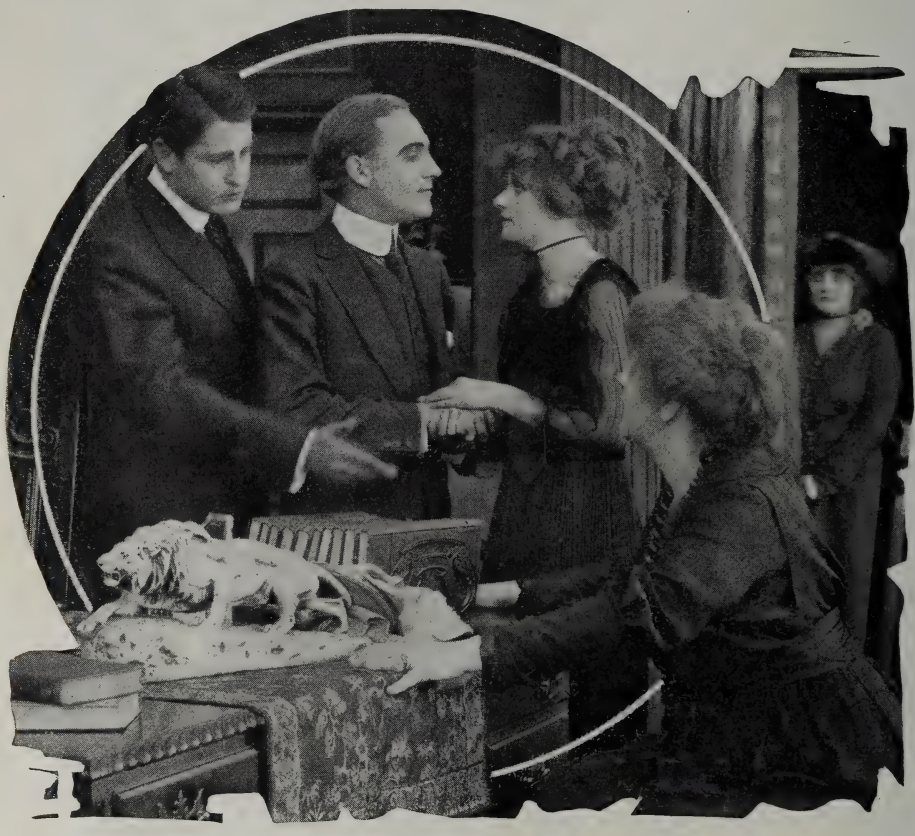
"Oh! I dont mean what you mean, Belle. We—we both care—of course —just as usual—only—only—I didn't get the money, Belle—I *couldn't.*"

Things shone in Isabella Smith's eyes that were curiously akin to tears, but she promptly suppressed them. She would get a call down from Tony for anything like that. Then she noticed that Tony had seen and was looking studiously in the other direction with a rare tact and thoughtfulness. Belle was puzzled. She had not credited Tony with this side. She began to wonder and the little board

ing-house room was strangely quiet. Suddenly a foot bounded up the stairs, and an eager voice came from the hall: "Did you tell him, wifey—did he guess?"

There was nothing to be done after that. Tony had jumped to his feet as if shot into action. Bob had paused on the threshold aghast, and Belle had looked from one to the other in fear and trembling. Then Bob told, with a simple straightforwardness, how he and Belle had learnt of their mutual love, how lonely they were, how desperately they needed each other. He begged Tony to forgive him for doing this thing, but that Belle had not been sure of his return and—well, he had loved her so! And Belle told her story best in the gentle tones of her voice, the new and softened dignity, the simple trustfulness of her attitude, the love-light in her eyes. Bob had found the angel in the woman and brought it to the surface.

For a full minute after her confession Tony stood silent, a curious, gulping sound in his throat. Abuse, denunciation, curses were no doubt ready to pour out from that volcanic organ, and the lovers bowed their heads to his wrath. None came. In low, troubled, almost refined tones he told again the story of his regeneration and love.



TONY HAYDEN RESTORES THE REAL BOB TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER

And as the day wore on the whole nasty plot was unfolded to Bob. In the full shriving of his soul Tony laid bare the innermost working of heart. And on this day of miracles wrought by love he did one other manly thing.

He lied gloriously when he said that Belle was absolutely innocent of the whole affair. For this she took his hands, afterward, and sobbed out her young wife's gratitude.

After this, things happened quickly, with Tony directing them. It was strange, but at first Bob and his bride hung back resolutely from going East and claiming his inheritance.

"That's the least part of it, man!" cried Tony. "You have the dearest, sweetest mother in the world waiting for you—and a sister, too. I had almost forgotten—a sister."

And so it was agreed upon, and the trip East begun. Little by little the lacy shreds of memories of long ago came back to Bob—the sunshiny nursery, the sweet presence hovering over him and the warm kiss after the evening prayer. As for the little ex-dancer at his side, no such warm thoughts comforted her. What would they think of *her*, the cruel tribunal of mother and sister?

At last the ordeal came. As they entered the presence of the two trembling, expectant women, Tony led Bob forward. And then, in a trice, the long-hindered mother-love leaped the barrier of strangeness, and the man in her arms was become the awkward toddler again.

And after the first full minutes of this happy reunion, Ethel turned to Tony and gave him her hands. And their warm, moist pressure silently told him her simple avowal.

SHE WHO HAD GAZED AND FLED, WEEPING AND ASHAMED

"Great Scott! mother dear," cried Bob, in sudden confusion, "where is my wife?—she must *know* you."

In a dim back parlor they found her—she who had gazed into this dazzling paradise and was blinded, and had fled, weeping and ashamed.

Belle found herself being drawn into a woman's arms. Such wonderful bonds the world's little castaway had never known. And she sighed with content, seeking their deeper embrace.

The Fairies of the Screen

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

In olden days the fairies
We read about in books
Came forth for deeds of kindness,
At night, from hidden nooks.
They loved to flit and run and prance,
They entertained with song and dance,
Until some unkind, untoward chance
Destroyed their magic crooks.

So now they flit more plainly
Than in those days, I ween,
For thousands journey daily
To where they may be seen.
They entertain with action rare
And skilfully real dangers dare,
The best and fairest of the fair,
THE FAIRIES OF THE SCREEN.

This story was written from the Photoplay of JOSEPH COLLOMB

So you're a reporter from the *Star,* are you? Well, I like your honesty, anyhow. The last fellow said he was an old-clothes man, and the one before him threw an epileptic fit and got himself admitted to the accident ward before we found him out. Lord! I've had reporters served up with my eggs for breakfast and my soup for dinner for the last week. Say, I've got so I look under the bed like a timid old maid every night before I turn the light out. But you're the first fellow that had the nerve to admit he was one.

Tell you all about the operation on Mayme Carter and the affair in Rickers Road? You dont want much, do you? A doctor isn't supposed to babble about his patients' affairs any more than a priest, you know; tho when you come right down to it, I guess this is my affair as much as any one's—except Lena's, of course. Who is Lena? You're not a regular reporter, you say, and a scoop like this would put you on salary—and there's a girl? Oh, well, I dont know but I may as well tell you the whole story. It's sure to get out, anyhow, garbled so its own mother wouldn't know it; and, after all, there's really no reason, professional or personal either, why I shouldn't tell you, except that a man hates to seem to boast of his love-affairs.

To begin shipshape, my name is Carl Renard, house doctor in the Emergency for four years. I've seen a heap of queer things since I came here, I can tell you. Why, they'd make the fortune of any newspaper chap, only the public wouldn't believe 'em any more than the sea-serpent yarns. There was the young fellow that died of senility at twenty-four—old as a man of eighty he was inside, and the girl with the two hearts, and the new baby we pumped life into with a pulmotor, and—but you wanted to hear about Mayme Carter, didn't you?

It was two weeks ago yesterday, about eight o'clock in the evening as near as I can judge. I'd been on my rounds, I remember, when the telephone went off with a zip that sounded like a murder at the very least.

"Hello! Doctor Renard? Oh, I'm so glad I caught you before you went out," came the house central's voice excitedly. "We've just had an ambulance call from Wellington Street, No. 9. It's a hurry-up case; coroner, too, I guess."

"Where's Stetson?" I asked her, feeling pretty sore. Stetson is the night ambulance man, and I'd made my own plans for the evening. I may as well confess right here, to save my blushes, that I was engaged to Lena Peyton, head surgical nurse and one of the finest in the world. Eh? What's that? Oh, yes, I still am engaged to her, but it isn't Spider

Carter's fault, nor Mayme's, either. Look here, tho, do me a favor and keep her name out of it, will you? You can call her "prettiest nurse whose slender fingers smooth the pain from the sufferers' brows at the Emergency," or a "Hebe in uniform," or any of the rest of your newspaper sob-slush, if you want to, and *then* you'll be understating the truth.

"Doctor Stetson has gone to Brooklyn on special duty," called back the central, getting more and more excited. She wasn't the regular girl, and it takes a stoic to sit at a hospital exchange.

"Oh, all right, I'll go," I snapped into the receiver, grabbing for my case as I spoke. A doctor very far away from his little black bag is as helpless as a swimmer with his hands tied. "Tell Miss Curtis to have a bed ready and a couple of girls for the operating-room. Man or woman, did they say?"

"I d-d-dont know, d-doctor," chattered the girl, and I rang off and went to find Lena. She was dressed up in her best finery, waiting for me in the reception-room, and I hated to tell her I couldn't come. When a nurse looks as pretty as Lena does in her cap and apron and stiff collar, it's a cinch she's a real winner in regular clothes. But Lena is a little sport. I didn't say a word before she began to take off her hat, calm as you please.

"Never mind explaining, Carl," she said. "I'll get into my regalia and take Miss Curtis's place when you come back. She's half-crazy with a blind headache, and the appendix in Ward Four is getting a temperature. Hurry along—of course it's all right—only I wish people wouldn't *always* pick out our evening off to break a leg in!"

I climbed into the back of the ambulance, and off we went, clang! clang! over the pavement. We doctors get used to almost everything, but I haven't quite got over the thrill of a night ambulance ride, old-timer as I am—the jarring noise we make thru the darkness; the way people and autos scuttle away from us; the uncertainty waiting at the other end. Well, it's a queer feeling, and I suppose you'd think me a heathen if I said I *liked* it. We found the place without much trouble—a saloon it was, with a crowd of people ten deep around the door.

"Gee! here's th' sawbones," one of 'em yelled when the ambulance drew up. "Say, doc, youse kin do nothin'. Red-eyed Johnnie shot Mayme an' beat it. 'Twan't his fault. She got inter his way w'en he was goin' t' blink Spider f'r holdin' out. But she's got hers."

My informant screwed a path for me thru the crowd with a pair of gimlet-like fists, and we managed to reach the interior of the place intact. A bunch of ill-looking men and women stood helplessly around a figure stretched out on a couple of chairs. A hag, in a red satin dress, was holding a smelling-bottle to the patient's nose and fanning her with a dingy handkerchief.

I saw at once that the girl, whoever or whatever she was, was a beauty in the wild ways of the slums and also plainly done for. Her lips were blue, and there was almost no pulsation. I made a hasty examination, regaled with picturesque accounts of the affair from bystanders, and found that the shot had gone clean thru the heart muscle, with internal bleeding, of course, and other technical details that wouldn't interest you. The wonder was she was still breathing. The ambulance man and I lifted her out as gently as we could, considering the eagerness of each of several hundred friends of the victim to get a glimpse of her on the way, and we laid her on the mattress, still gasping in short, hoarse fashion. As we started off toward the Emergency, a wail rose up and followed us. Give you my word, man, it was creepy, like a death-chant. You wouldn't believe the horror those ignorant slum-dwellers have for hospitals. They hate us doctors and nurses as tho we were enemies. Perhaps it's

"I NEVER SUPPOSED THE GIRL WOULD LIVE TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL"

because we wash 'em so much, when we get hold of 'em, but I dont know. I've seen mothers stand off a district nurse with a knife because she wanted to give their kids clean milk out of bottles instead of coffee from the spout of the pot. Funny!

I never supposed the girl would live to get to the hospital, but she did. The operating-room was all ready, and we laid her out on the table. It was while I was making another examination I had my inspiration. The patient was obviously dying as she was, and it could do no harm to try desperate means.

Lena watched me curiously as I got into my white uniform and drew on the rubber gloves, but she didn't say anything. A good nurse holds her tongue. I called for an eye-needle and the finest silk in the store-room, got one nurse to hold the ether-cone and went to work.

Leaving out technical stuff and text-booky details, *I sewed up that girl's heart!* Yes, sir, sewed it up as you'd sew a flesh scratch; and a neat job I made of it, if I do say so. I kept the organ beating by kneading it with my hand, and when I'd dressed the wound and given a hypodermic as a stimulant, the girl was breathing as evenly as you please. I tell you I felt pretty good. It was as if I'd been playing with death and won the game. I could see Lena's pride shining in her eyes—there's no rule about *eyes* in the hospital, anyhow—and I was glad we'd missed out on our theater trip, after all.

I kept a pretty close watch on that girl—Mayme Carter, we found her name was—for several days, not daring to hope there wouldn't be a collapse, but things went as smooth as silk, and first I knew she was watching me, whenever I went near her, with her great dark eyes and trying to talk. Of course I wouldn't let her do that, you know, but I talked to her a bit, and I soon discovered that the girl looked on me as a sort of god. She knew I'd saved her life, you see, and was awfully grateful about it, like a sick dog when you're kind to him. Lena noticed the way Mayme's eyes followed me around and jollied me a bit, but I didn't take it seriously till one day, when I was feeling her pulse, the girl grabbed my hand

and kist it. "Youse is white t' muh," she said, in the shadow of a voice. "Say, I *like* youse."

What could I do? The girl's life was hanging by a mere thread. If I'd struck a righteous attitude and told her I was engaged to the pretty nurse on the other side of the bed, it might have sent her into a fever, and that would have been the end of things sure. I felt like a fool, with Lena's mischievous eyes on me and the poor little slum kid kissing my hand over and over. But my professional duty was clear. I just patted her cheek and smiled.

"Go to sleep; there's a dear girl," I told her. "We'll talk about that later."

"If I'll go t' sleep will youse love muh?" said Mayme, instantly. There was no getting away from it.

"Yes, yes," I promised recklessly. When I got away from that ward my collar was limp as a rag. Lena persisted in laughing at me.

"That's all very well," I growled. "But I couldn't tell her about you. She'd have tried to pull your hair out, and it would have sent her temperature up ten degrees. She's by no means out of the woods yet, as you very well know."

"But, poor man!" mocked Lena, "poor man! You'll have to cover your fatal beauty with an operating mask, or you'll be promising your hand in marriage to every susceptible lady patient in the Emergency."

After that you may believe I hated to go near Mayme, but there wasn't another medico I'd trust with my star case, and the interns were out of the question. Dont think I'm a conceited ass when I tell you that that girl got more and more clinging and affectionate every time I came. She'd picked up wonderfully in those few days, and without the cheap rouge she wore when we brought her in, and her dark hair brushed out smooth on the pillow, she was a picture, and I guess she knew it. Women were vain before looking-glasses were invented. She was getting stronger, tho, right along, so I bore her love-making as well as I could, with one eye on the chart. When I thought her condition warranted it, I intended to tell her plainly and kindly that she hadn't a ghost of a show with me. But I never got so far as that.

I suppose she must have guessed the truth, tho there were plenty of nurses who might have told her. Lena was too pretty to be popular with her own sex. One woman can forgive another for murder or arson quicker than she can for having curly hair or dimples. Anyhow, one morning—it was a week ago, to be exact—I remember because I had an important operation billed for that afternoon—I saw, by the change in the manner of my star case, that she knew all about Lena and me. That operation, by the way, never came off at all. The patient kept his appendix and made a quick recovery. But to go back to Mayme, she didn't grab my hand as usual, nor make picturesque, East Side love. Indeed, she jerked her wrist away impatiently when I felt of her pulse and sulked like a small, naughty child. Still I never guessed——

Just as I was going to leave, she did speak, but it was only to ask whether she could have a friend come to see her early that afternoon. It was visiting day for convalescents, and she was doing so amazingly well that I said "yes," and thought no more about it.

The appendix was due to come out at five. It was about four-thirty, and I was just getting ready to go down to the operating-room when "ting-a-ling!" shrieked my telephone nervously.

"Oh, Doctor Renard!" wailed the substitute central's voice. "Something terrible has happened. We've lost Miss Peyton!"

"Lost—Miss—Peyton!" I ejaculated, idiotic with surprise. "What d' you mean—lost Miss Peyton? I saw her coming out of the linen room twenty minutes ago."

"Well, she's gone now. There isn't a sign of her in the hospital—they've looked everywhere!"

"I SAW BY HER MANNER THAT SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT LENA AND ME"

It was on my tongue to ask facetiously whether they'd searched the office-safe yet or the dumb-waiter shaft, but the real terror in the girl's voice sent a wave of dread over me. I forgot about the waiting appendix and everything else as I grabbed for my bag and hurried downstairs.

The nurses were jabbering and shrilling like a flock of blue-and-white-checked jays in the lower hall, forgetting rules and excitable patients. From their fragmentary talk I gathered that Lena had been last seen coming down the long hall from the linen room, which was on the first floor. She wore then her regular nurse's uniform and was carrying a roll of medicated cotton. Since then no one had seen her. The difficulties of the search were enormously increased by the crowds of visitors coming and going thru the halls. There seemed to be no starting-point for any reasonable theory, and I was fast growing frantic with worry when Miss Curtis touched me on the arm.

"I hate to bother you, doctor," she said, "but I know your interest in the case—Mayme Carter is feeling much worse. She is feverish and a little out of her head. Will you see her?"

"Yes, yes," I groaned. It seemed horrible to be thinking of temperatures and charts with Lena maybe in danger even then, but I knew she would never forgive me if I let my star operation fail on account of her. A few moments later, I was mighty glad I had gone.

Mayme was, as the nurse said, slightly delirious. She tossed and muttered, and stooping over her, several of the broken words reached my ear.

"Spider'll fix—pretty nurse—then he'll—love me——"

I tried to keep very cool, tho you may imagine it wasn't easy, knowing Lena was in the hands of an East Side gunman. But I realized that if I were going to help her I must keep my wits about me. I stooped over Mayme, put one hand on her tossing head and looked steadily into her vague eyes.

"Mayme," said I slowly and distinctly, "tell me where she is. Where have they taken the pretty nurse, Mayme?"

I had to repeat the question a dozen

times before she seemed to get the sense of it. Then, at first, she only laughed loudly and insanely and rolled her head more and more wildly on the pillows. Then, straining my ears, I heard other broken words:

"Bill's place — Rickers Road — never—find—her—there——"

I still take professional pride in remembering that I stopped long enough to give the nurse directions about Mayme. Then I went down the stairs four at a jump and into an automobile waiting by the curb in front of the hospital. It was not my automobile, but I didn't care about that. Things like property rights and larceny laws looked small to me at that minute. I just turned the wheel, jammed the starter and put on all the speed the car was capable of. I dont believe there was a speed law I didn't break in the four miles between the Emergency and Rickers Road.

I abandoned the machine at the corner of the road and crept along in the deepest, smelliest shadows, wondering where in the deuce Bill's place was. I hadn't gone a dozen paces along when something told me, and it wasn't a brass door-plate, either. There at my feet on the rutted road was a small, blue-tissued-covered roll of medicated cotton! I peered into the gloom and made out the faint lines of a ramshackle house—old, secret, wicked-looking enough for anything, with a crazy, worn-out fire-escape writhing around one end and the shutters closed in a nasty fashion that I didn't like a bit. But the thought of Lena would have sent me into a den of lions, and I'm not different from most men that way, either. Bravery generally means a woman, when it *doesn't* mean foolhardiness.

I groped my way into the desolate yard, turned the door-knob and found myself in the uninviting front hall of the place, then groped around for the stair-rail. There wasn't any rail, as it turned out, but I found the stairs themselves by the simple expedient of falling over them. And up I went, one story, two—I was about to start up the third set of stairs when something stopped me. What? No, no! It wasn't a woman's frenzied scream or a girl's prayer for mercy, tho I know it would sound better in print that way. Lena isn't the sort to scream around or do anything silly, and I didn't expect she would.

It was the smell of a villainous cigar. And it was so near that I almost betrayed myself by a disgusted sneeze. Around the bend of the stairs I could see, when I was looking for him, a crouching figure, apparently half-asleep. He must have been, or he would have heard me coming. An after-smell of bad whisky mingling with the smoke made me think this likely. Yet drunk or not, he would be a hard customer to settle without noise. Then, as I stood there in perplexity, I felt the handle of my blessed black bag between my fingers. The rest was easy. Chloroform on a handkerchief, a few cautious steps, and the way to the top of the house was mine. But as it happened, I didn't have to go farther, after all. Behind a door at the head of the stairs a man's voice broke out suddenly.

" 'Twon't do t' croak 'er. I'm fond o' Mayme 'n' all that, 'n' ready t' do her any little favor I kin, but croakin's gettin' too risky these days. But there's other ways. She wont be th' only gal wot gits lost in this city, b'lieve muh!"

My blood boiled. I would have liked nothing better than to have Spider Carter on my operating-table at that moment, with me in charge. But common sense warned me I couldn't help Lena by battering the door down and attempting to fight the entire gang, whose voices now rose in cheery converse. I turned and stole downstairs again, revolving various schemes. Of course I could go after the police, but that would take valuable time and leave Lena to the mercy of her captors' whims for longer than I dared risk.

The wooden fire-escape suggested a way. Fire-laws or no, I tell you, it was a miracle I got to the third story

"I EXPECTED A BULLET IN MY BACK FROM ONE OF MAYME'S RELATIVES"

alive. Clinging with one hand to the rotten side, I peeped into the dirty window, half-open at the top for what they evidently thought was ventilation. Lena was there, all right, and about a round dozen of the most murderous-looking chaps I ever set eyes on outside the Chamber of Horrors sitting around a table in the rear, drinking and discussing her fate without paying the least attention to her. It looked pretty hopeless for me to attempt a rescue single-handed, but I might have done so if I hadn't had a bright idea. I do get taken that way occasionally, tho not often. A case I had last summer in the hospital put it into my head. That woman had been burned when the wind blew her curtain into a lighted gas-jet.

There was an old electric fan beside the window. Evidently the room had been a lodge hall or something similar once. Ten to one the current was cut off, or if not the contraption was out of order. On the tenth chance I slid my hand into the crack of the window and pressed the switch that controlled the fan. If you'll believe me, the blessed thing gave a sort of gasp of surprise and began to turn!

The dingy curtain took the draught, as I'd hardly dared hope, and blew toward the tiny blue pin-point of flame. The crooks were talking so busily they didn't notice anything until a flare of fire startled them. The curtain blazed up like a good one. I guess they must have thought the entire place was on fire by the looks of things. With several different kinds of yell, but with one harmonious impulse, they made a dash for the door and out of it, carrying away part of the frame in their zeal.

Before they'd disappeared I was thru that window. What? Nope—not to speak of, only a singed head of hair; but I wasn't a moment too soon. I'd intended to stamp out the curtain, of course, but it was too late. By the time I'd got Lena in my arms—she was tied up like a trussed fowl and half-fainting with the surprise of seeing me—the whole wall was in flames. It burned like so much tow, and I didn't stop to do a Dan-the-Brave-Fireman act, either. Carrying her, I just beat it down those stairs pretty lively, I can tell you, expecting a bullet in my back from one of Mayme's interfering relatives any minute. But they must have been worse scared than I was, for not a soul offered to stop me on the way to my purloined auto.

Well, that's all, I guess. Mayme? Oh, yes. When we got back to the

THE HOUSE IN RICKERS ROAD BECAME A FIRE-SWEPT RUIN

Emergency and had talked about a Webster's worth of words and been fed with beef tea and hot coffee and aromatic spirits and brandy, Lena got on her uniform, and we went to see about Mayme. She was conscious, but with a soaring temperature and a chart-line that looked as if a drunken pen had wandered over it.

When she saw Lena, she gave a queer sort of cry and burst into tears. "I'm glad youse is safe," she sobbed. "Youse kin take 'im—I dont s'pose we'd hit it off well, likely. Gell, *aint* I glad youse is safe!"

Then she turned over in bed and went off to sleep, sweetly as a baby. She's going home tomorrow. Want to see the report of her case I wrote up for the *Medical Review?*

Well, hope you get the job—and the girl, of course. Not at all—dont mention it. You see, I've got a sort of soft spot for sweethearts myself.

If You're Not So Handsome

By JOHN E. SYKES

I admire cheeks of rosy hue,
And eyes that brightly shine;
I admire those that ever smile,
And forms that are divine.
But, when it comes to judging one
Who acts in picture plays,
I'd think myself incompetent
In many, many ways—

If I should hold these things above
The player's real, true worth,
For beauty's only transient
And largely due to birth;
But it takes work and energy,
A world of thought and care,
If you expect to e'er excel
And make a name that's rare.

Then if you are as homely
As the man from Borneo,
And if in any beauty test
You could not make a show,
Remember, on the picture screen
It is not all in looks,
It's how you move on thru the play,
Thru all the turns and crooks—

That, if you're not as handsome
As Apollo Belvedere,
And if you're not a Venus,
Nor anything quite near,
Down in our hearts we'll keep these things
Apart from all the rest,
And give the praise to all of those
Who do their very best.

IN THE JURY ROOM

BY KARL SCHILLER

This story was written from the Photoplay of PHILIP LONERGAN

"ARE the votes all here?"

There was no answer. Eleven men looked at the twelfth silently, as tho they feared the sound of their own voices. The foreman of the jury sifted the white bits in his fingers thoughtfully. Scrawled upon them was the fate of a human life, and he could guess what it would be. The evidence had been pitiably stark. Circumstantial as it was, there were few who had heard it unconvinced. The foreman was a mild, commonplace man—shoe-dealer by trade, and he did not relish his present position of head hangman. But there was no escape from it. Pursing in his lips, he began to lay the slips in an orderly pile on the scarred table.

The others watched him, fascinated. The fat, bald-headed butcher counted in a sibilant whisper, with gross smacking of his thick lips, as tho watching the moving finger of his own scales. His unaccustomed week-day splendor of starched high collar scraped the fat surface of his neck. "Five—six—seven——" he counted, unctuously.

"For Heaven's sake, shut up!" gasped his neighbor in his ear. He had turned his face away from the sight of the small, grim pile of slips and was drumming nervously with the tips of his fingers on his knee. Beyond him a middle-aged merchant wiped his white face with a sick gesture.

The foreman touched the last slip

reluctantly. Eleven lay before him in a single, unanimous pile. It needed only the remaining one to send a man to the electric chair—a guilty man, certainly, with blood on his hands, but still a man like himself, breathing loving, hoping, fearing. In the instant before he looked at the twelfth slip the foreman wondered whether he might ever, if circumstances should shape themselves right, be a murderer himself. Shuddering, he turned over the last slip. An idiotic expression of unbelief stamped his face. The others gazed at him almost hopefully.

He laid the twelfth slip beside, not on the pile.

"Eleven — guilty. One — not — guilty."

A sigh of released breaths hissed across the room. The jurors looked askance at one another. They were all grateful for the respite of decision, yet impatient of the delay. Of course there could be only one result in the end, and the crass stupidity of some one, or perhaps the cowardice of some one, was prolonging the suspense.

"Is there any discussion before another vote?" asked the foreman, importantly. "Mr. Hawker, you took notes of the entire testimony, I believe. Suppose you review the case briefly for us."

The gentleman addressed drew a small notebook somewhere from his inner recesses and cleared his throat.

"H-m!" he began, in the manner of a public speaker—"h-m! we have one Caleb Green, rich factory owner, who is known to have had grounds for fearing the defendant—h-m!—Doctor Middleton. The doctor threatened to—h-m!—direct the authorities to the health conditions in Green's factory. To prevent this—h-m!—exposure, Green gets hold of—h-m!—letters affecting the reputation of—h-m!—the doctor's daughter. He shows these to Middleton in his own office, and the doctor is so—h-m!—enraged that he attacks him. Employees in the factory testify to seeing the attack and say that the doctor would have done Green—h-m!—real injury if they had not interfered. Two days later, Middleton goes to Green's house. They quarrel again. The doctor leaves in violent anger. An hour later Green is found—murdered. That covers the case, I believe."

"Not quite," said a quiet voice, impersonally. "You have left out of your narrative the character of the victim and the character of the accused man."

Eleven heads turned toward the speaker. He was a young fellow, with a face and bearing older than his years, as tho he had lived more in his life than most men. Beyond the fact that he was a mechanical engineer and had followed the trial with singular intentness during its four days' run, his associates had not paid him much attention hitherto. Now they surveyed him with new interest. Was he the one who had voted for acquittal, then?

"Green was a cruel and unscrupulous man," said Arthur Graves, slowly. "He had a hundred enemies to one friend. His employees all hated and feared him—with reason, for he drove them to their limit and replaced them, when they were worn out, with stronger men. Isn't it likely that this man had other enemies who had as good reasons—better perhaps—for killing him than Middleton?"

"Pooh!" The butcher wagged his bullet-shaped head wisely. "All employees say their boss is cruel and unscrupulous. My men whine the same song, and, Lord knows! there's no better master than me anywheres—discount on their meat, soup-bones whenever they need 'em. Pshaw! Y' cant b'lieve the hard-luck tales those fellers tell. They're all alike—lazy as the devil, believe *me!*"

"That's so," nodded the foreman. "You didn't hear any of his own class mention Green was a bad lot."

"The testimony of the health board showed the way he ran his factory," said Graves. "Flagrant disregard of health laws, unsafe crowding and no fire protection. When his

men were hurt, he threw them aside like so much deadwood, without a cent of damages. He was clever in avoiding paying them, too, and they were so afraid of his threats that they didn't make any fuss—till Doctor Middleton heard the story of one of them."

"Oh, well, granting Green *was* rather a hard customer," said the middle-aged man, reasonably, "you dont claim that justifies any one in hitting him on the head with a blackjack, do you? It wouldn't do for us all to settle our private grievances in such fashion, you know."

"And because a man wears a Prince Albert every day, like Middleton, and rides in his own automobile, isn't anything in his favor," said the butcher, resentfully. Class bitterness rankled in his lowly soul, even as the stiff collar rasped his unaccustomed neck. He was one of those who listen greedily to tales of the offenses of the rich.

Graves cast him a shrewd look. "You heard witness after witness testify that Doctor Middleton was a respected, well-liked man with a stainless reputation," he offered. "His friends show that he loved his daughter deeply and resented, as I hope any one of us would resent, any attack on her honor."

"I read of a duke who was a sneak-thief once," remarked the nervous man, with a titter. "You cant always go by a fellow's reputation."

THE STORY OF THE FIRST ASSAULT

"And I dont believe much in his love for his daughter," said the foreman. "Didn't his own housekeeper tell how, when Middleton's wife was dying, he never came near her? No, no; Middleton wasn't so concerned about his daughter as about his precious reputation and his rich practice, I'm afraid."

Arthur Graves flushed. He started to speak, checked himself and remained silent, biting his lips.

"We'll have to take another vote,"

said the foreman. "I know how our friend who wants to acquit the doctor feels. I feel that way myself. We all of us do. It's a mighty solemn thing to send a man's soul to his Maker. But it's our sworn duty (the foreman pronounced it juty) to protect the State. If we let a murderer go, it's going to make murder that much safer, an' who knows, maybe our own homes will be the next to suffer! No, no, my friends, we mustn't let sympathy interfere with juty. We will vote again."

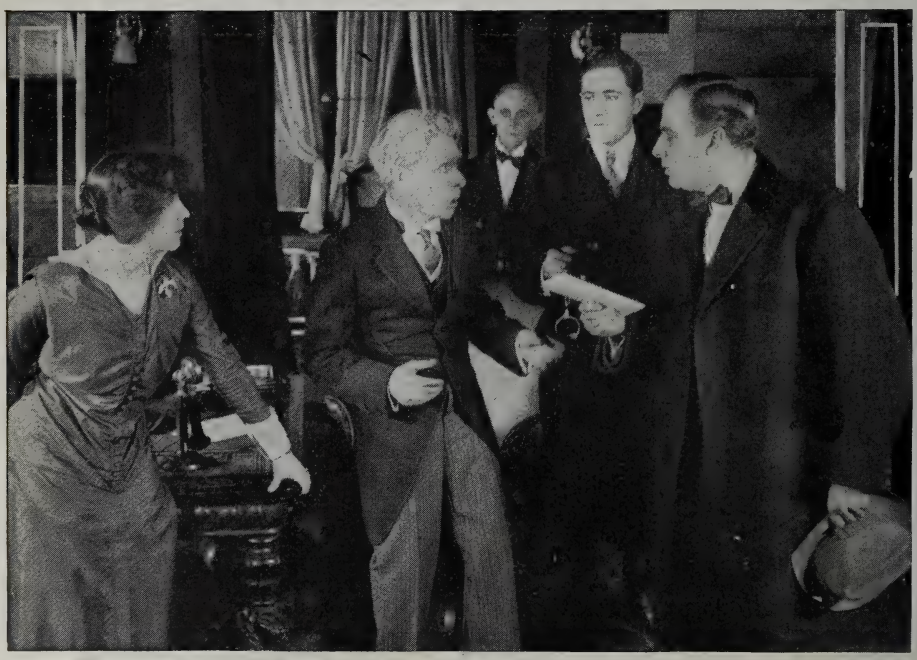
Again a solemn silence; again a growing pile of death-dealing slips; again the single vote for acquittal.

"Tut! tut!" said the nervous man, "our friend seems obdurate. This will never do, never! We'll be late to dinner as it is. Tut! tut!"

"H-m!" The butcher was heavily significant. "Not knowing who the party is, o' course, I trust nobody will take it personal if I say there's somebody in this room *who's* a fool."

"Now, we dont want any unpleasantries," soothed the foreman, hastily. "We want to do this thing up reasonably. Of course, if there's one of us that isn't convinced yet, we dont want him to go agin his conscience. Dinner," he concluded, rather wistfully—"dinner can wait."

Again a hum of voices arose. The arguments were addressed pointedly to Graves, who sat silent, listening, with a troubled face. The story of the quarrels of the two men was repeated; the doctor's violent anger was dwelt upon; the testimony of the servants who had last seen their master alive as he ordered Middleton out of his house was rehearsed. But a third vote showed the single doubter still at variance with the rest.



THE ARREST OF DR. MIDDLETON

"Not meanin' any offense," snarled the butcher, jamming his handkerchief between his collar and his suffering epidermis, "I say there's somebody in this room who's a *d—n* fool."

"If the party who's voting for acquittal," suggested the middle-aged man, still reasonably, "would be willing to come for'ard and say so

plainly, maybe we could find out what's in his mind better."

"That's a good idea," agreed the oldest man on the jury, a banker, judiciously. "Y' see, we dont want to come out before the public with a disagreement verdict, when the case is so plain on the face of it. We'd be the laughing-stock of the county."

"And, besides," interpolated the foreman, "second trials are expensive things on us taxpayers."

"I am quite willing to confess I am thing dishonorable in my attitude," he said in a low voice, "I am willing to retire from the jury."

"No, no, Mr. Graves," fluttered the foreman, mopping his brow; "Mr. Smith didn't mean anything like that. But we'd all like to hear some reason for your vote. Maybe you dont believe in capital punishment, now?"

"My wife's mother," said the nervous man, aside, to nobody in particular, "belonged to a Society for the Suppression of Hanging."

JURYMAN GRAVES TELLS HIS STORY

the one who is keeping you from your dinners," said Arthur Graves, coolly. He arose and faced the rest, a bit defiant. "I hate to seem pig-headed, but I may as well tell you here and now that I intend to keep on voting 'Not guilty' as long as you please."

"Maybe Mr. Graves will give us his reason," said the butcher, with a sly glance around the table. "Maybe we was all asleep an' he heard something we didn't. Or maybe he's a friend o' Middleton's."

Graves' eyes flashed dangerously, but he set his jaw on his anger.

"If any one believes there is any-

"No, it is not that," said Graves.

"Circumstantial evidence, then?" pleaded the foreman. "You wouldn't condemn on that?"

Graves smiled unwillingly. "Most murders are not done in the presence of invited guests," he said. "Murder evidence is usually more or less circumstantial. No. I voted for acquittal because I honestly believe that Doctor Middleton is not guilty of killing Caleb Green."

"And your reasons?"

Graves shook his head. "I do not have what you would call reasons," he said

The jurors glanced at one another. Perhaps by accident the butcher jingled the change in his pocket. There was stern disapproval in every face.

"Life," said Graves, slowly, "is governed by higher laws than reason. Reason alone would destroy religion itself; reason has no patience with human passions and tendencies. Which of you can give a *reason* for picking out the wives you did, instead of others? Love does not go according to reason, nor good fortune, nor ill fortune, nor talent, nor anything else in the world.

"It is not because of cold, mechanical reasoning that I have come to my conviction of Middleton's innocence. Indeed, I admit that I consider circumstances very much against him. I should be as quick to convict him as any of you—on *reason*. But if you will listen to me a few moments I'll try to tell you a story.

"One day, five years ago it is now, a young engineer in the employ of Caleb Green went to him in as bitter a trouble as can come to a man. His wife—he had been married only a year—was very sick—dying, the doctor had told him, with professional brutality, that very morning. There might be an operation, but it would cost four hundred dollars, and the husband did not have *four* laid by. You see, I cannot keep the shake out of my voice, so I may as well admit that I was that harried man.

"I knew my employer for a curt, harsh man, with never more than a nod for a greeting and a grunt for work well done. But it seemed to me that no one could refuse to help me—I was younger then and knew less about the world than I do now. I told Green my necessity, told him, with tears streaming down my face like a child. I would work out every cent he loaned me, I told him, and he knew I would keep my word. Green listened grimly. When I had finished, he shook his head.

"'I never lend money,' he said coldly. 'It's an unalterable rule with me.'

"I could not believe what I heard.

"'But *my wife is dying!*' I shouted frantically, as tho he were physically deaf.

"I shall never forget the laugh he flung over his shoulder as he turned back to his desk.

"'That's not my affair,' he sneered. 'Let her die. There's no use for sickly people in the world, anyway.'

"I tell you, gentlemen, there was murder in my heart for a moment, but I thought of my wife and choked it down. I went out of Green's office toward my home, ready to beg in the streets or to rob for that four hundred dollars that meant the life of the girl I promised God to take care of. And I found Doctor Middleton bending over my wife, with our own doctor standing nearby.

"Middleton was a famous specialist—got ten thousand dollars for one operation, I found out afterward—but he was a friend of our doctor and had become interested by his account of the case. I watched him examine Mary, and when he was thru, I saw in his face that she'd got a fighting chance. But the money—I was stammering and choking out that I'd try to borrow it somehow, but he didn't seem to hear.

"'You called me in just in time,' he said, quick and low, to our doctor. 'I shall operate here without waiting to get her to the hospital. Wire for a nurse, will you, and help me get into my things.'

"*He* didn't stop to add Mary's life up in dollars and cents, you see, gentlemen, and haggle over the sum. He just took off his overcoat and rolled up his sleeves and went to work to save her. God gave her to me the first time, and Doctor Middleton the second——"

Graves was silent a moment, looking back at that bitter time of long ago. The jurors moved restlessly in their seats, with the unease of men in the presence of emotion.

"Of course your story explains why you dont want to hurt Doctor Middleton, Mr. Graves," said the reasonable, middle-aged man presently,

"but even gratitude isn't a good defense of murder, as you must admit yourself."

"I hadn't quite finished the story," said Graves, slowly, "but I'm half-afraid to tell you the rest. Perhaps you will not see it in the same reverent light I do. Perhaps it is natural that you shouldn't. Still, I am going to try.

"I told you at the beginning that I hadn't any reason for supposing Doctor Middleton guiltless, but that wasn't strictly accurate. I had

"TELL HIM THERE IS NO ANSWER"

a reason—a psychological one. I believe firmly that a man's character is to be measured by its highest reaches, and that a soul capable of real greatness is incapable of real baseness.

"Now, to go back to my story. Doctor Middleton was in the midst of the operation, fighting with every bit of his wonderful skill for the life that was everything to me, when a gasping messenger appeared in the doorway, clutching a note in his hands. It was for the doctor.

" 'Read it,' he said to me, without lifting his head from his work. I opened it, and the few scrawled words leaped to my eyes like blows. 'Come home,' the note ran, 'your wife is dying. Any delay, and you will be too late to see her alive.'

"I could not force my lips to read the message aloud for a moment. If he went—and what man would not?—it would mean Mary's death, for our unskilled doctor could never finish the operation successfully. Yet what right had I to keep him from his wife? I repeated the message thru bitten lips, as tho I were reading my wife's death-sentence.

"Doctor Middleton grew white as a corpse. It wasn't the white of a living man, I swear. Great drops sprang out on his face, and I *saw* new lines twist across the living flesh around his eyes. But his hands did not quiver as they went on with their fine work.

" 'Tell him there is no answer,' he said evenly. 'I must stay here. *She* would wish me to.' That was all—not a whimper, not a curse, not a thought of leaving his duty for his love. So my wife was saved, and his died. She had been sick a long time, I found afterwards, but that doesn't lessen the marvel of the man's sacrifice.

"Gentlemen of the jury, Doctor

"THE TRIAL IS OVER"

Middleton is accused of a brutal, cowardly murder. Do you believe he is capable of it when he brought a stranger's wife from the shadow of death, while his own wife died without seeing him?"

"No!"

It was not one voice, but a composite. Every juror was on his feet. In their softened faces Graves read the doctor's acquittal.

"The vote!" they clamored—"let us vote again!"

An officer of the court stood in the doorway.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the trial is over. One of Green's discharged workmen has confessed to the crime."

As Graves strode homeward to his belated dinner, the hand-clasp of the doctor still tingling thru his fingers, he mused over his strange two hours in the jury room.

"It wasn't *proof* I gave them," he thought, "not a shred of proof; it wasn't law, nor even common sense, perhaps. But I wonder"—his young face grew reverent—"I wonder if maybe the Great Judge wont judge *us* in that way by-and-by?"

A Pledge

By JOHN E. SYKES

This old world has grown much brighter
Since the Motion Picture came;
Care and trouble rest far lighter;
There is less of sin and shame.
Many plays are like a sermon;
Lessons that we understand,
Leaving many good impressions
From the Motion Picture band.

Tho I hear not pleasant voices
As I gaze upon the screen,
Still my heart and soul rejoices,
For I know quite all they mean.
Ev'ry gesture has its meaning,
Ev'ry smile appeals to me;
Nothing gets beyond my vision,
Love or hate, whate'er it be

Then there follow peals of laughter,
Or perhaps a sigh I hear,
Or a sound that follows after
Tells me plainly of a tear.
Children smiling all around me,
Nothing low or base or mean.
All in all, I'm filled with wonder
As I gaze upon the screen.

If the world should ever lose them,
What could ever take their place?
Millions never will refuse them—
Lifters of the human race.
Then go on in great achievement,
Never mind the scoffs and sneers,
Here I pledge we will stand by you.
In our laughter and our tears.

Adapted from the Novel of EMILE GABORIAU and the Biograph Photoplay of the same title

"I WANT to go with you—soon." Valentine's lips smiled, bravely sweet, but in her eyes rested the shadow of a grave foreboding, a nameless joy and the brush of the wings of the Angel of Death. Gaston understood, and he held her to him, strainingly.

"It will be only another week, *chèrie,*" he said tenderly; "then we shall make all things right and fair. You have been heavenly thru it all, Valentine. You have given into my keeping your honor, your heart and your fine soul. You have dared exposure and cast off a lover; you have been willing to forfeit all your world for my caresses, and I pray to God I may be able to repay you."

"If we may only go," the girl repeated—"*soon!*" She trembled and hid her slender, patrician face in his coat. "The time," she breathed, so low he had to bend to the faltering

words, "the time is drawing—very near."

"I know—I know—and you shall be safe, my sweet."

"I am afraid for another reason, too," the girl said more calmly. "Lazet has been hovering around lately—he is consumed by jealousy—and I know that he has seen us together. I fear he may tell my mother—for revenge."

Gaston's face darkened. He knew Lazet—dark, passionate, little recking consequences—and he feared, too, that Lazet, keen thru wounded love, suspected these meetings between himself and the Lady Valentine.

When Gaston made his noiseless escape thru the apparently impenetrable wall of shrubbery, Valentine walked slowly thru the formal gardens to the château and within the vision of the all-seeing eyes of the Countess, her mother. And as she walked, she pondered on the strange, potent force that will turn the bluest, calmest blood to fire red; the most orderly, best-regulated pulse to a quivering, sensitized thing; the most classic brain to a whirlpool of desire. Until her meeting with Gaston Le Jean, Valentine La Varnie had been her mother's daughter. She had catalogued her feelings, indexed her impulses and inventoried her assets and liabilities of person. Secure in her self-knowledge, calm in her pride, she had set about the business of life; and then life had trapped her just as helplessly, just as primitively as it holds the coarse-skinned, animal-natured peasant laboring from the earth. And she stood today the daughter of a proud old line, the bearer of an untainted name, in the same position as many an outcast made so by a lawless love.

It was nearing evening when Valentine finished her musing stroll and remembered that tea and mothers await one, no matter how deeply enmeshed in the net of life. Thither she hastened and found the Countess awaiting her in her own boudoir instead of the stately, shadow-dim library where Valois had served tea for more than a generation of La Varnies.

"There is a young gentleman to see you, Valentine," her mother said, austerely. "It amazes me where you can have made this—er—acquaintance without my knowledge and chaperonage. His name is—let me see—Louis Le Jean."

The girl whitened slowly and incredibly under her mother's curious gaze. She did not know why Louis Le Jean had come to see her, but she did know that it was for no good reason. She felt, in that instant, that her hour had come. She realized then that, sooner or later, we pay for illicit joy; that we must be legalized—or uncovered. She went down to meet Louis Le Jean.

The mother heard the piercing scream that rose above the vaulted ceilings and turreted roofs of Château La Varnie—the scream that held all there is of a woman's utter pain. There was no fear now in Valentine. That scream voiced nothing soft, nothing tremulous—it was the scream of the *female* of the species robbed of her mate and facing the mystery of life and death—alone. The mother understood, somehow. When she had covered the distance between Valentine's boudoir, where she awaited the girl, and the library, Louis Le Jean had gone and Valentine was stretched upon the floor. Nearby lay a shred of paper, and it told the Countess the thing she had suspected.

My Dear Brother—Since it is impossible for me to return I entrust to your care my affianced wife, Valentine La Varnie. Your unfortunate brother,

Gaston.

As the stricken mother read and reread the somewhat vague missive, she studied the cold, inanimate face of the girl stretched at her feet, and the realization of this thing that had happened came strongly home. She seemed to have known for some time that Valentine was not as she had been. Of late there had been a softness in her manner, a charity in her outlook, almost plebeian; a dawning,

blossoming, unfolding wonder about her that had enveloped and aureoled her. And it had meant this—this *tragedy.*

When the bereft girl came to a reluctant consciousness with her mother's cold, accusing eyes upon her, she knew how utterly alone she really was. And she told her ageless tale in toneless, emotionless accents: Her meeting with Gaston Le Jean at a soirée; their instant love; their desire to keep it secret, just for something different, something all their own, and their knowledge that the Countess would forbid further acquaintance; the culmination.

"Would you be so kind," the Countess queried, frozenly, "as to explain this, apparently, eleventh hour abandonment?"

"It was in a—a fight with—Lazet," the girl said tonelessly. "They met in the Café of the Pheasant; they quarreled—over me. Gaston—Gaston has—killed—Lazet."

"And therefore Gaston is a fugitive?"

"Yes—y-es!"

"And you?"

"And I? And I? *Mon Dieu, maman*—there is only death for such as I!"

One month later Gaston Le Jean's son was born in a high, remote chamber of Château La Varnie. It was the highest view of life he was ever to know. He lay in the curve of his mother's almost lifeless arm for one single night; then Louis Le Jean paid another visit to Château La Varnie, and when he left he bore under his military cape a wee, crumpled, red thing, and he did not bring it back. When Valentine came out of the long stupor that had been twin to death, they told her her child was dead. If her heart bled, they did not see, and the tears that washed her aching grief away were shed in the secret watches.

Time is the great eradicator; he blots out pain and joy alike, honor and disgrace, victory and defeat. He places a healing scab over the most brutal wound. He raises up the lowly and casts down the high. There is no gainsaying him and no repudiating. He is inevitable—the one surety in a world of "ifs" and "buts."

In a room where luxury was conspicuous by its absence two men sat poring over the daily papers. Their eyes, if one felt interested enough to accord them careful scrutiny, bore the eagerly restless looks of those perpetually on the lookout. The one was a tall, well-built man on the borderlands of fifty. He had about him the faint suggestion of a breeding not entirely forsworn. His face was dissatisfied, almost petulant; his person one that gave out, undeniably, an atmosphere of distrust. The other was a younger man, by some twenty-odd years. He, too, had the alert, seeking expression; a certain hardness about the mouth; a certain coarseness of bearing but thinly veneered. Both were dressed in the style of the preceding season; both bore traces of ill-disguised poverty. The older man gave an impatient exclamation and rustled his paper peevishly. The younger man scowled over at him and remarked irritably: "Why the devil you depend so much on these papers, *mon ami,* is really beyond me. We've been going without bread, absinthe and cigarets to buy this filthy spilling of printer's ink, and what dope have we got out of it? Such highly sensational items as this, *par* example: 'Madame Valentine Fauvel returns to society. First appearance of the wealthy banker's wife since the death of her mother, the Countess Ninon La Varnie, etc., etc.' How's that for money-getting—what the——"

Louis Le Jean, for it was none other, had risen in his chair with a look of solemn exultation on his harassed countenance. "*Mon fils,*" he announced impressively, "our fortunes are made."

"How so?" queried Raoul, sarcastically. "*Combien?* It is that Madame Fauvel will now take to charity bazaars for the homeless poor, or what?"

Louis killed him with a glance, and

then proceeded to narrate the poor little tragedy of Valentine La Varnie, over and done with these twenty years ago. "We told her when she recovered," he said, "that her boy had not died, but had been stolen. She was too broken in spirit to disbelieve or to suspect, and after some desultory searching the thing was dropped. After that I lost track of her. *Mon bon père* died, and it took me some ten years to spend his money. Gaston has been wiped off the map, and here we are." He finished triumphantly, with a flushed countenance, and gazed at Raoul benevolently. That young adventurer gazed coldly back. "Yes," he returned icily, "ah, *mais oui,* here we are. Well, *mon* Louis, where are we, and why this pretty little tale of *la pauvre* Madame Fauvel's naughty, naughty past?"

Louis leaned over close. "Idiot!" he hissed, "*you* are—the *son!*"

"A-h-h!" Raoul let the monosyllable out lingeringly. He gazed upon Louis with envious pride; then he queried tersely, "Well, what is the first step?"

"The first step," continued Louis, blandly, "is a call upon Madame Fauvel, for which occasion we must rent some wearing apparel. After a call or two, *mon fils,* such beggarly habits will no longer be necessary. We will then have wardrobes from which others will long to beg, borrow or steal. I flatter myself that our good Madame Fauvel is not proud of her Midsummer Night's Dream with brother Gaston. *Eh bien,* we shall see, we shall see."

Time had done much for Valentine Fauvel—eradicated much, given much. Far away now, in some strange, changeling period, was that mad love of stolen sweetness and regret. From the ashes of that love another love had grown—steadfast, honorable, womanly and true. If it did not have the dizzy June madness of that episode past and gone, it more than made up for the lack in a friendship and respect that ripened with the years and deepened with intimate knowledge. Fauvel was a wealthy banker—upright, honorable and all tenderness to the wife he reverenced and adored. Then, too, a little daughter had come to them and grown up to fair girlhood, in whom Valentine, watching anxiously, saw no trace of the hot blood of her own formative youth. One thing alone time had been powerless to take away, and that was a night, dull with pain and half-drowsed with broken slumber, and the dream-like touch of a little, fuzzy head. Useless to push it aside, hopeless to deny its being—*it had been*—and in Valentine's heart of hearts it would be for always—tenderest memory of them all.

It was into a rare meditation of this kind that Prosper, Monsieur Fauvel's private secretary, intruded himself, bearing the knowledge that a Monsieur Le Jean and another gentleman had called to see Madame Fauvel. Prosper had just come from a tête-à-tête with Madeleine, Valentine's daughter, and that, had Valentine only known it, was the cause of his flushed cheeks and brightened eyes. In the terror that seized her at the old, compelling name, she read suspicion into Prosper's fair ruddiness, and went to greet the callers with a heart grown sick with terror.

She recognized Louis instantly—the suave manner, the tinge of gallantry, and the underlying hint of something not quite straightforward, not just what it should have been. Older, irreproachably clad, assured in manner, he woke not a suspicion in the credulous mind of Valentine. Louis came to her swiftly. His face bore every evidence of a deep feeling. He clasped her hands tenderly. "*Ma chère* Madame Fauvel," he began tremulously, "I hardly know how to tell you what I have come to say. I know that it will bring you at once a great sorrow and a very great joy. Being a mother—ah, you mothers!—the joy will overbalance; but I must not digress. Madame Fauvel—Valentine—my poor dear—this is your son!"

As at a cue, oft-rehearsed and per-

fectly learnt, Raoul stepped forward, and his outstretched hands trembled, with his voice on the pleading word: "Mother—mother!"

Valentine Fauvel stood transfixed. She turned to Louis with a great question in her sad eyes, and then turned to the younger man with a greater wonder. The sacred, shadow-dim memory stabbed her of that chaotic night when she had lingered

"MOTHER—MOTHER!"

on the borderland of death with a little, fuzzy head on her arm. Something like a sob rose to her lips. She took the blond head of Raoul to the heart that had never forgotten that she was his mother. When she released him, she was conscious of a great want—a great lack. She did not feel this apathy when she held Madeleine to her heart; she had not felt so on that faraway night, nor even in succeeding memories of it. She thought swiftly that this was not as she would have pictured her son. Then she remembered what this thing was to mean. She turned to Louis with a gesture at once appealing and commanding.

"Valentine," said a pleasant, interested voice, "introduce us to your callers, my dear; we have just returned."

Valentine turned, with the pleading smile still on her lips, and faced Monsieur Fauvel and her daughter. She looked at them quickly; then back at Raoul. She was torn between doubt and fear. Then she smiled, composedly. "Monsieur Le Jean is an old acquaintance of mine, Renaud," she introduced Louis; "and this"—turning to her son, with eyes that sought and sunk deep into the dissipated lines of his face—"is my long-lost nephew, Renaud—my—my dead brother's boy—er—er——"

"Raoul," prompted the young gentleman, easily. Fauvel smiled upon him.

"So!" he exclaimed, "I did not know that Jacques had had a boy,

Valentine. How is it you have not mentioned it?"

"I fear I have not deserved mention," broke in Raoul, saving the day, not altogether magnanimously; "but I have returned—and reformed."

"Good!" The banker clapped him on the back hospitably. "We'll hope to see much of you, Raoul—eh, Madeleine?" The girl blushed and nodded, and Prosper, who had just entered, frowned. He had taken an instinctive dislike to the callers. He did not relish an overdose of the young man's company, and most especially for Madeleine. He turned to Fauvel with an air of haste and business. "The key to the vault, monsieur," he said; "shall it go behind the files, as usual?"

"Yes," the banker nodded; "the accustomed place, Prosper."

It did not take Raoul long to get from Valentine all of her own money —first, by using the appeal to her motherhood; then, wearying of that, by vague illusions to disclosing his true identity, his desire to be acknowledged, etc. It was on one of these surreptitious visits to her boudoir that he overheard Fauvel exclaim to Prosper from his study: *Mon Dieu!* I have forgotten the combination of the safe. I am in haste, Prosper; read it to me—*vitement.*"

Close against the door Raoul pressed and took down upon his immaculate cuff the figures read off by Prosper. He left the house with a feeling of exultation and returned to their slightly improved quarters, to find Louis in a similar state. He held in his hand a letter and announced joyously that Gaston had died abroad and had left his estate of 50,000 francs to Louis. It was waiting for him to draw it from the hands of Gaston's executor. "Now," the devoted brother declared, "we are *made,* for I have thought of a plan, if it can only be made feasible. We will put the money in Fauvel's safe; we will then bribe some one or employ some one to steal it out; we will then force Fauvel to repay our apparent loss. He will do so willingly, no doubt. It is a beautiful plan, Raoul, a beautiful plan."

"I can add to its artistry, *mon frère,*" Raoul brought in laconically. He never felt quite reconciled to the superiority of Louis' villainy. "I

"I DID NOT KNOW THAT JACQUES HAD HAD A BOY"

know the combination of the safe," he continued. "It is neatly set down on my cuff." The two exulted; then Louis said: "There is another phase—how about the key to the vault? Listen! you must pay a call on mother tonight; you must demand a large sum of money immediately; tell her you are ruined otherwise. She hasn't it, of course. The safe has. Force the key from her in some way. The safe is there——"

"The combination is *here,*" finished Raoul, tensely. "Come, we'd better be off and get Fauvel to put the money in. There's another thing, Louis. He'll never suspect us in this little trick. Having it, he'd naturally not suppose we'd steal it."

"True philosophy," commented Louis, acidly.

"By the way"—Raoul stopped on the street—"this is a half-and-half proposition, you know," he said, with sudden anxiety. "I've done all the dirty work and I should come in for more than that, but as they're your people and it's mostly your idea we'll call it even. Are we agreed?"

"Agreed!" assented Louis, with a quick, sidelong glance at Raoul.

Fauvel was friendly, congratulatory and accommodating, and the two departed with the first nefarious step attained. That evening Raoul departed to further harry the woman he shamed by the relationship he claimed. She was about to go out for the evening with her husband and Madeleine, but his whispered, urgent words made her excuse herself on the plea of a sudden headache, and they left her.

"If it is money, Raoul," she said, when they were alone, "you may as well give up, for you have taken from me every sou I can call my own, and I cannot go further without letting my husband know—and that must not be."

"I'd like to know why not," Raoul sneered. "I'm as good as he is, and I'm your son—same as Madeleine is your daughter. Anyway, if you dont get me the money—now—tonight—I'll be disgraced forever. They'll *get* me, and I'll have to tell the whole story of my life. Or else"—he whipped a revolver from his pocket, brought along for this preconceived, melodramatic scene—"I'll—kill myself." Raoul stood near the secretary on which were kept the files. Before Valentine's white lips could offer anguished protest he had found the key and quick as thought was down the stairs, saying as he slammed the door: "This is another way—I'll get it from the safe."

Valentine never forgot the struggle at the safe—the awful, inborn horror of this man, her son, using his strength to bruise and wound her. It did one merciful thing—even in the light of succeeding events. It wiped out the pain of that little, fuzzy head forever. She was glad, with a great gladness, that she had not brought a son into the world to hurt a woman as this man could do.

He won, of course. And he left her spent and broken, and a great, zigzag scratch on the polished, ebon surface of the safe.

The next morning the theft was discovered. Monsieur Fauvel turned to Prosper with deep regret. He spoke slowly, but his meaning was obvious, and it smote every one in the room—Valentine, with its fearful injustice; Madeleine, with pitying love and splendid disbelief. "Only two people know the combination of this safe, Prosper," he said. "One is myself; the other is—you."

Lecoq, the famous detective, was assigned to the case, and he strolled in with his usual somewhat abstracted, nonchalant manner, made a keen, silent examination of the safe and brusquely ordered the arrest of the grimly silent Prosper. "And now," pursued the undisturbed investigator, "may I begin by interviewing Madame Fauvel?"

"Is it necessary, Lecoq?" queried Monsieur Fauvel. "Madame is very much upset over this thing."

Lecoq raised his eyebrows, compressed his lips and answered with crisp brevity: "Absolutely necessary, Monsieur Fauvel."

In the study with Valentine, Lecoq demanded the other key to the safe which Fauvel had told him she would give him from her secretary. He took it in minutely. It bore scratchy lines of black paint. Lecoq replaced it, sat down as if for a social call and said, looking straight into Valentine's face: "Come, Madame Fauvel, the name of the thief."

An animal knows when it is cornered—so does a woman. Valentine knew that the midsummer love idyl

"I'M NOT—NOT HER—SON"

of long ago must come out at last to this passionless, cold, analytical detective. She told him all and everything—from the romance with Gaston Le Jean up to the struggle at the safe the past evening. She finished with tears that came from the now unlovely past and burned into the wasted future. Lecoq arose. His face was very kindly.

"Do not be alarmed, madame," he said gently. "Your secret may be quite safe, I am sure. I will now go in pursuit of—the son."

Obeying the detective, Fauvel refunded the missing legacy and Lecoq accompanied him to the address given by Valentine. Louis was properly upset over the mystery, properly overwhelmed at the honorable way in which Monsieur Fauvel had promptly refunded his money. He took the notes with hands that shook, and there was a strain as of overgreat eagerness about the mouth that did not escape the sharp-eyed detective. Therefore, he lingered after Fauvel had taken his homeward way; and suddenly from the room came two voices rising in heated argument. Lecoq crept nearer the door. Curses came out to him; men battling for the gold that was dearer than honor, rarer than pain, finer than human stress. The voices rose, and a note of craze crept in. Then a shot rang out, another shot, and silence shattered now and then by a moan. Lecoq quietly opened the door. Louis was dead—quite. Raoul was bleeding rapidly, his eyes were glazing. Between them lay the notes—far more precious than life.

Raoul beckoned Lecoq. His voice came hoarsely, gruffly: "I want to

PROSPER IS FREED

make a—confession,'' he gasped thickly. ''We've been—been black—mailing—I—I stole the money—I pretended to be—her—her son to get into—into the house—I'm not—d'ye hear—not—not her—son.''

Lecoq closed the eyelids over the glazed eyes and strolled down to police quarters. On his way he phoned Madame Fauvel, inquiring as to her ability to come directly to the police court. She appeared almost simultaneously with the detective. There the fraud was disclosed, the amazement subsided, and Prosper freed, to Madeleine's tearful, unabashed joy. Lecoq kept close to Valentine, and as the broken, storm-swept woman turned to go he quietly drew her aside for an instant. He looked at her fixedly, as if impressing something on her without speech; then he commented briefly: ''He was not—er—your son.''

As the last member of the Fauvel mystery filed out, Lecoq lit a cigar and offered one to the police commissioner. ''By the way,'' he observed carelessly, ''place the records of this case in File No. 113—*bon jour.*''

We Supplicate

By ALLEN E. LESTER

O mighty kings of Filmdom,
We beg your august ear;
Tho we are but an atom,
'Twere well our prayer to hear.

For, doubtless, there are others—
If few and far between—
Who long to see real beauty
Depicted on your screen.

Tho multitudes may clamor
For plots that teem with thrills,
We few are bored intensely
By all that's on the bills.

We ask but one small portion
Of all your time and thought;
We know there must be artists
Whose dreams for gold are bought.

We'd like a little moment
To lay on beauty's shrine—
A symphony in color,
A symmetry in line,

A thing to lull our senses
And wake our souls to feel—
The deuce with all "suspenses"—
Pray, give us just one "reel"!

MOTHER'S

(Vitagraph)

By Dorothy Donnell

This story was written from the Photoplay of WILLIAM ADDISON LATHROP, which won

SHE was not a modern mother. I doubt if she had ever heard of Froebel or Montessori or the Better Babies Crusade. She was painfully unaware that children should be studied and charted and psychologized, but she knew that they should be loved. She did not realize that her babies had entities and soul struggles and apperceptions, but she was careful of their small digestions and very dogmatic on the subject of rubbers and woolen underwear.

Old Morrison was a rich man, too, as money goes, but Mother never seemed to realize that. She would not leave Helen and Payne to the scientific upbringing of graduate nurses with clinical thermometers instead of hearts. She would darn Father's socks herself, openly at first in the drawing-room, under the tall, mahogany lamp; then later, as Helen and Payne grew old enough to object, in the serene privacy of her own room. Mother never learnt that work is disgraceful and idleness a dignified duty. She never could be brought to twist her dear gray hair into puffs and curls, nor to wear the strange collars and shirts that Helen prescribed. In short, Mother was hopelessly old-fashioned, as you see.

Spencer Delevan, fat, forty and prosperous, from his sleek, scanty locks to his patent-leather pumps, bowed over Mother's hand with the suave smile that chorus girls and stenographers knew so well. The little group in the Morrison drawing-room watched him with strangely varying emotions. The elder Morrison, his arm about Mother's waist, saw only a business acquaintance of his with irreproachable manners and a knowledge of the stock market that had been exceedingly useful. Young Payne, on the other side of Mother, looked into the smooth, smiling face of the visitor stonily. Memory, behind his cold, blue eyes, was turning over her records, seeking—he had seen that face before somewhere under shamefully different circumstances—

But Helen's artless glance held none of her brother's disapproval. Her eyes, lips, the bend of her dainty, dark head were all suddenly consciously feminine. The blue-and-silver sequins of her bodice rose and fell rapidly, and her fingers fluttered in Payne's. Spencer Delevan was quite aware of her, altho his looks and words were all for little, gray, withered-rose-leaf Mother, who gazed up at him gravely with gentle, faded

third prize in the recent "Sun" contest

blue eyes. What Mother saw no one could have guessed. In one frail old hand she held lightly a great, crimson, golden-hearted rose, and if the petals of it quivered a little only the particular angel who watches mothers saw.

"I believe I had the pleasure of helping Mr. Morrison choose that rose," smiled Delevan, easily. "If I had known that there were two young ladies instead of one in the family, I should have begged the privilege of bringing a bunch myself."

Helen colored delightedly. His eyes, resting on her for one well-bred moment, saw the young blood staining her slender throat and the white nape of her neck. She was really a beautiful creature, with the freshness and color of the glowing rose itself. The sluggish heart of the man-about-town stirred. As the little party went in to dinner, he looked down at the small hand on his arm greedily. Chorus girls and stenographers had seen that look often across thin, gold-rimmed glasses of bubbling wine in gilded palaces of food and pleasure and tarnished souls. But this girl was different, as different as is a dewy, perfect Jacqueminot from a scentless, artificial rose.

Dinner over, Mother excused herself and went upstairs to her room. An engagement drew Payne away, and Mr. Morrison soon wandered off in search of his wife. Helen, left to entertain the guest, found conversation strangely difficult. The most trivial things seemed to take on double meanings. She could not control her color under his meaning gaze; she was both frightened and flattered. One instinct told her to excuse herself and leave him; another instinct, quite as strong, bade her stay and listen.

"I am glad I met your father this afternoon," said Delevan, leaning a little forward in his chair, tone and attitude lending secrecy to the harmless words; "but I did not realize just *how* glad at first."

Helen tried to laugh carelessly. She was unversed in the subtle art of flirtation. To her unsophisticated mind this stranger, with his ease and polish and winning voice, was a revelation, not of men, but of herself, of her femininity, her latent power of charm. When a man makes a girl conscious of these things instead of his own personality, he is dangerous. Delevan understood this perfectly. With skillful short-cuts of conversa-

tion he hurried their acquaintance, until, as he said good-by two hours later, it was very near intimacy.

"Good-night, Helen," he said, looking down into the blue eyes lifted to his. He bent lower. She felt his lips hot on her hand. "I may come again—soon?" he softly murmured—"very soon?"

"If—if—you wish——"

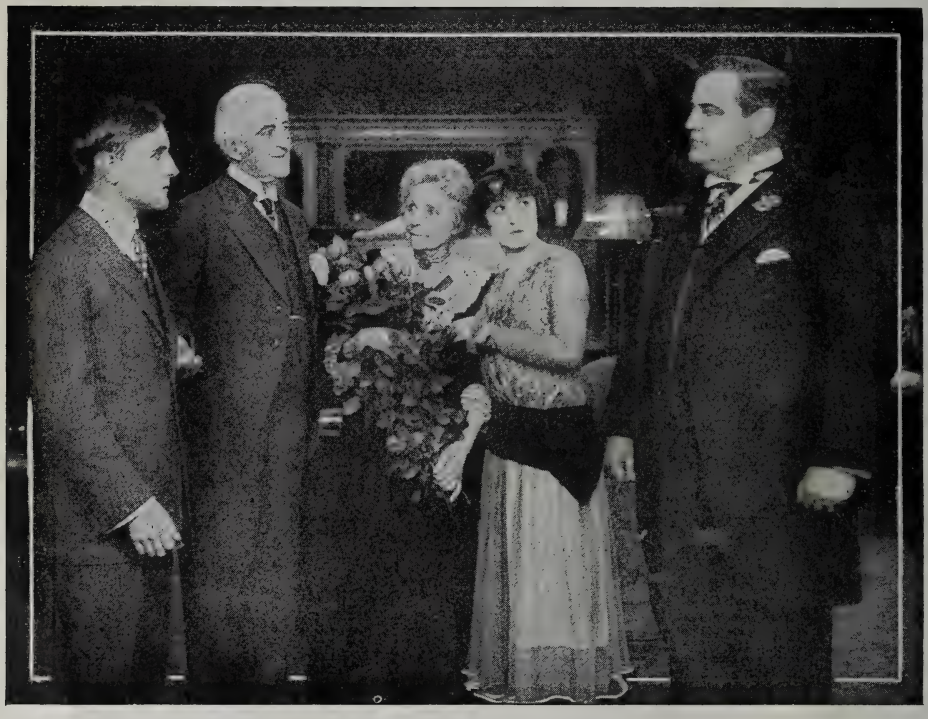
"If I wish!" he mocked her. "Then I shall come and come again, and it will be soon and often. Good-night, little rose-girl, good-night."

Upstairs, Mother, sewing in the quiet light, let her work fall to her lap as the door boomed to below and Helen's light feet ran by, down the hall.

"Robert," said Mother, slowly, "Robert, is Mr. Delevan a good man?"

"Oh! he's all right enough," said Father. He looked up from his writing absently. "He's got a clear head on him, Mary—put me in the way of a good bit of business today." He fumbled in his pocket, drawing out a thin, flat parcel which he tossed into Mother's lap. "Five thousand shares of Midland Railroad stock," he told her. "Hardly worth a song now, but Delevan thinks it will pick up. I make you a present of these, dear, and if they get valuable you can buy yourself a new gown."

It was one of Father's mild jokes,



THE INTRODUCTION OF DELEVAN INTO THE MORRISON HOUSEHOLD

this buying Mother a new gown. She smoothed the package thoughtfully; then reaching to a book on the sewing-table at her side, laid it between the leaves. Her sweet, old face was not quite satisfied.

"But I mean, Robert, is he a *good* man?" she said uncompromisingly. Mother was not modern enough to understand subtle shades in conduct. To her, black was black, white white; neither the ambiguous gray that modern ethics condones.

"Oh, *good!*" said Mr. Morrison, easily. "I suppose he's no worse

than most. He strikes me as a very decent sort."

As the days of the next month winged by a strange thing happened to Mother. She seemed to herself to grow old suddenly. All in a moment she saw herself white-haired, wrinkled, feeble, helpless before the young, vivid, vital life that she had so often rocked to sleep in her arms. It is not years that age men and women, but little, trivial discoveries —perhaps that distances are longer than they used to be, or that newspapers are printed more finely, or that, as in Mother's case, one is no longer needed. She looked at her son and daughter and realized, for the first time, that they had grown beyond her. They were the Present; she, the Past. Every evening she sat in her sweet, tranquil room, with its graceful, old-fashioned furnishings, its chintz and mahogany and everfresh bowl of red roses, and heard below her the voices of her daughter and Spencer Delevan, fitfully speaking, with long pauses between and low, fragmentary words. Every night she heard her boy's young tread returning from the club or dance—mysterious places of which she could not claim a loving share.

"Are you going out tonight, Payne?" she said wistfully one evening as the tall, well-looking young fellow stood in the doorway, silk hat in hand. "I thought—maybe—you'd come up and read to me, and perhaps Helen, too——"

Payne reddened. Above his conventional evening trappings his face was still boyish, and his eyes could meet his mother's squarely, yet already late hours were marking his young skin.

"Why, yes, I'm sorry, Mother," he hesitated; "you see, tonight's the Studio Ball. I—well, I promised—some one I'd be there. You see——"

"Yes," said Mother, slowly, "I see." She looked at her son bewilderedly. Yesterday she was teaching him "Now I Lay Me" and spreading his bread with jam; and now here he was a young man in correct evening-clothes, going to the Studio Ball! She went across to him, a rose from her cluster in her hands.

"If I cant go to balls with you, I can send my rose, anyway," smiled Mother. Her delicate fingers fastened the flower in his buttonhole. Troubled, he looked down at it.

"Now kiss me good-by, dear, and run along," said Mother, brightly. "Dance with the nicest girls and come home early. I—I dont know *why*, but I feel as tho I like to have my children round, these days."

There were things like tears in Payne's throat as he strode away, but his lips smiled grimly. The nicest girls! Mother was a blessed old saint, but what did *she* understand of life, after all? A fellow had to have his fun—— But he did not throw the rose away.

"Your mother," Delevan was saying at this very moment to Helen in the shadowed drawing-room, "is a blessed old saint, but what does she understand of life, dear? Bibles and roses are all very nice, but they're not for *us*, are they, sweetheart?"

They had got as far as sweethearts. Helen sat on the piano-stool, feeling in every throbbing pulse his presence behind her. Her gauzy draperies were a mist about her warm young beauty. The man's tired eyes fired. In a moment his arms were out, crushing her to him, and her full child-lips were his. She was too young, too dazzled to read experience in his wooing. The hot words he was whispering into her hair did not sound like echoes to her eager ears. And upstairs in her room Mother darned Father's socks placidly under the streaming, benedictory glow of the table-lamp.

As she darned, the ball fell from her fingers. She sat up, listening. Then laying her work on the table, she rose and moved toward the hall.

Delevan and Helen sprang apart as her soft skirts rustled in the doorway. The girl's face burned telltalely, but the man smiled his suave, insinuating smile.

"Mrs. Morrison?" he bowed. "I am sorry that I was just going—an

important engagement. Next time I shall hope to have better luck——"

"Yes," said Mother, clearly. She drew herself up with a quiet dignity, looking him straight in the face—"yes, the next time I shall certainly come down. Helen must not have the whole duty and pleasure of entertaining—our friends."

It was a small pause, but a significant one. The big man and the tiny woman locked eyes, and she saw he understood. As the door closed after Delevan, Mother turned to the girl.

SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH ROMANCE

Helen was trembling and weeping hysterically, and her delicate draperies were crushed where his arms had been.

"Dear——" began Mother.

"I dont want to talk," cried the girl, angrily. She flounced to her feet and ran upstairs with fierce clicks of slipper heels on the polished wood. In the pink-and-white daintiness of her room she sank on her knees by the bed, sobbing breathlessly. "Mother doesn't like Spencer!" over and over. "Oh, how cruel to speak to him so—how cruel!"

She sprang up at last and ran to the dressing-table, snatching up a photograph. The thick features, minus their glamor of emotion, stared out at her coldly. The heavy jaw; the small, close-set eyes; the whole over-fleshed, gross self of him was there in her hand, brutally revealed by the camera; but she was a girl jealous of the excellence of her first lover. She saw, instead of the face in the picture, the hero she had often dreamed of innocently with the long, long dreams of youth. She was in love with Romance, not with the tired-eyed, overwise broker who was its symbol to her. She looked at the picture, standing before her mirror; then at the reflection of herself looking at it, and joyful and tragic tears welled again to her eyes. She kist it passionately and went soundly to sleep, half an hour later, with it hidden under her pillow.

But Mother did not sleep so soon. Lying hour after hour in her four-posted bed, she watched the moonshine creep across the wall and listened for the sound of a quick young tread on the walk below. Ten, eleven o'clock chimed by, and still she listened, her delicate face tense and drawn on the pillow. Old-fashioned she might be, but she knew vaguely that both her children were in danger; knew, too, that not by commands nor advice could she save them. She thought of Payne in his baby dresses, in his kilts, in his first pair of trousers, and the tired, helpless tears of old age trickled down upon the linen spread.

"But they have to work out their own salvation," she said once, aloud. After that she waited, very still. It was nearly two before she heard the footsteps. They came in softly, tiptoed up the stairs and paused at her open door.

"Payne—is that you, dear?" she called.

"Yes, Mother." He was in the

room now, at the bedside. In the moonlight his face was stern and set, and, somehow, older than six hours ago.

"Mother," he said brokenly, "I—I've brought you your rose—safely back."

The words were, strangely, a confession. Gladness rose in a wave to her throat, and since she could not speak, she put out one hand and drew him down on his knees. His face with an embarrassed laugh. But the lines about his jaw did not smooth out. He had not come unscarred thru his first battle.

"I'm a brute to come around at this hour, waking you up," he said remorsefully. He stooped and kist her; then stood up, very tall and straight. "By the way, Mother, I'm sadly neglecting things nowadays; I meant to ask you who was that with Helen when I went out tonight?"

MOTHER'S ROSE BRINGS PAYNE TO HIS SENSES

crushed her pillow convulsively and his big-boy shoulders heaved.

"I—I—cant tell you everything," he said at last, very slowly. "I'm *ashamed* to tell you everything, Mother. But—well, it was a pretty fast set at the ball. And—there—was a girl——"

"Payne—my baby—my little boy!"

"She wanted me to stay—later. I—well, Mother, I—thought I—wanted to stay, too. Then I saw your rose—"

He paused; she felt his hand groping for hers.

"Then, dear?"

"Then I came home." Payne sprang up, squaring his shoulders,

"Mr. Delevan was here." Mother sighed involuntarily. "I'm afraid—Helen likes him, Payne."

The boy's fist knotted. "No! Why, the fellow's a cur! I know enough about him to have him kicked out of every club in town if it were all told. My sister! She couldn't be fool enough. Nonsense, Mother, you imagine it! We ought to be ashamed, both of us, worrying you so."

"That's what mothers were made for, son," smiled Mother. "Why, dear, if I should die, I think God would let me come back if I could help you. Our children are so much a part of us mothers that we *cant*

really die while they love us and need us, son."

Payne Morrison thought of these words twenty-four hours later when they found Mother smiling as tho asleep in her wide chair, a few languid red rose-petals scattered over the Bible in her dear, still hands. They came to him poignantly, like a swift pain. He stood aside from the terror and confusion of the household with awe hammering at his heart.

"Payne! Cant you *say* something; cant you *do* something?" shrieked his sister, clutching him hysterically. "They say she's dead! *Mother* dead—no, no, I wont let her be dead! Payne, cant you stop them saying that?"

"Hush, Helen," said her brother, gently. "Hush, dear. It isn't true. Mother isn't dead; not *really* dead—"

But she did not hear him. Screaming wildly, she plunged forward, crashing on the floor. The maid and butler bore her away, her shrieks trailing behind in hideous rags of sound. Shuddering, the boy turned blindly toward the room that had been his mother's. In the doorway stood a shambling figure with vague eyes.

"Payne, my boy," said his father, fretfully, "I cant imagine where I laid your mother's roses. There's so much noise around here I cant seem to think, somehow."

The cruellest thing about Death is Life. It is not so much the loss of one person from the world that breaks the heart as the fact that every one else is left alive. Payne Morrison found it incredible that life should go on as before without Mother in it; that he should get up, dress and go to the office as usual; that Helen should still curl her hair and powder her face and even now and then smile. But his father had sunk into an uncomplaining childishness ever since Mother's death, and the weight of responsibility on Payne's young shoulders was an Atlas load not to be shifted for a breathing space of grief. And so life went on without Mother much as before.

THEY FOUND MOTHER MORRISON STILL AND COLD

It was earlier than his usual hour,

three weeks later, that Payne, coming into the hall, heard voices in the drawing-room. With no notion of eavesdropping, he listened to a few words to establish the identity of the visitor. Then his jaw tightening, he stepped into the shadows.

"It's the only way, little girl," Delevan was saying. "Your people would never consent to our marriage, Heaven knows why! And anyhow, I cant wait for you. I want you now. I love you, you frightened little rose-creature, you——"

"Will you be good to me?" Helen trembled. "Will you make me happy?"

"Yes, yes. Now, hurry, dear, and get on your things. It is late, and if your brother comes home he will try to make things unpleasant."

The girl stood silhouetted in the pale light of the drawing-room doorway a moment; then her skirts swished by Payne and up the stairs. In an incredibly short time she was back again, hatted and gloved. Delevan, coming to meet her, gave an exclamation of satisfaction and clasped her roughly to him with a greedy rain of kisses on her colorless face. A moment more and Payne would have interfered. But before the bitter, scornful words had time to leave his lips, his sister gave a strange cry. Her eyes were on the stairs, unbelieving. Then, with horror in her look, she tore herself from her lover's clasp and fled, arms outstretched, up the stairs. And suddenly to Payne's laboring lungs was borne the scent of roses—*Mother's roses!*

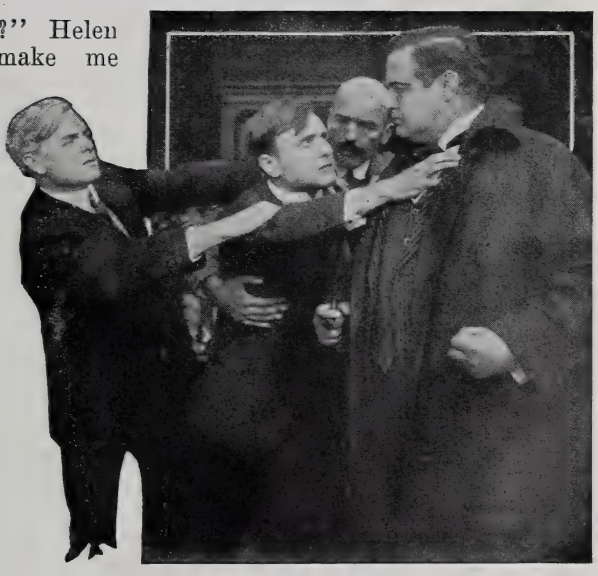
He strode whitely out from the shadows and faced the baffled lover.

"My sister has given you your answer," he said grimly. "Now understand it as final, if you please, and get out."

"Spy!" sneered Delevan, shrugging his shoulders. Payne struck out savagely, full into the leering face. The noise of their scuffle brought the butler and Delevan's chauffeur. Dragged from his victim, Payne drew himself up, trembling and breathless with his anger.

"James, look this gentleman over," he said slowly, "and remember he is never to be admitted to this house again."

Then blindly he turned, climbing the stairs. His wavering steps brought him to the door of Mother's



"JAMES, LOOK THIS GENTLEMAN OVER AND REMEMBER"

room. By the table, where a fresh bunch of red roses glowed, knelt Helen, sobbing convulsively. As her brother bent over her she lifted a shamed face, swollen with wild tears.

"Oh, Payne! Payne!" she cried, "Payne, it was mother. I didn't see her, but I felt her calling me back! Oh, Payne, Payne, what have I done?"

He took her into his arms. "Nothing yet, thank God!" he said solemnly. In the ears of his awed soul echoed a clear voice, dearly: "We mothers *cant* really die while our children need us, son." Was it possible that Mother was really near them, or was it a hysterical vagary of Helen's

overwrought imagination? Common sense told him the latter; yet he, too, had smelled the roses——

Delevan, with praiseworthy haste, prepared to even his score with the Morrisons. A thoro inquiry into their business status soon suggested a way. The Midland Railroad, in which the Morrison fortune had lately been reinvested, was to hold its annual meeting of stockholders in a few days. There was no time to be lost, and he lost

PAYNE ARRIVES AT THE MEETING OF MIDLAND DIRECTORS

none. On the day of the meeting a pale-faced secretary intercepted Payne as he was leaving the office for lunch.

"Do you own a controlling interest in Midland, sir?" he asked. Payne gave a quick glance at his anxious face and drew him back into the office, closing the door.

"I think so—the rest of the stock is scattered in small holdings. Why? What's up?"

"I've just heard that Spencer Delevan has bought up forty-eight thousand shares," said the secretary, doubtfully. "Now, of course, it may be all straight, but you know his record; it looks to me as tho he meant to get the whip hand——"

"Count our shares at once and bring me a report," directed Payne, crisply. But his heart was leaden. It would mean a serious loss, if not ruin itself, to have Delevan in control of Midland. The secretary's report was not reassuring.

"Only forty-seven thousand shares here, sir," he said; "there is a memorandum to the effect that the remaining five thousand shares were bought by your father some time ago, but there is no record of them in his name."

Payne looked at his watch—three hours yet before the meeting. If the shares could be located in three hours they were saved. He sprang into his car and drove home. But even before he had questioned his father at all he knew that the old man could tell him nothing.

"Shares? You mean roses," mumbled old Morrison, querulously. "I gave them to Mother; I always bring

her roses, Payne. If she saves 'em, she can buy a new gown."

A whirlwind search of the house brought Payne at last into the peaceful dimness of Mother's room. He sank into her chair and covered his harassed young face with his hands.

"Only an hour more. We're done for—pitiably done for," he muttered. "There's no place left to hunt."

to look," said Payne, softly. His arm tightened about his sister's waist. They stood, the three of them, in Mother's room on the edge of the evening—the old man, in the isolation of age, somehow a little apart from the splendid youth of his children. His dim, gentle eyes looked out on his dear past; their young, eager gaze was on their future; yet in both

"SEE, CHILDREN, WE MUST NEVER FORGET HER ROSES"

Was it a shadow of a touch on his arm that made him look up suddenly? His eyes turned mechanically toward the table beside him. Still mechanically, he put out his hand and opened the Bible. A thin packet lay before him. With trembling fingers he tore the wrappings apart. The missing five thousand shares of Midland stock were in his hand.

"It was Mother who told me where

visions was the same figure—little, white-haired and dear. The sunset, falling thru western windows, filled the old-fashioned room with tender light. The red roses on the table glowed with life and color. To have spoken then would be to have laughed in the face of a prayer.

"Mother's roses," chuckled the old man, childishly. "See, children, we must never forget her roses. She loves 'em so."

This story was written from the Photoplay of JOHN H. COLLINS

THE melody died down, and the man turned on the stool and faced his mother questioningly. "Like it, mother mine?" he queried.

The old lady smiled pridefully. Despite her husband's strong dislike for this talent of their son, he was very much the child of her heart in that same respect. She understood the dreaming, idealistic, melody-sweet spirit of this dear, only son better, perhaps, than any other part of his nature. His father hated it—with the wholesome disgust of the thoroly commercial, untemperamental man. He saw feminism in it—a soft, "womanish" touch—something foreign to the requisites of a man.

"It's sweet, dearie," she assented. "What do you call it?"

"I *dont* call it, mother," the man laughed. "I'll leave the calling to you. Here comes father; I'm going to see if this wont win him over."

There was no winning the old man over that night. One of the nearest hopes of his heart had been frustrated that afternoon, and his soul was bitter with the fall of the plans we plan for another than we, and mourn over their destruction. He held in his hand a letter from the law school Warren had been attending, and it advised him tersely and pointedly to allow his son to follow the only vocation he was fitted for—that law was obviously not his forte. Before the mind's eye of the defeated parent loomed the vision of a long-haired, cow-eyed individual, sexless, supine, watery—the vision mooned over a piano with a mawkish sentiment, and caricatures appeared in leading papers, while hysterical women enthused. In sharp contrast appeared a straight, commanding figure, full of dignity and law, an idol among men; firm, decisive, businesslike, justly feared and righteously respected among women. A figure whom a man would like to lean back and point to, saying modestly: "Yes, that's my son—that's our boy." The two visions incited in Joseph Dean the strongest passion of baffled rage and stormy injustice that his naturally mild nature had ever known, and in the throes of that rage he sent his only son out of his house forever. He did not stop to think of the mother heart that broke on his harsh command. He did not realize that it was not the man who went out into the night to the mother eyes that yearned after him, but the little, little baby.

It is not always the cut-and-dried path that leads us to the Pot of Pure Gold at the rainbow's end. Sometimes the Nameless Something, sprung from what strange soil, will take us

HE SENT HIS ONLY SON OUT OF THE HOUSE FOREVER

straight and true to the Land of Heart's Desire, despite the mockery of well-meaning onlookers, relatives and friends. Thus it was with Warren Dean. As a lawyer he would have been a failure; his soul was too fraught with the vagaries of the Goddess of Song; he was too tender of heart, too tolerant of mind. And he would not have found the Woman Who Loved him, without which his ultimate salvation could not have been worked out.

He found her where he least expected such an event—in the dingy, smoky, all-for-the-dollar saturated office of Abraham Abraham, theatrical manager and booker. Such are life's inconsistencies. Thus may we always turn the page of a new day with a reasonable amount of thrilling expectation and see its mundane close with a hope reborn the morrow.

Her name was Zelda Wade. Her act was songs, and she needed an accompanist. Warren's next-door neighbor in his dun-tinted boarding-house (gentlemen only) had directed him to the office of Abraham Abraham for the fit exploiting of his art, and there you have it. Ah, but you *haven't!* "It" did not lie so much in the sending for him by Abraham upon receipt of his card to assist Zelda as she tried out; it did consist in the way her dark, brilliant eyes looked into his; it did consist in the perfumed warmth the touch of her palm left on his. It consisted greatly in the way their music blended together; in the way he followed her; in the way she smiled when the music was tenderest, most intimate. By these tokens do we know our mates. These are our magic keys that open the door to a re-created earth—a store of riches beyond the ken of man. By this token did Warren Dean know this woman to be *his* woman; by the same token did Zelda respond.

Abraham Abraham was not bothering his smoke-enwreathed bullet head about tokens, nor mates, nor perfumed warmths, nor any such pleasantries. These things were side issues to Abraham Abraham and had naught to do with his soul, if that unknown quantity was indeed incased in his fat, jeweled, Hebrew person. He was thinking of drawing crowds, box-

HE WAS THINKING OF DRAWING CROWDS AND OTHER ASSETS

offices, attractive features and other assets valuable to his neat and solid pile of ducats. He felt in the air not love, but some magnetic quality that his sixth ducat-making sense told him would "go." Therefore, he booked Warren Dean and Zelda Wade without further ado. He added, gratuitously, that they might practise their act for a week and be ready to go on the following Saturday afternoon.

They practised that week, and they learnt. And on Saturday morning so well did they know their lesson they were married. To them life opened fair and cloudless; they saw before them empyrean regions wherein they dwelt alone, with love on one side and music on the other; and then Fate stepped in and took a hand. When the team had left the office of the zealous Hebrew, the magnetic influence somewhat abated. During the week he had wavered as to his wisdom in booking the two strangers, who had really done nothing out of the ordinary, unless it had been to moon a little bit more over the sentimental stuff than was strictly customary. When, on Saturday morning, a flip, blondined, gum-chewing, feminine thing and a raggy, rah-rah boy with a truly vaudeville swagger and a delightfully habitual nasal twang applied for a job, Abraham Abraham consulted his Public and booked them, casually scratching off Wade and Dean as he did so and dropping them a line to that effect. Which cost the Jew two cents. That is an item, O my people.

There followed a year of struggle that is as old as Eden and as grim as Death. It broke Warren's health completely and filled Zelda with a fierce sense of the Unbalanced Scales on which we dwell and have our little being. Eventually he was ordered to the mountains for a year—or given the alternative. I have said that Warren met the Woman Who Loved him. He had. She loved him with that love which is selfless, which immolates itself, body and spirit, for the service of the loved. When the doctor gave his order, or his alternative,

ZELDA AND WARREN REHEARSE THEIR MUSICAL ACT

Zelda confirmed the order, and to Warren's fears and questionings she raised a forbidding hand, telling him she had got on famously before their meeting, having supported herself and a sister, of whom Warren had never heard mention before, and could do as well again—adding that he was an old dear, but a dreadful hoodoo; that she would be glad to lose him for a time, and a lot of the same comforting nonsense, that sent Warren to the mountains and health with a confident smile and Zelda to their lonely bedroom to sob her heart away. And so it goes.

Bad for the sister, had that mythical person existed; bad for Warren, had he been able to see Zelda from the pine-breathed mountains, where he was inhaling a new lease on life and receiving weekly the remittances for board. There came a time when the remittances failed to arrive. Two weeks passed by, and Warren decided to chuck the whole business, feeling a cad for living here on what was doubtless the nerve-wrenching toil of his girl-wife. He wrote to that effect, and there came a special back, enclosing back board and advance money. Also a letter fairly speaking aloud the precious love it bore. It seemed a bit pleading, that letter. It dwelt a lot on the love that can deny the flesh—the love that is made perfect by the soul's pure faith. Warren kist it tenderly and put it away with the others.

Down in New York, Zelda was standing in a luxurious living-room, with face whiter than ashes. A man stood talking to her—a well-built, well-groomed, typical man of the cities—and of women. He was taking her in—well, typically, also.

"Then it's a bargain?" he asked, for the second time. "I to give you the money to send to the mountains. You to give me—your charming companionship. A rather peculiar bargain, my dear, but I am satisfied—for I—want you—at any price."

Zelda shrank from the beast in the man that leaped to the well-groomed surface and showed its lusting fangs. But even as she shrank, she heard the decisive, professional voice saying firmly: "The mountains—or the alternative." No Inquisition could daunt her while that dread alternative loomed ahead, and so she summoned up the wan, drawn semblance of a smile and agreed.

The man chuckled. He was confirmed yet another time in his belief that all women have a price; there

are fine values in prices as in other things, but, coming right down to it, the result is the same—a bargain driven. What matter whether the asking price be silken things, baubles or the life of a man when one is not sensitive? Hobart Westervelt was not sensitive. He was gluttonous. The two are separate. He had seen Zelda Wade some time before in a manager's office and again on the stage. He had wanted her from the first, and, characteristically, he had waited and planned. He had kept track of her well, learnt of her marital disasters, watched her losing fight and stepped in at the crucial moment. There had been a swift, horrified repudiation; Warren's letter; a wavering; a mortal sickness of soul, and a final capitulation. She was to receive the asking price; in return, she was to wallow in the luxury provided with some show of complacence, wear the fine raiment chosen by Westervelt and accept his caresses amicably. He did not care that her soul was on its knees and her poor heart up in the wind-swept pines where her loved one was growing strong.

Unexpectedly, one day, Warren returned. When the maid brought in his name perplexedly, for he had asked for Mrs. Dean and insisted that he was right, Zelda banked all on the love that had given her the strength to do this thing, trusting that his love would look as high and reach as far.

She saw at once that he did not understand. He thought that the success due her undoubted ability had come her way, and he reverenced her for the splendid fight she had made and the way she had come to the front. Swept off her feet by his ardor and his adoration, Zelda was mute, the confession, a horrid thing, shriveled on her lips. And, as if revivifying it, Hobart Westervelt walked in.

He did not understand. Of course not. He hated her for it—hated her. He did not see the trappings of the torture chamber; he did see the soft-shod tokens of woman-luxuries; he saw very clearly the shameful envelopes coming to him every week, sent by this man—this woman's price—this woman—his wife. Once again he went out into the night, this time to seek solace from the dregs. Always emotional and highly strung, and but lately recovered from a severe breakdown, Warren's stamina failed him, and he drifted on the turbid gutter streams that lead to the down grade. The climax came in a saloon brawl—a man was shot—and Warren was sent up the river to fill a ten-year term.

On that night when Warren was putting the last, artistic touch to his inglorious career, a silver-crowned head was bent over the yellowing keys of an old piano. The simple air that filled the homely room was the air Warren had played on the night he was put out for good. The tears that fell on the keys must have touched the melody with a poignant need, for the man dozing in his chair stirred restlessly, and his voice broke as he asked, half-querulously, half-desperately: "Where is our boy tonight?" The sad-faced woman at the piano shook her head. The wonder was not new with her. It was with her every instant of the day and every hour of the night. She did not see the strong man there in the world, the man full grown; but the helpless, cuddling babe. And she yearned over him with a heartbreak like unto nothing else on earth but the utter hunger of a mother.

Her husband's question started a song in her heart, and, half-unconsciously, she gave it words. They fell on the father's ear with a pathos that drove the hard tears from his eyes:

"Where is my wandering boy tonight,
The boy of my tenderest care?
The child that was once my light and joy,
The child of my love and prayer."

The words ceased, and the stiffened fingers played the melody over again with a passion of love for the beloved composer. The ever-watching eyes looked out across the years and saw the little lad leaning against her knee; the growing youth, with his keen,

HE DID NOT SEE THE TRAPPINGS OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER

strong face and young Sir Galahad eyes; the man, with his curbed, restless will, his sensitive, melody-sweet nature, his wondrous possibilities. Her lips curved in the smile that mothers give to the little ones they love and are so proud of, and the song welled forth anew:

"Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows—
Oh, where is my boy tonight?"

And isn't it well that the mother who dreamed over the boy of her faith and love, who sung most of all to the tiny babe she had held to her breast—isn't it well that she did not see a man in the midst of a ruffianly mob? A man coarsened of feature, sullen of attitude, bearing all too unmistakably the indelible finger-prints of John Barleycorn. Sometimes even cruelty can show mercy—even bitterest sorrow holds out her hand to gentle consolation.

There came a day when three sadly marred life-streams merged suddenly and sunnily together. It happened in this wise. Zelda Dean had learnt a bitter lesson: That there are some deeds one may not do if one is to stay atop; that a sacrifice is gauged by the garment it wears; that the fair illusion of reputation must remain unsmirched e'en before the supposedly comprehensive eyes of the man one loves. She learnt a great many other things, too, and she resolved that when Warren Dean returned again, if God saw fit to grant her this great boon, he should find her as he would wish. Thus again, for love's sake, she made her gripping fight. And she won. She won gloriously, and her name was ready money in any booking-office. On the day aforementioned Zelda Dean was looking for a new song, and there came an inspiration in the shape of a woman whose song rose thru the court of the apartment. There was something about the song that went straight to Zelda's heart—perhaps because it was tender with the longing that was never far from her. At any rate, she sent for the

HE BURIED HIS HEAD IN THE HEM OF HER GARMENT

singer. A little old woman came at her bidding and told her the words of the song and its simple history: how her son had composed it; how he had been turned from home, and her longing for him night and day; how she had written the words out of that same longing and fitted them to the air; how her husband had died and left her penniless and alone. "I sing this song because I hope Warren will hear me some day," she finished. "And then he will surely come."

Then Zelda told her story, and the two women held each other close and sobbed out their common longing for this man who was their heart's core and for whom they had given of themselves to the bitterest, yet sweetest extent.

"He will come back some day," Zelda whispered to the little old woman, "and until then we will wait here together—and I will sing your song—and maybe he will hear—mother——"

He did hear, for he was freed from prison on that very special day, and he heard with a hate in his heart, for all thru the ten, bitter years he had blamed the woman who had sold herself as the cheap price for his existence. And he went straight to her address as directed by the box-office.

They were sitting together when he came in, and they did not see the weary, world-scarred man. The one saw, as always, the rosy, tender babe; the other, the man who had been her mate in very truth. And they took him to their hearts with such a depthless love that shame succeeded to revenge, and new, exultant hope to black despair. After the mother had crooned over him and told her piteous tale and been comforted, Zelda told him the story of those faraway days as they had happened. She told it simply; yet the man who listened dropped on his knees and buried a shamed head in the hem of her garment. And when he raised his face, it was illuminated with a divine humility and love.

THE END

Gay costumes and scenery, busy actors, glaring lights and the like have always been the spectacular part of the Motion Picture business, and therefore calculated to attract more than their share of public interest. But for those who are keenly enough interested in the industry to desire an acquaintance closer than that of merely knowing the names of the favorite actors and the quality of their work, a wide field is opened. Indeed, every little detail of the work of manufacturing and reproducing the Motion Picture play is extremely interesting to the layman, provided, of course, his guide does not become too technical in his explanations.

The layman knows exactly how a Motion Picture is taken. Indeed, there are few who have not at some time or another been favored by a friend of a friend who is connected with the "movies," and in that way secured a glimpse, at least, of the interior of a studio, with all its gaudy stagings and its hard-working troupe of actors and camera men. But no matter how important his friend may be, the layman has never been able to get into the dark and mysterious region of the studio building where the roll of exposed film is taken after the camera man is finished, and for that reason the full details of Motion Picture taking are a closed book to him.

The dark and mysterious region mentioned above is the developing room. There the strips of exposed films are given into the tender care of the expert chemist, who is "boss" over the film until "positives" or "release" films are made and assembled and ready to be turned over to the distribution department.

The camera man has been very careful to see that only daylight pictures have been taken on one strip, interiors on another, artificially lighted scenes on another, and so on. As each of these rolls is given to the genius of the dark-room, the camera man identifies, as it were, the contents of each strip. What follows then is similar to the process followed in the dark-room of any photo shop, except on a more extensive scale.

The dark-room is a mysterious place, black as pitch, save for a half-dozen hooded ruby lights that contrive to give the place an atmosphere of the nether regions. But when one's eyes become accustomed to the light, there is little difficulty in seeing everything that goes on about. The new films that are brought in are taken from their tin encasement, and an assistant is put to work winding them on large frames that look like an overgrown wool-skeiner. These frames will hold between two and three hundred feet of film, which is laid on perfectly flat so that no section overlaps. When anywhere from a dozen to three dozen of these frames are ready, the chief chemist rolls up his sleeves and proceeds.

In the dark-room are at least a dozen tanks containing either water, developer, or a hypo fixing-bath. These tanks are deeper than the height of an average man and about five feet long by eighteen inches wide. They are large enough to contain five frames of film conveniently. When the developing is about to begin the chemist starts five frames in a bath of plain water to moisten the emulsion so that it will not spot in the developer. When thoroly moistened, the five frames are dropped into the tank of developer and five more frames are put into the water bath,

The chemist is then kept busy observing the batch in the developer until all the lights and shades in the photographs are brought out to the right degree of density. Then this group of five is lifted from the developer and handed over to an assistant, who quickly deposits them first in a water tank and then in the hypo fixing-bath. In the meantime the chemist has shifted the five from the water bath to the developer and started five new frames. Thus do the chemist and his assistant work. There is no wasted effort nor loss of time thru superfluous actions; indeed, there cannot be, or a film or two, or a whole batch, will be spoiled, and the result—well, one can easily imagine what would happen to the employee of a studio who managed to spoil a film of the German attack on Liege, for instance, or the entrance of the American marines into Vera Cruz.

Working thus, the two men in the dark-room can develop and fix so rapidly that 20,000 feet of film is made ready in no time. Indeed, there is one man in the business who asserts that he and his assistant deliver 1,000 feet of film to an attendant outside the dark-room every six minutes, once they are well started in the operation of developing.

Usually, at one end of the dark-room a "fool proof" cabinet is constructed. This cabinet is composed of two sets of doors, interlocking, so that when one set is opened the other set is locked, and vice versa. When five frames of film have been properly fixed, the assistant dark-room expert opens one set of doors and deposits the racks in the cabinet. When he has closed the inner doors the outer doors unlock and an assistant outside the dark-room takes the films in charge and immediately proceeds to wash away the hypo. This "fool proof" cabinet is very important, for the interlocking doors will not permit a sudden flash of daylight into the dark-room, which would ruin thousands of feet of exposed film.

The expert outside the dark-room bathes the recently developed films in water until all signs of the fixing-bath are removed. Then, if the films are positive or release prints and are to be tinted, he proceeds to do the task. Huge tanks of "moonlight," "fire," "smoke" and other tints are evident in this man's domain, and he has little difficulty in producing the proper color. Several frames of film are put into these tanks at once and, in a jiffy, a scene that was taken in broad daylight becomes a midnight picture flooded with soft blue moonlight.

This coloring, of course, is done only on releases. The negative films are merely washed in this room and then sent on to the drying-room, where one of the most difficult problems of film-making is confronted.

The emulsion on the films, after it is wet, becomes jelly-like in substance. It is easily affected by heat or cold and can be very readily rubbed off or scratched, in which case the photoplay is usually ruined. It can be seen from this that a great deal of skill is required in drying. The drying-room is equipped with large motor-driven drums that are from twenty-five to thirty feet in circumference and made of soft pine strips. The wet film is wound from the developing frames to the drums, emulsion side out, and when the drums are filled the motors are started, and the film is whirled round and round at express-rate speed. Thus the air is circulated across the moist surface of the emulsion, and gradually the moisture is absorbed.

But this method has its drawbacks also, for on very humid days it requires anywhere from five to ten hours, and even longer, to dry the films. Here another difficulty arises, for the celluloid of which the film is made is susceptible to too much moisture, and if allowed to remain wet for more than five hours it becomes rotten and will frequently tear of its own weight. This problem has given the Motion Picture manufacturers any amount of trouble lately, but one developing expert in Yonkers asserts that he has found a remedy. During the very humid weather this summer

he applied at the local electric light company and ordered four beer-vat dryers, which are electric-heating units heretofore used exclusively in breweries. These beer-vat dryers were installed under the two largest drums in this man's drying-room, and after the drums were started in motion the electric current was turned into the heaters. Much to the surprise of all concerned in the experiment, the vat-dryers accomplished the work desired of them. The heat they furnished was not enough to melt the emulsion when the drums were in motion, yet it was intense enough to absorb all the moisture in the films and to dry the entire batch inside of one hour.

INTERIOR OF A LONDON MOTION PICTURE STUDIO

The negatives after they are dry and removed from the drums and after being rolled on a spindle are returned to the dark-room for printing. The printing is done in another section of the dark-room from that occupied by the developing tanks. This room is usually equipped with three or four printing machines and a film-perforating machine, the last being a very useful contrivance, for it saves the manufacturers of photoplays a quarter of a cent on every foot of raw film purchased. This machine is used to stamp the sprocket holes in the margin of the films, which work, if done outside the studio, costs one cent for every four feet of film. The perforating machine costs in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars, but it saves this amount many times in the course of a year. The contrivance is capable of perforating from 20,000 to 30,000 feet of film a day.

The printing machines are very delicate appliances built on the plan of projecting machines in some respects. They are equipped with a large, glowing electric lamp before which the positive and negative films pass and are printed. The printing is done almost as rapidly as the picture is taken by the camera man; for instance, if the photographs have been taken at the rate of sixteen pictures a second, the release is printed at ten pictures a second. One individual can, under pressure, operate three of these printing machines at one time and turn out 15,000 feet of printed film a day.

The printing machine and its resemblance to the projection machine brings up another point on which the general public is not very well informed. The projection machine is one of the most important appliances

used in the Motion Picture business, for if it were not for this contrivance there would be no "movies."

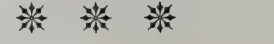
Just how vital the numerous cogs, sprockets, spindles and pins in a projection machine are to the proper reproduction of a perfect photoplay cannot be comprehended until one gives the entire matter close study. This combination of mechanism is called upon to enlarge a tiny, three-quarter inch photograph to one twelve or fifteen feet square, according to the size of the screen in the playhouse. This means that the reproduction is anywhere from 15,000 to 50,000 times greater than the original. It naturally follows that if the picture is magnified that much, every defect in either film or projection machine is magnified accordingly. Indeed, the slightest scratch on the film would appear like a tree-trunk to the audience, and the slightest variation in the mechanism of the projection machine would be magnified so much that the reproduction would be a total failure. Every little sprocket and cog, spring and pin, must work together to the thousandth of an inch, or the machine is useless.

For that reason the men who work on the fine steel parts of the projection machine must be as careful and as accurate as diamond-cutters. Their hands must be steady and their eyes clear. Also, the metal that the parts are made from must be flawless.

Another important factor in the reproduction of a perfect photodrama is the light. Years have been spent by lighting engineers in perfecting a lamp for the projection machine. A very high-powered arc of substantial design is used. This is constructed so that it does not need frequent trimming as most arcs do, and will give a steady, penetrating white light. These arcs are a constant source of revenue to the city's electric light companies, for it is estimated that a quarter of a million ampere hours is consumed every day by Motion Picture playhouses.

In the construction of a perfect light for projection machines heat, too, had to be reckoned with. Films, as every one knows from various newspaper accounts, are highly inflammable. The celluloid of which it is composed can be easily ignited by the heat from the projection-machine lamp. Indeed, the film need only be exposed to the concentrated light of the arc a single second, and it would burst into flame.

This unfortunate circumstance gave rise to several very stringent city ordinances in the early days of the Motion Picture industry. To guard against the possibility of fire starting from ignited films one requirement was that the light be filtered thru a solution of alum, which was contained in a glass tube attached to the projection machine between the lamp and the lens. But this detracted from the clearness of the reproduction, and it was necessary to find some better way of preventing the heat from reaching the film. Now, an automatic shutter has been added to the machine, which opens as soon as the operator begins to turn the crank and closes the instant the machine stops. While the play is being produced there is very little chance of the film becoming ignited, since from sixteen to thirty pictures pass across the lens every second, and no one portion of the film is exposed enough to cause trouble.



Photodrama

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Day after day of dead monotony,
Day after day of weariness; but, bright,
Comes mad adventuring by land and sea,
To cure the day's long labor, every night.

THERE is no discussion so poignant these days as that one which has for its subject the amazing changes which an infant art is creating in the field of the theater. Wherever stage or screen folk congregate one may hear animated discussions, often pessimistic, but not infrequently the optimism of the youthful element, which may be termed representative of the rising generation of players, is all-compelling, even predominating.

And this is as it should be, for there is nothing to indicate that despite all that we may hear about "the palmy days," the theater is not progressive both from artistic and business standpoints. Moreover, there is no better time than now to endeavor to point out that the great amusement-loving public was never so content, never so responsive to those who cater to its entertainment, and never half so numerous in proportion to population from the time when it was discovered that stories of fiction and fact could be concretely told in pictures.

"But what is to become of the stage and its traditions if players, authors and even producers are bent on deserting it for the film studio?" asks the "old-timer," whose vision is so befogged that he fails to grasp the significance of progress and modernism.

Some one, usually a bright chap in his twenties, is quick to answer the lamentations of the veteran actor, and he points out that stage plays are getting better all the time because the producers are prodded on to a goal by the sheer realism of photoplays. This youth knows that the "old-timer" is merely imaginative, for he insists that there are more first-grade playhouses in New York now than ever before, and they are, as an entity, presenting better plays and better actors than ever before.

Perhaps the financial returns are not satisfactory, but this may be due at the moment to the extraordinary conditions created by the war. Yet it is certain that at no time in the history of the theater has the public been provided with so bountiful an amusement fare. And every new season, now that the producers are awakened to the influence of photoplays, will witness an improved productivity on stage and screen alike. Let us all be sure of that.

As recently as two years ago theatrical managers looked on at the artistic development of Moving Pictures with utter indifference. Even now they are reluctant to grasp what a heaven-born new art has meant for themselves. Nevertheless, tho late in their capitulation to the lure of the camera man, they now realize that instead of being a menace to their own productivity, they are provided with a greater incentive for artistic effort as a result of a newly created public representing the majority of mankind, for the patronage of which they had for years made no appeal; and they are even now scarcely realizing their opportunities.

But no one is so foolish as to doubt that, with normal times, the stage calling would now enjoy a prosperity greater than in any epoch in the history of the theater, provided that those who cater to the entertainment of the public "deliver the goods," and at every turn one may see evidence that delivering the goods may best be accomplished by imparting to stage productions a fair share of Motion Picture realism. The younger playwrights were first to see the light.

ANITA STEWART

"On Trial" never would have been written, save in this photoplay age. A mere youth of twenty, imbued with photoplay realism and understanding its technique, proceeded to write a play backward. "On Trial" was the result, and we have the "Close-up," "the Switch-back" and the "Fade-away" (creations of the film studio) to thank for the spectacle of a fifteen-dollar-a-week lawyer's clerk reveling in an income of fifty thousand dollars a year for the first play (it may be the last, too) he ever wrote.

"Under Cover," "The Battle Cry" and "Life," all successes, represent an amazing illustration of what Moving Picture realism has meant for the spoken play. A dozen more New York productions, in a lesser way, have increased their appeal by a similar resort to that phase of a new art which is wholly beyond the scope of a four-walled playhouse. Truly, then, there is nothing in the existing theatrical situation to indicate that photoplays are menacing the vogue of stage plays. In truth, as a result of the persistent affiliation between the stage and the screen, the actor is now confronted with a greater field for his talent than at any time in amusement history. If the men who control the stage as a business are not yet prospering to an equal extent, the fault lies with their perspective and the lateness of their capitulation. Now that they have their ears to the ground, fortunately the awakening is not altogether too late.

The palmy days in Thespia were indeed worth cherishing. The memory of the writer loves to recall the consummate artistry of the great Ristori, the grandeur of Charlotte Cushman, the majestic spectacle of the towering Tommaso Salvini, and the never-to-be-forgotten stage careers of Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Mary Anderson, Lotta, and their artistic colleagues of the nineteenth century. To attempt to deny that there has been no survival of their unexampled careers would be well-nigh absurd,

MARY PICKFORD

but who shall say that the public of today would welcome the players and plays of other days, with their primitive scenic environment? Not even the combined artistry of Julia Marlowe and Edward H. Sothern, with stage accessories of modern character, can compete today with the plays presented without the aid of stars, but which portray the life we live and as we live it. Make no mistake about it, it was the realism of photoplays, the simulation of the actuality as projected on the magic screen, that forced theatrical producers to acknowledge that "the play is the thing."

JOHN BUNNY

There are not today five men and women, besides Maude Adams and John Drew, whose names alone constitute a sight draft on the public purse, and even the two stars of the stage named above no longer can attract the public in a poor vehicle. The vaudeville theaters are now the only medium whereby the celebrities of the palmy days may convert their fame into coin of the realm, and even in vaudeville the cry is "Show your goods"; the name alone has ceased to conjure.

As illustrating the modern trend, the long-established film producers are not impressed with the value of the famous name. Bunny can convert his fame as a screen star into the greatest weekly salary now possible in the amusement field. Yet when he came to the Vitagraph Company he was willing to accept perhaps the lowest weekly honorarium he ever was paid. There you have the whole thing concretely.

And Bunny's experience is merely indicative of the new conditions. Instead of a successor to the great celebrities of the palmy days, the theater, as it is, represents the influence of the era of scientific entertainment. Just as grand opera had its difficult problems solved thru the phonograph's advent, so has the Moving Picture craze developed an art which has changed the theatrical map all over the world.

There will be no Ristoris in this century, no Salvinis, nor is there any likelihood of another Mansfield, but instead it is possible for a play producer to attract capacity audiences with a play written by an unknown author, and in which not a celebrity figures in the cast, but in each production of this nature men and women rise to fame overnight.

To replace the idols over whom the people raved in palmy days, we have the products also of the film studio—young men and women who achieved little on the stage, but who now are more acceptable to the millions of patrons of photoplays than the stage stars of yesterday or today would be.

Ask these persistent patrons of the once despised "movies" if they would exchange their Mary Pickford for the Clara Morris that was, or the Maude

Adams that is, and you will know more than you ever thought you knew on this important subject. Ask your neighbors if Anita Stewart in a new part would not attract them to a theater quicker than the announcement that the latest Broadway favorite was to be seen in a picturized stage success.

Progress is rampant! Nearly all the people now go to the theaters, the majority to the low-priced ones, of course, but all the same this majority is not only enjoying photoplays, but these millions are creating new favorites among players, while the natural tendency is to acquire a taste for the drama on stage and screen. Here we have the very essence of the Motion Picture art to impress the spectators and to hold them fast. And it is this influence which is now operating almost as forcibly on the stage as on the screen, hence one may only conjecture as to what history will record when the influence of Moving Pictures on the spoken play has really run its course.

One thing is certain: the "palmy days" of the photoplay are not yet recorded, nor should there be any such term justified in this century. For just as soon as there is need for reference to "palmy days," then will begin the same retrograde movement in filmdom as has just been checked in theaterdom thru a resort to the influence of the newer art.

When tempests are howling and worries come prowling,
Gaunt wolves of regret, at our threshold each night,
Then pleasantly blinking, we haply turn thinking
Of joy that awaits us and endless delight—
Where pictures beguiling are dancing and smiling,
Where roses are blooming and buttercups grow,
There, called by our yearning, the summer returning
Again greets our eyes in the bright picture show.

When snowflakes are falling, and discords appalling
Are marring the rhythmical song of our lives,
Then flouting grief's story we turn to the glory
Of youth and delight that for us still survives.
We live in their living, we gain thru their giving,
Their bliss is our own still, as homeward we go,
To dream of sweet clover, and days we live over
In love-dreams that bloom in the bright picture show.

The Danger Element In Picture Making

by Albert Marple

FEW people who are not familiar with the workings of a Motion Picture theatrical company realize how often those capable men and women are called upon to perform "stunts" that are indeed dangerous and in which, only too often, they are called upon even to risk their lives. The thousands upon thousands in this and other countries who go daily to Motion Picture shows seldom are fully aware of what would have taken place if everything during the taking of those pictures had not happened on schedule time. They seldom think to themselves, "What would have happened had that rope broken before it was intended that it should?" or, "How many would have been killed had that charge of powder exploded as the actors were passing over a certain piece of ground?" or, "How could the hero have escaped had the floor of the burning building given way beneath his weight?" These, and thousands of others, are things that could have happened had things not been carried out exactly as planned. True, the film actor's life is a fascinating one, but at the same time it is often extremely dangerous.

To illustrate what "might have happened" an occurrence might be stated which took place a short time ago at the Universal Ranch, the headquarters of the Gold Seal (Universal) Company, near Los Angeles, California. This company of prominent movie stars were playing "The Trey o' Hearts," and one of the principal scenes calls for a landslide, which must be an artificial affair.

Cleo Madison, George Larkin, Edward Sloman and Ray Hanford, in an auto, were being pursued by a vigilante committee for alleged complicity in the murder of Hopi Jim. Realizing that capture would mean immediate death by lynching, Tom Walsh, as Barcus, faithful friend of Alan Laws and Rose Trine, starts a landslide far up on the side of the mountain, at a point where the auto must pass, the idea being to shoot the rocks and gravel down into the road just behind the fleeing car and in front of the pursuers, thus cutting them off from the fugitives.

Everything went along nicely as the picture progressed. The auto went tearing along the mountain road, with the pursuers racing along behind. As the fleeing auto approached the spot below where the landslide was to take place, the occupants saw a flash and heard a report. It seemed to be a trifle premature; but, not aware of any danger, they raced on. Glancing toward where the eighteen pounds of powder had been exploded, one of the company who was behind tried to stop the first carload of actors, but they wouldn't listen. They thought he was urging them on. He realized that they had entered the spotlight on time, but that the fuse had burned too fast.

When too late to turn back, the occupants of the car saw the entire situation and realized that it was a race for life. With one eye on the onrushing rocks and the other on the road ahead, the driver bent every energy to beat the "slide" across the gap.

He succeeded, but the fight was a terrific one. Had anything happened to the machine, or had the party been a fraction of a minute late, it would have meant sure death to one or more of its members. As it was, the occupants of the auto didn't go unscathed, for they were hit by flying rocks (this showing how near they were to being covered by the premature "slide"), and were thrown around and bruised generally.

The strange part about the whole affair is that the camera man did not stop for an instant in his "grinding," and as Isadore Bernstine, director, stated afterward, "That sure will be some picture."

An Embarrassing Situation

Crane Wilbur tells of an embarrassing situation he was once in.

"I was to play a special one-night engagement at a large theater in Allentown, Pennsylvania," Mr. Wilbur said, "and I arrived in Allentown that evening about eight o'clock. I had to 'go on' about nine o'clock, so I thought I'd look about for a hotel before going to the theater. To my dismay, I found that there wasn't a room, nor even a bed, to be had in the whole city. A huge Masonic convention was in town, and the hotels were all full; even the private families had rented all their spare beds. There was no train back to New York that night, and I had about made up my mind to sleep in a dressing-room at the theater, when I saw before me a vision of a handsomely appointed bedroom, complete in every detail. Upon closer investigation, I found the vision to be a reality. It was a beautiful bedroom set in the display window of a large furniture store. The bed was all ready to sleep in, with even the coverlet invitingly turned back. They were just about to close the store, so I quickly entered and sought the proprietor. He proved to be a man who had often seen me in pictures and admired my work. I told him of my plight and offered to pay a good sum for the rent of his window bedroom for one night. There were curtains to the windows, of course, and with these drawn down I would have as much privacy as in a hotel room. The novelty of my idea appealed to the proprietor, and he agreed upon condition that I occupy the bed as a guest of the house. Needless to say I accepted and went rejoicing on my way. That night the watchman let me in the store, pulled down the curtains, and I slipped into my luxurious bed for a good night's sleep. I had it, but, oh, what an awakening! Shouts of laughter called me from my dreams, and when I opened my startled eyes I saw that every curtain was up and a laughing, joking crowd was staring at me thru the window. The watchman had probably forgotten my presence and raised the curtains. I called for him, but he did not hear me, and I had to lie for hours, it seemed, with my head under the covers, not daring to move. At last the proprietor came, pulled down the curtains and released me. When I slipped out of the store, I noticed a huge sign that was fastened to the bed. It read:

Housewives! Open an Account with Us and Put This in Your Homes on Easy Terms!

FREDERICK BURLINGHAM

Taking Motion Pictures in Extraordinary Places

By ERNEST A. DENCH

NOTHING seems too difficult for the camera man to accomplish these days. Now we find that the Alps and Vesuvius have been filmed. We owe this to the resourcefulness of one of our countrymen, Frederick Burlingham by name.

He claims Baltimore, Md., as his native town. His first job was as a grocer's boy, but he shifted from one thing to another when he found he was making no progress. What little spare time he had was occupied in bookkeeping work, building a steamer and playing the piano. He was so proficient at the latter that he won a scholarship at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore.

Eventually he succumbed to the lure of journalism and successively joined the staffs of the New York *Evening Post, Commercial Advertiser,* New York *American* and *Evening World.* Just as he was progressing nicely, his family moved to Richmond, Va., where he served the two local papers. He then edited the *Virginian Pilot* and Charlestown *Daily Gazette* for short periods.

London next saw Burlingham on the staff of the *Daily Mirror,* and after that he crossed over to Paris to organize a balloon race for the *Evening News,* which, had it been successful, would have resulted in the Channel being crossed for the first time by air. After serving the Paris *Daily Mail* and Paris *New York Herald,* he turned his attention to cinematography.

His first big exploit on behalf of the British & Colonial Company was to film the Bernina Path at an altitude of 8,000 feet. It was no easy work, for the cold was intense.

Mr. Burlingham set his camera in the very place where three years before snowdrifts were eighty feet deep. At this point the highest railway in Europe runs, and he arranged that the snow plow should stop at a safe distance.

The B. & C. operator was congratulating himself on the fine picture he was securing, when he was alarmed to see the rotary machine approaching on him swiftly without any indications of it slowing up. Without a moment to spare, he jumped off the track against the walls of the pass. As it was, his body was grazed, but happily he managed to fling his camera at one side and prevented it being smashed. This incident resulted thru the snow blinding the engineers, who were unable to see in front of them.

Mr. Burlingham's next important accomplishment was photographing the Matterhorn. So perilous was the climb that even his guides tried to dissuade him. He secured some fine pictures from a height of 4,000 feet

MR. BURLINGHAM TAKING MOTION PICTURES AT THE SUMMIT OF JUNGFRAU, WHICH IS EUROPE'S TALLEST GLACIER

in a place where Lord Francis Douglas and his guides lost their lives in 1865.

His position was so insecure that he had to take the precaution of having one of the men hold his legs, so that he could retain his balance whilst turning the handle. On the return journey they were caught in a snowstorm, but reached their destination safely.

This daring cinema man's greatest undertaking was taking a Motion Picture camera inside such an eruptive volcano as Vesuvius. To use Mr. Burlingham's own words of his experiences: "When down about 500 feet below the precipice, and directly above one of the great sulphur fumaroles, a sudden current of air drove the main column of smoke across our path. It was a perilous moment, for added to the sulphur fumes were dense clouds of corrosive hydrochloric acid. We lay down perfectly still to breathe as little as possible, each using several thicknesses of cloth as a respirator. For twenty minutes we saw nothing, and as slow asphyxiation threatened us there was talk of retreating and abandoning the cameras, but I persuaded the men to descend still lower, believing that we should find less diffused smoke. By groping our way we passed between the sulphur fumaroles and the main column of hydrochloric acid, ultimately reaching the floor of the crater—depth, 1,000 feet—where we could take note of the situation.

"Finally we succeeded in descending 1,212 feet to the bottom of the cone, to within two feet of the mouth of the abyss, which has a temperature of sixty degrees Centigrade and a depth of two miles. Here we were in danger of avalanches of all kinds and the peril of the bottom caving in. We could hear the lava boiling below us. We found, too, outside in the cone, fresh lava, indicating that explosions had already begun to take place."

Considering the difficulties under which he labored, the photography of the films was splendid.

His latest feat for the film is the summit of the Jungfrau. At sunrise, accompanied by two guides and carrying his own camera, he started out from his hotel to make the perilous climb. Their path was a veritable mountain of snow that in man's

MR. BURLINGHAM AND PARTY CLIMBING JUNGFRAU

memory had never melted to the rocks below. Burlingham insisted on climbing without the protection of the rope usually linking an Alpine climber to his guides. By using the ice-axes freely and pulling each other up they managed to gain a commanding position near the summit. But while looking about for a suitable position to place his camera, Mr. Burlingham lost his balance. He shot down the clear expanse of packed snow with yawning crevasses directly in his path! —the icy graveyard of so many daring unfortunates. The daring photographer did not lose his presence of mind. He brought his ice-axe to the rescue, and by its aid he was able to stop himself after a fall of eighty feet. But Mr. Burlingham admits it was a near-go, tho.

The peculiar thing, however, is that he experienced the everlasting snows of the Jungfrau hotter than Vesuvius. So hot, in fact, that the chemical rays of the sun blistered his face and hands so much that his skin peeled off seven times altogether!

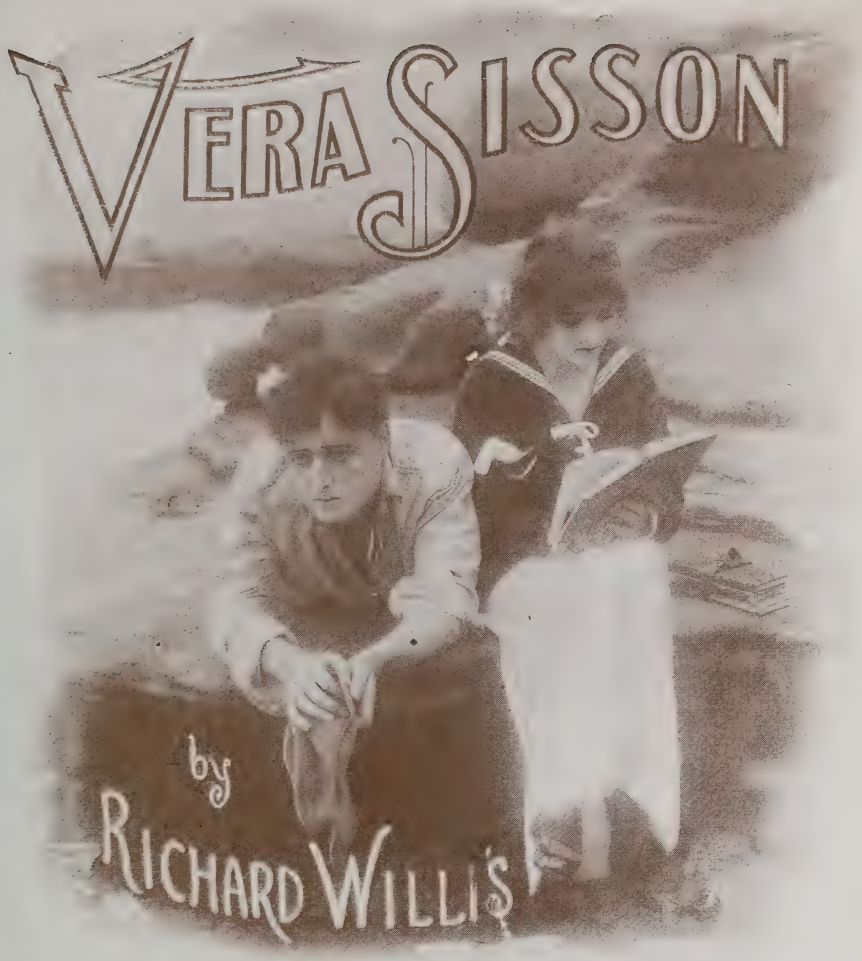
Mr. Burlingham has achieved so much success by specializing on risky exploits that he is now under his own management, and the films are released under the "Burlingham" brand.

Good-by, Old Care!

By JOHN RUSSEL McCARTHY

The day was a flurry of worry and hurry.
And long as the hours could make it, too;
You'd bury your cares, but the cares wont bury
In book or cigar or billet-doux.
And the evening's long as ever the day was—
Isn't there really a thing to do?
But wait! the house where the little play was—
The bright little play of the hope come true!

The house is there, and the seat is waiting,
And many's the charming tale to tell:
There are laughings of lovers and wives' beratings
And heroes handsome and villains fell;
There are beauty and sparkle and glamor and glory;
Maidens that smile like a day in Spring—
Oh! the Movies lure with a golden story,
And Time goes by like a bird on the wing.



I WELL remember the coming of little Vera Sisson. It was soon after the amalgamation which brought together several of the independent companies under the one head—the Universal. At that time the several companies were somewhat overcrowded in the Hollywood studios, for the concern grew more rapidly than a mushroom. It was not until a little later that the company built their present enormous studios on the opposite side of Sunset Boulevard. J. Farrell Macdonald was directing one of the Victor companies at the time and had Edwin August and Janie Macpherson as his leads, and Edith Bostwick playing the "heavies." Macdonald was telling us that a cousin of Edith Bostwick's was coming to join the company, when a girl with the prettiest brown eyes and hair which was neither dressed up nor down came shyly into the studio and, seeing Miss Bostwick, made a run for her with a squeal of joy and was lost to view in that lady's embrace. It was Vera Sisson, about the most unactressy young person who ever entered a studio for the first time. She received a warm welcome—how could it be otherwise with that artless expression and her engaging ways? It is not too much to say that Vera captured our hearts that day and has not lost them since.

"It is awfully nice of you to have a 'chat' with me," said Vera, as we sat in the porch of that bungalow (patience please, the bungalow will

creep in again later), and her eyes wandered around from one flower to

another. "You know, I do not seem to have much to tell, but I'll do my best. Whatever you do, tho, dont ask me about my previous stage experience, because I did not have any. I never acted before I came to Los Angeles, and here is an awful confession—I never even thought much about it until I started to think of making my own living. I was just as happy as could be back in Denver with my mother, and I guess I was pretty childlike, anyhow, and took things much as they came. We lived in Denver, Colorado, and I had a fine time there, especially when as a child; and, with my father dead, we stayed with an aunt of mine at a little place called Central City, which is in Gilpin County, Colorado, and right in the Rocky Mountains, where some of the biggest mines are situated. How good they were to me, the dear people who live up there!—rough some of them, but just as generous as could be, and so nice to women and children. Mother and I used to go and visit the town and people very often when we went to Denver to live, and I hope to go there again some day and stop for awhile and see them again and sniff that lovely mountain air. I have quite a fine collection of ore specimens, too, which I had given me by the miners around. I will show them to you before you go."

"You had no previous stage experience?" I remarked severely. "Then how dare you get along so quickly and so well, and how did you do it?" Vera laughed, and Vera's laugh is about as

sweet as her smile and not much louder. "I dont know; I worked hard, and I had the advantage of Mr. Macdonald's training to start with. I remember my first picture well, tho I cant recall the name of it. I was a

maid, and all I had to do was to come on once or twice, dust some chairs and obey some commands. I am always glad that Edwin August was in the first one I played in, for I felt I was in good company. I would like a dollar for every time I looked in the glass to see if my make-up was still on and all right, and I bothered my cousin to death asking her if I looked good, and so forth and so on. Also, I was frightened as could be when I stood in front of the camera, but I soon got used to it; and, then, I just worked as hard as I could, and neither my cousin nor Mr. J. Farrell Macdonald, my director, spared me, as they knew I was anxious to really get on. Also, I did not meet with any of the jealousies that I was led to expect, and I attribute my success to hard work, the kind advice of others, and to giving up everything else to studying the pictures. I have watched the other actresses a lot and never miss the chance to see myself on the screen or to go to the better photoplay houses. Then, again, I feel I am bound to get on, for I am so really in love with my work; and, oh! how grateful I am that I wrote to my cousin to try and get me into the pictures!"

"Now tell me just whom you have acted with?" I asked her.

"I arrived here two years ago," said Vera, "and was with Mr. Macdonald for

some time, playing with Mr. August and others. I remember that we played one picture called 'Neighbors,' a comedy, in which Harry Fisher and myself were opposed by Lee Morris and Edith Bostwick, and it was my first real part for the Victor brand. Then I went with Mr. Macdonald to the Venus Feature Company, and played with Arthur Maude and Constance Crawley in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' and a number of other big photoplays. I also played in 'The Road to Happiness,' which was released by Warner's and was one of the prettiest things I have ever acted in. After that I was offered and accepted an engagement with the Majestic Company, where I acted under the direction of Lucius Henderson, John Adolfi and Fred Vroom. I played opposite William Garwood for a time, and was in 'The House in the Tree' and 'The Ten of Spades.' I stayed with them for a few months and then returned to the Universal Company, to be near my cousin, and took the leads in a series of comedies. Then came my present altogether delightful engagement with J. Warren Kerrigan, and I cannot say too much about it. He is lovely to me, and so is the director, Jacques Jaccard, and they give me all sorts of chances, and Mr. Kerrigan always goes out of his way to see that I have the right opportunities. We have the nicest sort of company, and all get along well together."

"Which photoplays you have acted in have you liked best?"

"'The Bolted Door,' a two-reeler directed by J. Farrell Macdonald and in which I played opposite to Mr. Kerrigan. I still receive letters mentioning my work in this, and it was one of the most charming stories I have ever played in. 'As Fate Willed,' 'The Man from Nowhere,' 'There Is a Destiny' and 'Little Meg and I,' all with Jack Kerrigan, appealed strongly to me, and, of course, I like the present series, too."

Little Vera Sisson is very happy. The mother whom she had never left until two and one-half years ago and who is devoted to her, is coming, and that is where the mysterious bungalow comes in, for Vera has taken it and has furnished it and is tending the pretty flowers carefully, that they may nod their joyous welcome to that mother who is looked forward to so eagerly. They will live there together, says Vera, and be very, very happy, as they were of old, and will talk about the hills of Colorado and the school-days in Denver.

Vera is not athletic; there is nothing athletic about her. She is just a sweet, unaffected girl who loves housework and home, and who is quite proud of her cooking abilities. She reads a lot and likes automobiling, and spends lots of time making water-color sketches, which she gives away freely and which make her dressing-room a very cheerful place. She wants to be as clever and as popular as Anita Stewart and Mary Pickford, who are her favorite Motion Picture actresses; and how she loves pretty frocks! Altogether, Vera is a dainty little bundle of femininity, and I dont believe she will ever be spoiled or get big-headed, for she is as sensible as she is sweet, and that is saying a whole lot. She took to acting naturally, and I doubt whether any young artist has made quicker or better progress than Vera. Her playing is sincere, and she has the charm of youth and beauty, and has a great, big world ahead of her to conquer.

And she made me a promise, an offer—I am to get one of those clever little water-color sketches at Christmas time for chatting her—isn't that nice?

RICHARD WILLIS.

Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

MR. A. EDWIN KIRSCHNER asks this interesting question, "Should the laws governing Motion Pictures be changed?" and then answers it with such force that I give his argument in full:

Motion Pictures came into popularity not very many years ago with a rush, and the interest in them is still increasing day by day. The film on which they are printed is of highly inflammable and explosive nature. There were many casualties, resulting in loss of life and property. As a consequence, stringent laws were enacted to safeguard the public, and these laws have, from time to time, been made more severe as a result of still further catastrophes. The regulations in question were made without any thought of possible future developments in the industry tending to greater safety. The need of a small, portable, low-powered projecting machine soon arose, and some half-dozen or more makes were placed on the market. All of them work on the theory of low power, using not more than four amperes. The leading machine of this kind has a special air-duct system which carries the generated heat of the baby arc-light away from the film, thus making the machine doubly safe; in fact, the makers claim that inflammable film may be held fixed in the rays of the arc for an indefinite period without the least danger.

None of these low-power machines have come into the great use that is their due, simply because of the regulations that absolutely demand an expensive fireproof booth and sundry other things. Fire officials and fire insurance men stand on the argument that all projecting machines are equally dangerous, and the laws fixed by them must therefore stand. This is wholly unwarranted by the facts.

Motion Pictures should today be in every school as part of the training methods, because no instruction is clearer and so speedily effective as that given to the eye thru Motion Pictures. Yet schools are prevented from adopting the service because it would be impracticable to install the high-power machines and engage licensed operators for the daily service. There are available low-power machines ideally fitted for such needs as the school, the church, the manufacturer for displaying his wares and methods, and even the home for private amusement. The use of such machines should be allowed without a fireproof booth, but, for further safety, a law should be enacted that they may be used only with safety film—film of the slow-burning type.

The law should really go much further. There should be national legislation prohibiting the use of all inflammable film, and it's a rather curious thing that no one seems to have taken the initiative in bringing about such legislation. The danger besetting inflammable film is ever present and bound to result some time in a calamity. There are too many recent happenings to prove it, the most notable being the very large and disastrous fire at the big Edison plant in Orange, N. J., where inflammable film played the leading rôle. In another instance of not many weeks back, film carried by a passenger on a railroad train took fire and resulted in the serious injury of a number of people. There are many minor accidents of which the general public is not made aware. It would seem, therefore, a logical step to prohibit the use of inflammable film. The question naturally arises, Why has it not been done heretofore? Doubtless such a move would invite the immediate hostility of the big film exchanges and their allied industries, tho that is a short-sighted policy. Safety film is bound to come soon or late, but the sooner the better. It may be argued that it is not so durable and that it costs more than the other. The former is entirely wrong. It can be shown that safety film is gettable which is in every sense as good, strong and lasting as the best of inflammable film. That it costs more is at the moment true, but who will deny that when there is a general demand for safety film the prices

will fall automatically, because it will enable larger production and thus reduce the producing cost? Demand regulates price, and it further insures the perfection or improvement of anything, whatever it may be.

Other countries precede us in such important matters. In the large cities of France and Belgium the use of inflammable film is strictly prohibited. Quite lately a committee of the House of Commons in London recommended for passage a similar law.

Where is the big man in this country who will take the first step towards the much-desired end? The proper channel would be the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and they are powerful enough to bring about such legislation. If not, let them take the other step of changing their own laws and enforcing the absolute use of safety film where their interests are at stake. Machines and other appurtenances should not be punished for the sin of inflammable film.

A. EDWIN KIRSCHNER.

This is a day of big things in Moving Pictures—big pictures; well-known actors; large capitalization of companies and fabulous salaries. But if any one had prophesied these changes three years ago, he would have been considered an idiot or a dreamer. The histrionic or acting part of Moving Pictures has also undergone deep changes. Not so long ago John Bunny was drawing his little fifty dollars a week and thinking well of it, and now it's a guaranteed thousand. Mary Pickford, Mary Fuller, Earle Williams, Warren Kerrigan—these and others are earning far more than the average bank president. But wait a moment! Check the few stars on your fingers, and after that comes a vast army of photoplayers who are receiving decidedly smaller salaries than those the legitimate stage pays. Their hours are longer, and most of them are required to furnish an elaborate wardrobe. In many cases, physical exposure and hazardous risk are parts of the day's work.

A certain young lady, whose name I will not disclose, played leading rôles for a prominent Western studio. I have it from her own lips that her salary was the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars per week! I can state positively that the salary of a famous comedienne known for years to you all is sixty dollars per week. And should it be necessary, I could publish a long list of names, familiar to you all, whose salaries are extremely modest—barely a livelihood. Getting into Moving Picture stock is far from the golden crib that the public imagines. It is my firm belief that so-called "stars" have been capitalized at the expense of the other members of the studios' forces, and that, in consequence, their salaries are away out of proportion—pitiably so.

Give me fifty thousand dollars, a capable director, appealing rôles plus an actress of ordinary ability, and I will build you a "star" in six months. And then the question arises: How much more real talent has she than her sisters still in the ranks? The answer is evident: Little, if any. But the "star's" salary goes soaring upward, and once capitalized she is the sought-after prize of competing studios. Twenty-five dollars a week may seem a large salary to people who are not familiar with the stage world, but what of a salary of $52,000 a year, which Mary Pickford received last year? Did she earn it for her employers? No doubt, but I can name dozens of young ladies, who are now getting about $35 a week, who, if given Miss Pickford's opportunities, could earn at least $5,000 a year each for their employers and possibly ten times that. Perhaps it's the old story of "To him that hath shall be given," but put me on record for better salaries for the whole company and only a reasonably small fortune for the "star."

RAYMOND GALLAGHER, OF THE UNIVERSAL COMPANY

THE time, nine-thirty A. M.; the place, dressing-room of Raymond Gallagher, star and leading man of the Powers-Universal Company; the cast, me perched on a muchly labeled trunk. Enter: Raymond Gallagher. Result: read on and you will see.

"Good-morning, and how—— Why, where's that chair?" and he vanished, but reappeared in a few moments with the missing bit of furniture and: "Everybody runs off with my things. Now, as I was about to ask before——"

"Ray—Ray Gallagher! Hi, there, Ray!" broke in most effectively on what Mr. Gallagher was about to say and sent him to the door on the run. There was some one making inquiries about a story he had asked Mr. Gallagher to read, and he demanded immediate attention. While waiting, I made the most of the opportunity to look around and see what I could see.

The absence of the usual type of decoration is most marked in this particular dressing-room; there are only a few photos on the walls, and these are likenesses of warm, personal friends.

pile of opened letters took up a bit of room at one end of the dressing-table, while the rest of the available space was given up to "make-up" preparations, combs, brushes and mirrors. Back of a partly pulled-to curtain I saw costumes and suits all hung in a nice row. Everything looked mighty shipshape to me, and the only things out of place seemed to be my gloves and bag I had thrown down on the table.

"I was born in San Francisco, the 17th of April, 1888," Mr. Gallagher started in, in response to my request. "My mother died when I was only two years old, and my father when I was ten, so I have been pretty much alone during my life. My grandmother brought me up, and I think the world of her, for she sure is some grandmother, but one misses not having a mother or father. Ever since I was able to throw a ball the great American game has been my favorite sport, and when I was just a youngster I was considered quite a good catcher

and all-around player. I attended the public schools, and when I had completed the grade course, I was sent to Sacred Heart College, where I took up the study of electrical engineering. At that time it was a comparatively new course, and I could see a big future ahead for those interested and qualified in the work, consequently my enthusiasm ran high. During the first year things went along fine, but after that baseball and college dramatics claimed a greater share of my attention than did my studies. My love of baseball dated from my childhood days, while my desire to become an actor was born when I first saw a stage performance. I wanted to be an actor even more than a great ball-player, but didn't imagine I had any talent along that line until I made a success in a small but important part in one of the plays our class put on. From that time on, to get on to the legitimate stage was the aim of my every-day existence. I completed my college course, graduated and obtained my degree, and then went right to the stage manager of the Central Theater and asked him what prospects I'd have in getting on. He was a friend of mine, had coached me in our college plays, and I guess he must have thought I had ability of some sort, for he gave me a part in 'The Resurrection'—a mighty small part, I'll admit—but it was a start, and from then on I went right along. I played the juvenile lead in R. L. Stockwell's play, 'Mrs. Temple's Telegram,' for one season, and then went back into stock in San Francisco for five or six months at the Central Theater. After that I was on the road, mostly in stock companies, for about five years. I figured in Belasco's 'The Girl of the Golden West.' My last stage engagement was at the Alcazar Theater in 'Frisco, and it was there Mr. Méliès, of the Méliès Film Company, saw me and approached me with the proposition that I enter the Motion Picture field. He was looking for a leading man who had dark hair and eyes, and dimples; he said I was just the person he wanted. I was kind of dubious about it, but said I should try it for a while. The first two weeks I didn't like the work a bit and was going to quit, but Mr. Méliès and my director predicted a great future for me and held out such inducements that I decided to stick to it a little longer. Then a trip around the world was planned for me, and I went and enjoyed myself. We made all sorts of pictures in all sorts of countries and under all sorts of conditions, and things were going along fine; then I got homesick and traveling was no longer a pleasure. I left the company in Japan and came back to California. I joined the Lubin Film Company at Los Angeles, and played leads in Western casts for one year. The Universal Film Company saw some of my pictures and hunted me up and offered me a better position and salary, so I joined the company and was engaged to play leading business for Edna Maison, but lately they have put me in comedy work opposite Louise Glaum — *high-class* comedy work, you understand. [I understood.] And—well, here I am. Is there anything I haven't said?"

I assured him that he had been most kind; that he had given me a fund of information that I wanted, and so put up my notebook and pen and suggested that we "visit" a while. So we just talked.

Mr. Gallagher says he goes to see all of the pictures he features in and calls that his method of "keeping track" of himself. He likes to go into the movie shows alone, and finds the comments of people who criticize and praise of much benefit and interest. It seems wonderful to him to be able to see himself act, and he has quite transferred his love for the stage to his movie work. He delights in playing odd parts, and quaint and eccentric old-man character impersonations that enable him to bring all of his art of acting into play. He likes to watch himself "carry a thought," and thinks the possibilities of changing and varied emotions that the face and actions alone can register, with-

out the medium or assistance of the voice and forced gestures, are unlimited.

And now let me tell you a bit about Mr. Gallagher himself—the man, and not his career. In personal appearance he is five feet nine inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes and a most

winning smile; his features are light, but clear-cut and regular. He is well built, and his out-of-door life and strenuous exercise in some of his picture work keeps him in fine trim. He motors, rides and hunts; loves animals, and can work up plenty of enthusiasm over a base-ball game. He has a mighty tolerant view of things and a most broad outlook on life. He sees the good in every one; wants to see everybody happy and likes to have his friends around him. One is impressed by his quiet, forceful personality and realizes that he is a man from whom may be expected still bigger things than he has yet accomplished. He told me, in his quiet way, that his ambition is "to be the biggest star in pictures," and I hope he soon will be.

I wish that each one of you who read this could meet and know Mr. Gallagher personally. His courtesy, wit and kind tact endear him to all of his acquaintances, while those who are really truly friends—well, everybody loves Ray Gallagher!

VIRGINIA WEST.

Harry Beaumont, of the Edison Company

MR. HARRY BEAUMONT—born de Beau—untangled himself from a group who were applauding the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, and came toward me as willingly and happily as little Willie when papa says, meaningly, he'd like a little talk with him in the woodshed. It was evident to the most neophytic interviewer that he had no enthusiasm at the prospect of talking about himself.

"Mr. Beaumont, please believe me that it hurts me worse than it does you," I assured him. (Seems to me I heard that phrase somewhere once.) Whereupon he looked rather less apprehensive, and we sat down on the gallows steps with mutual well-feeling.

"I believe I'd rather be—well, executed than interviewed," began Mr. Beaumont, pessimistically. "Now before we start in I may as well tell you I've got no views on religion, philosophy or politics to elucidate, and the public will just have to shuffle along somehow without 'em. Now let's start in and get it over as quick as we can. My name is Harry de Beau, Beaumont on the screen; born in Abilene, Kansas; family, American-French; profession, acting, legitimate, vaudeville and photoplay; hobby, automobiling and adventurous stories—am I going too fast?"

My fountain-pen was gasping inkily over the notebook page:

"Abilene — American-French — acting—automobiling—adventure," I wrote hurriedly. "I love my love with an A because he is attractive (tall, slender, fair complexion, brown hair). I admire him with a B because he is bashful, lives in the Bronx, is fond of baseball—I *beg* your pardon!"

Mr. Beaumont was laughing heartily, and the ice was broken.

"You're dead right about the baseball," he declared. "I bet on Boston every time—but I dont see how you know——"

"I sat in front of you at the Polo Grounds once," I told him. "I knew by the shape of my straw hat after I got home that you were an enthusiast. Is the subject of Motion Pictures taboo?"

"Will a butcher talk about lamb chops?" parried Mr. Beaumont. "No, siree! I can set my Big Ben for five A. M. and talk from then till the cows come home on Motion Pictures. I've been three years in the work, played in one hundred and fifty pictures and like it far better than the stage. It's *homier* —and I like my home. It's good, *clean* work, too—at least here at the Edison studio it is. Censorship? Too narrow now, I think, but I suppose it's necessary to keep studios from overspeeding.

"Bliss Milford, Marc MacDermott, Mary Pickford, Harry Morey are all great photoplayers, I think, and 'Cabiria' is the greatest photoplay I ever saw. I spend many an evening, like Diogenes, with my lantern, looking for good photoplays, but I've seen a lot of punk ones, too."

"Do you write 'em?" said I. "I mean good ones, not the punk brand."

"Sometimes, yes, and short stories, too," he replied, fidgetting. "Came near being drowned in one of 'em once."

"Woman suf——"

"No politics," he answered me; "I've said it once, I've said it twice. What I say three times is so! But on the q t, I'm in favor of it. I've got a pretty good argument in favor of it, but I'm not letting on what it is."

I was much interested. A mystery! *Cherches la femme*—but before I could probe further, Mr. Beaumont glanced at his watch and rose hastily.

"Glad to have met you," he assured me. "Sorry I've got to leave you, but, you see, I've got to kill a fellow—that bald-headed chap over yonder—at ten-thirty. So long!"

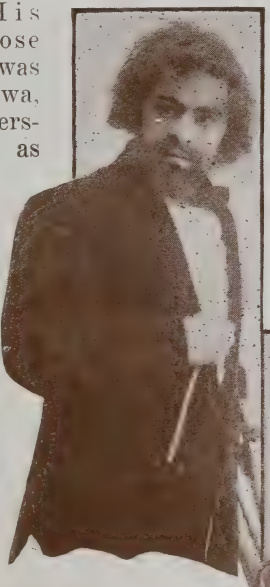
With this bloodthirsty speech and his most charming screen smile, "Harry," of the Edison Company, strode away. A few moments later I saw him and his innocent, unsuspecting victim pass, arm in arm.

These photoplayers are a hard lot. Oh, watta world! Watta world!

THE TATTLER.

NICHOLAS DUNAEW, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

NICHOLAS DUNAEW was born in Moscow, Russia, on May 26, 1884. He is an author, actor and producer, well known not only in his own country but all over Continental Europe. Mr. Dunaew's father, Alexander Dunaew, descendant of a long line of Russian noblemen, was also born in Moscow. His mother, whose maiden name was Feodosia Bagrowa, claims St. Petersburg, Russia, as her birthplace. She came of a literary family, and it is from his mother Mr. Dunaew inherits his ability as a writer.



Mr. Dunaew received his education as a pupil in the Moscow High School and as a student in college at St. Petersburg, where he received a degree in literature. He also studied two years in law school, but did not graduate.

Mr. Dunaew in his writings favored dramatic work and quite naturally interested himself in professional people, studying their methods and gradually acquiring a desire to act himself. On January 16, 1904, he received his first offer to appear in public as a professional, accepting an engagement with Alexander Bilief to appear as Franc Moore in Robert Schiller's drama, "The Robbers." His success was immediate, and after a season with Bilief he organized a company of his own and toured Continental Europe in a repertoire of plays, including Ibsen's "Ghosts," Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness," in which he played Nikita; "Trilby," appearing as Svengali, and in his own plays, "The Spider," "The Vampire," "The Terrible God" and "Two Nationalities." Mr. Dunaew has also appeared in New York, at Daly's and Jacob P. Adler's Theater on the East Side, playing in dramas by Tolstoy, Gorky, Ibsen and Andreyev.

It was during one of his visits to this country that Mr. Dunaew became interested in Moving Pictures. Blanche Walsh, appearing in a visualization of "Resurrection," required a man who knew Russian topography and conditions to give the necessary atmosphere to the picture, and Mr. Dunaew was selected as the best fitted.

Picture work attracted him, and after his engagement with Miss Walsh he sought an engagement with the Vitagraph Company, becoming a stock member.

Becoming thoroly acquainted with the requirements of the screen story, Mr. Dunaew has taken up scenario writing in addition to his posing, and, receiving permission from Madame Tolstoy to picturize the dramatic works of her late husband, has in completed manuscript form "The Power of Darkness" and "War and Peace," two of Tolstoy's most wonderful works.

Since joining the Vitagraph Company Mr. Dunaew has appeared in a number of pictures, "My Official Wife," "The Call of the Past," "The Win(k)some Widow," etc., his characterizations ranging from comedy to heavy tragic rôles.

Musings at a Motion Picture Theater

By HARVEY PEAKE

The man who thinks the picture theater is immoral has been known to slip over a counterfeit dime for a ticket, when he came on a tour of investigation.

A deaf patron can get as much pleasure and understanding from a picture play as the person with the most acute hearing.

A move in the right direction would be the introduction of film-play outfits into all places where time hangs heavily on the hands of the inmates—for instance, prisons, jails, waiting-rooms in depots, doctors' offices and barber-shops.

Some shows that advertise a two-hour performance would have to modify that statement greatly if they would omit advertisements from their screens.

There must be enough film plays written each year to serve as the earth's equator, if they were placed side by side.

For The Young Folks

Conducted by Ernest A. Dench

Dear Girls and Boys:

I have persuaded your Editor-in-chief to spare room for a department for your very own. Now, isn't that fine? I want to learn whether you like it, so be sure to pen me a letter, wont you? I shall also be pleased to answer any interesting points about Moving Pictures you wish to know.

That chubby little fellow in Sterling photoplays whose pranks you enjoy so much is Billy Jacobs. He is three years of age, and his teacher is the big, funny man with the whiskers. Ford Sterling is his name.

Billy says that acting for the movies is some fun, and to him it is just a game. Now, when he is to play in a film, Mr. Sterling speaks to him something like this: "Look here, Billy, in this game your playmate is going to cheat you and you find him out. As he will not own up to it, you prepare to fight him, but he runs away like a coward." After this Billy enters into the spirit of the thing.

He particularly enjoys pictures in which such toothsome dainties as candy, jam and ice-cream are placed within his reach. If he has to steal these, he likes it all the more, altho he is well aware that he will be punished in the end. That part he dislikes. And so would you, too.

With the long winter hours now set in, you would appreciate an interesting competition to occupy an evening. Here is one, then: Write on a piece of paper, as neatly and briefly as you can, all the things you have learnt from Motion Pictures. Mail to reach me not later than February 28, 1915. Please state your age and write on one side of the paper only. If you are clever enough to have obtained the most knowledge, you will receive a useful prize and have the pleasure of seeing your article printed on this page.

If doggies could only speak, what a tale they would have to tell! Instead of me telling you all about Shep, the Thanhouser dog, I am going to let him do it himself:

"I now have a new master, and he is very kind. When the players are being taught for a new movie, I watch them closely, and after the lessons are understood they are gone over for the last time. Then my master signals me, and I never have to be told more than once.

"Of my companions I like Helen Badgely best, for she is always fondling me and feeding me with cake and biscuits. She is about my own age. This fall I had a chance to repay her kindness. I did so by rescuing her from a burning house. I climbed up a steep ladder, found the room she was in, then barked my loudest and the firemen soon heard me. They carried Helen down the ladder, but they quite forgot me being in the flames. I jumped to the window and barked again. Helen heard me and got the firemen to spread out a net. I leaped from the floor above and was soon in her loving arms."

When the young players grow past school age most of them seem to quit acting for the camera. Dont you think this is a pity? And wouldn't it be jolly when you are grown up if you could remark to your fan friends, proudly: "I have known Jack Brown since he wore short pants"?

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

MARC MacDERMOTT

If you were asked to recall all the Edison pictures that you had ever seen, the striking figure and personality of Marc McDermott would go striding thru most of them. Ever since the camera stage has been taken seriously, Marc MacDermott's name has been identified with it, and his record has all been with the Edison Company. To recall a list of photoplays in which he has taken the leading rôle would be equal to reading a mail-order catalog. His favorite plays, he says, however, were "The Antique Brooch," "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," "The Sunset Gun" and "The Passer-by."

Marc MacDermott has usually played opposite to Miriam Nesbitt and Mary Fuller, and they have each shared a trip with him to England in behalf of Edison pictures.

Some of Edison's most beautiful photography was obtained thru the direction of Marc MacDermott along the coast of Wales and in out-of-the-way hamlets of Old England.

English by birth, Mr. MacDermott began his theatrical career in his native country and toured the Colonies with George Rignold, a creator of "Henry the Fifth." Then followed two seasons in England with Frohman's "Sherlock Holmes" and a tour in America with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Magda." Other stage successes attributed to Marc MacDermott were the parts of Michael von Kellenhausen in "The Joy of Living," Sir George Orreyed in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and Sir Lawrence Borthwick in "Peggy Machree." It can be truthfully said of his portrayals that he touches nothing that he does not adorn.

MARGARET GIBSON

Margaret Gibson, or "Gibbie," as she is known to all her friends, is envied by every photoplayer in Southern California — it is her complexion. She says it is a lotion that she uses, but that's only excessive modesty.

"Gibbie" was born in Colorado Springs, Colo., just nineteen years ago. Her parents were professionals, continually on the road, and "Gibbie" can claim every hotel and town the country wide as her childhood's home. She, too, has been on the stage since her toddling days, and when the call of the Vitagraph Company in Santa Monica came to her, all her longings for a home found themselves. Her past two years have been devoted to home building—the coziest kind of a bungalow—and in giving a continual house-warming to studio friends. She paid her first $50 instalment on her home-site by winning a prize for the handsomest bathing costume in the girls' parade at Ocean Park.

ROMAINE FIELDING

Romaine Fielding is one of the few picturesque figures of Motion Pictures. Yet if a roomful of people were asked to give an opinion of him, no two of them would agree. His acting and portrayals have been variously described as vivid, demoniac, compelling, repulsive, fascinating, gigantesque, transcendent and startling. It's tough to hamper photoplayers with such adjectives, but Romaine Fielding deserves it.

He was born in Corsica, of Spanish and Italian-French parentage, came to this country when a child and was educated at the University of Minnesota and the College of Physicians and Surgeons. After a varied career on the regular stage, in which he took a leading part in "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Renegade," "The Conflict," "The Christian," and other plays, Mr. Fielding's restless energies organized his own stock company. When the Lubin Company offered him the opportunity of directing and producing his own photoplay conceptions and gave him the length and breadth of the Western States as his field, he accepted their offer, and for the past two years has been doing things that have made his audiences sit up and take all kinds of notice.

Confined to no particular habitat, Romaine Fielding and his band of adventurers have gone into the primitive in search of locations and atmosphere for his remarkable photoplays. With headquarters and a sunlight studio at Las Vegas, his company will suddenly be heard from, as located in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, in Tucson, Arizona, or on the alkali deserts, according to Mr. Fielding's apparently whimsical plans.

Some of his best known photoplays are "The Toll of Fear," "The Accusing Hand," "The Evil Eye," "When Mountain and Valley Meet" and "The Golden God," in which latter play the entire town of Las Vegas took part in the mob and battle scenes.

MAE MARSH

Two years ago little Mae Marsh ran away from school in the West and smuggled herself into the Biograph studio. She was mostly legs and arms, with red hair plastered flat on her head and braided into two tight pigtails. Sunburn and freckles had done their worst for her complexion. But the famous director, David Griffith, saw her possibilities, and after a severe schooling before the camera she appeared as Mary in "The Sands of Dee." The quaint, awkward girl became famous overnight. Her range of photoplay portrayal became extraordinary—from eccentric comedy to tense emotionalism.

Mae Marsh is only eighteen in years and five feet three inches in height. The capacity and earnestness of her work keeps her charmingly slender.

Last year she followed the fortunes of Griffith and became a member of his famous Reliance stock. In "A Great Leap" her horsemanship caused comment even among hardened riders. As Apple-pie Mary in "Home, Sweet Home," her naïve comedy is downright delicious, and as Jennie, the unfit sister, in "The Escape," she is none other than a great emotional actress.

Fullness of fame has come suddenly to this little, freckled Westerner. Her girlhood was ushered in

with a thrilling dramatic commencement—the San Francisco earthquake—which left her homeless and stranded in a tent in Golden Gate Park. And from the quietude of a convent she was suddenly transformed into a dynamic star.

EDWIN AUGUST

Edwin August is truthfully a movie star in both senses of the word. He has been a prominent leading man for the past five years, and he has changed from one company to another with remarkable suddenness. It was quite mystifying to his audience to see him in a Biograph play one night, a Lubin the next and possibly an Edison the following week, and hence his sobriquet, "The Walking Delegate of Moving Pictures."

Here is a secret. His real name is Edwin August Phillips von der Butz. As the Biograph Company, with whom he achieved his greatest fame, were fond of concealing an actor's real name, he was variously known in England as Montague Lawrence; in Australia, Wilkes Williams; in Germany, Carl von Busing, and in the Orient as David Cortland. In spite of this, he is known to his friends as Eddie.

Edwin August graduated from the Christian Brothers College in St. Louis and first appeared as Little Lord Fauntleroy in the play by that name. He acted in stock and supported Otis Skinner for two years. Just as he was "arriving" on the regular stage he characteristically left and started to establish his Motion Picture fame. Biograph, Lubin, Edison, Powers, Western Vitagraph, back to Universal, then Eaco and now Kinetophote—this is his travelog. Photoplay astronomers can see that he is a star in the movie firmament, but likewise a comet.

Edwin August is a past master of photography and is considered a genius in the art of make-up. When not in the rush of picture-making, he spends his recreative hours with his parents on his chicken ranch in Los Angeles.

ANNA LITTLE

"If nobody else can do the part, give it to Anna Little," is what a director once said of this versatile photoplayer. A southern Californian by birth and a lover of the great outdoors, Miss Little learnt to ride, shoot, swim and "mush" her hunting-boots thru the wilderness until the call of the wild became her second nature.

Gilbert Anderson first captured her, and she played with him at San Rafael for a short period, but her greatest bid to fame came thru her long engagement with the New York Motion Picture Corporation at Santa Monica, where she played a great variety of parts.

Her most realistic impersonations are Indian. She has studied the red men from paint to skin, and so true are her characterizations that it is difficult to believe that she is a white girl.

Anna Little has been with the Universal Company since last summer, under the direction of Otis Turner, where her versatility has been fully developed. Among the famous photoplays in which she has taken leads are "Damon and Pythias" and "The Closed Shutters." She is very young, is beautifully modeled and has dark brown eyes with a luxurious crop of chestnut hair.

LANGDON WEST

GERTRUDE McCOY

KATE JORDAN

EDWARD EARLE

Drawings by PHILIP COOK

A Moment of Madness

In which are shown the trials and tribulations of a beginner in the Edison Company

By ALAN CROSLAND

"CAN you swim?"

The interrogation hit me before I could dodge.

It was nine A. M., Monday, about the last of October. I had been "hesitating," in its obsolete sense, on the corner of Decatur Avenue and Oliver Place, Bronx, meditating on the most effective method of entering the Edison studio to snare directorial data from Langdon West. This sudden inquiry brought my contemplation to an abrupt close. It was aimed by Langdon West himself!

"Can you swim?"

I cleared my throat and mumbled something that meant I was comparatively clever at the aquatic stunt.

"Get a pair of flannels and an outing shirt from the wardrobe and jump into that car." Mr. West designated a twelve-passenger sight-seeing auto —which I was soon to learn was termed by the Edisonians "The Merry Widow"—probable reason disclosed later. I had watched this machine with some interest, for among the summery frocked players I thought I had recognized Gertrude McCoy and Edward Earle.

"My people are waiting now, so never mind making up," added Mr. West, as he led me to the wardrobe room. "You can do that out there."

I had a vague notion that at the last moment the services of an additional character, or rather an "extra man," had been required, and that I had been mistaken for an actor! Instead of an interview with Langdon West, as I had planned, I would now spur my jaded Pegasus apace and focus my lens and lance upon director, actors, camera man, assistants, *et al.*, from the inside!

Langdon West is a director of ability and discernment. He may never have another word of publicity from my typewriter, but nothing will change that stated opinion. Regarding his ability, see Mr. Edison as for his discernment. I am now an actor! Even at that, it might have been my motley colore' flowing tie.

After seeing him in action, however, a more mature appreciation obtains. It is his genial, wholesome, encouraging personality—a consciousness that seems to radiate optimism, coupled with a knack for clear explanation of what he wants to "get over" and a scorn for over-rehearsing that inspire his people to the best results. Mr. West may also base his claim to directorship on his unique skill of adaptability. He will see and seize an advantageous opportunity on the spur of the moment, which is a quality many an older and more experienced director may well study. In passing, it is noteworthy to chronicle that Langdon West is the son of William West, the versatile character man, also of the Edison Company.

Not many fathers can boast of being well directed by their sons.

Let me follow the example of "The Merry Widow" and only hit the high spots on the trip from the studio to the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street Pier, Hudson River. From the glib banter that always seems to form the major part of the players'

GERTRUDE M'COY IN "A MOMENT OF MADNESS"

conversation, I gathered that we, artistically speaking, were going to "work" on a yacht! The interior scenes of the picture had been taken; we were to finish the exterior ones today.

The prevalent air of general good-nature impressed me most favorably. The spirit of the company was that of a week-end house-party leaving for the Adirondacks. The camera was the only discordant clash. For reasons diplomatic, I maintained a strict silence, and Allen Crolius, the assistant director, mistaking my demeanor, offered me his typed version of the scenario as proof of his friendliness. As we bumped along, I gleaned from the story that two girls, chums, fall in love with the same leading man. At no time, however, is it a draw, for Miss McCoy engages the attention of Mr. Earle from the first ten feet of film, and Miss Jordan is slighted, ignored, piqued and rebuked. Business of pursing lips and frowning. The plot unravels to the extent of contriving a scene aboard a yacht, where the successful fascinator weaves her net more closely around her catch as they promenade on the aft deck. They pause to point out the interesting features of the horizon, leaning on the rope-rail the while. Enter Miss Jordan with saccharine suavity. Her attempt to break up the tête-à-tête is futile. Exit Miss Jordan. Ha! Resume business of mutual interest in horizon. Re-enter Miss Jordan with knife! Miss McCoy leans more heavily upon the rope-rail. Quick action! The rope is cut! This is the titled Moment of Madness. Miss McCoy falls overboard! Splash one! Miss Jordan, on the edge, loses her balance. Splash two! By this time Mr. Earle has removed his coat. Splash three! Enter others of the yachting party. Splash four! So the story ran. Of course, Mr. Earle saves Miss McCoy, while Miss Jordan—why do you insist, Mr. Scenario Editor?—is drowned. I returned the script to Crolius with a grateful word.

We were nearing the Hudson now. Whenever there was a lull in the conversation, Mr. West reminded Miss Jordan that he would whistle Chopin's Funeral March every time she went down for the third time. My mind flashed back to Mr. West's inquiry, "Can you swim?" and I realized that I was to play Splash Four! I was to bring Miss Jordan back to the yacht—drowned. Happy rôle! I believe I was already wishing for a retake! And yet, this is Art!

At the pier I had a better chance

of studying the company, for the yacht had not yet arrived. My first impression was of Mr. West lighting a fresh cigar and substituting a cap for his new fall hat, that he might get the true maritime atmosphere. As Miss McCoy and Mr. Earle strolled away from the group, the director called after them.

CABIN SCENE IN "A MOMENT OF MADNESS"

LANGDON WEST, DIRECTOR

"Oh! Miss McCoy! No rewrite stuff! Remember, we play this picture as it is written!"

Miss Jordan, thinking of her coming ordeal, remarked in a Southern accent that the day was cold. Mabel Dwight, Miss McCoy's mother for the day, thought the wind was colder. Mr. West peered downstream, discovered the craft, and suggested that the water was coldest.

By the time our boat became life-size, I had become fairly well acquainted with the company individually. There were a young lady, a young man and myself, who, according to the vernacular, were "atmosphere," which means about the same as background. I had noticed particularly Warren Cook—an actor with a hobby—who engaged in endless discourses on photography with Charles Hoffman, the camera man. It chanced that Mr. Cook had a pocket-camera with him. Fate was kind!

We boarded the yacht, and Mr. West directed her course upstream.

We clipped ahead, plashing and plowing the tide, making seven or seventy-seven knots. What is a knot, anyway? The ladies disappeared one by one down the companionway to the cabin, there to freshen their make-up and employ their secret, mystic means in preparation for the camera's critical eye. I arranged myself comfortably in a wicker chair, pulled a cigaret, and felt in kindred sympathy with railroad magnates and

Suddenly the director broke his monolog with the cigar and looked intently down the river. I had heard the putt-a-putt-a-putt of a Sterling engine, and I turned to see an approaching motor racer. It was a beauty. Mr. West ran to the companionway.

"Everybody on deck!" he ordered.

If there had been an air of unrestraint a moment before, it entirely reformed now into strictest attention.

IT IS NO EASY JOB TO KEEP THE CAMERA STEADY ON THE DECK OF A SMALL VESSEL IN A ROLLING SEA

bank presidents. I surveyed the deck.

Langdon West and his inevitable cigar were walking back and forth, back and forth, on the limited space of the poop-deck, doping out the sequence of scenes. Crolius twirled his mustache, glancing at the scenario each time his director and cigar turned in their walk in his direction. At the stern, Cook was explaining how he got a better effect by developing in "hypo" and $NaNO_3$, and Hoffman seemed to agree with him, for he went right on adjusting his tripod.

"Set your camera, Hoffman. Focus on the gangway."

Langdon West was truly captain of the ship.

"Stop the engine!" he bellowed to the man at the wheel.

The ladies came floating up from the cabin.

"Get into your white pants. You haven't time to make up."

I grabbed my wardrobe and dived into the cabin, not knowing the why nor wherefore of it all; but if any aspirant to filmdom ever made a quick change, it was the first personal pronoun, singular. As I slid into the

July togs I could hear the hustle-bustle on deck.

"'Hullo there!" The clear tones of the director rang out as he hailed the racer.

Slipping my motley colored tie into place, I scrambled on deck, just as the graceful boat came broadside. I soon realized that Mr. West had seen a chance for an effective touch, for after hasty arrangements with the mechanic—the only occupant—we were instructed to board her.

A director whispers a few persuasive sentences in a driver's responsive ear, and lo! a millionaire's plaything takes a part in a picture!

"Get us coming down the river, Hoffman, and panoram after us," roared the director, following us aboard. "Start your camera when I wave," was the parting shot as we glided away.

We skimmed up the river at an unbelievable speed. Upon investigation I find the record for the fastest motorboat to be 45.22 knots an hour. In that 300-yard dash we must have made at least 45.23. The water spurted in a miniature geyser as we came about.

Mr. West wigwagged his handkerchief and frantically ducked below the gunwale.

"Let 'er go!"

He did!

The racer churned the Hudson into an angry wake. We flew toward the yacht and, as we passed, the camera followed our course. Mr. West, crouching out of the camera's vision, shouted his directions.

Scene one was over. Scene two showed the yachting party coming aboard. Scene three was a flash of the departing speed boat. If this is the way "movies" are made, I will buy a powder-puff.

With the Palisades in the distance, Miss McCoy and Mr. Earle showed deep interest in each other, while Miss Jordan registered jealousy. Another scene taken.

The engine started. The director named Sheepshead Bay for our destination! A delightful sail, a delightful day, a delightful company. True, we did take three or four scenes on the way, using the New York skyline and the Statue of Liberty for backgrounds, but that didn't seem to interfere very much with the pleasure of the trip. I didn't mind it at all.

THIS SCENE WAS TAKEN LATER IN THE STUDIO

At a convenient time I asked Mr. West for a photograph of himself. He looked at me with a humorous twinkle, pulled on his cigar, and referred me to the studio. I thanked him. Then he admitted that he used to write himself.

"But," he explained, "I got the best of it. I found myself taking my typewriter to bed with me and jotting down ideas as they came. It wouldn't have been so bad if the ideas hadn't

MR. WEST'S MUSE VERSUS MORPHEUS

formed a habit of coming just as I was going off to sleep. I threw over the Muse to woo Morpheus."

We landed and lunched. While downing a baked bluefish on the company, I learned with some surprise that Miss Jordan could not swim and that Miss McCoy could boast only of ten strokes. This explained the Sheepshead Bay setting, for in the five-foot water of the inlet the camera could get the effect of mid-ocean.

Before returning to the yacht, Crolius telephoned the studio to have "The Merry Widow" meet us at 4.30, at the foot of Ocean Avenue, Sheepshead Bay.

We boarded the boat. Now for the overboard scenes! Our pilot slowed up at the mouth of the inlet, and Mr. West sounded the depth. He seemed satisfied, for we anchored.

Hoffman had finished setting his camera, when the director made an unlooked-for appearance in a bathing suit. Over he went, more, I think, to set an example than to show the depth. At any rate, when he climbed on deck his teeth chattered to such an extent that he shivered his directions rather than spoke them.

The details of the overboard scenes I will omit. They were uncomfortably cold. Then again, there was no small element of danger, for the receding tide made a swift out-carrying current. The director, his assistant, the camera man and the actors were ready to dive in at a moment's notice.

Miss McCoy and Miss Jordan displayed a courage that, to me, seemed almost incredible. There was the director's balmacaan, fluttering from other causes than the wind; there were the men, prepared in case anything *should* happen; there was the outgoing tide, and the ladies could not swim! Yet, in spite of all this, they accepted the situation with calm decision. Their attitude was most impressive. Miss Jordan actually smiled when she said:

"If I call for help when I'm out there, I will really mean it."

The first essential for screen success is not ambition, nor ability, nor absolute assurance—it is Pluck.

Haply I can truthfully say Miss Jordan did not call for help. The scenes—b-r-r-h—dripped off without a hitch.

A group of happy, care-free, congenial friends clamored into the automobile with a composite sigh of satisfaction and a ravaging appetite. Homeward bound!

As we rode thru Brooklyn and over the bridge, Miss Jordan made me realize what an appealing, absorbing world had opened itself to me. She did not know she aided in the enlistment of a new recruit in the Moving Picture camp.

As the car stopped in its trip uptown to deposit me at my street, Mr. West took advantage of the opportunity to light a cigar.

I lit a cigaret and waited—for whatever cruel fate held in store.

"Good-night," said everybody.

"Good-night," said I.

The car started off. Mr. West turned and said something. It was the finishing touch of Luck's masterpiece.

"Be at the studio at ten to-morrow!"

How I Became A Photoplayer

I HAVE been playing for Essanay Motion Pictures four years now, and I dont ever want to go back to the speaking stage. While the salary question counts somewhat with me, as I guess it is safe enough to say it does with all actors, I do not believe that twice the amount I am getting in Motion Picture work would in-

duce me to go back to the legitimate. However, I think there is both a bigger future and more money in Motion Picture work.

I took up photoplaying largely because it offers a man the chance of home life and a place to live like a civilized human being. You do not have to live in hotels and in your grip all the time, as even the top-notchers on the speaking stage have to do. I am settled down with a home of my own now, and it is real living, and I have not the slightest hankering to get away from it.

I played in stock in Ohio and with Percy Haswell in the Royal Alexandra Theater in Toronto, Can.; I played with George Fawcett in "The Fighter" and in "The Remittance Man" and took the lead in "The Wolf" before going on the Motion Picture stage.

I liked the work, but it does not hold a candle with photoplaying. I never went to any dramatic school and do not believe in them. I believe the best training possible is in stock company, which fits an actor for the Motion Picture stage if he has any aptitude for it.

BRYANT WASHBURN.

It was just three years ago I became a photoplayer. I had just finished a stock engagement in Louisville. While on tour I was always very fond of pictures and went to see them in nearly every place we played, never dreaming at the time that I would be one of the players myself some day. Arriving in New York the first part of September, I signed up with "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" for the ingénue lead. While waiting for rehearsals to begin, I was practically alone, so I became very lonely at times, and I thought—wouldn't it be nice to be doing some pictures. I knew Mr. Ashley Miller, an Edison director, so I phoned up and asked him to please let me work in some pictures. Altho he had never seen me do anything, he gave me the lead in a Christmas picture, "Santa Claus and the Clubman," so I owe my first chance to Mr. Miller. I was very nervous at first, but Mr. Miller

was so lovely and made me feel so at home I soon forgot my nervousness. But I shall never forget the first picture I saw run off. I experienced the queerest sort of sensation—couldn't really believe it was I on the screen, and I really quivered all over. I confess I do even now when I am watch-

ing myself in some parts. I loved my work from the start. Every one was so nice and the parts each week were so interesting. I gave up my theatrical engagement to stay in pictures, and here I have been ever since, with the exception of a few vacations and my three months in Europe. The letters from my fans are some of my treasures, for they prove that my work on the screen has been appreciated.

BESSIE LEARN.

My first introduction to the pictures occurred about ten years ago. While walking down Broadway, in the summer time, I was asked by Mr. Dawley, then of the Edison Company, if I cared to play in a picture, as I was just the type he needed. I did not know what he wanted, but not having any more money than the law allowed, I consented to replenish my bank account. In those days pictures were not released on a schedule, and very few actors were used. After the completion of the picture I returned to the stage. I did not take up the work again until meeting with Mr. Griffith. We had been together in a production of "Pocahontas" at the Jamestown Exposition. He had become director of the Biograph. I worked with him for six months, leaving there to return to the stage, but I became dissatisfied after a short time and returned to New York. I then became a regular member of the Edison stock, working steadily for two years. I then joined the Majestic Company, which was just starting, and stayed a year, returning to the Edison Company, where I have been ever since. I do not expect to return to the stage again, realizing the advantages of the photoplay over all

other kinds of amusement and the benefit to the actor—no long rehearsals, no uncertainties, steady employment, splendid treatment, and you get your salary fifty-two weeks in the year. I should worry.

HERBERT PRIOR.

I went into pictures in the spirit of fun. It was after a stock engagement, and I was having dinner with a friend and remarked that I was uncertain what to do next—take a certain offer for vaudeville or go into stock again. Oh, for a change for a little while! "Why not try the canned drama?" said my friend. "What's that?" I asked. "Moving Pictures,"

she replied, and added, "I dare you to." I thought it would be real fun, a regular holiday, so I went to the Biograph and worked for a day's pay to see what it was like and—well, every one knows what happened, and I never found that holiday until I finished up with "Lucille Love" at the Universal, when I was given two weeks off for being good.

GRACE CUNARD.

I began my career on the stage, and after knocking about some I engaged with a "car show" playing under canvas in Texas.

The name "car show" brought to my mind visions of private Pullmans, but I soon learnt differently. After I climbed aboard, the manager told me that I could ride a horse at the head of the parade with him. Not having a horse for me, he hired one and, turning to me, said: "Of course you can ride." And I replied nonchalantly: "Oh, yes, of course." Up to that time I had supposed that all one had to do to ride a horse was to climb upon his back and yell "Gid-dap!" but this particular horse wasn't a regular horse but a small-town horse and had never heard a band play before.

I wont describe my feelings after the band started, for Irving Cobb has done this admirably in his book on "Anatomy" (not a serious book). But after the horse started to climb the tree and I picked myself up, I was informed by the manager that I was a very bad actor. The next day I left the show, by special request. On the way home I vowed again and again that the next horse I would ride must be a nice, gentle, flat-bottomed horse

with a Morris chair on his back and straps to hold me in.

After several more attempts I at last secured an engagement in a stock company at a salary of eighteen dollars a week, and was agreeably surprised when they actually handed

me the full amount on Saturday night. That first salary gave me hope, so I changed my nom-de-plume for my real name, and from that time on things seemed to break well for me. My salary increased steadily as I bettered my engagements each year, and it was while I was playing in New York under Mr. Arthur Hammerstein's management that the offer came to join the Lubin Company. I accepted it and have been here ever since, a period of nearly three years.

My engagement has been so pleasant and profitable that I hope to remain for a long time to come under the Liberty Bell emblem.

EARL METCALFE.

I became a photoplayer because I wanted the new experience and also because Otis Turner, then with the Selig Company, wanted me. I am naturally a home body and was tired of covering long distances, tired of hotel life and desired the companionship of my own people. I laid all this before my friend, Jack Gilmour, the head of a musical college which I attended, and he told me that Director Otis Turner wanted a lead who could both ride and act well. He did more than this; he smoothed the way with a personal introduction, and I was engaged and have stuck to acting before the camera ever since and would not do anything else. I still do a good deal of singing professionally; however, I have no intention of dropping it.

MYRTLE STEDMAN.

Three long seasons as Dan Mallory in "The Chorus Lady" with Rose Stahl decided me; the haunting memories of a former life spent almost entirely in the open air helped that decision, and an invitation to see how bad I could be on the screen settled matters, and I joined the Biograph and became fascinated with the work and lost my identity, for the Biograph did not believe in advertising their artists in any way whatever. The first part I took was an old nigger in "Her Trust," under David Griffith, and I worked in the first three-reeler ever put on by that director. It is hard work, yes—especially in a series like "The Trey o' Hearts," but I would not give it up for the stage again unless circumstances forced me to.

WILFRED LUCAS.

And It Was the Thirteenth

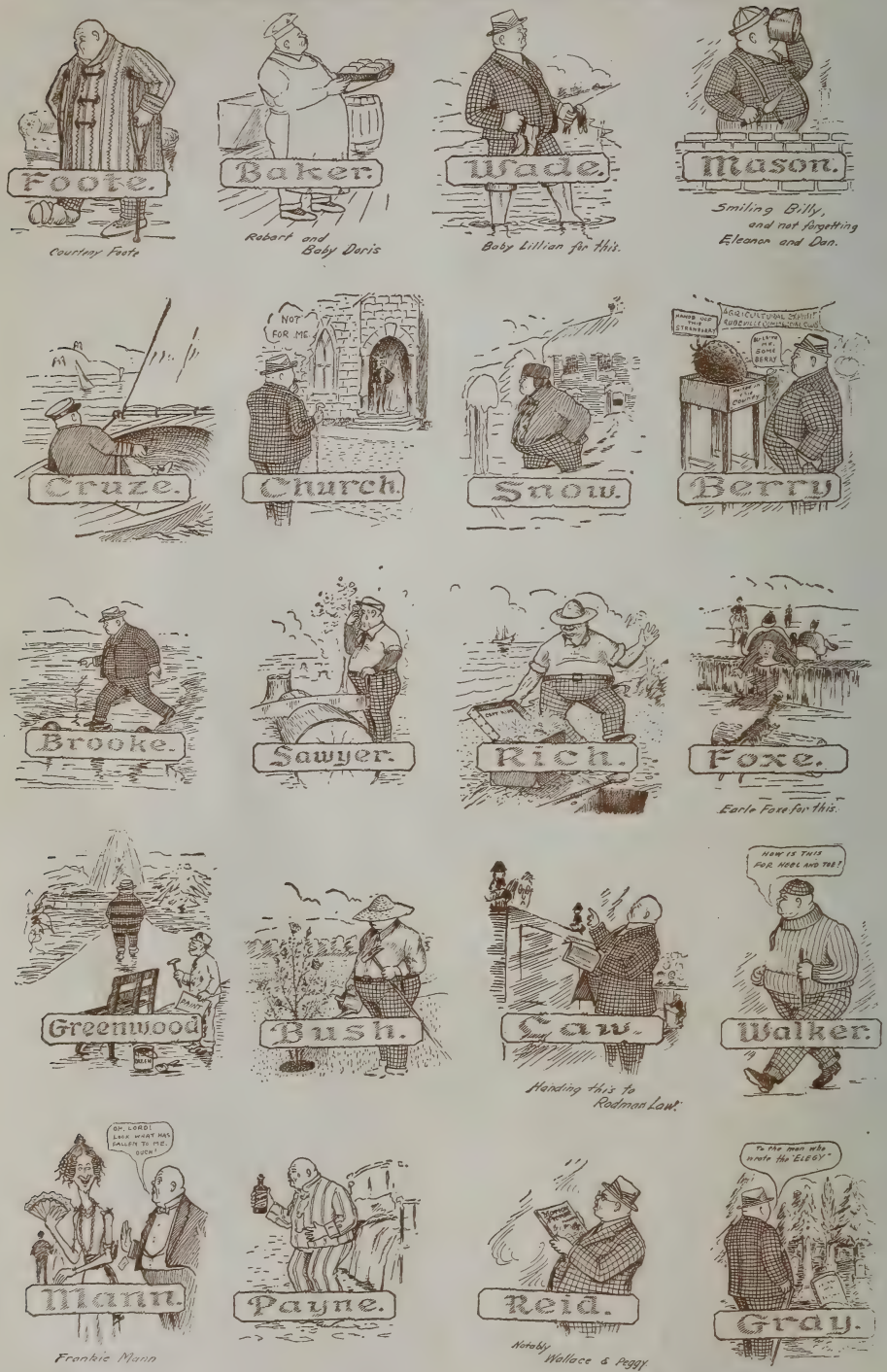
By MYRTLE E. GIBSONE

"COME to dinner with me, Gibbie, tonight, and we'll have a 'spinster party,'" and Miss Roland smiled, young enough to smile at the simile, and I smiled, in anticipation of a very pleasant time ahead of me, as Ruth Roland is, to my mind, at her loveliest as hostess—charmingly gracious and with that enthusiastic interest in all the little and big things of life that endears her to all.

I was late—the unpardonable sin—but Ruth forgot to scold, shadowed as she was by a far greater calamity. "Some one backed into my car when it was standing harmlessly by the curbing and broke my great big lamp, and they didn't even wait to apologize, and it looks all lopsided—oh, dear!" And Ruth threw in the clutch, and we were off to dinner. The lopsided lights were almost forgotten by the time the big vermilion roadster had reached Levy's, for Ruth forgets and forgives easily, as can only a nature as big as is hers.

We had a delightful little dinner, and Ruth requested them to play "Butterfly"—Puccini's "Butterfly"—and at her request I wondered just a little. Ruth seems of such a happy mold, made only for laughter and smiles, but there was more than a hint of the serious as the strains of the beautiful opera came to us. "Poor little mother," she murmured, as the music died away. "Do you know, some day I'm going to play drama," she confided to me. "I've been thinking of it for some time, and I want to." And she bowed to some one across the room, the old smile back again. "I dont know who it is, but they know me, so I speak. I speak to everybody who speaks to me." And there was the keynote of Ruth Roland's charm. She loves everybody—and everything good. There is no room for dislikes in her nature, and she made me remember, as she sat enjoying her "pretty" French pastry and all about her, of Barry's boy, "who never grew up," for surely Ruth has not yet grown up, and I hope that it may be long delayed.

After dinner we drove along to see some of Ruth's pictures, and then on to one of the vaudeville houses. Ruth clapped for every one. "You know, I used to be on the stage, when I was 'Baby Ruth,' just three years old," she told me, as a little boy musician finished playing, and she "gave him a hand." There was a trained monkey that captivated Ruth, and we were still laughing at his antics when we came out to her car and there found a summons to appear at the police court the next morning at nine o'clock tied to the steering-wheel. "Oh, dear! I dont believe I could have broken a single rule tonight; now, do you think so?" A young newsy assured her "dat she had stopped too near de corner," and scuttled off with the coin she gave him. The monkey was forgotten, and we drove away in disgrace. But it was not long before Ruth's good spirits reigned over all others, this time at the sight of a pile of luscious-looking watermelons. "Oh, I must have one, and we'll eat it before we go to bed." And she bought the very biggest one of the lot. Then on we went home, and, with a cheery good-night to the man who took her car, we started, Ruth carrying the watermelon. Just at the steps to her apartment the watermelon fell like Humpty-Dumpty, and "all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't have put that watermelon together again." We walked on in silence, and Ruth opened the door to her charming apartment, and we entered. "Well, I have some canteloupe, and we'll have that," said the optimistic Ruth, and we made for her kitchenet. She switched on the light. On the wall under the electric bulb was a large calendar, and, after studying it for a moment, Ruth turned to me. "It's the *thirteenth,*" was all she said.

MOTION PICTURE VISITING CARDS FOR THE PLAYERS

BEING THE SUGGESTIONS OF FRANK W. HOLT, WHO THINKS THAT THIS IDEA IS AN IMPROVEMENT ON SIMPLIFIED SPELLING AND OTHER FORMS OF ABBREVIATIONS. WHERE THERE ARE TWO OF A KIND HE SUGGESTS THAT ONE OF THEM CHANGE HIS OR HER NAME

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

PRAY do not be discouraged, contributors, at my manifold sins of omission—to be explicit, the very good material I have had to abandon. But we have been so cramped for space, and we have tried to even things up as justly as possible. Keep on writing, and "things will take a turn."

S. King Russell, Los Angeles, Cal., finds that Charles Chaplin has given him some of life's best, and he tells us so—prize-winningly:

TO CHARLES CHAPLIN, THE COMEDY KING.

My gracious, what's the riot? Cant they keep the people quiet?
Thru the theater door they throng upon the street;
Just hear the people scuffle—we are lost amid the shuffle—
How will we ever find a vacant seat?
Can it be a photoplayer who is causing such a scare?
Yes, his picture's in the lobby, in full view;
It's the Comic king of fame—Charlie Chaplin is his name—
Who's responsible for all this hullabaloo.

For the laugh begins the minute that the film with Chaplin in it
Flashes on the picture screen before our sight,
And the audience in laughter jars each timber, beam and rafter
In a gasping choking maelstrom of delight.
In the film "His Trysting Places" he made ninety different faces,
Which is more than most contortionists can make,
While in "Dough and Dynamite" he kept us laughing all the night;
As a baker—well, he surely takes the cake.

You can rave about your beauties, and your "Fattys" and your "Cuteys,"
Every maiden has a flashing, dashing smile;
But remember, dear old chappie, it's good cheer that makes us happy,
It's the laugh that makes our dreary life worth while.
So give credit to the fellow who can make existence mellow,
Who can turn the clouds to sunshine every time;
And when hearts are cheered by laughter, and content, that follows after,
The ridiculous may equal the sublime.

Dorothy M. Hills eulogizes Gerda Holmes in lines that are as rich with sincerity as they are with colorful rhythm:

TO GERDA HOLMES.

Shall I compare her to a crimson rose—
A sweet June-rose, deep-hearted and full-blown?
In what Olympian garden was she grown?
What heav'nly dew gave her that tint which glows?
What bulbul sang to her at daylight's close?
Yet rose or star or woman, she alone
Bears me into a dream-world all her own,
Far from this world removed as verse from prose.

Like to Shalot's fair lady, Gerda weaves
A magic web with colors grave or gay.
Before us on the screen she seems to breathe;
So skilled in earth's most evanescent art,
A mistress of each rôle she has to play,
She 'graves its lesson deep on every heart.

Miss Katy Zahn, 50 Wilser Street, Newark, Ohio, claims that the words "Mr. Bushman leads all others" can be read upwards of 5,000 times in the following magic square by starting with the center letter M and taking a zigzag course to any of the four corners:

S R E H T O L L A S D A D S A L L O T H E R S
R E H T O L L A S D A E A D S A L L O T H E R
E H T O L L A S D A E L E A D S A L L O T H E
H T O L L A S D A E L N L E A D S A L L O T H
T O L L A S S D A E L N A N L E A D S A L L O T
O L L A S D A E L N A M A N L E A D S A L L O
L L A S D A E L N A M H M A N L E A D S A L L
L A S D A E L N A M H S H M A N L E A D S A L
A S D A E L N A M H S U S H M A N L E A D S A
S D A E L N A M H S U B U S H M A N L E A D S
D A E L N A M H S U B R B U S H M A N L E A D
A E L N A M H S U B R M R B U S H M A N L E A
D A E L N A M H S U B R B U S H M A N L E A D
S D A E L N A M H S U B U S H M A N L E A D S
A S D A E L N A M H S U S H M A N L E A D S A
L A S D A E L N A M H S H M A N L E A D S A L
L L A S D A E L N A M H M A N L E A D S A L L
O L L A S D A E L N A M A N L E A D S A L L O
T O L L A S S D A E L N A N L E A D S A L L O T
H T O L L A S D A E L N L E A D S A L L O T H
E H T O L L A S D A E L E A D S A L L O T H E
R E H T O L L A S D A E A D S A L L O T H E R
S R E H T O L L A S D A D S A L L O T H E R S

Jaime Eliott Joiner, 716 N. Elm Street, Sherman, Texas, contributes a letter and a sonnet to Thomas Cummerford. We withhold the sonnet, regretfully, but quote the letter in part:

I am enclosing a contribution to one whose name deserves to appear in your department every month—Thomas Cummerford. He always plays splendidly, but in "Whatsoever a Woman Soweth" he had an unusual chance to display his charming manner of acting. On second thought, I say *living*, not *acting*, for all the members of the Essanay Company seem to have acquired such an easy grace before the camera. From handsome Richard Travers to dainty Ruth Stonehouse and divine Beverly Bayne, the artless art of being natural persists. Here's hoping that Essanay will keep them all together!

Marjorie G. Lachmund, 230 Valentine Lane, Yonkers, N. Y., toasts "Spanish Tony" acrostically:

A stands for his *ardor;*
N for his *nature* kind;
T denotes his *temp'rament;*
O shows his *open mind;*
N tells us he is *noble;*
I marks his *intense* way;
O says he is *obliging;*

M does a *man* portray;
O cannot *overrate* him;
R makes his talent *real;*
E means his fine *emotions;*
N his mere *nod* we feel.
O f his acting *tout ensemble*
We have not the space to tell;
But here's to Spanish "Tony"—
May Fortune treat him well!

IT is the talk of everybody in the business! It is a common subject of conversation at the theaters! It is going like wildfire! Our readers are very much excited about it! The letter-carriers will breathe a sigh of relief when it is over! Who's ahead in the Great Cast Contest?—These are some of the echoes we hear every day.

The momentous day in an actor's life is the one on which his rôle is assigned to him. It is well known in the theatrical business that the care with which a play is cast is often the greatest factor of its success. No wonder, then, that it is with fear and trembling, hope and doubt, that an actor awaits his assignment, for often his whole career is made or marred by the fitness of his rôle. The same condition exists in the studios when a cast sheet is posted.

Photoplayers, always loyal to their art, try to do their work well under all conditions, but if they are miscast, inspiration and hope burn low, and, try as they will, their reputation is at stake. True fame alone comes from specializing. Every real actor or photoplayer wants this. "Give me credit for depicting life's great moments, be they dramatic, tragic, fanciful or humorous!" is the cry of the conscientious player.

It was, therefore, to aid worthy photoplayers that the Great Artist Contest was inaugurated, and its object has received as much serious commendation among studio folks as from their supporters in the audience. The significance of this contest is the most talked about affair in the studios today. Actors and actresses who have devoted the most valuable years of their lives to specializing various types of stage portrayals, such as "old gentleman," "old lady," "character man," "character woman," "comedian," "heavy" or "villain," know that this contest is their first opportunity to gain recognition other than thru their appearance upon the screen. Unfortunately, in the past only photoplay stars have received sufficient recognition — in some cases more praise than was due.

Thru the medium of the Great Cast Contest, our readers are invited to select a cast, and a second cast if desired, which should contain the essential rôles of a good photoplay. Designate your favorite players from "leading man" to "child." In previous contests there has been no opportunity for our readers to gratify their desires to cast a variety of favorites. Their favorite photoplayer might have been an "old lady" or a "villain," but as neither of these types is usually considered a leading woman or a leading man, they have been barred in previous contests. This applies to the vast army of photoplayers who do not rank as stars, but the difficulty and artistry of whose work is fully appreciated by their employers.

Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Every ballot must contain the name and address of the voter. The ballot will be found on another page.

2. The name of no player may appear more than twice on the same ballot. For example, the same player may be voted for as comedian and character man, but not for a third part also.

3. It makes no difference in what company they are now playing, for it will be quite improbable that the winning players will ever be brought together into one company.

4. Each person may vote only once a month, but any number of ballots may be enclosed in one envelope.

5. The villain and child may be either male or female.

6. The ages of the players need not be considered. A young man can often play an old-man part as well as can an elderly man.

7. Ballots should be addressed to "Great Cast Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.," but they may be enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine.

8. Ballots need not be entirely filled out.

There will be twenty-four prizes awarded, one for each member of the first cast, and one for each member of the second cast. The prizes will consist of a $500 Grafanola, a trip to Bermuda and return, a $200 Columbia phonograph outfit and other items of value, the full list of which will be announced in an early issue. The first prize will go to the person receiving the largest number of votes for any one part. We therefore suggest that it might be well for the voters to try to concentrate their votes for their favorites. For instance, Norma Talmadge would probably prefer that her admirers vote for her for "handsome young woman" rather than as "character woman," because, if her total vote is divided, her chances of winning a prize are lessened. It will be observed that Francis Bushman has 213,215 votes for leading man, 112,270 for handsome young man and 29,390 for old gentleman. Now, if his admirers could agree among themselves Mr. Bushman's vote for any one part would be almost doubled. The same is true of J. Warren Kerrigan, Earle Williams, Crane Wilbur, Antonio Moreno and of several others, particularly of Anita Stewart. But we wish to make it clear that we have no choice in the matter, and that it is absolutely immaterial to us who wins. We merely offer this as a helpful suggestion, and it fits the supporters of one player as well as it does those of any other. Following is the great first cast, according to the last count of the ballots, and also a list of their nearest competitors:

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO JAN. 15.

FIRST CAST

1. Leading Man		7. Comedian (Male)	
Francis X. Bushman	213,215	Charles Chaplin	353,680
2. Leading Woman		8. Comedian (Female)	
Mary Pickford	195,610	Mabel Normand	369,410
3. Old Gentleman		9. Handsome Young Man	
W. Chrystie Miller	304,135	J. Warren Kerrigan	136,050
4. Old Lady		10. Beautiful Young Woman	
Mary Maurice	519,385	Anita Stewart	166,150
5. Character Man		11. Villain	
Romaine Fielding	83,900	Jack Richardson	199,020
6. Character Woman		12. Child	
Julia Swayne Gordon	158,860	Helen Costello	272,970

The following are the leading competitors for the first cast, in the order named, together with their total votes for the various positions, up to January 15th.

LEADING MAN

1. Earle Williams	208,970
2. J. Warren Kerrigan	162,900
3. Crane Wilbur	64,180
4. Arthur Johnson	52,590
5. Carlyle Blackwell	52,120
6. James Cruze	50,890
7. Paul Scardon	44,680
8. Harold Lockwood	29,550
9. Thomas Moore	25,010
10. King Baggot	23,630
11. Maurice Costello	21,970
12. William Garwood	21,940
13. Romaine Fielding	20,330
14. Antonio Moreno	19,380

LEADING WOMAN

1. Anita Stewart	143,300
2. Alice Joyce	133,700
3. Edith Storey	97,100
4. Florence LaBadie	73,290
5. Clara K. Young	69,890
6. Beverly Bayne	56,900
7. Mary Fuller	56,100
8. Ruth Stonehouse	54,150
9. Pearl White	45,020
10. Cleo Madison	32,130
11. Marie Newton	29,150
12. Norma Talmadge	26,580
13. Marguerite Snow	19,500
14. Lottie Briscoe	19,330

OLD GENTLEMAN

1.	Charles Kent	257,600
2.	Thomas Commerford	104,185
3.	Van Dyke Brooke	89,940
4.	Robert Brower	59,180
5.	William West	48,070
6.	Logan Paul	42,710
7.	Francis X. Bushman	29,390
8.	Murdock MacQuarrie	23,410
9.	Marc MacDermott	23,280
10.	Bigelow Cooper	23,250
11.	Charles Ogle	16,870
12.	James Morrison	15,000

OLD LADY

1.	Helen Dunbar	135,820
2.	Julia Stuart	57,310
3.	Louise Lester	49,380
4.	Helen Relyea Anderson	42,730
5.	Mrs. George Walters	25,610
6.	Norma Talmadge	22,500
7.	May Hall	21,090
8.	Kate Price	18,280
9.	Pauline Bush	14,760
10.	Flora Finch	14,690
11.	Edith Storey	12,320
12.	Kate Toncray	10,270

CHARACTER MAN

1.	Harry Morey	81,440
2.	Francis X. Bushman	79,680
3.	J. Warren Kerrigan	70,430
4.	William Wadsworth	62,250
5.	Marc MacDermott	56,090
6.	Arthur Johnson	51,150
7.	Nicholas Duncan	42,860
8.	King Baggot	42,770
9.	Earle Williams	39,290
10.	James Cruze	34,420
11.	G. M. Anderson	33,720
12.	Billy Quirk	31,840

CHARACTER WOMAN

1.	Norma Talmadge	147,860
2.	Edith Storey	92,180
3.	Edwina Robbins	73,680
4.	Ruth Stonehouse	58,090
5.	Clara K. Young	50,845
6.	Mary Fuller	43,260
7.	Mary Pickford	37,350
8.	Cleo Madison	35,890
9.	Louise Lester	33,940
10.	Kate Price	27,000
11.	Flora Finch	26,810
12.	Anita Stewart	24,560

COMEDIAN (MALE)

1.	John Bunny	310,310
2.	Ford Sterling	197,290
3.	Wallie Van	118,855
4.	Wallace Beery	64,220
5.	Sidney Drew	57,730
6.	Donald McBride	46,060
7.	Billy Quirk	37,960
8.	Roscoe Arbuckle	36,540
9.	William Shea	29,620
10.	Hughie Mack	27,800
11.	John Brennan	19,050
12.	Arthur Hausman	18,250

COMEDIAN (FEMALE)

1.	Flora Finch	200,635
2.	Lillian Walker	172,070
3.	Margaret Joslin	140,610
4.	Ruth Roland	94,190
5.	Norma Talmadge	71,290
6.	Kate Price	54,320
7.	Karin Norman	43,100
8.	Constance Talmadge	29,880
9.	Florence Lawrence	17,450
10.	Victoria Ford	16,780
11.	Mary Pickford	14,610
12.	Vivian Prescott	13,790

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

1.	Antonio Moreno	129,660
2.	Carlyle Blackwell	119,990
3.	Crane Wilbur	115,075
4.	Francis X. Bushman	112,270
5.	Earle Williams	93,310
6.	Donald Hall	89,230
7.	Harold Lockwood	76,520
8.	James Morrison	53,030
9.	Thomas Moore	20,780
10.	George Larkin	19,840
11.	Bryant Washburn	18,610
12.	James Cruze	18,320

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

1.	Alice Joyce	151,090
2.	Mary Pickford	149,850
3.	Norma Talmadge	123,835
4.	Clara K. Young	84,350
5.	Pearl White	80,330
6.	Lillian Walker	68,230
7.	Mary Anderson	61,790
8.	Beverly Bayne	58,920
9.	Florence LaBadie	41,000
10.	Marguerite Snow	31,380
11.	Blanche Sweet	25,460
12.	Margarita Fischer	23,770

VILLAIN

1.	Harry Morey	177,690
2.	Bryant Washburn	140,790
3.	Paul Panzer	124,370
4.	Harry Northrup	57,810
5.	Rogers Lytton	57,240
6.	Romaine Fielding	47,430
7.	Ned Finley	35,410
8.	Marc MacDermott	29,150
9.	George Cooper	23,910
10.	Frank Farrington	21,400
11.	George Periolat	20,420
12.	King Baggot	19,200

CHILD

1.	Bobby Connelly	185,510
2.	Audrey Berry	171,200
3.	Yale Boss	100,320
4.	Helen Badgely	96,520
5.	Andy Clark	58,850
6.	Billy Jacobs	37,120
7.	Clara Horton	35,590
8.	Mattie Roubert	32,700
9.	Marie Eline	28,690
10.	Dolores Costello	22,680
11.	Lillian Wade	19,290
12.	Elizabeth Mitchell	14,490

What's What—and Why

By TARLETON WINCHESTER

THE year of Our Lord 1914 has gone from us; 1915 has come, and with it a new era in the serial film. "The Master Key," "The Trey o' Hearts," "The Adventures of Kathleen," "The Perils of Pauline" are undoubtedly financial successes, but to no one of them do we accord the judgment, "an artistic triumph."

The Mutual Film Corporation is to be congratulated upon the first instalment of "Why Did June Run Away?" George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester, its authors, start out with an objective clearly in view, and they state it symbolically, yet in a way that defies misunderstanding. If the succeeding chapters live up to the promise of the first, there will be no question as to the fifteen instalments charming the photoplay public.

The second series recently begun is entitled "The Exploits of Elaine," in which Pearl White, the heroine of that delightful and singular romance, "Poor Pauline," and Arnold Daly, a prominent actor of the legitimate stage, are featured. The play is based upon Arthur B. Reeves' Craig Kennedy stories, which attained such marked popularity in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.* Unlike the Mutual serial, each instalment is complete in itself.

Not only does Baby 1915 bring to us an epoch-making development in the serial, but the Famous Players Film Company's remarkable production of "The Eternal City" illustrates forcibly the old adage that to the film nothing is impossible. With Pauline Frederick as Donna Roma, the spectacle stands out as incontestably the best thing yet done abroad by an American firm.

And not content with that, the same company announces William Farnum in "The Sign of the Cross." While the sight of the hero and heroine entering the arena where the hungry lions await them may not be conducive to laughter, and while the film's effect may be to subdue one considerably, it should not be missed.

"The Eternal City" will be handled as a special attraction by the Famous Players Company, which, by the way, is responsible for something as yet unheard of, and believed by showmen to be an impossibility. Briefly this: one hundred and seven thousand paid admissions recorded at the box office of the Strand Theater, New York, during the run of "Cinderella" at Managing Director Rothafel's house. And it is not really an adequate production, either. The name of Mary Pickford, the fame of the fairy tale and the holiday week must have worked the miracle.

In producing "To Make the Nation Prosper" the Edison Company has succeeded in persuading Miss Clark, daughter of the Speaker and the most enthusiastic agitator of the "Buy a Bale o' Cotton" movement, to pose. It is an interesting and amusing film.

"The Sins of the Mothers" (Vitagraph) is an exciting and beautifully acted melodrama which will hold the interest if one is willing to accept its thesis. Its climax is really fine, unexpected and powerful, but I doubt if the author has made an exhaustive study of the subject about which she has written here. Anita Stewart and Earle Williams play delightfully, while Paul Scardon as De Voie, the French gambling-house keeper, gives a remarkably finished performance.

Vitagraph's "Silent Plea" is an entertaining preachment fairly well done, but their "The Hair of Her Head," with Sidney Drew, is one of the best little comedies I have seen in many a moon.

Norma Talmadge has an appealing and artistic vehicle in "A Daughter of Israel." With a sweet story, embodying a fine commingling of tears and laughter, it is the best acted and most carefully produced two-reeler I have seen in a long time. Speaking of two-reelers, there are Kalem's "The

(*Continued on page* 162)

TARLETON WINCHESTER, who writes our "What's What" column, will need additional life insurance if he says again that Marguerite Clarke is better than Mary Pickford. Many of our correspondents are now on Mr. Winchester's trail.

Joseph Singleton and Jenny Lee have joined the Kalem Company.

Recently Victor Potel and Harry Todd had a potato-throwing battle and Victor chose as a target Harry's nose. The condition of said member today proves that those baseball scouts have passed up a pitcher with wonderful control.

House Peters has been chosen to play opposite Blanche Sweet in Lasky photoplays.

Octavia Handworth has left Excelsior, and Helen Marten has returned from a vaudeville tour, and both are "at liberty."

Alice Joyce is the author and maker of that cute little Tipperary bonnet which she wears in "The Swindler."

Eleanor Woodruff is now with the Vitagraph, and Marie Wierman with the Rex Company.

With deep regret we announce that W. Chrystie Miller was recently removed from the Hahnemann Hospital, in New York, and is now in the Old Folks' Home.

Not wishing to go West, Irene Howley, Claire McDowell and Charles Mailes have left the Biograph.

J. P. McGowan has the distinction of being the only man who ever directed a photoplay from a hospital cot, while incased in a plaster cast. The Hazards of McGowan, it should be, not of Helen.

"Rawley," as Herbert Rawlinson is called, is still receiving congratulations for his work in "Damon and Pythias."

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton is in Florida for a couple of weeks.

The Balboa Company is still "rounding 'em up," George Larkin and Edna Mayo being the latest.

The Bosworth Company has chosen Owen Moore to play opposite Elsie Janis in "Betty in Search of a Thrill."

Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey are receiving congratulations from even their enemies (if they have any) down at the Vitagraph. Their work in "The Island of Regeneration" is the cause.

Romaine Fielding, with a company of twenty-one, has started on a world tour for the Lubin Company.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

The splendid crystal globe which Tom Moore uses in the psychological photoplay, "The Silent Room," was presented to him by an admirer. We may not see the future in it, but we can see the present.

If Wallace Beery's "Sweedie" wig does not look as good as usual, you will know that a goat recently got it and ate off several of the curls.

Marguerite Courtot, dainty little star, is now playing an important leading rôle in a pure food preachment to be released by Kalem.

We have with us this evening: James Morrison, Mary Maurice, Dorothy Kelly and Frank Currier (p. 67); Miriam Nesbitt and Marc MacDermott (p. 68); Earle Metcalf, Kempton Greene, Justina Huff, Ormi Hawley and Eleanor Barry (p. 31); Louise Vale, Ivan Christy, Gretchen Hartman, Alan Hale, William Jefferson and Franklin Ritchie (p. 57); Arthur Ashley (p. 45); Marie Wierman, Ben Wilson, Frances Nelson (p. 37).

The Universal people are saying that Pauline Bush scores the triumph of her career in "A Small-Town Girl." Then it must indeed be fine.

The vaudeville stage has captured Arthur Ashley from the Thanhouser Company. Crane Wilbur has the same complaint. And so has John Bunny. And so has Paul Panzer. Also Harold Vosburgh.

Irving Cummings has taken William Garwood's place at the American table, having resigned from the Thanhouser Company.

Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood are back in California.

Sydney Drew will shortly appear in a picture in which he tells such a funny story that a corpulent dead man comes to life and joins in a hearty laugh with him. Drew's story was so funny that he acted as if a fly was crawling over his face—he couldn't keep back his snickers. All of which spoiled both the scene and a perfectly good corpse.

At a recent ball in Boston, a gentleman remarked to William Wadsworth and Arthur Housman that they looked just as funny in evening clothes as they did in character clothes on the screen. They are still trying to figure it out as a compliment.

In "Redbird Wins" Jack Richardson was required to wear a raincoat. The weather being glorious, he received much joshing, but later in the day, when all the company were caught in a storm, they heard the villain's sardonic "Ha, ha!"

Fay Tincher (Universal) has now enough chewing-gum to last her a whole week. She has received a carton containing fifty packages from an admirer.

Among the stories in our next issue will be "A Modern Noble" (Domino), featuring Thomas Chatterton and Violet McMillon.

Ralph Ince and Anita Stewart will remain with the Vitagraph, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

Harry Benham now owns a Ford, which he recently won in an Iowa popularity contest. The Gold Seal Company also has a Ford.

Everybody hereabouts is anxiously waiting to see Charles Chaplin in his first Essanay play.

The prize for the best photoplay submitted to the Photoplay Clearing House this month goes to J. K. P. Scott, Gettysburg, Pa., for his drama, "The Forge Master of Brittany."

Wallie Van has taken a Vitagraph troupe up to the zero country of the Adirondacks to make a feature comedy after the pattern of "Love, Luck and Gasoline," in which the villain will still pursue her, on snowshoes, skiis, sleds and iceboats.

P. S.—Claire McDowell has just signed up to be King Baggott's leading woman.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "In the Jury Room"; second prize, to the author of "The Thread of Life."

And here is a lot of news all in a bunch: Irene Warfield (Essanay) is now with Rolfe; Dorothy Bernard (Biograph) has joined Lubin; Leo Maloney is again a Kalemite; Edward O'Connor has left the Edison for the unknown; Burton King with Universal; Lucille Young with Navajo; Billy Nash, of Broadway fame, with Keystone; Fred Mace and Josie Sadler with World; little Katherine Lee with Imp; Frederick Church, Edyth Sterling with Premier, Edith Taliaferro with Lasky.

Winnifred Greenwood (American) is a musician, singer and pianiste of unusual ability and never allows her work to interfere with her music.

Marc MacDermott as "Lord Stranleigh" is Edison's latest—and some say best—series, in four spasms.

Mabel Trunnelle now has a little less hair than appears on our cover. Cause: While playing in "The Lesson of the Flames" her hair caught fire while she was being carried down a burning stairway by Edward Earle.

More bad news: E. H. Calvert (Essanay) is laid up with a sprained wrist and wrenched knee, due to his strenuosity in "The Crimson Wig."

Harry La Pearl, famous circus clown, will hereafter help to enliven MinA films. "MinA," by the way, means made in America, and Roy McCardle received $250 for the invention.

Louise Huff is now called "The Kate Greenaway Girl of the Screen."

Edgar Jones' hobby is collecting specimen butterflies, and he has them from almost every part of this little anthill of ours.

Ormi Hawley, Earle Metcalf, Kempton Greene and others of the Lubin Company are making pictures in Cuba.

Harold Lockwood has gone to California to play opposite Mary Pickford in "Audrey."

Ford Sterling is in harness again, just having recovered from an attack of typhoid-pneumonia.

Olga Petrova in "The Tigress" will make our very best screen stars "sit up and take notice."

Edna Maison and Ray Gallagher are now the "headliners" for the Powers Company.

Another bunch of predigested news: Muriel Ostriche has left Thanhouser for the Imp; Charles French is now with Navajo; Carol Halloway with Lasky; Mona Darkfeather with Mica; Charles Clary has left Selig; Donald Crisp has left Reliance and Majestic; Neva Gerber with Pathé; William Elliott with Famous Players; Billie Walsh, also of stage fame, with Keystone; Betty Nansen with Fox; S. Miller Kent with Alco; Anna Nilsson and Guy Coombs back with Kalem; Anna Drew with Balboa; Al Filson with Alliance; Jeanie McPherson and Art Ortega with Lasky; Hal Clements with Premier; Edward Peil (Lubin) and Ann Luther (Lubin), now with Kinetophote, where Edwin August still lingers.

Chicago is still talking about that weird, wonderful dance created by G. M. Anderson, which he and Charles Chaplin danced while in that city last month.

Myrtle Stedman (Bosworth) claims to have the prettiest and coziest dressing-room in Screenland.

Earle Williams has just had another baby named after him, the bouncing son of Mr. and Mrs. William Olsen, of the Vitagraph.

The publicity men have failed this month to give us anything new and startling about Warren Kerrigan, Pauline Bush, Anita Stewart, Alice Joyce, Francis Bushman, Arthur Johnson, Mary Pickford, and other favorites.

As previously announced, Yale Boss recently graduated into long trousers, and now comes Violet Mersereau, who has just donned her first long dress.

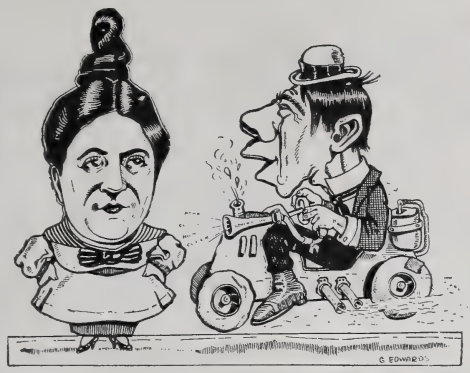
NORMA TALMADGE

B. COOPER

G. COOPER

WALTHALL

CHAPLIN



MARGARET JOSLIN AND POTEL

O. MOORE

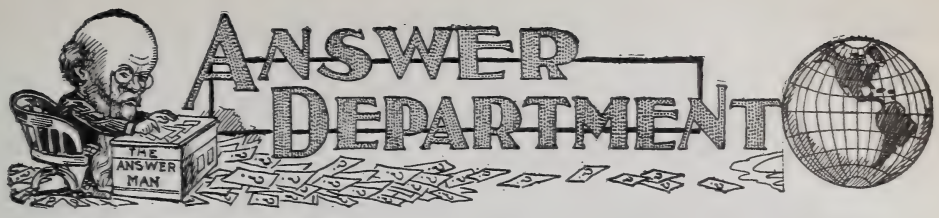
MARY PICKFORD

CISSY FITZGERALD

HOLT

JOHNSON

The Movies Cause It All
WHICH ONE REPRESENTS YOUR HOUSE ?
I WANT A NICKEL
I WANT A NICKEL
I WANT A NICKEL
OH SURE MA'M
ALL YOURS
SURE!
ARE YOU 16?
5¢
THE HUSBAND
THIS IS THE LIFE
THE WIFE
AND THEY'RE GIVING 9 REELS AT THAT THEATRE TO-TO NIGHT
VISION
CAFE
5¢
5
BOOT
THEATRE
COUNTRY
50
MOTION PICTURES
5 5
THIS BEATS #1. SEATS. DOWN AT MALLETS TEINS
J. Wm. Smith



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MYRA H.—You say, "Good-by, Summer" (Vitagraph) made you cry. It was enough to wring tears from a bronze statue of Nero. Billy Jacobs was the little boy in "Lost in a Studio" (Sterling). O. A. C. Lund opposite Barbara Tennant in "When Broadway Was a Trail." Warwick Buckland and Violet Hopson in "The Heart of Midlothian" (Hepworth). Yes, I liked it very much.

DORIS G.—Thank you for your long and interesting letter. It was very helpful, and I enjoyed it very much. Your letter to the exhibitor was very good, and if more patrons wrote to exhibitors asking for better plays, it would help the future of pictures. Shorty Hamilton was Shorty in "The Boss of the Eighth" (Broncho). Enid Markey was Molly, and Walter Edwards was Big Steve. Robert Harron was opposite Mae Marsh in "The Great God Fear" (Majestic). Gladys Brockwell was the dance-hall girl, and Elizabeth Burbridge was the wife in "One of the Discard" (Kay-Bee). Charles Ray the husband.

ABIE AND REBA.—Goldie Colwell was Carmelita, and Earle Foxe was Jack in "Carmelita's Revenge" (Selig). No; Harold Lockwood did not play in "The Ball Players and the Bandit" (Broncho). It was Ray Gallagher, not Allen Forrest, in "The Angel of the Camp" (Universal). Frank Woods was the minister in "The Turning of the Road" (Thanhouser).

INGOMAR.—First, many thanks for the enormous fee. Elsie Greeson was Millie in "At the Transfer Corners" (Selig). I agree with you entirely. Yes, about the club. Again thanks.

GOLDEN LOCKS.—William Cohill opposite Justina Huff in "The Bond of Womanhood" (Lubin)). Sidney Smith was the son in "Her Victory Eternal" (Selig). I think that serials are all right in small towns, where one can follow them regularly, but not in the cities.

FRANCES C. O.—Sorry, but I haven't room now. Your letter was right to the point. Mary Fuller is at 573 Eleventh Avenue, New York City. Jack Pickford with Famous Players.

EMMA E. M.—Glad you liked the puzzle. Just a little club among our readers. The prize is for the best story in the issue, written by our staff.

LLOYD D.—Brief Biography of her is ready for print. Watch for it.

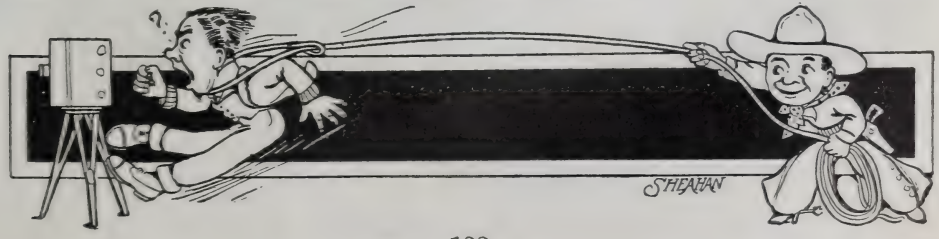
OLGA, 17.—I swear only by my country, lie only for my best friend, steal only away from bad company, and drink only buttermilk. Am I not a model? Always glad to see you; come any time when I am not busy. "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" was written by Harry Williams in 1912 at Douglas Manor, N. Y. It was first published in England, where it roused little enthusiasm until after the war began. Now it is constantly on the lips of Scotch Highlanders, Canadian volunteers, native Bengalese and English and Irish alike. The French have had it translated and sing it as they go into battle.

HELEN L. R.—And what has happened to you? Angry? Tut, tut!

MILLIE B.—I should be much pleased to receive the New Zealand fern seeds if you care to send them. Thanks for your kind letters. Verses were good.

LEO E. G.—Most players take a contract. Dont know about Mary Pickford. About fifteen. No. Mary Pickford is twenty.

LARRY L. F.—Jane Morrow was Enid in "The Professional Scapegoat" (Vitagraph). Our official American flag dates back to June 14, 1777.



D. G. Le C.—Wallace Reid was with Mutual last. Never can tell about him and Edwin August. I cannot tell you whether the players are married—strictly against the rules.

Amicus.—Louise Vale was Annie in "A Bit of Human Driftwood." Alice Hollister was Ida in "The Seed and the Harvest" (Kalem). James Cooley was the brother in "Wildflower" (Famous Players). No, not Rodney Miller, but James Morrison.

Helen G. D.—May bad luck follow you all of your days and never catch up with you. Thanks for your letter.

Kathleen.—Earle Foxe in "Influence of Sympathy" (Victor). William Shay and Leah Baird in "Seacoast of Bohemia."

Redhead.—You are supposed to imagine the ending in that picture. That was a continued film or serial you speak of. You think the theaters should have a complaint box where people can put their complaints. That is an excellent idea. Bravo!

William T. K.—Alfred Vosburgh and Margaret Gibson in "The Mystery of the Hidden House" (Vitagraph).

Naomi, of St. Louis.—Yes; Harry Morey displayed wonderful acting in "A Million Bid." Will see about that picture of Gladden James. Thank you so much for the beautiful picture. I am sure Lillian Walker would think you her twin sister if she saw your picture.

Tyllye.—Mary Keane was leading woman in "Her Mother Was a Lady" (Lubin). I am sorry for you, but you must make up with your friend. As for your suit, I should leave it to your mother.

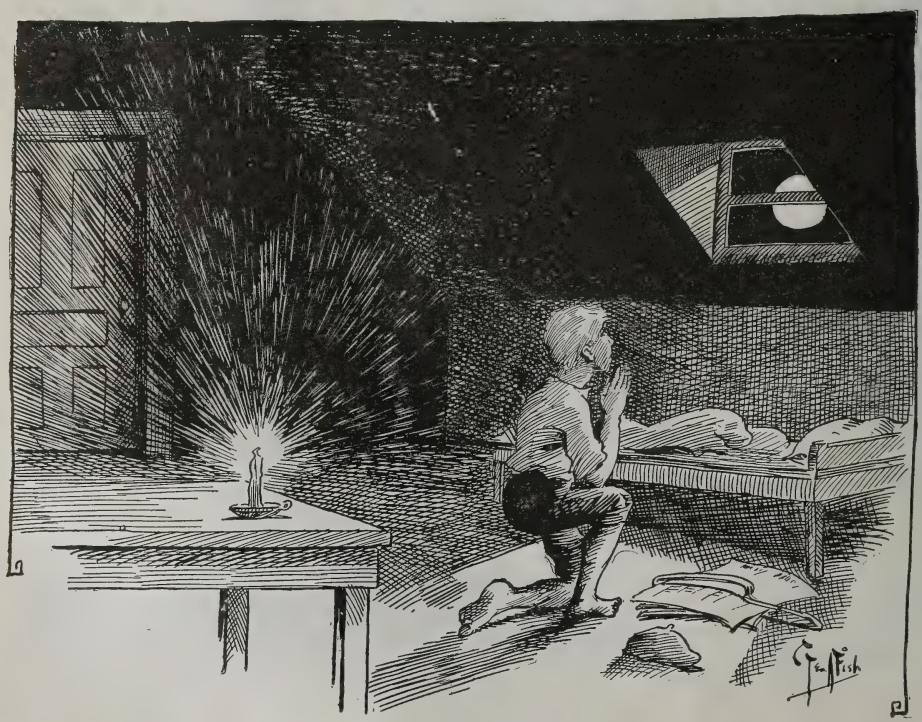
Mollie S. O.—For several reasons are the casts not published in the beginning of our stories. The Editor does not approve of it. Wrong titles on the Kalem. Harry Kendall was George. Jack Harvey was Jim in "Fogg's Millions" (Vitagraph). I believe Antonio Moreno reads Spanish.

Charles, 14.—Edgar Jones was Stonewall Jackson in "Stonewall Jackson's Way" (Lubin). May Irwin and Elmer Booth in "Mrs. Black Is Black" (Famous Players). Adele Farrington was Addie, and Myrtle Stedman was Myrtle in "The Country Mouse" (Bosworth).

Abe, 99.—Mona Darkfeather is still playing. She left Kalem about two months ago. Vera Mersereau in "The Dance of Death" (Kalem). Yes, sisters. Justina Huff in "The Bond of Womanhood" (Lubin). Tom Mix had the lead in "A Moving Picture Cowboy" (Selig).

E. M. F.—Gene Gauntier is playing for her own company. They are making feature films and release thru Warner. "Pigs Is Pigs" was released thru Vitagraph July 17, 1914.

Philip A. Mc.—No; Mabel Normand has not quit Keystone, and shines as much as ever. The little waiter is Charles Chaplin. No; Moving Pictures are not dying out in France. Very few of the foreign studios are open now.



"——and please help me, as you did the poor boy in the movies. Amen."

SCOPP P. A.—Have no Jean Towler on my books. Of course I keep books. John Bunny is traveling around to the different theaters. He'll be back.

MARIE.—The Exhibitors' Ball was a great success. It was a rainy night, but that didn't stop the fans from meeting their idols. I will readdress your letter.

GERRY.—I dont answer such questions as "Is Walter Miller married?" Yes, any one can join the club. I agree with you that that player should have lead.

J. E. Z.—You refer to a technical question. Talbot's book, "How Motion Pictures Are Made and Worked," will explain everything. We mail the book for $1.65.

JESS TINY.—Goldie Colwell and Earle Foxe in that Selig. William Duncan in "Friends in Need" (Selig). Adrienne Kroell and Harold Vosburgh in "The Pirates of Peacock Alley" (Selig). Harry Gripp opposite Mabel Trunnelle in "The Girl in the Middy" (Edison). Velma Whitman in "Out of the Depths." Gertrude Forbes in "Making Good" (Essanay). I am always glad to hear from you, and I am very sorry for your illness.

EMIL J.—May Hotely with Lubin, Hazel Henderson with Selig. Jack Harvey with Vitagraph, and May Hall with Mutual.

DOROTHY D.—I failed to find your questions. Your letter was fine. Never do things by halves—unless you are opening oysters.

GLOOMY GUS.—James Kirkwood in that Famous Players. You also refer to Violet Mersereau. There is little truth in that article published by that photoplayer. See Mary Fuller's answer in February issue of this magazine.

MARION L. S.—You should start a magazine of your own, and then you would be sure to get all your fine poems published. I fear you are getting selfish. Selfishness means solitude. Yes, Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw has entered the Motion Picture field. If she was selected because of her dramatic art, it is well; if because of her reputation, which is unsavory, it is a pity.

VYRGYNYA.—You take the cake for letter-writing. Elizabeth Burbridge and Frank Borzage in "A Romance of Old Holland" (Broncho.) To eat is human—to digest, divine.

YETTE R., TORONTO.—Marion Leonard has not been with Thanhouser. W. H. Lawrence was the city man in "The Saving Flame" (Majestic). Jane Fearnley is not located. I ought to be able to keep cool with so many fans.

Many pretty girls I've seen
On the Moving Picture screen—
There's the Western Maid, the Indian Girl,
The Fashionable Queen from the social whirl;
The Country Lass in her gingham gown,
And the Crafty Villainess of wide renown;
There are many more from town and city—
Each type is different, but all are pretty.

INGOMAR.—You neglected to give the name of the company. I think that "Cabiria" is one of the most wonderful spectacles yet produced. Yes. I smoke some; herring and beef preferred.

ELLA G.—Thanks for all you say. You are very kind. You say you cant express your appreciation properly; why not try parcel post?

MARTHA D.—Thanks. You kept your promise. John Brennan, formerly with Kalem, is now with Sterling. Arnold Daly, Pearl White and Sheldon Lewis are the leading characters in "The Exploits of Elaine" (Pathé). Leo Wharton, director.

CLAUDE F. S.—Frances Nelson was the girl in that Victor. William Williams is with Excelsior.

JACK, ERIE.—You dont like Clara Young because she smoked cigarets and was courting four men at one time in "Lola." Whoa! back up. You are raving. She couldn't help it.

LINOYTPE. — Sorry, but I haven't the sheriff in "Sheriff for a Day" (Essanay). We sell several books about photoplays; write to the Photoplay Clearing House, this address. Henry Albert Phillips' new book, "The Photodrama," is also for sale. You are a wonderfully bright child.

BENJAMIN F. H.—Thanks for the fruit —particularly for the dates; when I eat them I will be consuming time. No, complete scenarios are always necessary. Use 8½x11 paper, which is the regular size for scripts. There is no limit to the number of scenes in one reel.

W. T. H.—The reason they use "End of Part 1," etc., is because in some theaters where they use only one machine, a person would not know that there was more to follow. Glad you admire Cleo Madison as well as Rosemary. I laughed right out in school as I read your clever letter.

SABIE K., ST. LOUIE.—You ask me if I can take three toothpicks, lay them so as to form a triangle, and then with only three more picks make four equal triangles the same size as the first. Yes; I can do this, but I will let my readers figure it out. You also ask if Francis Bushman had a waterproof match-case in "Ambushed."

E. M. B.—No, we have never yet used a picture of Edward Earle (Edison) in our Gallery. His turn will come.

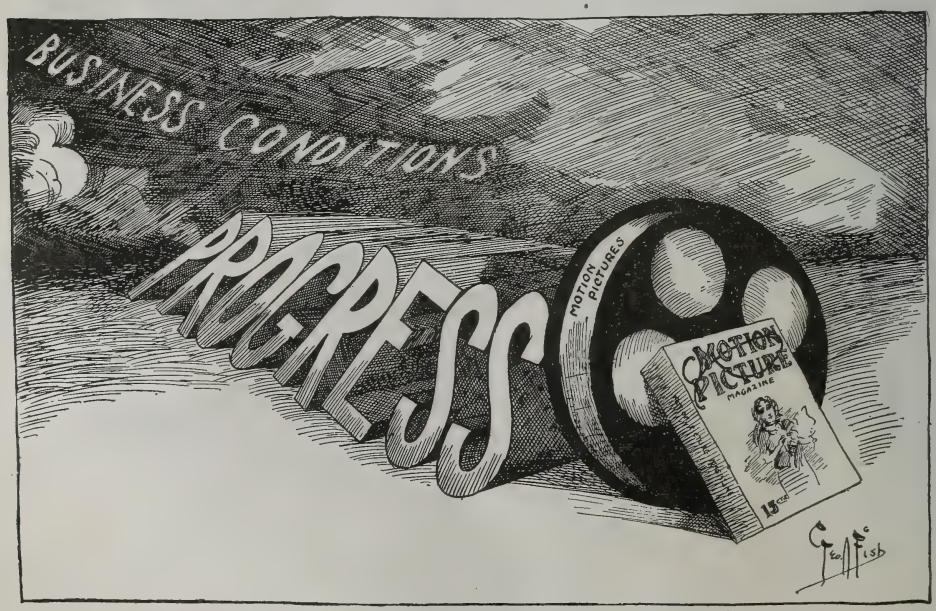
RETTA ROMAINE.—Your letter sparkled. Zounds! what ravings for Richard Tucker.

CLARA R.—Yes, they are. Glad you admired that colored picture of the Christ which we gave to our readers of our January number. Not everybody was able to appreciate it. It was a wonderful piece of work, and it appealed to the artistic and the spiritual.

MARGUERITE X.—I am thinking of offering a prize for the best cartoon of me, and of getting the Editor to devote a page to reproducing the best drawings of how you people think I look. I already have quite a collection.

JOAN OF ARC.—Yes; Guy Coombs played in "Shenandoah" (Kalem). The record throw of a baseball is 426 feet 9 inches. The record batted ball (fungo) is 419 feet ½ inch. From 100 to 120 feet per second is the average speed of a pitched ball.

ALICE C. M.—Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton in "The Cherry Pickers" (Selig). Owen Moore is with Bosworth. He also is afflicted with wanderitis.



WHILE THE STORM RAGES

ELEANOR S.—You ask some questions that are forbidden. Otherwise your letter was all right.

GOLDA M. S.—The picture is too small to identify the player. It is not Harry Millarde. Yes; Harry Millarde in "The War Correspondent." George Larkin is with the Western Universal.

M. F. W.—You refer to House Peters; he is now with Lasky. The Editor is going to use a chat with Charles Chaplin very soon. Arthur Cozine was the lad in "The Land of Arcadia" (Vitagraph). Olive Johnson is the little girl you refer to in the Sterling plays.

MARGARETTE K. T.—You heard that "Shredded Wheat has Quaker Oats beaten by Force." Gadzooks! Hellup! Arline Pretty was Nell in "The Treasure Train" (Imp). Beatrice Van was Ann in "Traffic in Babes" (Rex). Lowell Sherman was Teddy in "Behind the Scenes." "How Mary Made Good" has been changed to "How Cissy Made Good."

TUMBLER.—I am never gloomy, because I have lived long enough to get over the shams and pretenses of society. With years come wisdom, peace, liberty and happiness. Louise Orth had the lead in "Seven Days" (Klaw & Erlanger). J. Arthur Nelson and Elizabeth Burbridge in "Slim Jim's Last Trick" (Frontier).

LENA W.—Thanks for the suspenders, also your kind letter.

ALEXANDER M. L.—Yours was a sort of dum-dum letter, but it did not accomplish its purpose. Louise Orth on the Universal program, opposite Billie Ritchie.

M. P. FAN.—Right you be; it is not good for man to be alone—buy a dog. Champion are not producing now. Irving Cummings has signed up with American, to take the place of William Garwood.

ANNA D.—I see no reason why a one-eyed man should pay only half price to see a Motion Picture show; perhaps he should pay double price, on the ground that it might take him twice as long to see the show. Most of "Reward of Thrift" was taken in Brooklyn, but they took some scenes in New York and elsewhere. Sidney Smith and Elsie Greeson had the leads in "At the Transfer Corner" (Selig). Charles West opposite Claire McDowell in "The New Reporter." So you want an interview with Ann Schaefer.

JOSEPHINE S.—Thanks for the beautiful calendar. Addresses were sent by mail.

MARIE R.—Edna Maison was the girl in "The Angel of the Camp" (Powers). Herbert Rawlinson and Beatrice Van in "Traffic in Babes" (Rex). Alan Hale was Edward in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Biograph). Lelie Leslie was Sonia in "The Bomb" (Lubin). Your drawings were good.

PRINCE ALBERT.—There is no difference between Pathéplay and Pathé Frères. Evelyn Selbie was the wife in "Broncho Billy Puts One Over." There is usually 1,000 feet of film to a single reel. Paul Kelly was Buddy in "Buddy's Downfall."

MADELINE.—The correct pronunciation of boulevard is *bool var*. Yes; Frank Borzage's picture appeared in January 1915 issue. So you are one of his admirers.

THE DIRECTOR

(As it seems to many of us on the outside)

C. Will Burr.—Yes; I am very fond of music, and am said to have some musical talent. My favorite instruments are the Jew's-harp and hand-organ, which I play excellently. I dont know whether I can play the violin or not—I never tried it. Antonio Moreno in "In Latin Quarters," and he was fine. Your letter a delight.

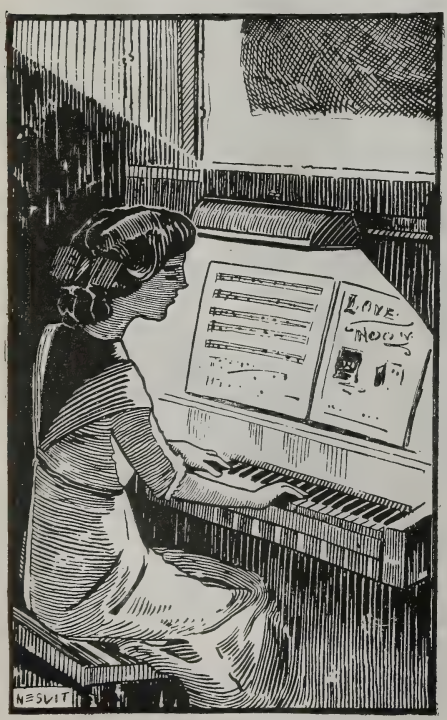
Kenneth C.—Marguerite Clayton has recovered, and is playing with the Liberty Company, Los Angeles, Cal. Write to Florence LaBadie in care of Thanhouser Co., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Ruth W.—That Famous Player was taken in California. Claire McDowell did not play in that Biograph. Yes; Grace Cunard has been on the stage since she was thirteen. Ruth Stonehouse was born in Denver. I enjoyed yours.

Cutie Cucumber.—J. W. Johnston in "Where the Trail Divides." Minta Durfee was the proprietor's daughter in "Fatty Again" (Keystone). Edward Kennedy was the young lover. Sunshine Eijmes was Mary Pickford's sister in "A Decree of Destiny" (Biograph).

Flo, 17.—Harry Linson was the foreman in "In Lieu of Damages" (Edison). May every mirror you look at cast an honest reflection, and I think it will.

E. D. M.—The drawing does not look enough like Mr. Bushman. There are 3,400 languages and dialects in the world, yet I haven't mastered one.

Ruth M. B.—Mabel Normand was the girl "Won in a Closet" (Keystone). Lillian Gish in "Lord Chumley." Those who despise actors must despise themselves, for we are all actors, and all the world's a stage. But try and act naturally.

IN THE SHADOWS

Gussie H.—The Pauls of Pearline are ended, yet you may yet come across one of them. Mabel Normand and Charles Bennett in "Mabel's Latest Prank." Majestic have no record of that play.

Keystone Frank.—Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Other Half of the Note" (Kalem). She hasn't joined another company as yet. Chester Conklin opposite Charles Chaplin in "Dough and Dynamite."

Grace M., Canada.—Company says that play was too old. Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "Just Cissy's Little Way" (Lubin). There is no bowling at Bowling Green, and Paris-green is not a subway station in Paris.

Crayton H., Columbia.—Mayre Hall was the girl in "The Face at the Window" (Princess). Miss Bennett and Rube Miller in "Shot in the Excitement" (Keystone). Dave Anderson in "Hypnotic Power" opposite Ford Sterling. Vivian Prescott in "Vivian's Transformation."

J. P. Sienkientices.—You should consult a physician. You have indigestion and dont know it.

Adelaide B.—The actress you refer to is Louise Owen. George Gebhardt is with the Pike's Peak Film Company.

The Unknown.—Where's your name? That's part of my business. Howard Hickman was Artful Dick in "The Circus Man" (Lasky). Dorothy Bernard, known as "Dot," formerly of Biograph, is now with Lubin.

Seattle Kid.—Robert Leonard in "The Master Key" (Rex). William Shay in 'His Gratitude" (Imp). Minta Durfee and Rube Miller in "Love and Salt Water" (Keystone). William Humphrey was the father, Billy Quirk was the nephew, and Jack Brown was Oily Curly in "Uncle Bill." Yes, it was a dandy comedy. Kate Bruce in "Lena and the Geese" as the mother. W. Raymond Myers was Antonio in "In Old Italy" (Domino).

Bumby.—A fig for your ravings! You should think twice before you say such rash things.

Peter M. N.—I think I know just what trouble you are suffering from most, and probably it is the only one. In the long list of diseases that flesh is heir to, they omit the most prevalent of all, and the one that is easiest cured—worry. And that is the one you must watch out for.

Miss K. M. J.—George Spencer was Wilbur in "The Gamblers" (Lubin). Haven't the name of the company.

Gertie.—If I omitted to say "fine letter," or "I enjoyed yours," it was not because I did not. It would spoil the looks of things if I should put too many of such comments in. I am overjoyed.

MARY S.—Mlle. Verna Mersereau was the dancer in "The Dancer" (Kalem). H. A. Barrows was the gold-worker in "The Gold Thief" (Biograph).

MISSES B. & O.—This department was originally intended for Answers to Inquiries, but if I keep on getting so many clever letters, it will become a Letters Department. However, I must publish your "We Wants & Eye Wants" epistle: "We want to see what Mary Pickford's husband looks like. We want a family group in your magazine of Alice Joyce, Tom Moore, Mary Pickford and Owen Moore. We want more encouragement for Anita Stewart, Vitagraph. We want the autobiographies of M. P. players continued, also their peculiarities. We want to see Mary Pickford play some decent plays. We want a 'Who Is Your Favorite Actor or Actress Contest.' We want the Edison Company to hold on to their good players. We never see Universal pictures in good theaters here. We dont want to see players wear the same clothes in a five-years-later scene that they wore in the preceding scene. We want to buy autographed photographs of players thru your magazine. We want to know how much the illustrations used in your magazine cost. I want another story in your magazine featuring Harry Beaumont (Edison). I want to thank you for using a story with Harry Millarde's picture used in it. We want to see a picture featuring Anita Stewart and Earle Williams as soon as possible. We want to say that we think that the last number was the best yet. We want you to comply with as many of our wee wants as possible. We want to thank you for your trouble."

ANITA S., No. 2.—Leona Hutton was Lola, and Arthur Jarrett was Dan in "The Eternal Spark" (Kay-Bee). Irene Boyle in "A Mother's Atonement" (Kalem).

JESS, OF MEADVILLE.—Adda Gleason and Miss Clifton were the girls in "The Harbor of Love" (Selig). Earle Foxe was leading man. Isabel Rea was the girl in "Counterfeiter's Daughter" (Biograph). Miss Smith was the girl clerk in "Love and Hash" (Biograph). Your letter was delayed on account of the research. Sorry.

HERMAN.—Yes; I am one of the celebrated authors of the day. Among other classics, I am responsible for "The Lost Gumdrop; or, The Candy Woman's Revenge"; "A Hand-to-Hand Encounter with a Flea"; "What to Do If a Stuffed Olive Bites You"; "Guyed to Fans," and others not yet writ. Charles Chaplin is now with Western Essanay, and Mary Pickford remains with Famous Players.

RAY, BOSTON.—Edna Mae Wilson was the little girl in "The Last Shot" (Reliance). Mildred Heller was the daughter in "The Mettle of a Man" (Thanhouser). Frank Evans was Burke in "The New Reporter" (Biograph). J. P. McGowan was Longley, Bert Hadley was Thompson, and Helen Holmes was the girl in "The Oil-Well Conspiracy" (Kalem). Irene Howley and George Morgan in "The Meal-Ticket" (Biograph). Thanks.

OLGA, 17.—Ormi Hawley has successfully reduced to beautiful proportions, but I dont know how she did it. Here is good advice, however: Taste makes waist.

HERBERT J. C.—Not Harry Beaumont, but Barry O'Moore, in "The Man Who Disappeared" (Edison). Isabel Rea in "The Fleur-de-Lis Ring" (Biograph). Yes, we keep a "morgue," containing all the facts and news we can get about the players. Every up-to-date newspaper keeps up one concerning prominent citizens.

PAULINE S.—Thanx for the sox. They will come in very handy. Let me here thank all of my many friends who so kindly remembered me during the holiday season. I only wish that I could thank them all in person.

JUNE P. D.—Walter Edwards and Gladys Brockwell in "Destiny's Night" (Broncho). Dustin Farnum was with Famous Players.

EMMA E. M.—George Morgan was Bob, Louise Vale was his wife, and Franklin Ritchie was the detective in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" (Biograph).

POWER HOUSE, NEW ZEALAND.—Belle Bennett was the girl in "What the Crystal Told" (Majestic). Yes, your questions were "Within the Law." Mr. Winchester is not "Junius."

THE MIRACLE WORKER

"I thought you said Bobby was sick in bed yesterday, and no sign of being able to go to school again for a while."

"He was, but I told him as soon as he got better, he could go to the Movies every day for a week, and he recovered the same day."

SWASTIKA.—Gretchen Hartman was the girl in "The First Law" (Biograph). Alfred Paget and Vivian Prescott in "The Way Back" (Biograph). Frederick Church was playing in California on the stage. Thanks for all you say about the magazine. We all appreciate it.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY. — William Jefferson and Irene Howley in "Butterflies and Orange Blossoms" (Biograph). Guy Oliver and Eugenie Besserer in "A Splendid Sacrifice" (Selig). Five cents postage from United States to New Zealand. Alice Hollister has been in Jacksonville.

CHARLES 5TH.—Perhaps I am like Socrates, who said, "I dont know anything, but I dont think I do. You dont know anything, but you think you do. Therefore, I know more than you do." Charles Seay is still with Edison. He is in Florida.

CHARLES, EAU CLAIRE.—James Ross was the father in "The Price of Silence" (Kalem). Yes; J. Stuart Blackton is really a Commodore. He was Commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club and now Commodore of the Motorboat Club of America. Harry Lorain and Eva Bell in "Coupon Collectors" (Lubin). Cyril Leonard and Master Rockwell were Sam and Bobbie in "The Buffer" (Essanay). Le Petit Briant, Maria Fromet and Mlle. d'Estournelles in "The Crown of Richard III."

BERNICE B.—You are kind enough to suggest that when I die I should present my body to a medical college to save funeral expenses. That would be giving myself dead away. Florence LaBadie was Myra, and William Russell was Don Rodrigo in "The Ring of a Spanish Grandee" (Thanhouser). Robert Grey was Dan in "The Regeneration of Worthless Dan" (Nestor). Frank de Vernon was the governor in "An Antique Ring." Yes.

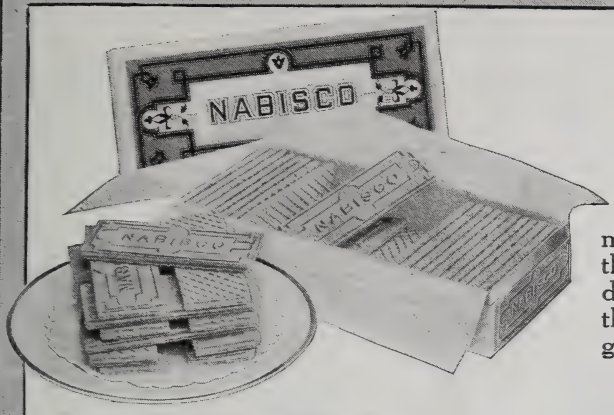
RUTH W.—Francis Bushman's middle name is Xavier. Bryant Washburn was Nixon in "The Mongrel and Master" (Essanay). That was a dual rôle in "The Private Officer" (Essanay), with Francis Bushman in the lead. Warren Kerrigan plays right along in the Universal program. Your theater shows only General Film plays, apparently, which accounts for it.

MRS. M. M.—Isabelle Rea in that Biograph. Herbert Rawlinson is in California with the Rex Company.

SAMUEL O.—Thanks for the baby's shoe. What hocus-pocus is this? as Shaw makes Cæsar say to Cleopatra.

This is the way, in days of old,
A maid was wooed by her lover bold.

Times have improved; now lovers go
To see a Moving Picture Show.



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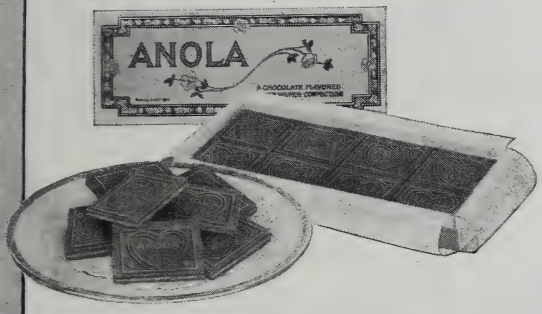
make an irresistible appeal to the palate. These bewitching dessert confections are made for the joyful occasion, the social gathering, the feast.



ANOLA—Delicious wafers of chocolate-flavored goodness; crisp baking outside, smooth cream filling inside, chocolate-flavored throughout. The taste is unique, the form is inviting, and the occasions upon which they can be appropriately served are without number.

ADORA—Another dessert confection invariably popular with the hostess. These little wafers are pleasing to look upon, entrancing to the taste, whether served with desserts or eaten as a confection.

FESTINO—Their resemblance to an actual almond is most attractive. FESTINO conceals beneath the delicate shells an enticing sweetened, almond-flavored filling.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

VYRGYNYA.—I still have hopes for universal peace. But if Germany wins I will cease hoping, altho I say this with all due respect to that wonderful nation.

MARTHA S. L.—Oh, no! I haven't run dry. I have barrels of it left, if you readers want it. Some of my readers think that I devote too much space to alleged humorous remarks, so I thought last month I would be more serious.

BILLY ROMAINE.—You think that Louise Vale resembles Edith Storey. Yes, others have said the same. Antonio Moreno. Once in a while you see a woman who would look better in trousers.

HELEN S. I.—I am very sorry, but I haven't the name of the company that produced "Thru the Clouds." You probably have the title mixed.

PEBBIE B.—Wilbur Highby was the elderly gentleman in "The Master Key" (Universal). Glad you like the covers. Also thanks for the postal.

OLGA, 17.—I dont understand you; you dont mean to say that you are going to discontinue writing? Shocking! Absurd!

B. L. B., NEW ORLEANS.—Anna Rose was opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Corsair" (Eclectic). I shall certainly have to start a poetry magazine for my readers.

C. B. M., SEATTLE.—Louise Glaum was leading woman in "The Invisible" (Kalem). Richard Cummings was in "In the Nick of Time" (Reliance).

MR. PIGG'S AN ACTOR.
"I hear you're making lots of coin" Said I to Mr. Pigg. Said he "I'm in the movies, and The salary is big."
GOOD JOKE.
Said Pigg "I am an actor, And I am glad I am, But, to be frank, I do not think A pig should be a "Ham."

When Your Baby Is Grown Up

THE food you give your baby now will affect him to the last day of his life. Whether he has the strong body and clear mind that mean success depends upon you. The baby who struggles against cow's milk now—even if he survives—and alas, our babies pass from us by the hundred thousands every year—may grow up with the ruined digestion that makes misery and unhappiness.

Train your baby for life-long health from the beginning. Give him breast milk as long as you can—then wean him slowly on

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which for three generations has built up men and women with healthy bodies and clear heads.

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Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

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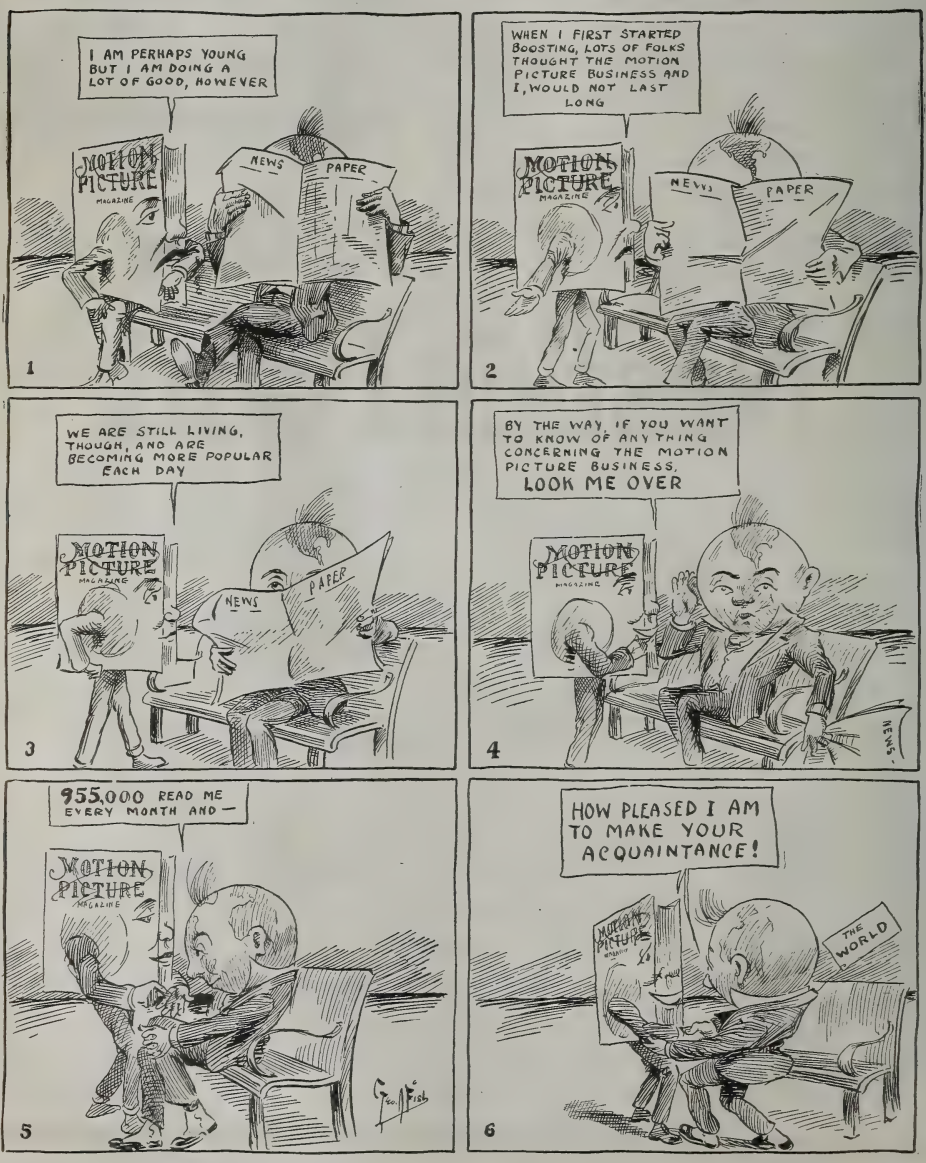
EVERYBODY.—I must again state that questions as to marriage, relationship between players and personal questions are strictly forbidden. All readers wishing their answers by mail must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Just a 2c stamp is not sufficient. Why not save me all that time?

M. R. Mac, Victoria.—Donald Hall was the doctor, and Arthur Ashley was Richard in "Crucible of Fate" (Vitagraph). I suppose the reason that some readers ask about Vitagraph casts is because the cast is shown so quickly on the screen that they cannot remember. Verse excellent.

Constance D.—Gaston Bell is with Lubin. You must always give the name of the company. Every photoplay should contain several pretty scenes well lighted and photographed. Most of the directors seem to forget this, and seem to think that all that is needed is to tell a story. They are behind the times.

Marguerite O'C.—Marguerite Snow is her correct name, not Virginia, and she is still with Thanhouser. If you like this department, tell others; if you dont like it, tell me.

Mary Ann.—Before I publish your letter, I suggest that you take out plenty of life insurance. The players and manufacturers will all be after you.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2
WE ARE STILL LIVING, THOUGH, AND ARE BECOMING MORE POPULAR EACH DAY
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4
955,000 READ ME EVERY MONTH AND —
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HOW PLEASED I AM TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE!
THE WORLD
6

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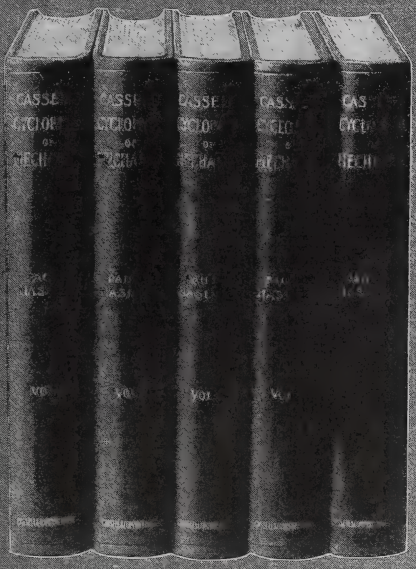
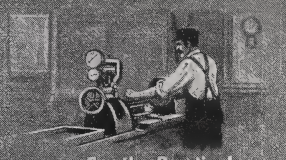
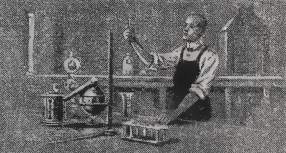




For the Practical Shop Mechanic



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Send this coupon or copy of it

GRACE VAN LOON.—You ask "Are you a beast of field or tree, or just a wiser child than me?" I give it up. Your letter was indeed interesting. Thanks for the present; I am watching for it.

CLAIRE F.—Yes, I am good-natured, but your letter was a wee bit too long. Otherwise it was a gem.

GUSSIE H., MONTANA.—Haven't the male lead in "He Loved the Ladies" (Biograph). Perhaps he is ashamed of himself. George Morgan in "The Ironmaster" (Biograph). H. Pathé Lehrman, Billie Ritchie and Gertrude Selby in "Love and Surgery" (L-Ko). Kathryn Dana was the mother in "Our Willie" (Crystal). Arthur Ortega was the Snake, and Harry Von Meter was Captain Dan in "The Snake" (Bison).

MISS JEFF.—The custom of throwing old shoes after a bride is derived from ancient customs. The delivery of a shoe was used as a testimony in transferring possession. The throwing of a shoe on property was a symbol of new ownership, as "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe" (Ps. ix, 8). Winnifred Kingston was Molly in "The Virginian" (Lasky). Long and interesting.

MIHRAQUZ.—The Thanhouser twins are the Fairbank sisters. Marguerite Loveridge was the daughter in "The Chasm" (Thanhouser). Lilie Leslie was Jane in "The Grip of the Past" (Lubin). Marguerite Courtot was Ruth in "The Black Sheep" (Kalem).

ALBERT A. G.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will send you a list of the manufacturers. You refer to "Pearline" White.

WILL T. H.—Living in the heart of the city that has no heart, you should not ask such questions. So you think Helen Holmes should play villainesses entirely. I did not get you until I pronounced her name slowly. You are a wonder. I thought love matches and parlor matches amount to the same thing. Not all kinds of matches are made in heaven. Some seem to have been made in the other place—particularly the sulphur ones. So Ella Hall and Bob Leonard are your favorites.

THE BRONCHO KID.—I do not know how old that player is, and dont care. Good women should not be dated. Justina Huff and William Cohill in "In the Grip of the Past" (Lubin). James Ross was Montanye in "The Dancer" (Lubin). Adele Lane and William Stowell in "Somebody's Sister" (Selig). Miriam Nesbitt, Mabel Trunnelle and Marc MacDermott in "The Long Way" (Edison.) Gretchen Hartman and William Jefferson in "In Quest of a Story" (Biograph).

ESSIE L. R.—I am glad to hear from new readers. As Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "To be seventy-three years young is something far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old."

THE VIRGINIAN.—You might write to her. Harold Lockwood was the castaway in "Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players).

DOROTHY, SYDNEY.—So you are enjoying the warm days of summer now. Your first letter hasn't arrived as yet. The word "mugwump" is an Indian word, meaning "wise chief," and is now the sobriquet of a political party either independent or split off from the main body.

CECELIA M. S., CORNING.—You can obtain a picture of George Larkin from the Western Universal, Hollywood, Cal. I must say that you are a bright lassie.

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Ivy E. F.—The last report was that Max Linder is not dead. Ford Sterling is playing for his own company. Write to Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz. He and his company left on Jan. 4, and your letters will reach him there.

Little Bit.—I dont know just how many appointments the President has to make, but I know he has to make many disappointments. So you think Pauline Bush deserves more credit. Yes, she is a great emotional player.

Margarette K.—Robert Conness was "Bootles" in "Bootles' Baby" (Edison). Yes, charity begins at home, but that is as far as it sometimes gets.

Muttsy.—Yes; I read where Abram Stolinsky had his name changed to Jimmie Doyle. Who could blame him? I let it pass over.

To the Editor:

May I use a bit of your valuable space? The question discussed in this article is really more important than will at first be thought. I mean the question of whether or not the Movies are to continue allowing their orchestras to make the pictures seem realistic (?) by resorting to all sorts of unnatural sounds.

When a clown performs we expect unexpected results, and the drummer cant do too much to please us. We have known since childhood that a bass-drum booms when a clown sits down, that a bell rings when he lands on his head, and a train-whistle sounds if he sticks his feet out of a barrel. It's half the fun!

But what on earth makes us stand such abnormal conditions in a Movie theater? Why must we hear a mattress being beaten for a full minute every time a motorboat is shown on the screen? Or why must each running brook scene be accompanied by a sound you would expect in a sandpaper factory when getting out a rush order, or the railway reel bring a mingling of bells and uncanny sounds louder than could be heard at a dozen real stations?

Either there is too much of this most horrible attempt at realism, or there is hardly enough. Why have one part of the picture rather than another part made vivid to us? Let the orchestra imitate the sounds they are used to and are able to do naturally. For instance, at the poor man's meal, wouldn't it be well for the orchestra to make a noise like soup usually sounds at a poor man's meal? And, during a watermelon scene, let the musicians eat watermelon, thus producing the natural sound. Most men, too, can imitate kissing louder (and more realistic) than they can actually do it!

If we must have realism with our pictures, let our orchestras keep to those things that permit of imitation.

A colored "gent" gave his girl a ring, with these words: "And that's no imitation, neither!"

"No," she answered; "I can see that. But I suppose it's meant for one!"

How near is the time when we who frequent the Movies shall lose our sense of hearing? Alas! that the natural should begin to sound false!

Edward Hungerford, 85 Bartlett St., Rochester, N. Y.

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RECENT TESTIMONIALS FROM PATRONS AND STUDIOS.

Dear Sirs:
Have just received your letter announcing the sale of photoplay, "The Proposal," to the Sawyer Company for the sum of $25.00. Please accept my thanks for your kind efforts in handling the script. The sale is an agreeable surprise to me, as I was not looking for so quick a sale, if any.
MARCUS A. STEWART.
330 19th St., Sacramento, Cal.

L. Case Russell,
Photoplay Clearing House:
Enclosed please find our check for one hundred and thirty dollars ($130.00), in payment for the following manuscripts:
"Unlucky Looey".....$30.00
"Captain Sheldon, U. S. V.".....50.00
"The Lorelei Madonna".....50.00
We are holding for consideration "The Artful Dodger," "The Climax," "The Hill Billy," "A Bit of Velvet" and "Scared of Women."
THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,
J. Stuart Blackton, Vice-Pres. & Sec.

Dear Sirs:
Do not measure my appreciation of your kind criticism upon my scenario, "Against Odds," by the time I have let elapse before acknowledging receipt of same. I heartily endorse the able manner in which you work. The small fee charged is comparatively nothing in return for the benefit received. I recommend your house, especially to those in possession of a collection of rejection slips.
GEORGE F. SAUNDERS.
617 E. King St., Owosso, Mich.

Dear Sirs:
Am in receipt of your check for thirty-one dollars and ten cents ($31.10), and desire to thank you for same. Would have no hesitation in consulting you in the future, as you have treated me in a fair and square manner, and will certainly recommend you to any one requiring the services you offer.
J. A. DODWARD.
Box 222, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Dear Mr. La Roche:
As stated in my chat with you, I wish you to act as my agent in disposing of the nine or ten scenarios left with you, on the usual commission. Here's hoping you may get there with both feet.
I signed the contract with the Edison people the day after I saw you. They gave me more liberal terms than I expected.
EDWARD S. ELLIS.
Upper Montclair, N. J.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Enclosed find check for $25.00 for idea in "How Percy Made Good," by Frederick Piano, Fishkill, N. Y. The scripts that you sent have not arrived yet, but please keep on sending to us. Thanking you very much, we remain,
SANTA BARBARA MOTION PICTURE CO.,
Elmer J. Boeseke, President.

Gentlemen:
We enclose herewith our check No. 5955 for $35.00 in payment of MS., "Driven Back to Eden," by Mr. Arthur Reall, 66 W. Washington Lane, Philadelphia, Pa., as per contract.
THOMAS A. EDISON, Incorporated,
Motion Picture Department,
Per W. P. Barrett.

Gentlemen:
We are retaining for further consideration "Training Father," "Marie's Strategy," "Mr. Sickly Cured," "Dr. Cupid," "Anti-Kissing Law" and "The Evolution of Bub." We shall be very glad indeed to look at any scenarios that you may care to submit to us in the future.
ALL COMEDY FILMS, Inc.,
Thomas Newell Metcalf, Scenario Editor

And so on thru a long list of pleased patrons and studios, which we will announce as space r

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Fee for reading, criticism and filing, $1.00 (multip... sell. Endorsed by Doc- reel), but to readers of the MOTION PICTURE ... heads, Pimples, Wrink- will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accomp... ngs back Natures beauty. for multiple reels, 50c. per reel. For typewriting, a c... pains such as Rheumatism, each Play will be made, provided it does not run ove... times a permanent cure. A a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will ... person. Sales easily made. to work required, and will be arranged in advance.

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will be placed by us unless they are properly typ... rst day. Margwarth, says, I am ment in advance is expected in all cases. RE... eight dozen machines first month. AGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreig... five demonstrations. Vaughn, orders should allow for U.S. exchange. Enclose P.O... ship six dozen by first Express." Lewis, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. st... men, everybody makes money. No experience ...ry to active workers. We own all patents. Big ... will do. and Love of Beauty and Health" Free. Invest- A big surprise awaits you. Address, O. 997 Meredith Bldg., TOLEDO, OHIO

AGENTS
GENERAL AGENTS
ROAD MEN
MAKE MONEY HERE
START NOW—TODAY

ELLIE, ST. L.—Why dont you try the Photoplay Clearing House? Get photographs of the players from the respective companies. Will see the Editor about a chat with Cleo Madison.

MRS. C. J. F.—The girl who did the dance in "Hearts Adrift" is unknown. It wasn't "Little Mary." A chat with Charles Chaplin is under way now. I believe the Editor sent his aeroplane out to Niles after him. I have heard several complaints about "St. Elmo" not being up to the expected. Many thanks for the remembrance.

C. WILL-BURR.—Crane Wilbur hasn't joined a Motion Picture company at this writing. Your letters are always interesting. Brevity is the soul of wit and of a rainy-day skirt.

M. L., CHICAGO.—The size of each picture on a film is eleven-sixteenths of an inch high by fifteen-sixteenths of an inch wide. Every part of a picture is enlarged 57,600 times, when the picture on the screen is 18 feet 9 inches by 13 feet 8 inches.

M. F. B., LOWELL.—Edward Coxen was Manley in "The Ruin of Manley" (American). You refer to George Morgan. Glad you are interested in the contest. Success to you in your photoplay writing.

A. BUNNY.—Clifford Bruce was the Prince in "The Royal Box" (Selig). Lillian Walker has been with Vitagraph about five years. That Famous Players play was taken in California. Refuse to answer as to the size of Charles Chaplin's feet; they seem to be full of shoes.

JOHN J. D.—Chester Conklin in "His Trysting Place" besides Charles Chaplin. I never leave any letter unanswered very long. If yours was not answered here or by mail, either it was not received or the questions were answered elsewhere.

MARGARET A.—Kate Bruce was the woman in "Their Soldier Boy."

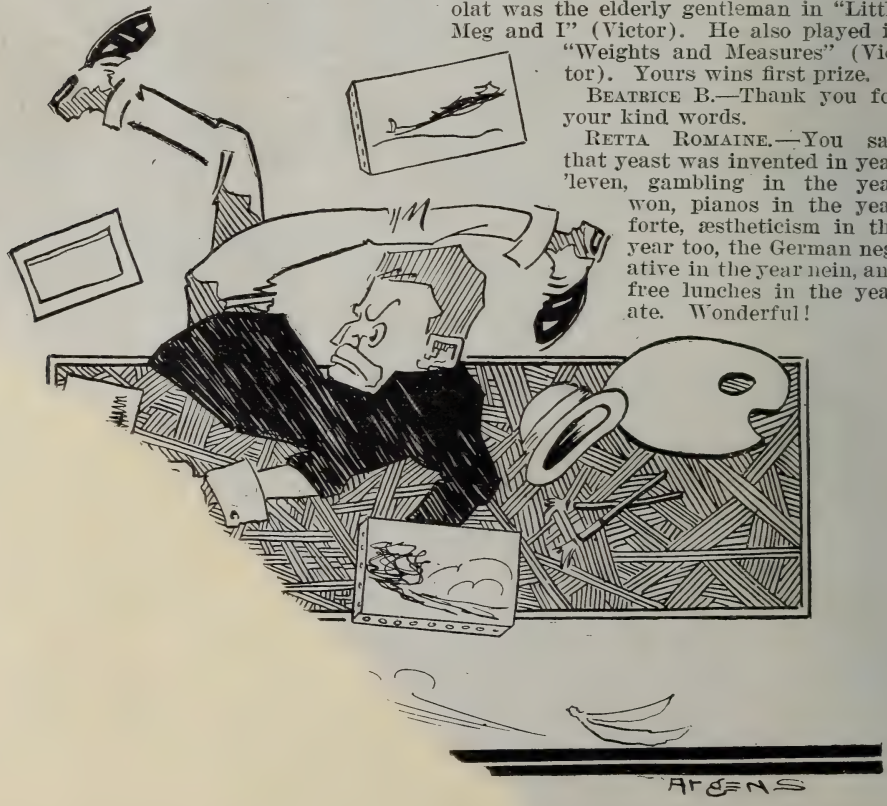
MARIE R., UNION, N. J.—Thank you many times. Most of the players must be at the studio at a certain time, and wait and see if they will be needed to play in a picture on that day; if not needed, they may go for the day.

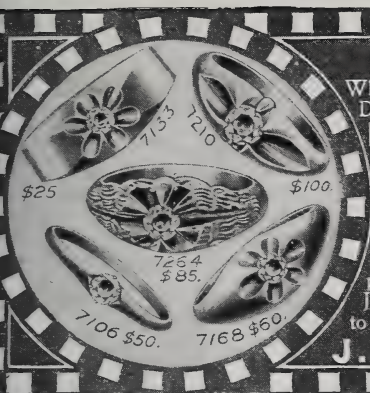
CATHRINE D. B.—It is impossible for me to find such information. You might write to those players direct, enclosing a stamped envelope. Harold Lockwood in "Wild Flower," and James Cooley was his brother. You should have sent an addressed, stamped envelope.

EDNA C. STAFFORD.—Haven't the name of the wife in "Hearts Adrift." Mildred Heller was the girl in "The Mettle of a Man" (Thanhouser). Joe King was Joe in "Helping Mother" (Rex). George Periolat was the elderly gentleman in "Little Meg and I" (Victor). He also played in "Weights and Measures" (Victor). Yours wins first prize.

BEATRICE B.—Thank you for your kind words.

RETTA ROMAINE.—You say that yeast was invented in year 'leven, gambling in the year won, pianos in the year forte, æstheticism in the year too, the German negative in the year nein, and free lunches in the year ate. Wonderful!





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AGENTS

GENERAL AGENTS
ROAD MEN
MAKE MONEY HERE
START NOW—TODAY

WESTIE.—Yes to your first. Ben Webster was Sir Charles in "The House of Temperley" (London). Clara Young was chatted in May, 1913, and Dorothy Kelly has not been chatted yet. Of course not. Yes, that ad is of Bobby Connelly. You call Annette Kellermann a beautiful mermaid, but how about that Beauty Fischer girl? And how about Mabel Normand?

BILLIE H., STOCKTON.—Thank you so much for the coins that were found in the earthquake. You are very kind. Imaginary ills are the only ones that are incurable. Yours may be that kind.

A. A. M. S.—Some players prefer not to send their pictures to every one who asks for them. A letter like you speak of would help. Laughter is the sister of tears, and he who smiles must also sigh.

C. WILL-BURR.—Knowledge is the father of wisdom—get wise. You are fond of Harry Morey and Anita Stewart. Which indicates that you are.

VERA C.—Alexander Gaden was Brian in "The Lady of the Island" (Imp). A modest blush is my only answer. Do you hear it?

E. D. ASH.—I am indeed sorry, altho I cannot account for it, unless on account of the Christmas rush.

CUPID.—What do you mean by calling me a woman? I understand. Yes, Donald Hall looks quite *distingué;* a real *bon vivant.* Antonio Moreno is very dark.

NIEMAND ZU HAUSE.—I accept your correction—a printer's error, I think. They tell me that Zudora is not so good as the other serials.

EDISON ED.—Sydney Deane was Uncle Peter, Dick La Strange was the best man, and Fred Montague was Fairfax in "What's His Name?" (Lasky). William Scott and Elsie Greeson in "The Mysterious Beauty."

CHAPLIN ADMIRER.—Justina Huff was girl in "Bond of Womanhood" (Lubin). You refer to Thomas Chatterton. Mlle. Verna Mersereau was the dancer.

MAIDA G.—Chats with Grace Cunard, Francis Ford, Bessie Eyton, Thomas Santschi will soon follow.

BECKY SHARP.—William Shay is still with Imp. William Shay and Jane Gail in "His Hour of Triumph" (Imp). King Baggot and Leah Baird in "Child Stealers of Paris" (Imp). William Shay and Leah Baird in "Love or a Thorn" (Imp).

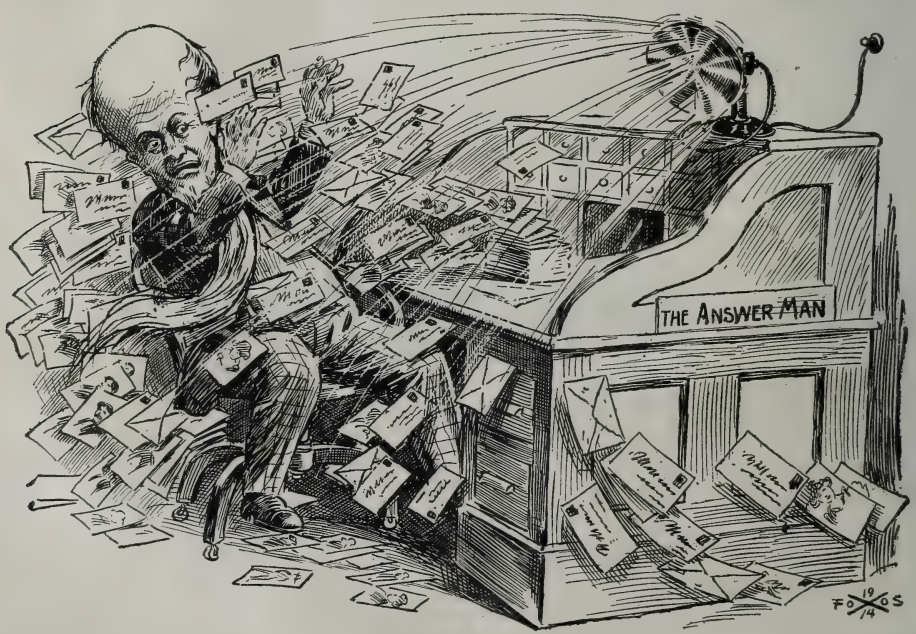
F. S., SCRANTON.—Edith Thornton was Hope in "The Fight for Love" (Pyramid). Yes, why didn't you stop in?

W. G. R., WELLINGTON.—I cant tell whether John Bunny will go to New Zealand or not. Nor whether "Lady Raffles" will be seen there.

OLGA, 17.—Estelle Mardo in next month's Gallery, I believe. So you attended a spiritualist meeting and asked a spirit how he felt, and he replied, "Medium, thank you." So mote it be.

GRACE VAN LOON.—I thank you, miss, for your brilliant epistle, also for the cigarets, altho I do not use the little rascals. Everybody is doing it but me. Pipe or cigar for me. You should erect a monument for Francis Ford.

AMICUS.—Your letter made me feel sad. I am indeed sorry for you. But cheer up; better times coming.



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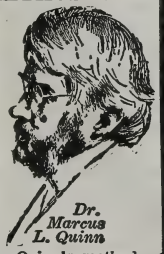

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TIGER, 2.—Players like Henry Walthall seldom attain great popularity, even if they are great artists. A handsome form or face, heroic parts, winning ways and a pleasing personality all make popularity. Smiles and dimples also help. Margaret Gibson, Myrtle Gonzalez, William Duncan and Alfred Vosburgh in "Sisters" (Vitagraph). That's a pretty fine cast.

EDDIE, OF LOS A.—I think I received all of your letters. You dont expect me to answer them all, do you? You figure that Kentuck Girl was born in 1894, but you mustn't call me "Sweet Answerist." Sorry that the people of San Fran are so much shaken up over that recent little earthquake. They ought to be used to that sort of thing by now. I am not L. C. R.

PORTIA.—Jere Austin was Kent in "The Viper" (Kalem). Edna Maison with Universal. Darwin Karr and Naomi Childers in "At the Stroke of Five" (Vitagraph).

G. D. H.—Wallace was Mr. Roebuck in "The Second Mrs. Roebuck" (Mutual). Earle Williams has played with Mary Mannering. Lillian Christy was the girl in "An Orphan Mine" (American).

M. E. F., NEWARK.—William West was the doctor in "The Bond Eternal" (Kalem). Your letter too late for February.

GLADYS B.—W. Schappe in "The Woman Pays" (Thanhouser). Glad to have you write. You failed to give the name of the company. Other information not available.

ANNA M. H.—Maude Fealy and James Cruze were the leads in "The Woman Pays" (Thanhouser). I thought I was pretty well up on Hoos Hoo in Motion Pictures, but I cant place the person.

LOVELY.—I understand that Evelyn Thaw played in only one picture. I bet on Masten every time. There are two things you should not worry about—things you can help, and things you cant help. If you can help, do it; if you cant, dont worry about them.

MELVA.—I always enjoy your letters. They are full of good sense. The oldest theater on the American continent is in Mexico City, the Teatro Principal, and it was first opened in 1721.

MABELLE H.—We have never printed James Kirkwood's picture until now.

E. D., NEWBURG.—Your letters are always good. As I have said before, all of the players are glad to hear from their admirers, even if they do not receive favorable criticisms, but you must not expect them always to answer your letters. Have a heart. Earle Williams, I think.

MILDRED H.—Webster Campbell was the parson in "Parson Larkin's Wife" (Broncho). Betty Gray is now with the Vitagraph Company.

ESTHER A. H.—"Evangeline" has been done in photoplay by Selig. The deepest mine in the world is a rock-salt mine, near Berlin, but there is an artesian well boring at Potsdam, Missouri, 5,500 feet deep.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—I shall take the liberty of quoting parts of your interesting letter: "There are many of your answers that are witty, but most of them are snappy and show your disposition. You answer some of those who write you as if they were dogs. If you dont like your position, retire and let a younger man take it. Instead of jollying those back who tease you about your beard and bald head, it makes you angry. Perhaps you are not worth more than $7 a week. From the manner of your disposition, I dont think you are. A man of seventy-three is too old for a job like that, anyway. Of course, you picture people feel called upon to hurt the feelings of the public who enriches you; in other words, you bite the hand that feeds you." I am now deeply humiliated.

E. DOROTHY.—Lots of people complain as you do that they cant see enough of Earle Williams' pictures. You should tell your exhibitor about it. He can get them if he wants to. So Antonio Moreno looks good to you, and you also admire Donald Hall, in all of which you show good judgment. Several have told me that my department last month was not nearly as good as usual. Perhaps I am getting too old, as Mrs. MacKenzie says.

A GOOD SOLDIER.—I am sorry, but I cannot help you when you dont even know the name of the company who took the picture, nor the title of it.

CARL V. H.—Leona Hutton was Jane in "Parson Larkin's Wife" (Broncho). Frank Borzage was the parson. Joseph de Grasse was the actor in "Lights and Shadows" (Rex). Eugenie Besserer and William Stowell in "When a Woman Is 40" (Selig).

GERTRUDE E. P.—Robert Frazer was Dick, in "The Aztec Treasure" (Eclair). Be sure to give the brand of Universal. Universal is not sufficient.

LEILA H.—Mr. Thomas is not connected with us. Write to Mr. LaRoche, of the Photoplay Clearing House, and he will give you full information.

FLORENCE L. W.—Yes; Mary Pickford and Owen Moore had the leads in "Caprice." I presume the number stands for the age. Your letter was just the thing.

E. L. MAC.—But where are your questions??? That's what I look for the first thing. I enjoy newsy letters, but if you dont ask questions we will have to discontinue this department. Yes?

NELLIE R., GRANITE C.—Owen Moore was Jack. Minna Gale was Mrs. Former in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" (Famous Players). Alexander Gaden was the son in "In All Things Moderation" (Imp). That's my belief also.

HERMAN.—I cannot explain to you why people laugh at those Keystone comedies where a person meets with a serious misfortune. It is so in all comedies. Even if a person has his teeth knocked out, some idiot would laugh at it.

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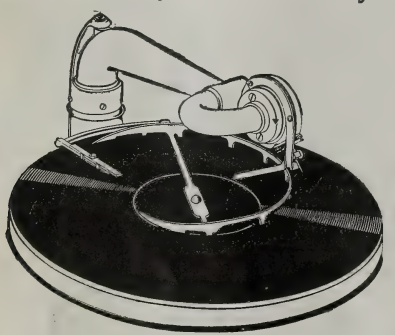

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Room 1101A, 456 Fourth Avenue, New York City

ADELE.—But you must give your full name. Anna Luther and Kempton Greene in "The Debt" (Lubin).

ELIZABETH O.—Address Mary Pickford, care of Famous Players Studio. "Junius" was the signature of a writer who published between 1769 and 1772 a series of letters on leading questions of the day. Everybody of prominence was accused, including Pitt, but the authorship is still a mystery. That's where our Junius gets his name.

GRACE STUART.—Your poem was good. I passed it along to the Editor. The players like to be idolized, but they dont like to answer more than 999 letters a day.

H. G. R.—Mrs. Mackley is playing in Universal with her husband. Ida Waterman was Teddy's mother in "Behind the Scenes." Gertrude McCoy is being featured in "In Spite of All."

HELEN M.—Velma Whitman was the girl in "Girl of the Cafés" (Lubin). Ernest Truex was the boy. Mildred Harris has joined the Lasky plays. Alice Hollister was the leading woman and Harry Millarde her sweetheart in "The False Guardian" (Kalem). Tom Carrigan was the detective in "The Jeweled Slipper."

VALENCIA F.—Jessalyn Van Trump is not playing with American. Gladys Brockwell opposite Thomas Chatterton in "The Worth of a Life" (N. Y. M. P. Co.). Marin Sais in "The Potter and the Clay." Edith Borella in "The Ruin of Manley."

ANNA M. C., TROY.—Anarchism and socialism are two different things. One believes in *no* government, and the other in *all* government—that the government should own everything. The real, philosophical anarchists are perfectly harmless and do not throw bombs. They do not believe in force. Others out of order.

PYTHIAS 1ST.—Glad to see you. Charles Chaplin and Sidney Chaplin are brothers.

EILEEN F.—Carlyle Blackwell in "Such a Little Queen. Minna Gale was Mrs. Lorimer the second in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch." Conway Tearle was Charles in "The Nightingale."

FLOSSIE W.—Eleanor Woodruff did not go abroad as announced. She has joined Vitagraph instead. Gladys Hulette was the girl in "The Village Scandal."

GALE L.—To eat is human; to digest, divine. Sidney Bracey in Thanhouser.

MIRIAM F. H.—Irene Howley was in "Peg o' the Wildwood" (Biograph). Your letters are always fine. Where have you been?

MRS. P. V. B.—So you are trying to locate Maxine Bushnell.

ELEANOR H.—Blanche Sweet had the lead in "Strongheart." Henry Walthall opposite her. Dell Henderson directs.

LURCH.—A drop of ink will make millions think, if wisely directed. Glad my few drops set your intellect in motion. (Not wheels, tho, I hope.) Edna Payne was the girl in "Dead Men's Tales."

M. C. D. THE FIRST.—Florence Crawford was the rancher's daughter in "The Hidden Message" (Reliance). Margarita Fischer was the mistress in "When Queenie Came Back" (Beauty). Keeping to one woman is but a small price to pay for the privilege of having one woman.

WILLIAM A. F.—Joe King and Beatrice Van in "Helping Mother" (Rex). Leona Hutton and Walter Edwards in "The Winning of Dennice" (Kay-Bee).

C. G. R.—Somebody has sent me a handsome little book entitled "Silence." It is the finest essay on the subject that I have ever read. I read it thru in four seconds. Its 100 pages are all blank. I suppose that the sender means that I should write less and say more. Carolyn Birch was the girl in "Love in the Ghetto" (Vitagraph). Theodore Salem in "Brown's Big Butler" (Lubin).

VINCENT D.—William Parsons was José in "He Waits Forever" (Lubin). William Ehfe was Gregg in "The Plot at the Railroad Cut" (Kalem). Jere Austin was the villain in "The Theft of the Crown Jewels" (Kalem). Justina Huff and William Cohill in "The Bond of Womanhood."

CAROLYN, N. Y.—A real hero is one who sacrifices self for the good of others without hope of reward, not one who merely does "stunts." Herbert Rawlinson opposite Cleo Madison, in that play. I will take your advice.

TULSA.—Roscoe Arbuckle had the lead in "The Sea Nymphs" (Keystone). Alec B. Francis was Lola's father in "Lola."

L. M. S.—Ruth Hennessy has left Essanay. Keep your foot on the soft pedal, and dont flare up so.

ELMHURST.—Sydney Ayres opposite Vivian Rich in "The Turning Point" (American). Nobody who has not earned money by hard work can ever be taught the value of it. Money easily earned is easily spent.

PAULINE K.—J. P. McGowan was Grouch in "Grouch, the Engineer" (Kalem).

AMICUS.—Estelle Mardo in "The Mystery of Brayton Court" (Vitagraph). Stella Razetto in "The Man in Black" (Selig.) Cheer up.

ALLEN L. R.—You ask if Hobart Bosworth is owner of the Bosworth Co. Anita Stewart was Vivien, Donald Hall was Uncle Bill, and Billy Quirk was Jack in "Uncle Bill."

WILL T. H.—Robert Ellis in "The Counterfeiter's Plot," and I fear that boy Robert will never learn to keep out of mischief. Your loyalty to Rosemary Theby is sublime. She should pension you when you grow old. Your *Henderson's Monthly* is unusually bright this month, and I have gleaned many brilliant sparkles from it. Pray do not suspend—I dislike suspenders.

HATTIE, DETROIT.—The only trouble with Charles Chaplin is, that he wears his trousers in such shape that I cant tell whether he's going or coming. Jane Gail is still with Imp.

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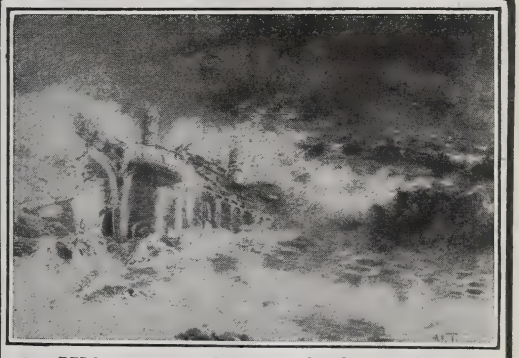

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CAROLINE O'B.—Ah, fickle jade! Eugene Pallette in "A Woman Scorned" (Reliance). Joseph Smiley was Leonard in "Sorceress" (Lubin). This department might be called "The fairyland of the fan world"—eh, what?

MELVA.—Pearl White never played in foreign plays. I really cant tell you whether the moon is inhabited or not, except that I know there is a man in it, and if there is a man, there must be a woman, or he wouldn't be there. There cant be very many, however, for they would get too crowded when there is only a half-moon or quarter.

KALYFORNYA.—Olive Johnson was the little girl opposite Billy Jacobs in "Sterling." Walter Miller in "Thru the Eyes of the Blind" (Imp).

VYRGYNYA.—So you would be willing to join a mob scene to play near Warren Kerrigan. Some of the extras get $5.00 a day for playing, but the mobites get less.

KITTY C.—Elsie MacLeod in "The Gilded Kid" (Edison). Frankie Mann in "The Crowning Glory" (Lubin). Betty Gray in "Her Big Scoop" (Biograph). Why do you ask thirty questions in each of your letters? Cant you get along with twenty-nine?

PRINCE ALBERT.—Delighted. George Morgan opposite Lottie Pickford in "For Old Times' Sake" (Pilot). It's a wise joke that knows its own father. I really cant tell you what kind of a revolver G. M. Anderson uses; it may be a horse-pistol, and it may be only a Colt's.

KERRIGAN ADMIRER.—Alan Hale and Louise Vale had the leads in "A Scrap of Paper" (Biograph). Tom Moore in "The Lynbrook Tragedy" (Kalem). Edna Payne and Will Sheerer in "The Squatter."

J. A. D., BELLVILLE.—Goethe is pronounced Gair'ta (g as in Gertrude). It is false. George Larkin never shot himself, nor did any one else shoot him.

EVA G. A.—And why should my arm be tired? I typewrite all these questions for the printer first. Photoplays should be typewritten. You write cleverly.

THERESA R. H.—Thanks for the fee. I have heard nothing of those two players leaving. It is above bribery and corruption to get my picture in these columns.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Yes; Edith Storey was the wife in "The Latin Quarter" (Vitagraph). I certainly like your letters.

CATHERINE F.—W. N. Normand was Christ, Madame Moreau was Mary, and M. Moreau was Joseph in "The Life of Our Saviour" (Pathé).

RICHARD D. C., NEW ZEALAND; IDA M. W., NEW ZEALAND; M. E. W., BRISBANE; DOROTHY, AUSTRALIA; J. C., WINNIPEG, AND CLAIRE E. R.—Sorry, but the answers to your interesting letters will have to be delayed until next issue.

MIRA H. L.—You seem bound to make this a joke department, yet I am trying to make it a serious affair.

DOLLY D.—So you want another chat with Mary Pickford. James Kirkwood in "Behind the Scenes." Harry Beaumont in "Alexia's Strategy" (Edison). Ormi Hawley is still with Lubin. I believe Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe are the leading Lubin players.

ALTER EGO.—You like Nora Talmadge and Antonio Moreno, but I think you will like Edith Storey opposite. Yes, some of those comedies create a feeling of repulsion rather than of mirth. So you like my acting. Yes; I am really a great actor.

ELLSWORTH C.—Mabel Normand is still playing for the Keystone Company. Marie Eline is still playing. You ask about the Ottoman Government. "Ottoman" is derived from Ottoman or Osman, a Turkish emir who founded the present Turkish Empire in Bithynia in 1299.

M. F., PITTSBURG.—The picture and clipping are not of Mary Pickford.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Thanks so much for the candy. Gail Kane was Laura, Alec Francis was Cressler in "The Pit."

D. M. B.—Kindly fly away, sweet flatterer. Vitagraph produced "Red and White Roses." Rosemary Theby with Universal. Mona Darkfeather and Charles Bartlett in "Indian Blood" (Kalem).

BILLY ROMAINE.—Thank you much. Please observe that I am not giving any information on geographical questions. If I did, it might be all wrong by the time that it gets in print. The map is going to be overhauled by the Kaiser or by the allies—probably the latter. You are afraid Earle Williams is going to start a company of his own. I dont think he is so unwise.

JACQUI AND DEETJE.—Many thanks for your remembrance.

W. C. L.—I believe Cleo Madison and George Larkin would answer your letter.

March

By L. M. THORNTON

Marching forth a hundred strong,
Marching on, a column long,
Youth and age and man and maid,
Gingham gowned and silk arrayed—
Now 'tis March, and forth we go
Marching to a Picture Show.

Marching now with eager eye,
Marching now with spirits high,
Life's long winter to forget,
Stress and sorrow and regret—
Winds of March will never blow
At the Motion Picture Show.

Marching down the narrow aisle,
Marching with an eager smile,
Summer beauties ours to see,
Mountains green and blossomed lea—
March may howl, but roses blow
At the Motion Picture Show.

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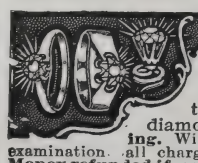

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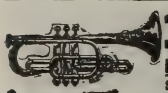

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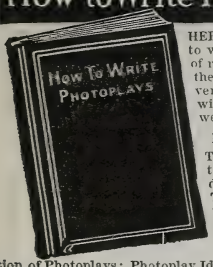

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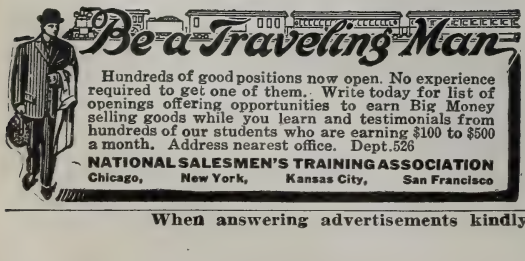
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DOT AND FAY.—Not 73? Alas, yes. It is true about most of those pictures.

MR. HENDERSON.—You say "Lives of quizzers oft remind us, that we each make ourself a pest; and by asking such foolish questions, deprive our Answer Man of rest." You are now entitled to a place on the shelf alongside of Milton.

C. WILL BURR.—I must reluctantly decline your generous offer to take me for an auto ride. You refer either to Irene Howley, Marie Newton or Vivian Prescott in the Biograph. Take your choice.

MARTIE A.—You ask which is the better of the two, "The Winksome Widow" or "Tillie's Punctured Romance." That's for you to decide. They are different kinds.

WILLIAM F. K.—It is necessary to give the name and address. Alfred Vosburgh and Margaret Gibson in "Mystery of the Hidden House" (Vitagraph). Dont understand your fourth question. Clara K. Young wont be able to play the Prize Scenario with Earle Williams because they are in different companies. No stage questions answered.

VYRGYNYA.—I cant advise you about matrimonial matters, but you know what they say, that marriage is like a fly-trap; those who are out want to get in, and those who are in want to get out.

HORTENSE M., KANSAS CITY.—Mary Pickford, Famous Players Co., Los Angeles, Cal., will reach her now. Millais is pronounced *Mil'lay.*

CLARA M. B.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will send you a list of manufacturers. Yale Boss is a full-grown boy now. James Kirkwood in "Wildflower."

HERMAN.—So you saw "How Cissy Made Good" and dont believe that I was in it. Well, I was. I did not say that I took the part of the Answer Man, did I?

KATHRYN B.—So you want to see more of Lottie Briscoe and Arthur Johnson. You would like to see "The District Attorney's Conscience" (Lubin) revived.

PRISCILLA H.—Robert Ellis and Marguerite Courtot in "Black Sheep" (Kalem). You ask, "Just tell me if you think I could act?" If you will be good enough to send me a sample I will wire answer. You are on the wrong key. Tune up!

DOROTHY, 15.—Yes, Louise Vale in "The New Magdalen" (Biograph). Franklin Ritchie was Hawkshaw in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" (Biograph). Yours was fine.

SUNSET LAND.—John Bunny is not dead. I will let you know when he is. I never travel; there's no place like home for me, even if it is a hall-room.

PRISCILLA E. T.—Thanks for the two snapshots. Wally Van is still with Vitagraph. Vera Sisson in "A Man from Nowhere" (Universal).

MRS. L. T.—You must give the name of the company. Yes, I am seventy-three, but I do not expect the undertaker to overtake me just yet.

THE BRONCHO KID.—Edith Storey was Anna in "The Old Flute Player" (Vitagraph). Charles Wills in "From Peril to Peril" (Kalem). That was not the Editor's office in "How Cissy Made Good." In his real office here he has fine paintings by George Innes, Blakelock, De Haven, Arthur Parton, Bruce Crane, etc., etc.

DOWN EAST.—We wouldn't have printed the story "Dear Old Girl" if the film hadn't been revived and reissued. Theo. Salem was the butler. Your letter was O. K.

ROSE C.—Walter Miller in "So Near, Yet So Far" (Biograph). Ruth Stonehouse in "Surgeon Warren's Ward" (Essanay). Most photographs sell for twenty-five cents up. Marie Leonard was the princess in "Pride of Jennico," and Emily Calloway was the maid. Edward Mackey was Frederick in "The Port of Missing Men" (Famous Players). Florence Turner was Elaine in "Elaine" (Vitagraph).

STANLEY M. F.—The aviator and the girl in the bathing suit in "The Borrowed Hydroplane" (Thanhouser) were not cast. Sorry. Yes, Mabel Normand is still with Keystone. Ruth Roland with Balboa. Just send your letter to Los Angeles, and they will get it. Winnifred Kingston was Peggy in "Brewster's Millions" (Lasky). Gladden James is a decided blonde. Honest.

MRS. A. L., MEDIA.—Haven't Romaine Fielding's present leading woman. No, "The Mayor's Secretary" was the poorest Kalem I have seen lately.

AXEL.—So you think Mary Fuller is getting too stout. You dont like her so well with Universal as you did with Edison. Rhea Mitchell was the girl in "The Game of Life" (Kay-Bee).

WILLIAM B., PHILADELPHIA.—There are sixteen pictures to each foot of film. You ask Eugene Pallette's religion. No answer.

F. H. R., LAREDO.—This is so sudden! I am engaged. Mary Anderson played very well in "The Silent Plea." She looked better than ever.

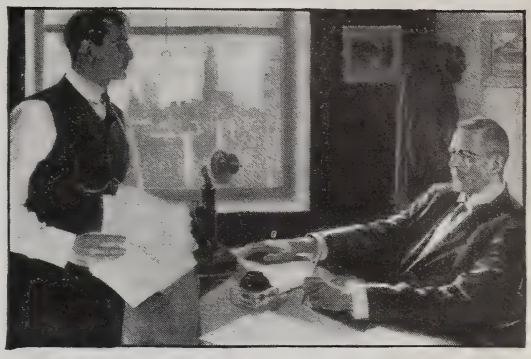
COWGIRL, GALVESTON.—William S. Hart was Hicks in "The Passing of Two-Gun Hicks" (Kay-Bee). I agree with you about Olga Petrova in "The Tigress." She is beautiful, both in face and form, and plays excellently.

FLORENCE R.—Guy Oliver and Stella Razetto in "The Blue Flame" (Selig). Write Edgar Jones in care of Lubin.

JOAN, CHICAGO.—Thanks, heap much thanks. Yes, he is the same Arthur Vosburgh that is now with Vitagraph. Will try and let you know later what plays he has played in.

MARGUERITE SNOW ADMIRER.—We have used several pictures of Marguerite Snow, but shall use more no doubt in the future.

CONSTANCE V.—"Please find out when and where Grace Cunard and Francis Ford were born?" Gadzooks, my child, this question is out of my line. I am not working for the census, nor the censors.



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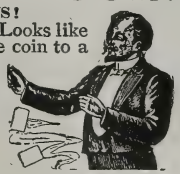
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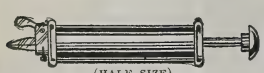
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ELIZABETH M. B.—Sorry. You want Edward Earle chatted. Will tell the Editor. Thank you for your card.

WHAT'S WHAT—AND WHY

(*Continued from page* 126)

Stolen Ruby" and Selig's "The Lure of the Windigo." The first has such a novel opening that I wont tell you about it. The second is by Mabel Heikes Justice and is easily acceptable, tho one is led to infer, after perusing the publicity matter sent out on the film, that her full meaning does not "get over."

Kleine's "Officer 666," the first of his American productions, is so good that we await with interest the release of "Stop Thief!" Howard Estabrook most capably succeeds Wallace Eddinger in the rôle of Travers Gladwin, and Sidney Seaward is good but not perfect in that created on the legitimate stage by George Nash. The part of Whitney Barnes, the mirth-provoking Englishman decorated with handcuffs thru most of the play, falls to Harold Howard.

James Oliver Curwood wrote "The Strange Case of Princess Khan" for Selig. As its name implies, it is one of those dramas in which Hindu mysticism holds the center of the stage. Stella Razetto and Jack McDonald carry off the honors.

The author of "Pigs Is Pigs," Ellis Parker Butler, blossoms forth again as a scenario writer, and if the scripts he gives us in the future are as amusing as "Lena" (Edison), he will be as famous as a film humorist as he is as a magazine author and newspaper man.

The Box Office Attraction Company presents William Farnum in "Samson," and it is a presentation of which the concern may well be proud.

Mabel Taliaferro in "The Three of Us" is as charming as she was in "Patty of the Circus." The film is worth going a long way to see.

After seeing Mary Fuller in "My Lady High and Mighty," you will probably wonder why she is not cast as Katrina in an adequate production of "The Taming of the Shrew." Indeed, why not?

EDNA F., LONGOLA.—Asta Nielsen was Bella in "The Death Song" (Pathé). The "Iliad" teaches us that all life is a battle; the "Odyssey," that all life is a journey; the book of Job, that all life is a riddle. Does this answer you?

BEVERLY H.—Edward Cecil was the king in "On the Heights" (Biograph). William Ehfe was the rich man's son in "His Nemesis" (Kalem). Selig produced "Evangeline." Ethel Grandin is with the Ethel Grandin Company.

HAROLD W. L.—Mary Pickford is about twenty-one years old now.

Winners of "Missing Letter Contest"

THIS was the most difficult contest that we ever had to decide. Three judges have been engaged for a month classifying many thousand answers, and at last it narrowed down to about 200. These 200 answers were neatly hung up in a large room, and placed on tables and mantels, and two more judges were called in to select five prizes. If our readers could see the artistic beauty of the various designs they would realize the delicacy of the judges' task. It was a bigger puzzle than the contest itself! They at last narrowed it down to 107, and there it ended. Hence, we must award 107 prizes instead of five. We wish we could describe all of these 107 clever designs, and even the other 93. Mr. Holt, winner of the first prize, made twenty-five clever drawings of the players, with a verse for each. Miss Reid created a minature State of Texas, with the names done in bales of cotton. Miss Johnson's design was a white kid banner, the players' names cut thru, showing blue satin beneath. Mr. Farwell sent a magnifying glass along with his solution, for the names were so small that they looked like tiny hairs. But we cannot describe them all, altho we are proudly putting them all on exhibition. All we can do here is to give the names of the winners:

Frank W. Holt, 611 Ludlow St., Hamilton, O.; Claire Reid, 804 Pa. Ave., Fort Worth, Texas; Cora Johnson, 1514 N. D. St., Washington, D. C.; G. A. Johnson, 1358 Girard St., Washington, D. C.; Cleanor M. Brazelton, 519 So. Fannie Ave., Tyler, Texas; Thomas J. Shea, Jr., 625 Third St., N. E., Washington, D. C.; Katherine Shankowitz, Shore Road and Wolcott Ave., Astoria, L. I.; Erma Lehrman, 3448 Greenview Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Ida M. Sharp, 211 W. 60th St., Los Angeles, Cal.; A. J. Farwell, 211 Barbour St., Hartford, Conn.; Rudy Scholl, 178 Nelson Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; Grace Gosmeyer, 3066 Moosewood Ave., N. Fairmount, Cincinnati, O.; Ray F. Jordan, 76 First St., Albany, N. Y.; Katie Zahn, 50 Wilson St., Newark, O.; A. W. Bayer, 305 Cathedral Pl., St. Paul, Minn.; Julius Salowitz, 645 Hickory St., Dayton, O.;

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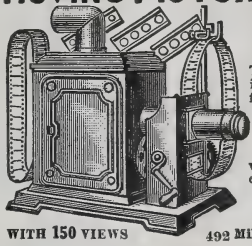

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REEL PLAYERS WHO ARE AIDING WARRING NATIONS IN REAL LIFE

(*Continued from page* 78)

the battle of the Aisne, but fortunately the report proved to be false.

Max is certainly serving his country, as he is attached to the General Army Staff of Paris. His work is more connected with official matters than the actual fighting, but he has often been up against the enemy when traveling to and from Paris and the fighting line in an armored automobile. With characteristic humor, Max states that "facing German guns is less alarming than facing the cinematograph, because you do not have to think."

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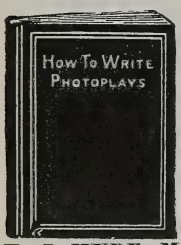

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AMONG the thousands of letters received by the Editor every month are hundreds that are worthy of publication in this department, yet we have room for only about a dozen. The shorter letters are preferred. We use the longer letters only when they cover a variety of interesting subjects. We want our readers to know, however, that every letter is read by at least one of our editors and sometimes by several, and that they are very helpful. One of the most important duties of an editor is to keep his finger on the public pulse and to find out what his readers want, and hence these letters are, therefore, invaluable.

The following letter from Miss Margaret Everest, of 315 West Thirteenth Avenue, Houston, Texas, is typical. Each correspondent has favorites, and he or she cant understand why we do not do more for them. Our answer is that we do the best we can, but that in many cases we cannot do all we would like, for certain players. There are many things and conditions that often limit our powers. We wish it understood that we do not in any way endorse what our correspondents say in these letters. We have received at least one hundred letters replying to a recent letter by Gertrude Smith, and some express great indignation at her criticism of some of the players. Here is Miss Everest's letter:

I desire to say a few words in praise of my Movie favorites. I cant understand why Rosemary Theby and William Shay, two of the best players in all filmdom, fail to receive any praise from you or your magazine. I'm sure we are all heartily tired of reading so much of "Handsome Jack of Hearts" and "Peerless Alice Joyce." Of course, these two players are great favorites, but, for my part, are no better than Miss Theby and Mr. Shay. Every month I read your excellent magazine in hopes of finding something of my favorites, but so far my searches have proven fruitless. The most popular players, such as Kerrigan, Bushman, Blackwell, Miss Pickford, Miss Fuller, etc., have their places in the Movie audiences firmly established, so why not turn your attention to players who are just as deserving of praise as above-mentioned players? I

am sure if you had the pleasure of seeing Miss Theby in "The Little Gray Home," or "The Weight of a Crown," you surely would have given her credit for playing her parts so wonderfully natural. I dont think you are the least bit fair in your magazine, because, if you were, you would not be so partial to the most popular players and print everything that comes in to you in their behalf.

And, too, I want to say a word or so regarding Keystone comedies. Did any one ever see a really funny one? One that actually presented funny situations? Most assuredly no! It's all slapstick—rolling, tumbling, jumping silliness—and I am surprised that people, that is, grown men, will so far forget themselves as to work in such pictures. If you were unfortunate enough to see "His Talented Wife," I'm sure you will agree with me that it was ridiculous, to say the least. Such pictures should be prohibited by the Board of Censors. It was positively disgusting. I hope to see something regarding my favorites in your magazine soon.

Miss Bess Merrill, of Minneapolis, is among the several hundred who have taken the trouble to write us their admiration of the Termöhlin painting of the Christ:

Purchasing a number of your magazine every month, and noticing in the December number that the colored picture of the Christ would be given to all, I thought of purchasing a January number, and in doing so I noticed the wonderful picture the first thing. I am going to have it framed and put it in the den. I want to thank you so much for it, as it is a perfectly beautiful picture of the Christ, I think about the prettiest I have ever seen. I have been and will continue recommending your magazine, and I have enthused many and am enthusing a greater number all the time. I wish you the best of success and a very prosperous New Year.

A great many of our readers will perhaps disagree with Andrick S. Pratt, of Mason City, Iowa, who seems to have an abundance of knowledge and information about plays and players:

Did I get the right person? I hope so. Well, here goes, anyway, for a slamming and boosting letter. Queer combination, eh, not?

First, what have they done with Alice Joyce? In late films where we expect to see her featured, she is dressed up like a fashion plate, inhaling the odor of incense, posing as a woman detective. Give her back Carlyle Blackwell, and let her do some "reel" acting. And they have even taken away Tom Moore.

Again, what has become of Marc Mac-

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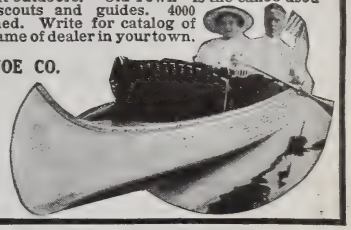

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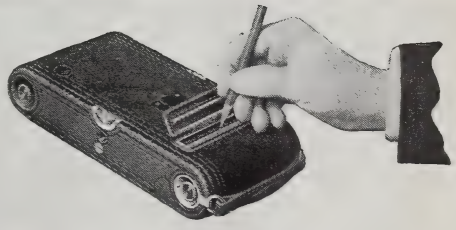
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Dermott? The last time he was here it was in a serial where his chief work seemed to consist of ruffling up his hair and looking nonplussed. What has become of the good old Biograph, Vitagraph and Lubin dramas and comedies? Are they slipping?

Where is "Alkali Ike," not "Universal," as the inimitable Augustus Carney never made his name in Universal. And has John Bunny been so "frosted" on the stage he is not coming back to the pictures? Very good in pictures, I would not care for him on the "legitimate." I see, tho, that Vitagraph have acquired Hughey Mack to play opposite Flora Finch, but even he does not take the place of Bunny.

Now, while I think of it, let me give you my opinion of Keystone comedies. A certain amount of this "slapstick" work is all right, but a very little goes a long ways. If "slapstick" work is actually what makes a good comedy, let them get Ford Sterling, as all others are merely imitators. Give us some comedians like Sydney Drew and John Barrymore in comedies such as "The Man from Mexico," in which really amusing situations occur unexpectedly.

Now a little more as to players. In Arthur Johnson, Lubin has one of the best actors in "filmdom." He is inimitable anywhere, and as the adventurer from England in Lubin's new serial he is superb. No other serial ever appealed to me, but this one does. Tom Moore is O. K. Maurice Costello is fast becoming fond of his acting, and Francis X. Bushman is fine. James Cruze is truly a wonderful actor, but he does not do himself justice in serials like the "Million-Dollar Mystery" and "Zudora." Crane Wilbur is too much of a "grandstander," and Pearl White is a "leetle bit" stuck up. Anita Stewart and Lillian Walker are both charming, but a little too prone to showing their dimples.

Wally Van plays well, but we have not seen much of him lately. G. M. Anderson is a good Western actor, but I wonder how it would seem if he would get the stick out of his back once in a while. Bess Meredyth looks at the audience too much. But, say, why dont the Biograph, Keystone, Reliance and a few others give their casts at the beginning of a film? And Francis Ford? We haven't seen anything of him since "Lucille Love." Jack Kerrigan is as good an actor as he is a looker, and King Baggot lives up to his name without question. Kathlyn Williams is too unemotional; Ella Hall is a dear, and Robert Leonard has the "makings" of a good hero. But, say, hold on! I cant write a book, but as this is my first offense, I trust you will read it without muttering curses.

I believe your magazine is of paramount value to every regular Movie attender, and I hope you will champion the movement to get more refined posters ad-

vertising photoplays within. One does not like to be under the impression that he is going to witness a "Diamond Dick" performance on the inside from the material advertised on the out.

Best wishes for a happy New Year and a successful year with your splendid magazine.

Mr. John H. Fitzsimmons, of 601 South Ett Street, La Fayette, Ind., is enthusiastic in praise of the Great Cast Contest and shows wide knowledge and discrimination, altho we and doubtless many of our readers cannot agree with all he says:

I have taken a great deal of interest in your publication's Great Cast Contest, and consider it the greatest thing of its kind that has ever been put before the great Motion Picture public. I have taken the liberty to tell you about the cast I have selected and why I have selected the players for the various rôles. No doubt many of your readers will select those whom they like best for leading man and leading woman, but I have tried not to be prejudiced by my likes and dislikes, but have tried to choose whom I believe the greatest players in filmdom. Were I guided by the former, I would select Warren Kerrigan and Beverly Bayne. I consider Mr. Kerrigan the handsomest actor, and I like him better than any other, while I consider Miss Bayne the most beautiful woman in pictures. And while both great players, I do not consider them the greatest. In my opinion, William Humphrey, of the Vitagraph, stands at the top of all the male players. It is my humble belief that he is the most natural actor and has the greatest command of the emotions and the most powerful and compelling countenance of them all. No actor in the United States can excel his characterizations of Napoleon, and I think his work in "The Snare of Fate" was his greatest triumph. Marc MacDermott, Anthony Novelli, Henry Walthall, Arthur Johnson and Phillips Smalley are all great artists, but how many people will select them? Earle Williams is not only handsome, but he is also a fine actor, and no doubt he will win again, but above them all give me William Humphrey. For leading woman my choice narrows down to Helen Gardner and Cleo Madison. Neither can scarcely be surpassed, but I am inclined to give Miss Gardner the palm because of her greater experience, but Miss Madison will, in time, be even greater than Miss Gardner. It is hard to leave Miss Madison out of the Great Cast, and I would like to suggest that you make a place for the adventuress or villainess in the contest; then I would vote for Cleo Madison. Her characterization of Judith Trine in "The Trey o' Hearts" was simply immense.

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Miss Gardner was at her best in "Vanity Fair," "Cleopatra" and "A Daughter of Pan." Mary Pickford, Mary Fuller, Anita Stewart, Clara Kimball Young, Leah Baird, Dorothy Kelly, Lois Weber and Pauline Bush are also among the top-notchers. I think that Van Dyke Brooke is the one best bet among the old gentlemen and do not hesitate an instant in assigning that part to him. Charles Kent, Chrystie Miller, Charles Edwin Brandt, Robert Brower, William West and Daniel Gilfeather are deserving of special mention. The part of the old lady in my estimation belongs to Clara Lambert, with Mrs. Mary Maurice, Mrs. Wallace Erskine, Mrs. George W. Walters and Mrs. Mary Talbot not far behind. I would select George Periolat and Mrs. Mary Maurice as the leading character man and woman. Those I mentioned above as old ladies and gentlemen would do equally well in character. Julia Stuart and Sidney Bracy, whose Jones in "The Million Dollar Mystery" has placed him in the front rank as a character man, are also great in that line. Of all the villains that ever perpetrated villainies, L. Rodgers Lytton is the most terrible monster known to the Motion Picture world, and which, I claim, is the finest compliment one could pay a villain. And while I concede that part in the cast to Mr. Lytton, I must give Karl Stockdale credit for the fact that he actually made me shudder in one of the "Broncho Billy" series. I forget the name of the picture, but Mr. Stockdale played the part of a Mexican, and in one scene he was about to murder "Broncho Billy." As he stood behind Mr. Anderson, he seemed to be looking directly at me. I dont see how any man could have such a horrible look on his face, and altho he was nearly three thousand miles away from me, the cold shivers ran down my back. Edward Sloman, as Seneca Trine in "The Trey o' Hearts," is also a remarkable villain; and Brinsley Shaw is the most despicable man I ever saw (in pictures). Bryant Washburn, Frank Lloyd, Frank Farrington, Harry T. Morey and Walter Edwards are all fine. Charles Chaplin is the greatest comedian of all, which is rating him pretty high when there are such funmakers as John Bunny, William Wadsworth, Dan Mason, Roscoe Arbuckle, Riley Chamberlain, Lee Moran, Chester Conklin, William Nigh, and many others too numerous to mention. Altho it seems almost a sacrilege to call Mary Pickford a comedienne, she can, when the occasion demands, be funnier than any actress that I know of. Mabel Normand, Mary Fuller, Florence Lawrence, Margaret Joslin and Flora Finch are all very funny. Helen Costello is my favorite child actress. Bobby Connelly, Audrey Berry, Andy Clark, Yale Boss, Edna May Weick and Billy Jacobs are all great favorites of mine.

Mr. Edwin Irvine Haines, of 20 South Street, Haverstraw, writes ably on a subject that is interesting to all of us:

The question, "What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most?" is such a large one that it is practically impossible to cover it in its entirety. There *is* a great deal of improvement required in Motion Pictures. As other writers have stated, more attention to details is necessary. In practically every Motion Picture where newspaper reporters play a prominent part one sees them running around with pads and pencils, furiously writing notes and often the "stories" on the ground. While newspaper men *do* write notes sometimes, they never do so when "interviewing" a principal. Such a procedure would "scare" off the story at once and frighten into silence the person to be interviewed. The newspaper reporter of today is more of the character of a detective than the one frequently described in fiction. He interviews, makes notes *after* his interview is over, from memory, and then telephones his "story" to his paper.

Then we have those blood-and-thunder, dyed-in-the-wool plays of the Western variety. Here the cowboys are inevitably portrayed rigged out in "chaps," with guns swinging at hips and other paraphernalia of the dime-novel heroes. These Western plays, unfortunately, are supposed to be, in many instances, of life in the West as it is today. Now, as a matter of fact, the Western cowboy is a very up-to-date person as to his attire. He is always dressed in short corduroy riding-breeches and vest, with jacket of dark cloth and stock or linen collar. The cowboy of the Motion Pictures died with the road-agent and the buffalo years ago. The American public is a very critical one, and this inattention to details and misrepresentation of conditions as they actually are generally create a feeling of disgust or lack of interest.

There are too many scenarios written for the actor or actress and generally by the actor or actress, as the case may be, without the slightest heed being given to literary or dramatic art. These plays generally show weakness and impossible situations and conditions. People do not patronize a Motion Picture theater to see some popular Motion Picture favorite—if an actress—stand around and show her figure, but a good logical story, with an interesting plot and enough action to give it zest. Some of the recent plays with Miss Mary Pickford as the leading lady were evidently written with the idea to show her to an admiring public, with no thought given as to the part she plays in the plot or story. "An Indian Summer" is an excellent example. While Miss Pick-

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ford appears in almost every scene of this play, she has little real acting to do, the actual work being done by her "mother" and the old bachelor boarder. As far as the play is concerned, any actress of less ability than Miss Pickford's would have done just as well.

Then there is the dearth of really good comedies. The writer has watched the effect of the average comedy play upon audiences of every possible character. The grotesque lover, the burlesque policeman, the hundred-and-one vaudeville characters that go to make the Motion Picture comedy play of today, fail very seldom to produce a laugh. The effect of their antics serves only to bore the average audience rather than amuse. It creates the desire to have the play terminated rather than to have it continue. A friend of the writer once attempted to enter the field of scenario comedy writing. He wrote plays combining humor with pathos —plays of real life—that created amusing situations and conditions. Yet not one of these plays was accepted, and he gave up the work with disgust. Thus did the field of comedy in Motion Pictures lose a brilliant and talented author.

Now, as to the remedy for a few of these glaring defects in the Motion Picture field as it is today. Literature is a science and an art in itself. There is not the slightest doubt that a larger number of Motion Pictures, produced either by "pull" of the authors or otherwise, were composed by persons sadly lacking in literary talent, no matter how much they may have known about the drama. Let there be more attention given to the literary side of the business and less to the dramatic, or "professional." Writers are born and not *made*. An actor is an actor, and a writer a writer, but seldom is an actor a writer, in the strict sense of the word, or a writer an actor. The fault has been in trying to combine the two, for very evident "professional" reasons.

If the scenario departments of the Motion Picture companies had more *editors*—the word is used in its full sense—people of editorial skill and literary training, and less of actors acting as editors, then possibly we would have more plays possessing real literary merit. In other words, the scenarios should be handled in the same manner as stories in the editorial department of some magazines, and not like that of a theatrical bureau.

Here is an instructive note from H. C. Cooley, of 1567 South High Street, Columbus, Ohio, who is an operator:

Being an operator, I will endeavor to answer the letter written by Mr. F. H. Pillsbury, of Barton, Vt., in the November issue, in the improvement needed department.

He wants to know why the title and the censorship tag cannot be printed on about a foot of film (instead of wasting twenty-five or thirty feet on these) and suggests the operator stop the machine and allow the cast of the play to remain on the screen as long as the operator may wish. In the first place, the film must be kept in motion or it will burn if left exposed to the light for only a fraction of a second. In the second place, if only a foot of cast were there, being on the beginning of a reel it is much more liable to get torn than in the middle of a reel, and if only a foot were there instead of the regular amount, it would get torn off bit by bit, and when the film was a month or so old there would be no cast there. In the third place, title and cast rarely exceed ten or fifteen feet, which is a very small fraction of a thousand feet, the average length of film on a reel. In the fourth place, projection machines are made with an automatic fire shutter, which is only open when the machine is in motion, to guard against fire should it happen to stop.

Now I hope I have made myself plain, and while I am writing will say that I think the most needed improvement to help Motion Pictures is good *projection*. The audience will note a poorly projected picture sooner than an error by the players.

W. Ray Maul, of York, Pa., has an interesting suggestion:

Relating to a department in your magazine that is very interesting to me, "What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most?"

What does everybody desire to know every time they enter a picture theater and find a picture being shown?

What has disgusted a large percentage of possible regular picture play patrons, especially those who would go to see the high-class attractions?

Everybody desires to know every time they enter a picture theater, when a picture is being shown, whether that picture has just begun or how long it has been running or whether it is about to end. Dont you believe a device that would give the picture play patrons this information, say by means of a mechanical sign placed outside the theater that would automatically indicate how soon the next picture begins, would be mighty welcome?

Among other benefits, a device of this kind would eliminate the disgusting feature of the picture theater, of happening to go into a theater just as the final scenes of the very picture you went especially to see are being shown, and when this picture is begun later you find

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your interest in it has been destroyed, because you know just how it is going to end. Had you known when you went into the theater that it was about to end, you would not have become interested in the pictures until a new subject had been started, and then your contemplated enjoyment would not have been ruined. Experiences like this which happen many times every day are surely not a good thing for the Motion Picture business.

I am about to bring a device of this kind before the public. In fact, this is the first public announcement I have made of it. I would be glad to hear what you think of it, if you express opinions on matters of this kind.

Miss L. F. Wachter, of 912 Tribune Building, Chicago, is an admirer of Gretchen Hartman:

There is a charming little, dark-eyed lassie who has been on the legitimate stage since her early childhood, that has made her début in the movie world with the Biograph. Since this company does not reveal the names of its players, it is hard to know who this little damsel is, unless recognized by her own personal friends, which rather seems an injustice. However, it is known that she is none other than the same Gretchen Hartman that was associated with Henry Dixey and Max Figman as little Mary Jane in "Mary Jane's Pa," and lately with Christie McDonald in "Sweethearts." It was shortly after her termination with "Sweethearts" that our little charmer became interested in the movies. She is one of the youngest artists in this field and gives promise of becoming one of the great stars, such as our far-and-wide famed favorite, Carlyle Blackwell, who, by the way, is her brother-in-law and foresees great things for his little sister in filmdom. Her numerous good qualities and capabilities are the stepping-stones to her ultimate success. She has charms all her own; eyes that are bewitching at every glance, and a disposition most fascinating, which makes her beloved by all who know her. I close my little epistle by giving vent to my sincere enthusiasm in stating that as a personal friend and well-wisher I hope that she will be given every opportunity to show her excellent talent and become as great a star and favorite as her big brother Carlyle and beloved associate, Alice Joyce.

Alice Joyce has a staunch admirer in J. M. C., Ohio, as witness the following:

Quite a while ago in your magazine you asked the question, "What Improvement Is Needed Most in Motion Pictures?" Now, to answer I would suggest good players and plays. Motion Pictures have a future either to grow or decline, and it all depends on the quality of the pictures. I hope such comedies as the Biograph and Keystone are putting out will be stopped. They please some people, but the more educated and refined people wish a better class of comedy. The Vitagraph, with Lillian Walker, Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge, John Bunny, Flora Finch, and others appearing, are about the best class of comedy put out. But their burlesque comedy with Sidney Drew is silly and not even humorous. Of course, this may please some people and my opinion doesn't rule, but it tends to lower pictures rather than upraise them for their future. The Kalem, Edison and Essanay put out very good comedy. But besides good comedy we need good dramas.

The beautiful Alice Joyce, "Queen of Kalem," is about the best of dramatic actresses for so many reasons it would take pages to cover. But I am sorry that the plays in which she acts are not revealing her at her best. With her remarkably expressive face, she should play in deep emotional dramas with a good moral. Her part should be of a woman with a strong and beautiful character. She should be a woman of the great world of women who hold up the world, influencing men for the right; women with such a strength of character that nothing can sever it. Such are the plays for her, but instead she plays in plays that are good enough, but that any common actress could take, and she is so uncommon herself that she and her part are not suited to each other. Give her plays such as "Little Mary" was seen in, as "Tess of the Storm Country," "The Eagle's Mate," "Hearts Adrift," and others. Those plays made Mary Pickford what she is today. Let our Alice take part in such plays that will stir up people, and then see the results. I am hoping that Kalem will realize that their best actress is not having the best plays. But not only for Alice Joyce do I wish that, but for all other actresses, and Moving Pictures will improve and increase in the future.

Mr. Charles Dushicks, of 914 East Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind., is an admirer of Miss McCoy and believes in team work:

Permit a constant reader of your magazine to inquire why there is so much excellent talent which does not seem to be recognized.

Only yesterday I had the great pleasure of seeing some very good acting on the part of Miss Gertrude McCoy, the second time I have had that pleasure. The first, to my notion, was the greatest piece of its kind I ever saw, not the greatest plot,

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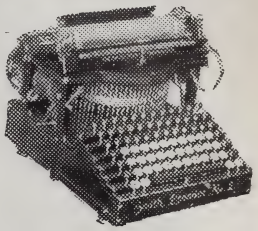

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which was excellent, but the finest artistry I have ever witnessed—"The Man in the Street."

It seems strange to the movie fans why a good combination should be "split" for the sole purpose of producing two reels, where, with the combination, only one could be released. Do not the films presenting two stars sell for more than those offering only one? For instance, Arthur Johnson, Florence Lawrence, Blackwell and Joyce, and so on.

These players are never at their best unless they are playing opposite a foeman worthy of their steel, and when separated their acting loses much of its charm.

They are not the outcome of chance, but the production of a hard-working director. Note the changes in the work of Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence. Try reviving their old successes, and my suppositions as to what the picture lovers want will be verified.

One of the best teams, in my opinion, is Gertrude McCoy and Mr. McDermott. These two, with their exquisite blending of emotions, mean success, not only for them, but for their directors and the film company employing them. But they must play *together*. Who will be the first to realize that the lovers of the silent drama would rather have quality than quantity? This from one who speaks authoritatively.

If this is too long to publish, would you mind forwarding it to the Edison studios?

Miss Grace Falvey, of 10 Sheridan Street, Dorchester, Mass., is evidently not among the many admirers of Mary Pickford:

I would like to express my opinion on one Mary Pickford, who, tho her acting does not merit it, cannot get enough publicity.

I am an ardent Motion Picture "fan," and overhear many criticisms about the different players; and the fact chiefly brought out is that Miss Pickford does not possess the talent that other players do; for instance, I might name Claire McDowell, Blanche Sweet or Pearl White, *et al.*

I have seen Miss Pickford appear in a number of pictures, and altho she takes a part that tends to play on the sympathy of the public, it often does not take. The question presents itself, Is Miss Pickford capable of playing other than childish rôles? If so, I feel safe in saying that she would be more appreciated.

Helen Hosmer MacDonald, of 234 West Twenty-second Street, New York City, finds lots of things to criticise—so many that our readers will wonder what brand of pictures she has been seeing—and when. The letter is dated 1914, not 1904, otherwise it would be considered brilliant. Let our readers be the judges of its merits:

For "Junius" or any editor really interested in Motion Pictures.

I became one of your regular subscribers in July, and I am studying the policy of your magazine. It is too early in the day for me to have formed an opinion, but there is one question I would like to ask: Why do you treat all screen actors as tho little tin gods on wheels? They are mere men and women trying, no doubt, to do their best, but too sadly often in need of instruction. Yet adjectives are exhausted to describe their beauty and charm. You sugar-coat them until I wonder they themselves are not nauseated and yearn for a word that rings true.

Now what is the result! Many of the women who started by doing really excellent work have become so self-conscious, so full of conceit, that we see Miss Blank in everything, and we are surfeited with her eyes, her smile, her dimples, etc., and it is as unjust to her as it is wearisome to us. Of course the women have suffered most thru this system, and we, therefore, have a dozen good men on the screen where there is only one of the gentler sex.

Surely this silly flattery—this superabundant use of glucose—has borne enough inferior fruit to see the wisdom of making a change. Say, try treating them as tho real stage folks, who do four times the work and get very little sugar on the pills of criticism. Show a more critical interest in their work, not in what they eat, how they fritter away their time, the color ribbon in their underwear, and such silly stuff, and it surely will rouse them up to want to do better work.

I am so deeply interested in Motion Pictures that their mistakes are as painful as false notes to the musician.

Your page devoted to "Improvements Needed" shows the critical attitude of the general audience. Mr. Pillsbury's letter, also that of Mr. Gauding, should be given to most of the companies. As for Mr. Bowen, I wish his letter could be sent to them all, underlined.

Now, my idea of what is most needed is more efficient directors; then, no matter how lacking in knowledge the actor, errors need not appear on the screen.

Suppose a member of a company is cast for the part of a queen, a countess or a lady of social rank, should not her manner and bearing denote her station?

I once had the great pleasure of watching Fred Bond direct a rehearsal. To the lady cast for the grande dame he said, "Please, Mrs. L——, remember that

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you are the mistress of a Fifth Avenue mansion, not the keeper of a second-rate boarding-house." Thus, when I saw a screen actress, beautifully gowned, in a finely appointed drawing-room, standing with her hands on her hips, in the attitude the cook is wont to assume when she inquires, "Will ye want the fish boiled or baked, ma'am"; and again, a rich and lofty countess, the owner of great estates, stamp her foot and snap at her servant in true Billingsgate style, I had to feel a Fred Bond had been sadly needed at their rehearsal. Am I not right?

Lack of repose, absence of proper poise, is one of the salient points when refined life is shown.

A man enters the drawing-room—it is the home of wealth and supposed refinement—he is calling upon the lady of the house. Again, a lady will, alone, enter a room of like kind. Neither will have repose of manner, but I can tell you just what they will do. He or she will walk to a table, pick up a book, open it without looking at it; some one comes; the book is returned to table. I rarely would miss a bet on the *book act*. Why does not the director show them how to behave, if they themselves lack the knowledge? Why? Because he is as ignorant as are they. Yet for what are directors employed?

Let me point out a few of the mistakes I have noted.

An affair is given in fashionable circles. Everything is of the best. Guests will enter the receiving-room and greet host and hostess before removing their wraps; they will also make their adieux after donning them.

Often ladies in evening attire will be without gloves. I once saw a gloveless lady shake hands with her host, albeit he was neatly gloved.

A gentleman is calling on a lady. He shakes hands without removing his glove.

A servant will receive the card of a caller in his hand, even tho he may be gotten up like the finest of majordomos.

Among the errors that certainly must be corrected if we are to call the Motion Pictures the "poor man's college," is that of letter-writing. If I should see a letter thrown on the screen that was correct in every point, I would think *that* film had an educated man running about attending to things.

It is quite the thing to see "Mrs." as a signature. But it was my misery to see a letter signed "Doctor," another "Captain" and, ye gods! another signed "Judge." If our pictures are shown in England, how such display of ignorance must make them "chuckle," to use a word of their own. For they delight in feeling, and calling, us an uneducated lot. And I, for one, object to giving them the opportunity.

Packing is generally sure to amuse, tho the scene may be a tragic one. Things are tumbled into nondescript trunks in ways most curious. I once saw a lady start the job by placing a pair of long, white evening-gloves and a book in the bottom of her trunk. She may have taken other articles on her journey, but this was all we were shown. Another female, of a trusting nature, put—to start—some china articles off her bureau—faith indeed had that packer!

Another noticeable thing is the bag. Just watch the next time you see some millionaire start on a trip. He may have the wealth of the Indies, but his bag will loudly proclaim its price as ninety-nine cents at most. Into the limousine, up the gang-plank, on to the train, anywhere, everywhere, male or female, worth millions, will be seen lugging the cheap bag, while in real life if we have only two dimes left we give one of them to the porter to *carry* ours. Yet another point—the bags are always palpably empty.

I saw a lady and a gentleman call on an editor. Like "Brer Rabbit" I took a spell of the dry grins at the ease with which that editorial sanctum was invaded. The daughter of a writer, I grew up with a knowledge of such matters, and had to smile at much about *that paper*. But they were there, and the lady was wrapped in rich furs, while the young man did not have the sign of an overcoat. Oh dear no! he wasn't poor; simply had not used his head, or had it used for him by the director.

Have you seen the Postal Service bring a telegram and see, when it was read, the Western Union form? And, of course, you've seen the dainty lady with beringed hands read a letter, and the screen show two male thumbs, often quite soiled.

People come in out of fierce storms perfectly dry.

A house where you would suppose a retinue of servants were kept, is so uncared for that a man, on mischief bent, steps right in off the porch; the one he is after is sitting in the library; the hour is midnight; but everything is wide open and waiting—apparently. Upstairs the child of the house—aged three years—is being put to bed—regulation prayers, mother and nurse. Clock shows 11.45. Nice hour for a child; but they wanted the baby to be praying while the bad man was killing papa.

An army officer is forced by his ambitious mamma to forsake the girl he loves, break her heart and wed a widow—for social position. The army officer is very rich, but *without* social position. Would this not be amusing to an officer in the army of the great United States? But I fear the rage of the female portion of the army would be too intense to admit of their seeing the humor of it. The caliber of this company was fully demonstrated, and the bride—the widow—wore a bridal veil.

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Another bad thing is the way in which age is too often depicted. The first aid is the wig, sometimes very wiggy. Then the glasses, and then the walk. Why does sixty have to walk like very aged ninety? My father lived to be sixty-six, and he was as straight as an arrow and had a brisk walk. Yet on the screen I have seen men about sixty with legs too weak and shaky to let them do more than totter. Why not have people as near the age required as possible and avoid all this. But while on the subject of walking I would add that among the things I hear criticised is the walk. I mean the general walk, as we see it on the screen. They often trot or walk with jerky, rocking movement. Often they go thru a scene with uneven swiftness. When you see a woman with a graceful, easy carriage, it is a delight. Both men and women need instruction in this.

I recall another smile producer (in a very touching story). A man leaves prison; he says good-by to the warden; he wears a negligée shirt and a soft hat. Next picture shows the outer gate; it opens; we see our friend breathing the air of freedom once more, wearing a stiff bosom shirt and a derby hat. Query—where did he make the change?

The other evening I saw a man (in a photoplay) leave his home wearing a dark hat. He was in haste to reach the house where they had sent for him, and, as he sprang up the steps, I saw that he wore a very light hat with a much wider brim. Later he returns home; this time he has on a dark hat. Just see how many things you can call attention to if you are really interested in the welfare of this great work.

Dont let the directors think for one instant that such things pass unnoticed. Americans are too quick not to catch each mistake; even those opposed to the use of soap. They cant be fooled.

Some years ago I was in a very high-toned Motion Picture place in Harlem—a dime admission. We were shown the great Teddy catching his wild animals—"pictures taken on the spot." Teddy was there, all right—teeth and eye-glasses—but when the roaring lion came on the scene he was as nicely shaved and trimmed a specimen as ever a Zoo gloried in. "I did not know they had barbers in the jungle," my husband said to me. The man next to me heard and passed it to his neighbor, and to curtail, it went from row to row, and the house was in laughter when the lamb was being shown as bait.

No, nothing gets by the people of this land, and the directors will have to wake up to it.

Court scenes must cause great amusement to lawyers, and as for doctors, hospitals and operations, why, I could fill pages with what a real physician has pointed out—absolute absurdities.

Before we can say that the Motion Pictures are teachers, we must have more efficient directors—have them realize more fully the power that lies in their hands. Who is going to help gain this?

I rejoice that Providence has let me live in an age that has seen this great invention. My taking my time to write (and type) this is the strongest proof of my interest. Nearly three years I've given to the study of the subject, also of audiences, for it is my intention to write photoplays that I shall consider worthy my ideals.

I am quite curious to see if your policy is to be all sugar, or if you intend to help the work by good criticisms.

I confess that I am not enthusiastic over the Answer Man. Would not be were I young. It is merely encouraging the same type of girl who used to write to certain departments in newspapers about her love-affairs, her appearance—you know the kind I mean. "He never comes to see me—do you think he loves me?" or "I have golden hair and dark eyes—am I pretty?" These others are in the same class, and I dont approve of encouraging them—there are so many better uses for their time.

When you, "Junius," conjure with such a name, we have a right to expect "things" from your pen. I warn you if you do not do much that you have the opening to do, I shall paraphrase the words of that clever unknown and hurl them at you—so be warned.

Hoping for the days of perfect Motion Pictures, I am always one of their most devoted adherents.

P. S.—Dont you think there is too much smoking done in pictures?

Mr. Page McK. Etchison, of the Y. M. C. A., Washington, D. C., offers the following valuable suggestion:

Knowing your intense interest in anything pertaining to Moving Pictures, I am writing you this note to ask your opinion on a word that I have never heard used, nor have I ever seen it in print.

The expression photoplay, I think, is about two years old and came into use because of the rapid growth of the popularity of the Moving Picture.

Now, when a book such as Jack London's "John Barleycorn" is put in scenario form so as to be produced as a photoplay, following out the line of least resistance, why not say it has been *phototized?*

A book is dramatized for the stage; should we not *phototize* it for the Moving Pictures? It seems to me the word *phototize* will save a paragraph of explanation and should certainly be incorporated into our language as a good and useful word. Will you not give me your views?

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> The Balboa Amusement Producing Company, of Los Angeles, began by offering a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best picture story sent them. The Italian Society Cines, of Rome, offers five thousand dollars for the best moving-picture play submitted to it. The second-best writer is to receive one thousand dollars; the third-best, five hundred dollars; the fourth-best, two hundred dollars; and there are five consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each.
>
> Through the New York Evening Sun, the Vitagraph Company of America is conducting at this writing a prize photoplay contest. The first prize is one thousand dollars; the second, two hundred and fifty dollars; and there are consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each. These prize contests have greatly encouraged and stimulated the amateur photoplay writers throughout the country.

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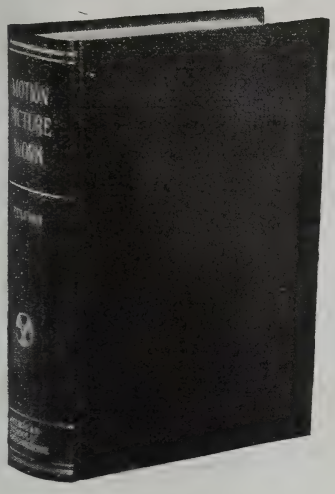

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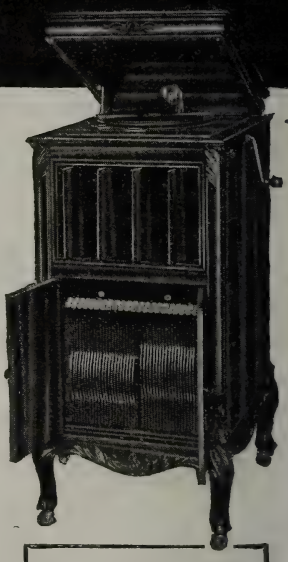

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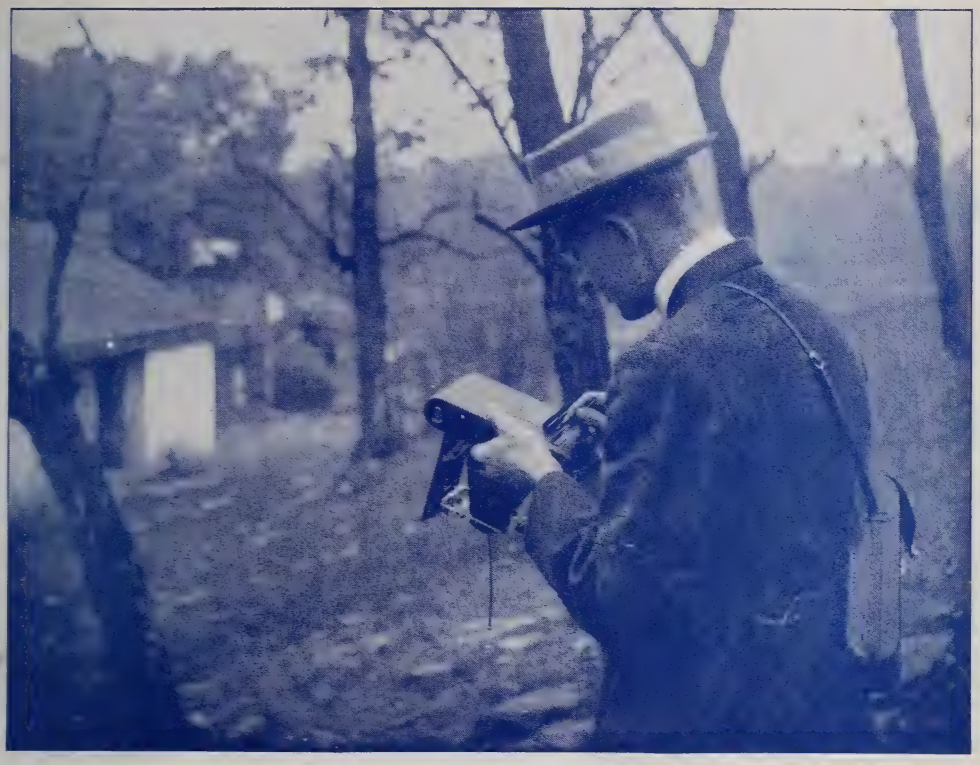

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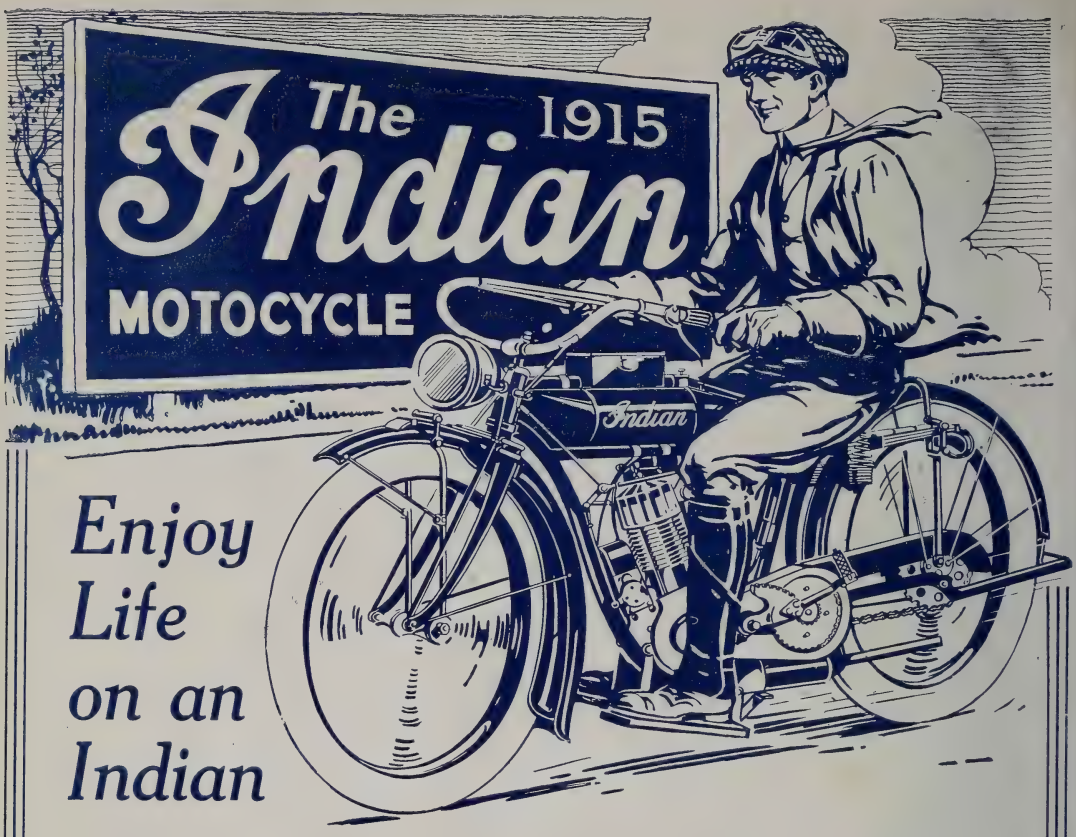

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

A SALES-PRODUCING MEDIUM

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Among the good things that the readers of the May issue may expect is

WHO'S TO BLAME? By LOTTIE BRISCOE

This article will, no doubt, cause a great deal of discussion and controversy. Who is to blame for the occasional poor pictures that are thrust upon us? Is it the manufacturer? Is it the scenario editor? Is it the photoplaywright? Is it the director? Or is it the players? These are questions we all want answered, and those who read Miss Briscoe's able article on "The War in Europe" in our February issue know that this popular Lubin star is fully competent to handle the subject in an able and impartial manner. Suffice it to say that Miss Briscoe hits right out from the shoulder and that her blows will be felt by those who deserve them.

How I Came to Write for the Motion Pictures By Rex Beach

is another interesting article. It will be remembered that Mr. Beach wrote two stories for this magazine a year or two ago, and that they were written from the first photoplays that he ever wrote. Since that time Mr. Beach's name has become almost as famous in filmdom as it is in literature. This story is in the form of an interview and is told by his friend, Henry Albert Phillips.

Troubles of a Motion Picture Producer By Thomas H. Ince

Mr. Ince is one of the most noted of all directors and is the brother of Ralph Ince (Vitagraph) and of John Ince (Lubin). His article is the first of a series that we are to publish regarding this important branch of the Motion Picture art. And here are a few more articles that we have had prepared for the entertainment and profit of our readers:

Movies in the U. S. Navy . .	By Jacob Fasnacht
Dorothy Gish	By W. E. Keefe
What Warren Kerrigan Isn't .	By Hetty Gray Baker
Columbia College Motion Pictures	By J. Voorhies
A Page or Two of Just Plain Smiles	By William Lord Wright
Motion Pictures in Foreign Countries	By Ernest A. Dench
Five Minutes in the Western-Essanay	By Charles R. Holmes
Expression of the Emotions—Laughter	By Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M.D., A.B.

When you think of the many different departments of this magazine, such as Greenroom Jottings, Answer Man, Brief Biographies, How I Became a Photoplayer, etc., you will agree that it is quite a hardship to be deprived of a single copy of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, but any one of the above mentioned articles is worth the price. The February issue was entirely SOLD OUT before it had been on the stands a week! The March issue, at this writing, is almost exhausted. Hence we advise you to stop at your newsdealer's or theater at once and tell them to save a copy of the May issue for you—it will be a remarkably fine number!

We are now designing and preparing another magazine, to be called the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, which will come out fifteen days after the magazine comes out. It will be fifteen cents a copy, and its size will be about 10 x 13. Announcement will be made in due time. But dont forget to order your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE now! Subscription offers and rates will be found on another page.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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THE MOTHS AND THE FLAME

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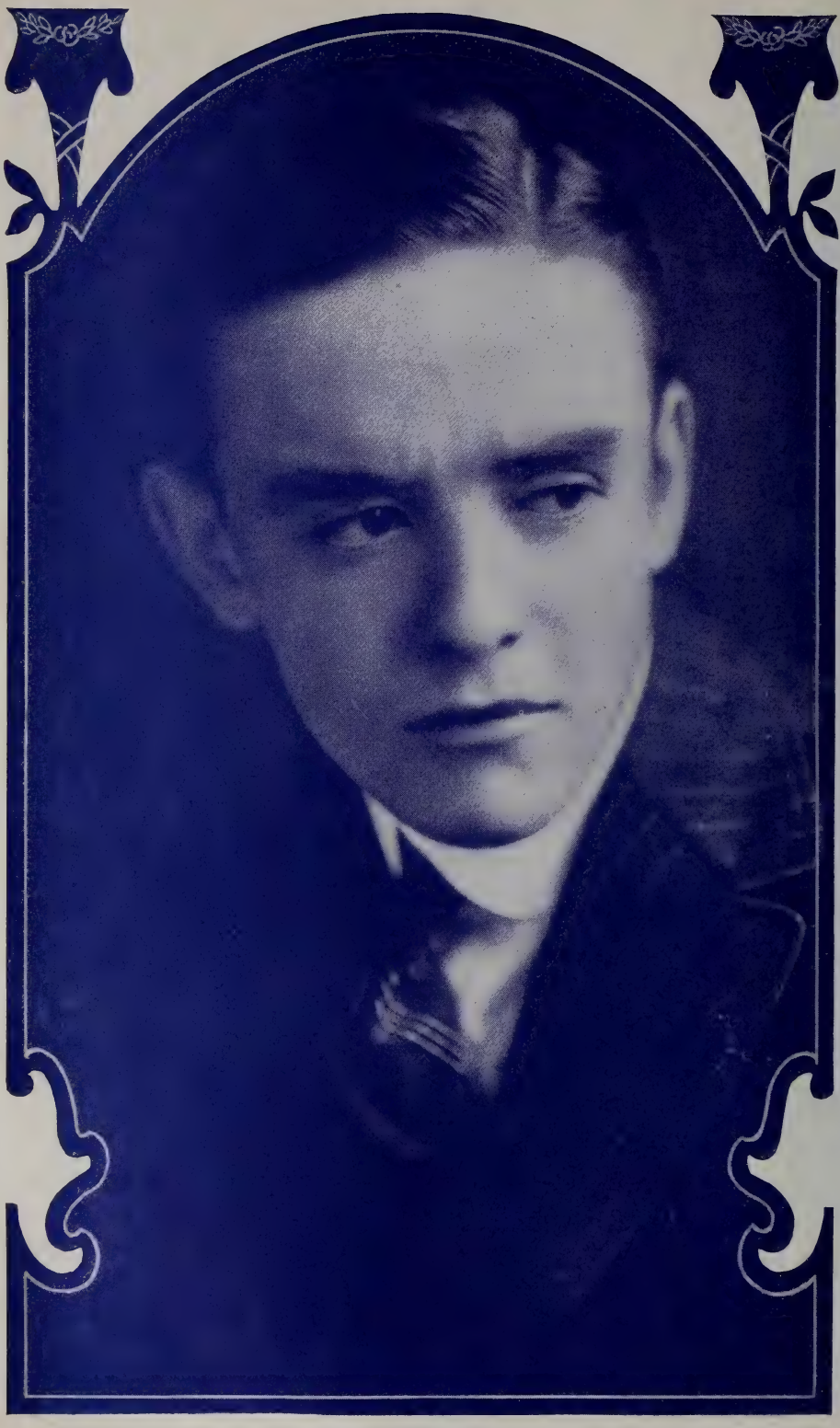

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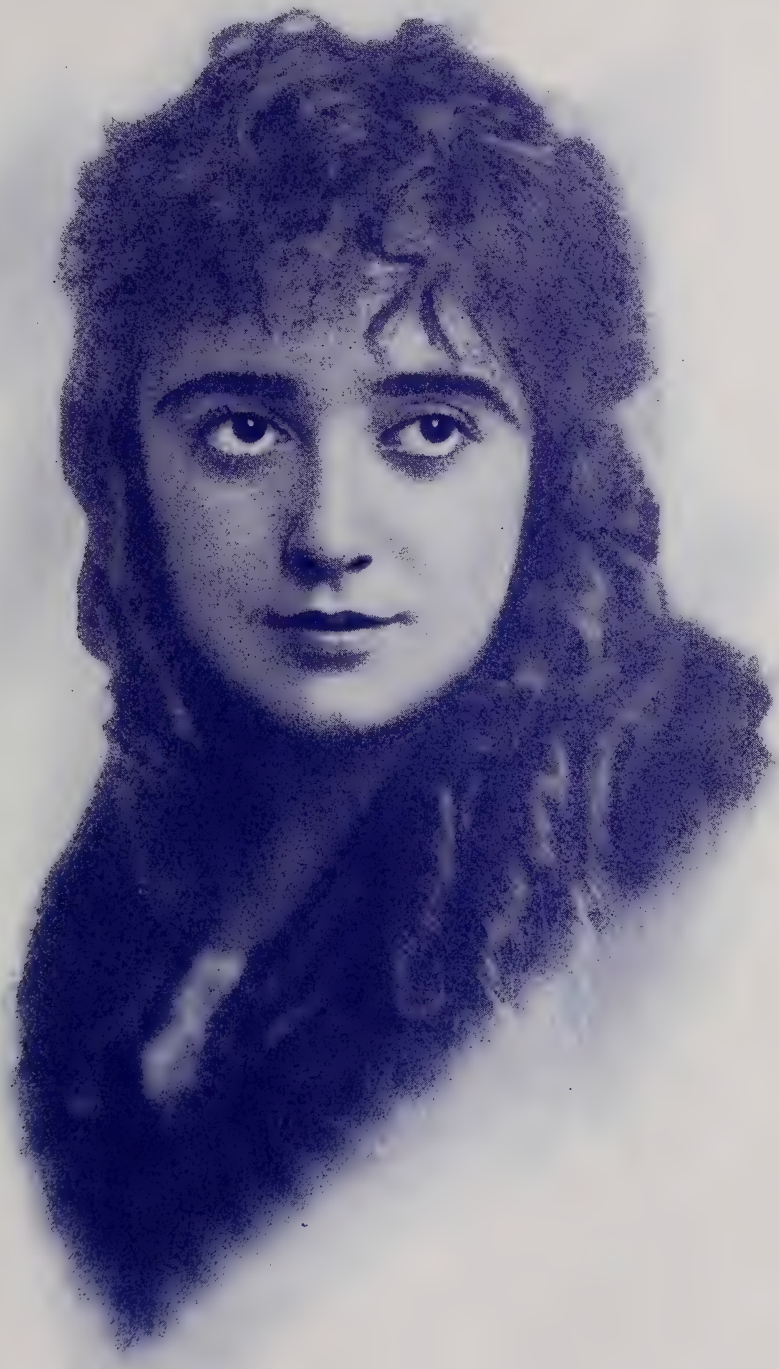

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Vol. IX No. 3
APRIL, 1915

His Romany Wife

(Biograph)

By JANET REID

He carried just the faintest suggestion of her as he traveled—the most ephemeral emotion. He had known her a very long while, and she had never inspired so much as the ephemeral. Yet as he said good-by to her today in front of his mother's home and told her that his absence would be indefinite, something had come into her eyes that had held him for the fraction of an instant. It was a look of sorrow, of that patience that is born of unrequited love, and flourishes best in the heart of woman. Of course he did not go this far in his wondering, but the look bore fruit—fruit that was to ripen when Youth had laughed itself away. Thus do we live, for many years, close by the one who holds for us the vital spark of life.

Travers was a civil engineer, and he bade fair to be a successful one. He was keen, alert, well-poised. Also, he brought to his work a healthy mind and a heart unhampered by perfervid emotions. In fact, he had rarely felt one much keener than the vaporous touch left on his life by Alice Conway.

Up in the mountain region where he was to lay the tracks of the new railroad—where love is elemental and hate is primitive; where blood boils hot and life plays tag with death—up in the dark, immutable fastnesses he was to meet the emotion that was stronger than himself, more powerful than reason, more blind than Fate. Back to primordial times he harked when he met the gypsy, Zara. Back to the age when a man sees his mate and claims her, sans question of family or decree. He only knew and only cared that she was young and richly tinted and passionate, with the love of the Romany. He did not look forward thru the more sober years, when he should need stimulus for his expansive mind and sustenance for his questing soul. He did not visualize the long-lived years that are not fed by the lips alone. And because she answered his mating-call, he married her.

He never forgot the bridal-day: his slim-hipped, full-breasted, colorful bride dancing in the midst of her picturesque people; the rejected lover, Tonio, looking on with the Romany hate—that is as mighty as the Romany love, and longer-lived—in his somber, fateful eyes; the old hag, who had crooned over the palms of generations, whispering to him with a toothless leer: "Romany love brings sorrow, man; Romany love brings sorrow—on some tomorrow."

He had doubted the croaking prophecy in the year that followed. For he worked and loved with an abandon that never came to him again. Zara was all that he had craved. Her pagan love sated the long unfilled place in his heart, and his finer sensi-

bilities slept softly under the breath of the poppy.

"I am glad that I have had you alone for this year," he told her one spice-scented autumn evening, as they sat on the step of their cabin and watched the mountain hollows fill up and brim over with purple shadow and strange, unearthly green.

ZARA IS TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS

"Alone?" Zara worked, clumsily, on a diminutive, white something.

"I mean I am glad your people broke up camp and departed. You would have wanted to be with them, and I should have—objected."

"It was Tonio. He could not bear to be so near to me—married."

"Well, Tonio did the right thing, then, in getting out if he didn't like it."

"I am afraid of Tonio——"

"Why afraid?"

"He loves me very much."

"Well, Vanity Fair, love is not a fearsome thing, is it?"

"Not such as you feel, my husband; but with Tonio it is different—as it is with me."

"Suppose you analyze your love, then, gypsy girl, bare its heart-strings, just for amusement's sake."

"Suppose I — what do you say?"

"I said analyze, Little Ignorance. I meant tell me wherein the difference lies between your Tonio's love—and mine."

"We love with blood, we Romanies, with death and fate and all of life—and we hate in the same way. We draw the knife to spill the vitals of Jealousy. We a r e untamed hearts."

"I should say so! Hope you will never begin spilling me a b o u t for any reason."

"I should not hesitate to run my knife thru you if you should l o v e another," she calmly replied; then her warm face softened and her mobile mouth curved in t h a t smile of ageless tenderness as she bent low over the diminutive something.

Blood is thicker t h a n water, and even love cannot span all racial difference, unless it be that rare meeting of spirits, that mating that is born of endless incarnations, and knows, with an eternal certainty, that it will be born again.

And so it came about that, after the birth of the little son and the passing of another year, Travers felt within him vague yearnings for the things that were; for the meeting with women who did not wear their hearts on their sleeves; for the smooth-shod feet of the social usages at home.

And Zara felt her blood leap up in answer to the wanderlust that was her heritage from long lines of a roaming people. Tonio and his tribe had returned, and she saw them often. Upon his return he had come to her and begged her to leave her "unnatural life," but she had spurned him, firm in the approaching hour of her motherhood, as yet dulled to the call of her vagrant blood.

After the child was born, things were different. The first ecstasy had been rubbed off; the honeymoon had sickened and waned; the hot, pulsating glamor that covers over and hides from view had cleared away; and Travers faced his Romany wife across a chasm that neither could bridge.

"There's one thing certain, Zara," he said to her one morning, when the honeymoon had waned very faint indeed; "and that is, you've simply got to be more tidy about things. I'm actually disgusted at your slovenly ways, and I will not have my son reared under such uncivilized conditions."

The termagant leaped to the vivid surface, and the gypsy leaned across the disorderly table with distorted face. "Civilization!" she shrieked at him; "you can go back to your civilization, and take your son with you, if you want! I can go back to *my* people—and the open road—and the free love—and—Tonio!"

That night she left him—unharmed, for she did not love him. And she left his son with him. The maternal passion had been, with her, a well-spring soon run dry. The novelty over, she had felt a grudge against the helpless little stranger for his curtailing of her liberty, and she had felt, instinctively, that she had given birth to the son of his father's people—that she had not borne a gypsy breed. He was stunned at first. He had set his feet in a certain path, and, ungypsy-like, they had not thought to deviate. Then, as it had come to her, it came to him, the call of his people—his mother's gentle care; the faint, half-forgotten, ephemeral emotion he had felt on that far-away morn of his departure. And, his work completed, he took his little son and went home again.

ZARA RESENTS TONIO'S FIERCE AVOWALS

"Yes, I loved her, mother," he said, in answer to the question in his mother's eyes that begged the story of him, "but it is all over now—and there is nothing that is so completely dead as a dead love. Not all the powers of heaven or all the powers of earth can resurrect it. But she has left me—this." And he stroked the fuzzy, wobbly head against his mother's breast with a tenderness that showed how greatly little Teddy had found a father's love to compensate him for a mother's.

In the years that followed, as the baby grew from infancy into a sturdy boyhood, the tiny seed that was planted by a look many years ago began to flourish and grow. And it grew into the love that does not wear out with the waning of the honeymoon, that has no glamor to fade, no tinsel of passion to tarnish. For it was based on the sound sweetness of long-lived respect, cemented by two hands that met in friendship and, meeting, understood—and glorified by the baptismal sacrament of a woman's tear-dimmed sorrow.

When it came to Travers what he was doing and into what heights he was being led, he resolved to go back to the mountain fastness and put his future to the test. Zara was his wife and the mother of his boy. He never for an instant forgot that or denied the sweet delirium of his mad Romany love. Because he did not forget—because he had loved her and she had given him the first-fruits of her youth —he decided to go back one time more to see her and learn whether she had ripened with the years; whether she had regretted the folly of the past and yearned, perhaps, for the husband and little son she had left in a moment's craze.

The old gypsy woman he had encountered first, the exact counterpart, if not the identical person, of the prophetic hag of his wedding day, watched him strangely as he told his identity and asked the whereabouts of his long-lost wife.

"She is dead," she croaked at last. "She died of a fever, Zara did, many years ago."

"Died! Zara! That is not so—it cannot be!"

"We all die, young sir. Why not Zara?"

"She was so young; so very much alive."

"True, but she is dead—ah, Zara!"

"And Tonio—what of him?"

"He lives—he is away at present."

He could not reconcile the story with his brilliant, Romany wife. Death was a curious visitor for such as she. If he had come with blood-stained steel, awful in vengeance, wild and revengeful, it would have been more fitting. But Zara, Zara of the eager, scarlet hates and loves, to die supinely upon a bed of sickness! It was a sorry fate for the strong-passioned gypsy.

That night the fruit of years ripened and fell to the touch. It had not been for the careless hand of the youth who had gone away, but it yielded to the patient, reverent touch of the man who had learnt that love takes root beneath the fleshly eye.

"I think I've always loved you, Alice," he said, "but it has taken all this while for the scales to fall from my poor sight; and when they did, I had to—find things out. She is dead —Zara is dead—and we need you so, my boy and I. Will you come, sweetheart?"

"I've loved you so long—I'll come so gladly——" And the woman who waited gave him her heart on her fresh lips.

The years had given much of the world's goods to the gypsy lass. When she had returned from her husband's roof to the nomad home of her own people, she had thought to find the restless spirit of content, and for a while things had gone merry as a marriage-bell. She had danced in the fitful night-fires; listened to mysterious tales and mad adventures; eluded, gleefully, the violent wooing of the hopeful Tonio; then the seed of discontent sowed by Travers' hand began

to grow. All unconsciously she found herself growing aloof from the gypsy tribe and their careless, beggar ways. She knew, now, that there was a finer life than the Romany life, a cleaner life and better. And she knew that Zara the gypsy would never be Zara the gypsy again in very truth. Had she not given birth to the child of an alien race?

And so when Gorman, a theatrical manager, passed the road by the encampment one day, some six months after her flight, she was ripe for the offer he made her. She had been dancing when he passed—the rhythmical, savage, wander-mad dance of the Romany; she had been all riotous color and abandon and strange, uncivilized fire; and Gorman had spotted a "sensation."

"You will be the wonder of the age," he had told her, while some of her tribe hung about with the habitual look of sullen laziness, jealousy or fatalistic sorrow. "You will have wonderful clothes, the rich music of orchestras, all the money you can use, and the world, with its lovers, will sit at the feet of—La Zarita."

On the night when the woman who had waited gave herself to Travers, he left the house too restless and overcharged with joy to stay in. In the town a good vaudeville was playing, and he went in. The first numbers added to his restlessness—they bored and wearied. Then a small page put the sign "La Zarita" on the brackets, and a storm of applause shook the house. Travers looked mildly animated. The orchestra broke into a strain that oddly disturbed him. It evoked half-formulated memories of a mountain fastness; a Romany people; an untamed, vivid Romany lass. Then she came on the stage—La Zarita—Zara—his first love—his wife. At first he watched her transfixed, barely comprehending anything but the intenseness of her savage motion—the typical Romany spirit in her dance. Then he became aware that she had seen him. He noted the swift pallor beneath the scarlet rouge, the sudden closing of her warm, red mouth, the compelling challenge in her brilliant eyes. He was not looking at La Zarita, the dancer, but at gypsy Zara, his wife; at a cluttered cabin; a

ZARA TIRES OF THE GYPSY LIFE

slovenly, unkempt woman; a stretch of hungry years.

"Ralph—my husband—mine!"

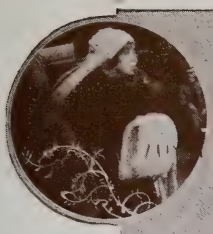
The words hissed across the footlights like the angry snarl of a leopard. Travers half-rose to his feet, the vortex of past passions drawing him on. As he left the theater and turned toward the stage-door, a leering, flame-eyed face glared into his. It was Tonio, the rival of the long ago. The fingers of Fate had cast these three into her dice-box again. La Zarita that inflamed his maddened passion; the well-known admiration of Gorman for the woman he had made. How Tonio had followed her from place to place and from place to place, ever ready, yet never quite daring; how he had followed her this night to her apartment, gorgeous with Gorman's money, and had seen her enter in Gorman's company and take Gorman's kisses with eager lips; how the crazed jealousy of long years had broken into inflammable madness, and

TONIO IS ENRAGED WITH JEALOUSY

Across the film of years Travers looked into the white, shocked face and the ever-saddened eyes of the woman who had waited. He turned and groped his way home with the blind resignation of one who has accepted the mandate of a vicious fate without a word.

The next morning he read it in the paper; read it with unseeing eyes; then read it over again till it seeped into his numbed consciousness. La Zarita was dead—run thru the heart by the steel of Tonio, "a gypsy of her tribe." It was not until later that he got the details: the starved, hungry, vengeful love of Tonio; the success of he had spilled her blood, as she had said many years before; and how, in death, he had held her in his lean, famished arms and sobbed out his heart and his savage soul on her stained breast. Death had come to Zara in Romany way—thru the steel of a Romany love.

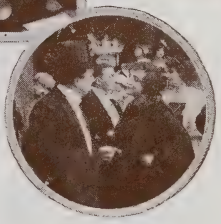
Travers, reading and understanding, felt the tears rise for the stop of that wild, lawless heart and the interment of the pagan love he had felt—it was all so real, yet so fragile and long ago; then he smiled at his little son and turned, with a splendid faith, to the future that held the woman who had waited.



The Siren of Corsica

by Lubin

Alexander Lowell



This story was written from the Photoplay of CLAY M. GREENE

CAROLA DE LISLE, "La Belle Corsicaine," as she was called, was satiated with wealth, beauty and the love of men. She was without a soul, but the great beauty of her fleshly garment more than compensated for that omission. From the sun-hot isle of her birth and heritage, she had brought its characteristics—deep passions of love and hate. Neither of them had been aroused as yet, tho men had sued for her love with their heart's blood, their honor and their wealth. Ever the ivory of her skin had remained unflushed, ever the scarlet of her mouth had been disdainful, ever the violet of her eyes had been heavily lidded, insolent and cold. She had reigned at Nice for two seasons, the despair of the women, the goad of the men. To each and all she had remained immune, playing the gambling-tables with a reckless abandon, playing the gamble of man-love with a mocking grace. Then, from across the seas, unversed in the wiles and heavy seductions of these women of warm, south blood, came John Seldon—to waken the heart in the woman's lovely body.

John Seldon was a domestic man. More, he was a married man. Still more, he was a domestic, married man in love with his wife. He had come to Nice on business bound, in company with Phillips Shaw and Joseph Morse, close friends. He saw La Belle Corsicaine for the first time at the gambling-tables and was struck at once by her voluptuous beauty.

"She is the South!" he exclaimed to Shaw, enthusiastically; "the South we read about—Italy and Sicily and Corsica—where blood is spilled like water—and love is—fire!"

"Jove, I never heard you wax rhapsodic before!" laughed Shaw, "but I'll grant you she's a siren all right enough."

"Look out she doesn't get you in her wiles, Jack," smiled Morse, and his smile held a covert sneer.

"No danger." Seldon turned his attention to the games again. "I've my *talisman* against danger, you see."

"And that is——"

"Lenore."

Morse smiled again, one might have said with difficulty. For once, long ago, he had loved Lenore Wilder and, with that unreasoning perversity of human nature, had never forgiven John Seldon that she gave her heart to him. He had wanted her then, in the blossom-time of her girlhood, and now, in the bloom-time of ten years later, he wanted her still—wanted her with a boy's passion cemented into a man's desperate love. He had long bided his time in patience, but life was fleeting and she had been Seldon's wife for fourteen unbearable years.

While the three men had been appraising the Corsican, her violet eyes had not been idle. But they had not strayed from John Seldon since first they rested on him. They had stayed a moment to observe, then lingered to covet the clean, virile manhood that came to her as a keen breath of sea-

fresh air. Something in his face stirred the heart in her velvet breast and caught her breath between her eager, scornful lips. She knew, in that instant, that she *wanted* this man. And she did not want him with the shy, retiring patience of the English gentle-lady who loves unknown. She wanted him, and she meant him to know it. She meant to show him and claim him by reason of her calling, sun-kist blood. She had no thought to languish for the touch of his lips on hers. She did not consider pining gracefully away of famine for his arms about her close. Things were not done that way in Corsica. Her blood called to his; she knew that he must hear, and hearing, answer.

"Monsieur plays at roulette tonight. Does he, perhaps, win?"

The question seemed a caress—so liquid was the voice that whispered it, so marvelous, so night-dark the eyes that sought his own. Seldon felt his pulse beat with a sudden, giddy unquiet. He glanced about for Shaw and Morse. They had moved over to another table, and Morse accorded him but a fleeting glance of tolerant amusement. Seldon had heard of the fame of Carola de Lisle at his hotel and felt a certain sense of importance at being singled out by the woman who had been cold to all of male Nice. He smiled a bit consciously and looked very boyish and ingenuous.

"I've taken a turn or so," he admitted, "but I've had no luck thus far. I'm usually lucky at cards, too, but it doesn't follow here."

"Try a number with me. We'll win—together."

They did. They won on that night and on many successive nights. And ever the radiant Corsican showed more plainly the desire she felt for this man. Being merely mortal and far from the love that he still held shrined in the cathedral dimness of his heart, Seldon bent to the seductions of the Corsican, never doubting that she would say farewell to him when the hour for his departure should arrive, as she had doubtless bidden farewell to many of his predecessors. He did not know Corsican love nor estimate the fire that blazed in her slumbrous eyes for him as it had never blazed for any man before.

The time for that departure was drawing very near. Morse had returned the day before, saying that he had been recalled by his firm. Shaw and Seldon stayed on, the one devoting himself to business exclusively; the other dallying with the fire that has burned more than fingers and left scars that only death can heal.

"I love you," she said to him the night after Morse sailed, as he supped with her in her apartment and was bidding her good-night. "Do you know that I do?"

"Yes—for a little hour—for a day—perhaps a week." Seldon laughed and reached for his hat. Carola drew his arm down sharply and leaned against him.

"I do not love for an hour," she hissed into his ear—"not briefly nor lightly. I love for all time—for all life—and for death—my lover!"

"How many times have you said that, Carola?"

"That is the fool in you, American," she said, drawing away and laughing at him softly. "In your country you pass love by for its more genteel counterfeit. We do not do it so in my country. We see our mate, and we know him. We take him in life, and, if that cannot be, we claim him in death. Love is not a pretty word—or a home over one's head. Ah, no! Love is that we feel when our blood is wine in our purpled veins—when the world goes dizzy to our eyes—when we turn ice and fire at a touch—so do I love you."

"You are a wondrous creature," the man said, moved from his circumspect orbit—"a strange creature. But you know not what you are saying tonight. Tomorrow——"

"There is no tomorrow when one loves, beloved fool. One takes the precious gift when it is offered."

"Tomorrow must dawn—for you and me," Seldon whispered. "Good-night—good-night."

Much is said on the wages of sin, on the detective qualities of sin, and the hour of full payment. Most of us, indulging in our little, private and particular sin, like to scoff at the time-worn maxims and imagine a personal departure. Most of us come to grief and live to pass the ridiculed maxims on. Most of us know, to our brief despair or everlasting sorrow, that sooner or later the illicit pushes aside the dank earth of its secrecy and

THEY WON ON THAT NIGHT AND ON MANY SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS

breathes its malodorous fumes to the light of day. Unjust tho it may be that we cannot be left to sin in peace, we know whereof we speak, you and I. And, therefore, some ten days or more after Morse's abrupt departure, there came a cablegram for John Seldon from his son. The message was wordy, slightly incoherent, greatly excited. It bore the intelligence that Morse was telling mother all kinds of stories about dad and an Italian lady and to come home at once. Beneath the lad's impetuous wording, Seldon read a grave truth and sensed a calamity that bade fair to affect his entire life and the ones he loved best on earth. He knew that he must tell Carola the truth of affairs, and he did so at once.

"I shall never let you go," she raved, when he told her the story of the cablegram and explained, with as much tact as possible, that he had a wife and family on the other side of the Atlantic.

"But dont you see, my very dear child, that it is not a question of your letting me go, but of my wife taking me back, and that is of paramount importance."

"You love her—this woman—your wife?"

"Yes, Carola."

"V-ery much?"

"Very much. As much, ma belle, as you will love a man some day and be a wife to him."

Carola threw her thick-locked head back, and laughter welled up in her white throat—laughter that was not good to hear. "As you will," she said at length. And John Seldon, still uneducated to the ways of Cor-

sica and still unaware of the passion he had evoked, departed, believing that he had settled his flirtation satisfactorily on this side of the water, at least. When he reached his rooms a note had preceded him, and it told him, in Carola's fiery terms, that he could not go back to another woman; that if he did she would kill herself and him, and so claim him in death. The next morning he sailed, heart full of Lenore and the message that was calling him home. On a steamer sailing some hour or two later Carola de Lisle took passage.

THE NEXT MORNING HE SAILED, HEART FULL OF LENORE AND THE MESSAGE THAT WAS CALLING HIM HOME

Not even as lover hungering for her assurance of love had he gone more eagerly. He knew that he had been guiltless of actual offense with the Corsican; yet he felt that he had cast a splotch of ugly mud on the love that had ever been the high star of his life. He knew now that he loved Lenore too deeply to ever depreciate her again by stooping to the follies that lie along the pathway of all who pause to see.

"Lenore!" he cried, as the maid opened the door of his home and took his stick and hat. "Lenore, I've come home!"

There was no glad, returning call such as had rung in his ears many times since his departure. No eager arms about him—those tender arms that had held him close so many, blessed times. He rushed upstairs to see. "She's in the library if you want mother," his son informed him coolly, not rising from his book. Seldon stared; then his heart sank heavily and a shadow crossed his face.

"I'll go and find her," he said. She did not rise at his entrance and withdrew from the arms he reached out to her.

"Lenore," he said sternly, "I demand, and I think rightfully, the cause of this unholy treatment."

"Mr. Morse may be able to tell you, since your own conscience cannot."

"What has Morse said. Tell me at once—do you hear?"

"Merely that your 'business' in

Nice was living with a Corsican beauty, whose reputation is established. He substantiated his unbelievable tale, so do not look hurt and innocent."

"May I inquire *how?*"

"Certainly. There are pictures of you and—my successor—on the table over there."

Seldon winced at the caustic in her words and took up the snapshots that Morse had playfully taken one day when he had been driving with La Belle Corsicaine.

"He is a dirty hound," he said, at length and calmly, "and I shall invite him out here for the express purpose of telling him so and forcing him to retract his slander."

"Pray do."

"Of course you know, Lenore, that he has an object in view, or else he would not go to this extent; also, I hope that you do not believe all that he has said. God knows, our life together should speak for me a little."

Lenore merely raised her eyebrows and resumed an incoherent reading of her novel. She had been struck in woman's most vital spot. She could have forgiven him murder, financial disgrace or forgery, but another woman—ah! that was different.

Morse, all unsuspicious and cordially pleased at the invitation, promised to be out within the half-hour. Seldon went back to his wife.

"Lenore," he said to her earnestly and humbly, "wont you give me a proof of your faith, dear heart, before Morse comes? I know that he will exonerate me, but I want you to do so first just because you—love me—and believe in me. I was indiscreet, but I would swear, dear, before the high court of Heaven, that it was nothing more — a passing amusement — that was all. Lenore, my love—please!"

He held her close in his arms as he ended his plea and hid his shamed, entreating face in her lap. For an instant she bent to him with an irresistible tenderness; then hurt pride drew her back.

In the shadow of the opened, French window a woman waited, silent and tense. She held a pistol in a hand clenched till the white knuckles strained the soft flesh. Her face was the face of an animal defrauded of its jungle mate and ready to spring. She quivered with her desire to put the bullet thru his heart, and so possess it in the end. A shot rang out; there was the thud of the pistol as it dropped to the floor, and the quick swirl of skirts as she fled the room. Then Seldon and Lenore faced one another over the dead body of Morse.

"She has shot him—instead of me," he said at length, thru parched lips.

"How did she come—where was she?" breathed Lenore.

"I dont know. God! she said she would kill me. She has tried, and—"

"I am afraid she has done worse than kill you—oh, John!"

So they stood when the police, summoned by the frantic maid, entered the room—Morse's prostrate body still between them; on the table the confession of his lying that Seldon had been on the point of asking him to sign when the bullet silenced his mouth forever. Near him lay the pistol, one barrel emptied.

"He hadn't been in the room three minutes," Seldon told the suspicious police. "The—the murderer must have intended the bullet for me. She —or he—couldn't have known he was here."

"Do you suspect any one?" asked the Law, grimly.

"Well, I have a person in mind, but I have concluded that to be impossible, since she is in Nice. I know, because I left her there the day I sailed. She didn't know I was going —so couldn't arrive until tonight or tomorrow."

The Law glanced at the confession and smiled. "Come along with me," it ordered.

He was tried, found guilty of manslaughter in the first degree and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. As the dreadful words were uttered by his sentencer, the barriers of Lenore's silence broke down with

a rush of agony, and she flung herself into the convicted man's arms. She knew now that she had helped to do this terrible thing, and her soul bled piteously at the thought of her precious loss. Roused too late from her apathy and anger, she struggled splendidly against the impenetrable barrier of the Law. She appealed to the Governor, told of her husband's folly with La Belle Corsicaine, and summoned up all her plausible eloquence to tell the tale of the murder.

La Belle Corsicaine was there—to be seen at her usual haunts—but the fire that had burned in the violet of her eyes had smoldered to ash, leaving them curiously lifeless. The red mouth had lost its passion and looked hungry and denied. There was an air about her of one who is never free from the ghost of some unhealthy past.

Eager for diversion, she took a fancy to the beautiful, vivacious American, childlike and unsuspicious.

HE WAS FOUND GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER

It was in vain, and, aged by her heart's grief, she and Jack took up the sadly frayed thread of existence and prepared to wait the weary years thru. It was while they were putting away his clothes that she came upon the note that decided her in her efforts. It was the note Carola had written him when he told her of his wife and boy. Lenore determined to use it against her and force a confession from her lips. The Governor granted her a requisition should she be able to find the woman guilty, and, doubly armed with new, surging hope, Lenore and her son proceeded to Nice.

And Lenore played the game of a reciprocal friendship, with a finish that left no room for doubt.

It was at a supper in Carola's favorite café that she made the admission that gave Lenore the right to the accusation. They were talking of America, and the tragic association was too much for the inflammable nerves of the Corsican.

"I know your America very little," she said, with a laugh and a toss of the wine-glass she held. "I was in it for only three hours."

Lenore went to Carola's rooms with her when they left the café. Her own

were directly next door, and Jack was lying awake, his taut young body strung up to the highest, every sense alert. He heard his mother's low-pitched, tense voice; the hysterical, louder answer in the broken English of the Riviera; the sound of a sudden scuffle; smothered, throaty ejaculations; the weird, inimitable sounds of women fighting for a loved man's life. And then the gasped chokes of a strong body in its last agony. The terror-stricken boy tossed back his bedclothes and groped his way across the darkened room. In the next room —within arm's length of him—his mother was in the clutches of a maniac, a beast, and he whimpered with the horror of the fearsome thing.

AND LENORE PLAYED THE GAME OF A RECIPROCAL FRIENDSHIP

At last his hand fell upon the door-knob. The door was locked!

His shaking fingers felt their way over the smooth keyhole. And it dawned upon him, somehow, that the door had been deliberately locked from the outside.

In the futility of his passion the boy crept to the thin wall and beat upon it, crying piteously for the life of his mother. But the only answer was the hideous, gurgling sounds of stifled breath.

Jack's arm swung in a gesture of despair and came in contact with the tiny telephone instrument on a table. The transmitter fell off with a crash. Garbled, metallic words issued from it, and the miracle of unearthly sounds apparently coming from nowhere fascinated the highly wrought boy.

"What do you want, madame? —this is the *portier.*" Surely the words were English, and some one was trying to speak to his mother!

Jack sprang to the instrument and poured a turmoil of feverish words into the friendly thing.

"Yes, yes, the gendarmes; I will summon them."

The instrument clicked off in sudden dismay and the room lapsed into throbbing silence. In a minute, it seemed, feet pounded down the passage, the door was unlocked, and the room filled with uniformed men. In a glare of light, Jack pointed an eloquent finger at the dividing wall, and he followed the retreating officers.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE

His young eyes would never blot out the tragic images that the room of terrors pictured. With her back bent prone across a marble table, lay the limp shape of his mother, and above her bent the beautiful woman, kneading the steel of her hands into the other's rounded throat. And as the gendarmes quickly dragged her away, she screamed with vulture-like cries—the vampire who loses its prey.

Two days later, Lenore and Jack were homeward turned, and La Belle Corsicaine was to follow, bound in the chains of her crime.

"Will you love dad again now, mums?" inquired the lad, as they leaned together over the vessel's side. His mother strained his lean little body to her, and her voice broke on her answer.

"Oh, Jackie, so much—so much!" she said.

Longing

By ELIZABETH PINSON

Moonbeams stealing thru the gloom
Like a golden halo fall
O'er a portrait on the wall—
Dearest thing in all the room—
My mother's picture.

As with yearning heart I gaze
On those loved, unseeing eyes,
Tender memories arise,
Visions come of bygone days—
Sweet mental pictures.

Then the thought runs thru my mind:
If that pictured form could move
What a treasure it would prove!
What sweet solace I would find!
A precious picture.

Ah! to see thee, mother dear,
In some happy, old-home scene,
Living on that wondrous screen,
As if thou wert ever near—
A priceless picture!

The Strength of the Weak

An Essanay Drama

by Karl Schiller

God's angels and the devil's agents struggled for the poor, weak soul-part of David Fleming. Which of them won you shall see.

"It's—nothing!" said David. He ran his tongue-tip over the dry edges of his lips. His voice caught roughly in his throat. "I—I'm a bit nervous, that's all. I'll go home and take some—medicine I have. It'll set me up right in a jiffy. You'll excuse me to your mother—and yourself, Lalia?"

"Why, of course," said the girl, slowly. Her steady, brown eyes sought his face in wistful questioning she did not voice. "I'm—I'm sorry. David-boy, tell me——"

"That I love you?" he laughed, but the sound jarred. A strange, half-shamed expression dragged his eyes from contact with hers. "Lalia, listen—if I didn't have *you,* I wouldn't want to live. I couldn't face it—face life, I mean—without you. *That's* how I love you, dear."

That it was a weakling way of loving the girl did not perceive. Her love for him had much of the mother in it, as all good women's love has, and she thrilled to his dependence on her.

The idly chatting groups in the drawing-room cast knowing glances at one another over poised tea-cups as the two came together from the conservatory. One of the men, Stanford Black, set his cup down with a fretful clatter and advanced bluffly toward them. But his heartiness did not fit him. It was a size too large.

"Well, well, Fleming—going already? I wont pretend that I'll be sorry to have a chance with Miss Lalia now. But you're not looking awfully fit—hope you're not sick?"

"No, no," said David, almost too impatiently for good manners—"a headache. See you tomorrow at the Heddons', I suppose, Lalia? Good-night, then—good-night, Black."

He drew the fur of his expensive overcoat about his face as he stepped out of the apartment-house elevator into the stormy evening. There was intolerable eagerness in his stride, as tho he were going to a tryst. But it was no woman with whom David Fleming held his tryst.

He let himself into his apartment with cautious latch-key, forgetting that it was still early in the evening. The sight of his mother sewing gently in the little sitting-room recalled him to a sense of the time. There was something so quaintly and sweetly old-fashioned about Mrs. Fleming that in her presence the garish city electric light seemed to soften to an oil-lamp glow and the modern room to settle into a prim New England-ness.

"Why, Davie!" cried his mother. "Is the party over? You're not sick, are you, son?"

"Sick!" David's tone was surly. "I'm sick of being asked that! Cant a man come home early once in a while to—to go to bed, I'd like to know?"

He flung his coat and hat down in a chair with a hunted look. Nervously drumming the table, he stood a moment, struggling for nonchalance.

"There! Excuse me, mother," he laughed, forcedly. "I was a brute to speak so to you. But the truth is, I'm tired out. A good night's rest will set me up fine as silk. I'm going to start getting acquainted with my bed. Good-night, dear."

The door of his room almost cut off his last words. Left alone, the mother raised a quivering white face in the direction of a far and pitiful God.

"Not my boy, too, Father in Heaven!" she breathed. "I *cannot* have it so."

She listened, painfully and intently, to the muffled sounds from the other room; a creak as of a heavy door swung back——

"The wall-safe! I never thought of that. Oh, my son, my son!"

A silvery clink of some metal thing against glass; a rustling—— With the courage of her despairing motherhood, she rose suddenly, walked across the room and pushed open the door. Startled, the man faced her, shining hypodermic needle in hand.

THE TWO RIVALS BID LALIA GOOD-NIGHT

"Mother!" Fury raged below the word. He flung the instrument on the table and faced her defiantly. "Well, you've come spying, have you? I might have known I'd have no peace and privacy in my own home."

The mother raised her hand. Its frailness and whiteness suggested a straw opposing a hurricane. She was so old to fight this thing again! For an instant her courage wavered; then flared up mother-strong.

"David, will you sit down a moment, please?"

Her quietness half restored him. Sullenly, he sank into a wicker chair, facing her like a naughty boy cringing under a scolding.

"Son," said his mother, very gently, "you see, I know what it is—

will you tell me how long you have been using morphine?"

He struggled to lie. But it was the truth that fell shamefully from his reluctant tongue.

"A year."

She drew a long breath. "David, do you know how your father died?"

He shook his head, surprised.

"He died in a—a *Home*," she said evenly—"died cursing and raving, Davie, a broken and torture-racked lunatic from the use of morphine."

The room throbbed in the silence. Unheard wings were in it, and a glory unseen "Ten years I fought for him," she said presently—"for him, and my pride in him, and our happiness, and—for *you*, David, tho you weren't born till after he went to the asylum. It's in your veins, son. But you still have time to—to choose."

"HE DIED IN A—A *HOME*," SHE SAID EVENLY

"My God!" groaned the young man. His eyes seemed to stare beyond her at some unbelievable horror. "Poor mother, poor dad—what shall I do?"

It was a wail of childish terror. She clasped him to her tired old breast with a white, proud smile. "You're going to fight, my son," she cried militantly. "I will help you, I and Lalia. For you must tell her, Davie. It is the only honest way."

Kissing him, she went from the room with a fragrance of old-fashioned lavender and the faded rustle of soft old silks. They were the last words she ever said to him. In the morning, stumbling from his leaden drowse, he found her smiling gently in her old chair, with the untroubled look of one who has laid her burden of life on the Lord.

Ten days later, haggard, with bitten lips and bloodshot eyes, the son went to Lalia.

"Davie!" she moaned at the look of him. "Davie, dont grieve so! It will make Heaven less happy to her, dont you see?"

"Come into the sun-room, Lalia," he said rapidly, as tho his courage were almost gone. He faced her by the open window, thru which the sun poured like a fine spray of gold fluid.

"Lalia, I've come to tell you something," he said harshly. "Listen, and for God's sake dont be frightened! I would give my life not to say it, but I cant fight alone." He rolled up his sleeve with a rough, convulsive movement and held out a wrist punctured with red dots. "Do you know what that means? No? It means I'm a drug-user—they call it fiend, I believe—that's what it means!"

Under the window a passer-by paused and looked up at the girl's heart-broken cry. Shamelessly he listened, with a twisted smile.

"Why, the fellow's a fool to blab it out!" said Stanford Black, as he went on. "He's throwing away his chances. Well, I'm willing to pick them up."

In the golden-hazed room the two faced each other like children in fright. Then the girl caught his desperate, fear-ridden face in her two hands.

"Davie!" she sobbed, "dont look so—so *alone*, Davie. *I'm* still here!

I'll always be here, Davie. We'll fight it together, you and I."

"I told you why not a long time ago." Lalia smiled faintly. "There's only one reason why I wont marry you, and that's that I'm going to marry some one else."

Stanford Black looked down at his rejected jewel-case; then back at the girl. His slow mind grappled with a new and disquieting idea.

"Not Fleming, still?" he blurted, genuinely amazed. "Why, Lalia, he's a dope-fiend! You wouldn't marry a *dope-fiend!*"

"*No,* I shall not marry—that," said Lalia, breathlessly. Then like a flame her pride rose up, and the white blaze of it thru her eyes blinded him. "David is *not* that dreadful thing any longer," she cried. She rummaged in her desk and came back with a letter which she thrust into his hands, pointing:

"There! Read that!"

"I haven't taken a grain of morphine in a month," read Stanford Black aloud, slowly. His eyes, traveling greedily down the page, caught the eager pride and possessorship of the writer. The love-words anger-reddened his thick skin. "Rot!" he cried. "Once a dope-fiend, always one. He uses it on the sly."

"He does not!" she flared. "He *hasn't* any with him. He wouldn't take it. He went off in the woods to fight alone."

"If he saw any he'd use it fast enough," sneered Black. She smiled gallantly.

"He wont let himself see any," she retorted, "until he has conquered. When he comes back, I'm going to marry David Fleming—a *man!*"

"We shall see," muttered the man, threateningly, as he went out of the building a little later—"we shall see."

Two nights after, Lalia had a dream. It was a very real dream. In the end a loud cry woke her. It was her own voice that had cried his name: "David! Yes, dear—I'm coming!"

She was groping in the darkness for her clothes, when her mother came, shivering and startled.

"Where are you going, Lalia?" she gasped.

"To David," said the girl, quietly, "and you are coming, too. We can get the two o'clock sleeper from the Grand Central. Dont stop to ask why, mother. It's all right. I know it is. Just dress and come with me, because David needs me and you love me."

In the white dawnlight two tired-eyed women left the train at the tiny mountain station and climbed into the decrepit stage. A racking half-hour brought them to a tiny cabin, dwarfed under the great, healing firs.

"He is not up," said Lalia, glancing at the smokeless chimney. Her tone was forcedly cheerful. But the silence and sinister emptiness of the place numbed her with dread.

She ran ahead of her resigned mother and pushed open the door, peering into the dimness.

"David! Davie-boy!"

No reply. With her voice echoing in her ears, she caught the glitter of something on the floor. Bending, she touched it. A hypodermic needle in a queerly ornate case lay before her, ground into fragments by a fierce boot-heel.

"Mother," said Lalia, quietly, "Davie has stepped out. You sit here and rest, and I'll go find him."

On the cliff-edge, fifty feet above the smiling lake, stood the man, looking down. His face was gray with weariness. In the last night's struggle, begun when that cruel box had reached him, he had come out a victor, but the struggle had mortally wounded him. The water down there, so cool, so green, so clear, looked like peace to him and rest. He could not look ahead to an endless chain of horrors like the night he had just raved and racked thru.

"It's a coward's end," he muttered, and for an instant his gray face quivered as he thought of Lalia. "But I'm too tired to go on——"

"Davie! Davie!"

It was like waking from a dreadful

dream. Weakly sobbing, he laid his spent head on her breast.

"I—I—fought it last night," he whispered. "I'm—*tired*, dear——"

"Yes, yes, I know," she soothed him. "You've won out for good, Davie, and I'm here. I shall always be here, dear — always here. Now dont talk — just rest."

"That is all—from your lips," she said, "but what does your heart say? It cries above the din of your lying words and confesses falseness, treachery, murder."

"You compliment me," he sneered.

"You are quite beyond insult or adequate punishment," she went on —"the deliberate seducer of a friend and the wilful thief of his life. As

"YOU'VE WON OUT FOR GOOD, DEARIE, AND I'M HERE"

And so he fell asleep, head on her breast, and thru cramped, aching, joyous hours she held him so.

Stanford Black came to call on the bridal couple with lavish good-wishes smeared over his chagrin. Lalia received him alone. When he had beamed upon her sufficiently and given mouth to his neatly turned felicitations, she faced him, and her eyes were lynx-cruel.

for me"—she whirled upon him with flaming cheeks—"you poison the air I breathe."

"Another form of murder, I presume."

"I have my defense, you see." The crushed jewel-case flashed before his eyes. "And there is absolute evidence that you sent this thing to David."

For the first time fear throbbed in his inscrutable eyes.

"YOURS, I BELIEVE," SHE SAID ONLY

"D—n you!" he cried, "I believe you'd raise a scandal to cover that shorn lamb of yours."

"Your perception is unerring. I promise you to stake his past against your future whenever you say the word."

"I bid you good-day, Lalia," he smiled, thru snarling lips. And her scornful eyes scored their victory upon his retreating back.

An hour afterward, she was all marvelous woman again.

"He sent you the morphine, Davie," she sobbed out on the astonished David's shoulder. "He wanted me—himself."

David brushed the sordid scheme aside and caught the woman of his heart joyously in his arms, crushing her bride-pink face against his shoulder.

"But I've got you!" he cried. "You're my *wife,* Lalia! And it's forever and ever, amen!"

The Optimist

By L. M. THORNTON

Pessimist art thou,
Cold of winter fearing,
Wrinkled cheek and brow,
Only dirges hearing?
Is thy stomach ill,
Heal it and thy trouble;
Strength is largely will,
Care an empty bubble.

Pessimist art thou,
Lack of funds berating?
Clear thy troubled brow;
Joys enough are waiting.
Seek the Picture Play
And from worries sever;
Sing a roundelay,
Optimist forever!

THEIR HOUR

This story was written from the Photoplay of BESS MEREDYTH

DOES there wait, somewhere in the world, for each and every one of us, sometimes lost, sometimes missed in the crowds, sometimes unrecognized, the perfect mate? Is there one, and only one, who holds the clear answer to our soul's mystic need —the full response to that sad hunger of our hearts—the kiss that will still our lips? I do not know. You do not know. But there are some who do. They are few, very few, and they are not always blest, unless the knowledge be the blessing in itself. For we of clay grope blindly, and with earth-dusted eyes, clinging to the robes of the half-gods as we watch the whole gods pass. Yet in that very passing do we glimpse the portals of the Promised Land to be and learn in travail that love is not all human, but divine.

"Wouldn't you care to look over this magazine? It has some good stories."

He broke the silence that had been solid since he had helped her on the train at her station. Facing her in his opposite parlor-car chair, he had been watching her over the edge of his newspaper, and there was that in her eyes that had constrained him to speak. She looked so unutterably weary—so precisely the way he *felt*. And she seemed so sweet, so feminine so remote and tired.

"Why, thank you," she smiled at him, "I would like to very much. I forgot—to buy any."

He did not think it necessary to inquire why the cold-faced, bored-looking man he had seen with her at the station had not supplied these wants. He merely smiled at her. And she smiled back—yet there was something in that interchange of smiles that brought on a sudden silence. He dropped his newspaper in his lap, and the magazine lay unheeded in hers. Across her fine, expressive face trooped a phantom horde of long-bruised hopes, fragile desires and dear, dead loves of Yesterday. Into his eyes came something that was not for the casual glance. It had to do with times when heart meets heart and soul meets soul, glad and unafraid.

"Are you bound for the shore?" he inquired at length, with the easy freemasonry of the traveler.

"Yes"—she came out of her reverie slowly—"I am on a health-seeking expedition."

"Something in the nature of my—quest," he laughed; "but I should not laugh if you have been ill."

Virginia Davis granted the conventions a space of thought—the conven-

tions such as were laid out for her by her husband. Then she shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"I have not been ill," she told him, "in the strict sense of the word, but I am very—tired." She paused a moment, then leaned over a bit. "I am tired of *everything*," she told him, "everything that is *me*—except—"

"Except—what?"

"My little girl," she said softly—"Joyce."

"What are you going to do," he asked, after a moment, " to stop being—tired?"

"I am going on a very far journey," she told him, more lightly—"much, much farther away than Sea Crest. I am going into that far country of our Inner Selves."

"And there?"

"There I am going to see what there is left—to go on with."

"I am in very much the same boat," he said gravely, "but I had not thought of it in just the same way. I was only going on a vacation—trying to forget—for a little."

"That makes it all much worse," she told him. "The coming back is so bitter."

"I know, and yet we always have to —come back."

"Yes," she assented gravely; "haven't you anything to come back to? Anything that makes the coming a little sweet instead of all bitter?"

"I have—my son."

"Oh," she said gently.

At the junction he helped her out with all the suit-cases that had been the cause of his helping her on in the first place. Then they found that Mrs. Davis had fifty-eight minutes to wait for the Sea Crest train, while Austin had an hour before the arrival of the train to Ocean Point. Some little distance from the station one of the tributaries of the Shrewsbury River pushed its lazy way. A clump of trees stood on its sloping bank, and in their midst nestled a somewhat dilapidated summer-house. Austin looked at it, and then at Virginia Davis, and he spoke eagerly: "Will you sit in that summer-house until time for our trains? We have to sit somewhere, and it might better be there than on this dusty platform. It will only be for—an hour."

"Why not a stroll in this beautiful country?"

Their walk led them to the bank of a stream where, as they sat and watched the placid current, a silence fell, but it was a poignant silence—a vital, nascent silence. Such a silence as may be felt in the springtide of the year, when the flowers are bursting the soil; the trees are rich with sap; the sun woos his mistress, Lady Earth, wins her and prepares a glorious fruitage. The lazy tributary meandered to its inevitable, mad, glorious end, and the two felt that their souls were going on, too—strangely, unaccountably, in a manner predestined—to some mad, sad, glorious end.

"Do you understand just what this means?" he asked her gently, and he leaned over and took one of the quiet hands.

"It is very strange," she breathed, "and it will not come—again."

"Then we must keep it—hold it—never let it go!"

Virginia shook her head, roused by the sudden note of passion in his voice.

"You will not say that," she told him, "when I tell you about myself. Do you care to have me?"

"I know that I must hear it," he said, "but I would rather keep—just this. I would rather have you just the you I have found, without any past, without any future save only an eternity—of this."

"You must not attempt," she reminded him, "to bring Heaven to earth."

"I know—well; I've had a foretaste, and that is more than most of us can say, I think. Now tell me—everything."

"I am married, of course. You saw me talking to my husband in the station. I was pleading with him to be very careful of Joy. He *will* be careful of her, for she is his. I'm afraid he will not be very tender of her—for

the same reason. I—you must not think me sordid when I tell you why I married him. I thought I was doing the right thing. I had been taught to believe that I was. We were very poor—desperately so—and unaccustomed to it. My mother was ill—she needed comforts, luxuries, care. Mr. Davis was wealthy. He promised to care for my mother. I—married him. It was not so hard at the time. I was young, unformed, very immature. He not look for more than my share of the profits. I did not try again."

"What did you do?"

"There was Joy, you know, and she has been that to me—pure joy. I wish that you could see her. There seems to be none of him in her. She has meant home to me—the essence of it, and love—the man's love I have missed, and the most sacred motherhood. She has been all I have had of life—my shield against its stabs."

EXCHANGING CONFIDENCES, THEY FIND A STRANGE SIMILARITY OF CIRCUMSTANCES

was older, very rich, very fond of display. I imagined that I was doing a very noble thing, and it did not make the doing rougher that I knew I would be surrounded with luxury.

"Very soon I found out the thing that I had done. My mother died, and after a little time Joyce was born. I turned to him for comfort in my loneliness, for sustenance in my pain, for comradeship in my new cares, and he, figuratively, turned on his heel—told me that he gave me the money I had bargained for, and that I need

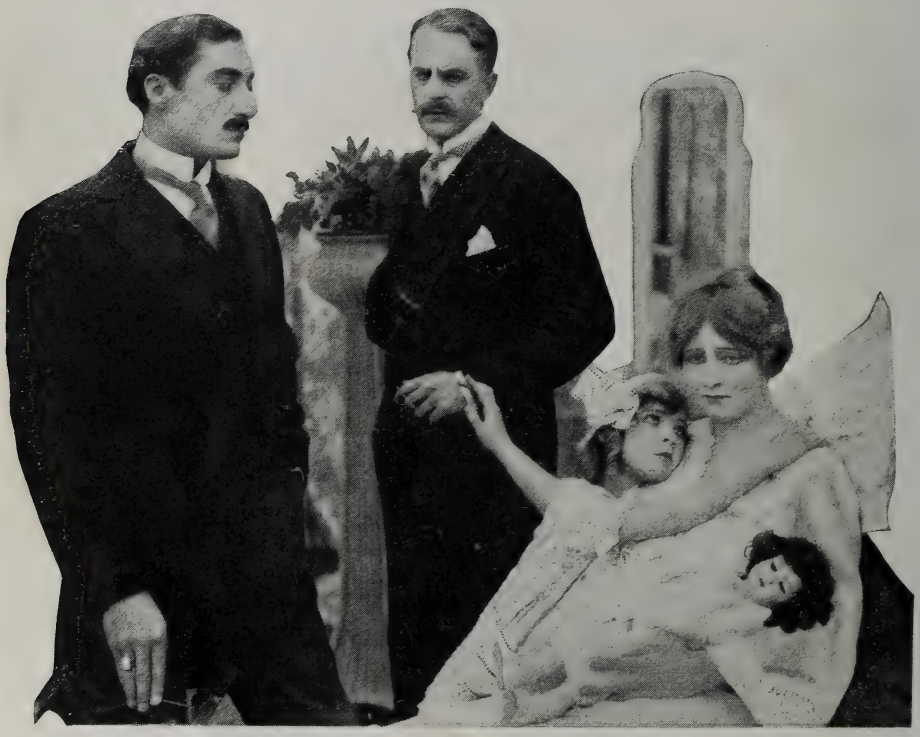
"It has not been—*fair!*" Virginia thrilled to the fierce, defiant note in his voice, but feared to rouse the dominant male too strongly. He leaned nearer to her, and his voice was gentle. "You should have been cared for," he told her, eyes caressing the warm gold of her hair, the misted violet of her eyes and the soft mouth curves; "you should have been protected and—loved."

"Dont!" she said sharply, for his voice told her how much she had missed—how much of warmth, of

glamor, of that passion-sweet mystery that is life's meaning, its question and its answer.

"Forgive me," he begged her; "I cannot suppress the irony of it all. The will-o'-the wisps we follow—the places they lead us to! Have you ever heard the little verse that goes:

I lavished on each light love what should have graced the right love,
I sought the lips of Pleasure and met the mouth of Shame,



UNHAPPY AT HOME, THE WOMAN IS URGED TO SEEK HAPPINESS ABROAD

I followed every new love and so I lost the true love,
I could not hold the real love—the one love when it came.

That was something true of my case."

"Tell me——"

"It is rather a sorry tale—a foolish lad who got himself in trouble. Nothing very wicked—in itself; yet I deserved it all, for I was forgetting the big things, the fine things, in chasing around with first one and then another. Doing all kinds of daring stunts, making all kinds of fervid vows—making, to be brief, if not polished, an ass of myself. One day I persuaded this girl to take a ride with me in a new car of mine over a circuitous route. I did not know the car. I did know the road—that it was hilly, rocky, dangerous. I knew the girl, too. I—did not—admire her. Well, we got stuck, out on the road. There was a storm— Oh! it was all impossible. We didn't show up in town till the next morning. She lived with her aunt and uncle. They wouldn't listen to reason—put her out. Gad! she acted—as might have been expected. Wept and raved and had hysteria. I married her—I had to."

"Of course you did!" The violet eyes were misted now, yet they shone thru the mist.

"Yes—I had to. And I did more—I tried to love her. In spite of all my foolishness, I had big ideals of marriage. I'd always intended to marry some day. I had meant to find the

one woman and love her—love her—always. I had meant to be tender to her and truer than steel. She wouldn't let me love her. She never would. She's hard and self-centered—to me. And glacial. Perhaps it's my fault. I shouldn't speak against her, and I never have before, but I have wanted love—I have *needed* it. God above, I have *craved* it!"

Again the silence fell, and this time it was weighty with the passing feet of the half-gods and the coming of the

"I know," she whispered.

"There is going to live and breathe a love that will shame the gods," he smiled at her; "that will make Sappho and Phaon cool into insignificance—and all the immortal lovers fade by comparison. I am going to make up to you for the barren years. We are going to forget—you and I—that another world has been. Life, for us, begins this moment—and ends, for me, only with your death; and for you, only with mine. When we are old,

THE INDIFFERENT HUSBAND SENDS HIS WIFE TO THE COUNTRY

whole. Austin leaned near her; his face was fine with the tenderness he felt. "Oh, I love you!" he breathed, "I *love you!*"

Past, Present and To Be were stained, permeated, saturated with that unearthly moment. Two who loved had met in that great fusing of souls that is a part of the Kingdom of Heaven. Coming but once, it does not come again. Yet man is not mere man, but superman, thereafter.

"You are coming with me?" he breathed, when he had released her, and she stood before him, glorious in her surrender.

we will be bathed in the transfiguring afterglow of the mighty love that has flamed for us——"

"Look!" she cried softly. Far down, where a curve of the tracks brought them into sight, two children had been walking, a little boy and a still smaller girl. The girl had stumbled, and the faint wail of her shrill voice reached them. The boy was bending above her, trying, it seemed, to extricate her—in vain.

When they reached the spot, the small girl had abandoned the struggle to extricate her small, bare foot from the imprisoning rail, and the boy was

gazing frantically around the bend. Austin rescued the prostrate damsel and stood her upright, while Virginia bent to examine the small foot. The child was still quivering with her recent sobs, and as the weight of the slight body pressed her shoulder, a great thrill went thru Virginia, a thrill that was tense with pain. She looked up at Austin and stopped at the look on his face. He was brushing the signs of the struggle from the tanned, overalled lad, and his eyes held the pain that had but then come to her.

"EVEN A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

"Dear," she whispered, still holding the small girl to her, "I—there is —Joyce."

"And I had forgot—Laurence. I did not even tell you of him. This lad has brought him back. He is tall, like this, and tanned, and my own —son."

"I know—I know."

"He was a little baby once. He used to hold on to my finger with his little, damp fingers. I've got to—take care of him."

"I—know."

"*Do* you know—do you know what this means—to us?"

"Yes—perfectly."

"And you think——"

"I do not think, beloved. I know just as you know—that we a r e going on—*apart.*"

They released the children, who went on with many a backward glance and many a conjecture as to the strange "lady and man" who were "nice and kind, but loony, sure as you live—plumb loony."

In a café back in the city which the Dreamers had just left, a man and a woman were lunching. He was a man with a cold, bored face; she was a woman with a hard, self-centered one. Both faces were momentarily flushed now with that filthy counterfeit of love.

"When the cat's away, you know," t h e woman laughed, and toasted with her cocktail.

"Wish she'd stay away," the man affirmed, his blood-shot eyes covetously on his companion. "If it were not for the fuss and scandal and Joyce, I'd make the final cutaway."

"I'd do the same, if it were not for the money—and Laurence."

"Fact is, Sadie, we're both afraid."

"I know I am. I wouldn't go thru the courts for anything—not even for you. But I do wish that we had

(*Continued on page* 173)

The PORTRAIT in the ATTIC

(EDISON)

by NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Photoplay of RICHARD RIDGELY

THELMA'S small, ten-year-old world lay in fragments about her small, ten-year-old feet. The gavotte that Franci had just been teaching her still tingled in her toes, but her heart seemed to stand perfectly still. She did not know that she had turned white as a small, troubled ghost between the dark waves of her hair. She felt suddenly only very small and cold and afraid.

"Your new mother," Father-dear had said. What *was* a new mother? A mother was a *born* person, and there couldn't be but one of them. If he had said "Your new kitten," or "Your new canary," Thelma would have jumped up and down with joy and run to see, but a new *mother* was different. Everything was different suddenly—the little gold-and-white music-room was different; the chairs and tables were strange and unfamiliar; even good Franci, with the twinkle in his eyes and the music in his toes, was different. It was like the place in the Arabian Nights where Aladdin rubbed his lamp, only worse. For *that* had been a story, and *this* was true.

"Will you come, too, please, Franci?" said Thelma. "I—I feel a little—just a *little* queer."

"*Avec beaucoup de plaisir,* mademoiselle," bowed Franci, gallantly, and offered his arm as tho she were a truly grown-up young lady, instead of a little girl. "*Nous nous sommes aller voir la nouvelle maman.*"

Thelma knew that Franci said that they would go see the new mother. Somehow, it did not sound quite so bad in French. But when they reached the drawing-room door, she gave a little gasp and closed her eyes.

"Thelma," said Father-dear, very gravely, "this is your dear, new mother. Look up, child, and tell her how glad you are that she has come to live with us and love us."

Thelma opened her eyes. The new mother stood gazing down at her with a look that felt like a kiss. She was very beautiful. But Thelma did not know that. She saw that her face was soft and nice to rub one's cheek against, and her hair was dark and thick and wonderful to play hide-and-seek in, and her eyes were as warm as firelight with the shine of happy tears in them now. But, queerly enough, it hurt Thelma to have this stranger mother so beautiful. It did not seem fair.

"Thelma, shake hands at once!" Father-dear's voice was very stern. Thelma put out a small, chilly hand. The coldness of it ran thru the new

mother's veins like a little, unfriendly message from Thelma's heart.

"How do you do, stepmother?" said Thelma, distantly. "If Father-dear is glad to have you love him, I'm glad you do. But you needn't bother about loving *me.*"

"But what if I do already?" smiled the new mother. "Aren't you willing I should keep on?"

"Thelma," said Father-dear, "go into the next room. I wish to speak to you alone."

"George"—the new mother called him back imploringly—"George, dear, dont scold her. I am so new—so strange. Wait a little and trust me."

"It's just a queer notion she's got, Nan," he frowned. "She's a strange child—been alone too much. I'm only going to question her and see."

Thelma faced her father, a quivering, stubborn little figure of outrage.

"I'm—I'm sorry," she panted, "but I cant kiss her—not ever. It would kill my own mother!"

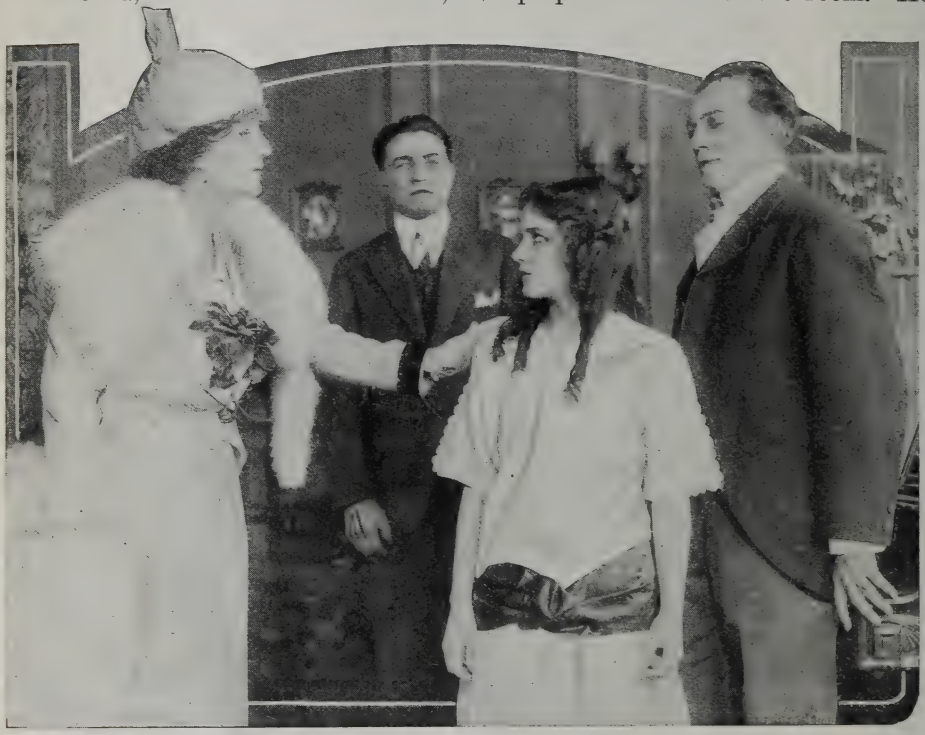
Father-dear was startled. "Your own mother—what do you mean, Thelma?" he questioned her gently. "Your own mother has been dead five years!"

"No, no!" Thelma cried. "Mother isn't dead—not unless I make her dead. And I wont make her dead! I cant, father—dont tell me to!"

She burst into shivering sobs and crept past him out of the room. He heard her feet stumbling blindly up the stairs and the bark of Roxy in high-pitched dog-welcome. For a moment the man stood very still, his face white with the sting of his child's accusation.

"Clara," he muttered, between stiff lips, "Clara—I kill Clara? No, no, she understands—she who was all sweetness and tenderness and understanding. And Nan understands. Thelma is only a child, seeing thru the glass darkly——"

But his face, as he joined his young bride, was still a little shaken and drawn.



THE "NEW MOTHER" ARRIVES

"Thelma will come around, dear," she comforted him—"you'll see!"

"Of course she will come around," he said heavily—"of course she will."

In the attic at this moment the child crouched before a framed picture and held out shaking little arms.

"Mother! mother!" said Thelma. "Mother-dear, I promise you I wont love her. I promise you I'll never call her mother or kiss her or let her pray me. She hasn't got a *right* to me like a really truly mother like you."

"She bought me a new dress today, Roxy," Thelma confided to her sole confidant. "It's got pink bows on and frilly things. But I wouldn't be pleased. I wouldn't even *like* it, Roxy. But I'd *like* to like it awful bad!"

Or again—"She called me 'honey' today and 'dearest,' and she meant 'em, Roxy, too! I—I like the sound of 'honey,' dont you, sort of? I wish *you* could bark 'honey' for me!"

In every gentle way she knew, the new mother tried to win the child.

THELMA BELIEVES THERE CAN BE BUT ONE MOTHER

Yet as the days passed, Thelma found the world she elected to live in very lonely. There were no frolics in her world—no confidences, cheek to warm cheek; no bedtime romps; no good-night kisses. When she could not have them, Thelma had been happy enough, in a grave, unchildlike way. But when love stood waiting so very near, it was harder. Thelma drew the mantle of her resolve staidly about her and shut herself away from the happiness that she knew she could have for the asking. She was very polite to the new mother, very formal; but she would not admit her to her dreary little heart.

She was a tactful woman and a tender one. She proffered dainty little girl-gifts and small bribes. Thelma's bare room bloomed overnight into a pink-and-white rose-place of soft cretonnes and cream enamel and a rug that sank cozily under small, cold feet. Thelma's prim, housekeeper-bought wardrobe grew fluffy and ruffled and dainty-gay. Dishes just planned for ten-year-old appetites made each meal a surprise party. Even Roxy was adorned with a silver collar which became the pride of her life and the envy of the other neighborhood dogs. But even the finest gifts cannot buy love. And Thelma,

at the end of three months, seemed as far away as ever.

"Thank you, stepmother," she said dignifiedly one day, when she found a long-wanted gold bead necklace coiled around her bread-and-butter plate. "It is very pretty, and you were very kind to give it to me."

It was the usual set little formula.

TO BID GOOD-NIGHT TO MOTHER

The new mother's lips quivered, but she made them smile bravely.

"Do you like them, Thelma?" she asked. "Are you *pleased?*"

"I like them very much, and I am very pleased, thank you," repeated the little girl, but there was no warmth in her tone. She slid down from her chair and went out of the room and upstairs to the attic to show mother her beads. The painted face in the tarnished frame stared out at her with cold, blind eyes. Thelma blurred the glass with her kisses, passionately angry with herself for the lack of comfort they gave her.

"I am a wicked girl," she moaned, outflung on the rough boards; "I am killing my own mother—I am sending her away from me and shutting her up in heaven. I *wont* love the new mother—I wont! I wont! I wont!"

But in her heart she knew that she was in danger of breaking her word.

If the poor new mother could have dreamed of the queer, distorted loyalty of the child, she would not have been so sore at heart. But she did not guess. She thought that the lack must be in herself.

"Perhaps I do not love her enough," she thought, "tho I dont see how I could love her better if she was my own—poor, lonely, unchildlike little child. But I will love her better. I am not a good mother if I cant love without expecting love in return."

The new mother sat down at her desk and thought back to her own little girlhood. What had her own mother done to make her happy? She remembered the stories she had told her, the paper dolls she had made.

"But Thelma will have none of these!" she sighed. Christmas-trees — birthday parties—that was it! She would give Thelma a birthday party.

"George," she asked Father-dear over his coffee and cigar that night, "when is Thelma's birthday?"

"Thelma's birthday — heavens, dear, ask us an easy one!" laughed her husband. "Why, the child is a regular Topsy in regard to birthdays, Nan. I dont believe she ever had a birthday to know it."

"Never had a birthday!" There was horror in her tone. "Never a pink-frosted cake with candles or a party! Quick, George, what day was she born?"

In the end the family Bible was consulted, and Thelma's birthday was found to be only a week away. The new mother began her happy plans. Somehow, she found herself hoping for much from this birthday.

"It's such a love-day," she thought eagerly, "such an intimate day. Surely she will let me kiss her then. Maybe—why, maybe she will kiss me!"

Thelma, consulted as to guests for the party, chose only two.

"I would like Franci," she said gravely, "and old Mrs. White, who sells peppermints in the little shop on the corner."

Outwardly she betrayed no curiosity about this strange birthday celebration. But she could hardly sleep for thinking about it. It made her feel queerly grown-up and important. On the morning of the day itself she could not wait to get to the looking-glass. The result of her examination was keenly disappointing. She looked almost exactly the same as on any other day!

The new mother watched the little girl wistfully all day for some small token of a change. But the party itself came and went, and Thelma was polite and staid and solemn as before. Only once did the child of her peep thru. When the cake came on, with its lavish pink frosting and eleven twinkling pink candles, she gave a little shriek of joy and clapped her hands.

THELMA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

"You must blow them out, Thelma," said her father. "One, two, three!"

"*Mes compliments,* mademoiselle," applauded Franci, as every little flame flickered out at one puff.

"The dear child!" nodded old Mrs. White, grandmotherly. Only the new mother said nothing at all. But her eyes watched the small, pale face with a mother-look. There was pain in it and tenderness and cherishing. She had planned so hopefully, plotted with such sweet guile. Surely now,

at last, this other woman's child would become hers. She waited tensely.

"Eight o'clock, on my word!" said Father-dear, cheerily. "Half-past bedtime, Thelma. Say good-night and run along!"

"I'm much obliged to be 'leven," said Thelma, shyly. "I've 'joyed my birthday very much, thank you."

AND ROXY POINTED THE WAY

It was in the nature of a little after-dinner speech. To cover her confusion she ran about the table, saying good-night to her guests—a hug to Mrs. White, a kiss to Father-dear. Franci pressed his lips gallantly on the small hand she held to him. Then she turned to the new mother.

"Good-night, stepmother," she said clearly. "Thank you for the cake and the candles and the birthday."

She trailed up the stairs to the nursery, where the maid put her to bed and turned off the light. But she did not go to sleep. After a while she flung back the covers and jumped out of bed, a lean, lone, little, white-clad figure in the faint blur of the moon.

"You stay, Roxy," she bade the dog sternly, when she appeared, ready for a frolic at midnight as at noon. "I am going to say good-night to my mother. I'm not afraid of the dark upstairs."

She felt her way up the steep steps and pushed open the trap-door at the top. It was heavy, and her fingers were of unsure grip in the dark. Suddenly it crashed from her hold and fell with the sound of tearing. The strap that lifted it was broken off, and Thelma was a prisoner in the attic.

At first she did not mind at all. She fumbled for the beloved picture and found it by the aid of the moon, streaming in long, narrow ribbons of light thru the broken shutters.

"Good-night, own mother," she whispered. "Good-night; I love you. Will you—will you hear me say my prayers?"

Later she grew tired. She pounded on the trap-door, but no sounds came from below. Holding the passive picture against her flat little breast, she found the broken couch and lay down on it in a small, lonely, white curl.

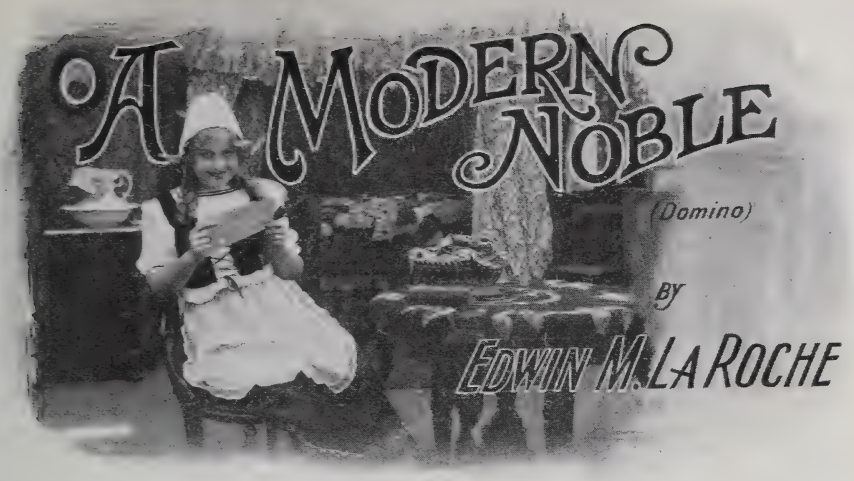
"You're here, own mother," she murmured sleepily. "You'll take care o' me."

In their own room a terrified man and woman faced each other in silent questioning.

"Dont worry, dear," he said heavily; "she's safe—somewhere. We'll find her soon."

"George—she's run away from me! I know it!" the poor new mother

(*Continued on page* 171)



THERE is a deep cleft in the hills of the Neckar and a bridge giving across the river into the old town of Heidelberg. From the low windows of the hillside inn the lights on the bridge and the sparkle of street lamps on the Hauptstrasse lured on the traveler into the merriment of the ancient capital of the roistering Count Otho of Wittelsbach. And into the windows, too, came the fresh odor of sawdust; the splash of a mountain stream in its rocks; the sweet, woody smell of the pine forests.

Two men sat in the half-light of the inn parlor, and the elder broke the long silence that had lain between them.

"It can never be, Herr Ludwig," he said. "I have fought in the wars; I have been a servant, and the Herr Councilor looks upon me and mine as so many chattels."

"But you do not know my father," the younger defended. "He is all ice on the surface and tender love within."

"And how have you treated him?—think of that! The gambling affair at the Schloss Hotel; the duel with the Englishman, and, on top of it all, with your face scarcely healed, you would hurry into a marriage with the daughter of an innkeeper."

"*Ach! Gott!* I see you never can understand," burst out the young man. "You see things from the bottom of a well."

"Better than from the clouds, my fine dreamer." His grip tightened on the student's arm. "Descend into the town, meet your father at the hotel—all is yet well. As for Gretchen, she will, in time, find a good man to take your place."

"How can you say such things!" cried the young man; "you who have sat with us and seen our love-mating."

"Ah, very true, very true, and how my old heart warmed to you! But since then your father has become the Count von Hoffman, and we are not meant for such as you."

Schultz arose and trimmed the lamp, his signal that the hour for bed had arrived.

The young man gloomed out from his window. "At daybreak, then, perhaps before," he said, "I will go back to the town and seek my father at the hotel."

"It is well, Herr Ludwig; you are a lad of too much good looks, good promise and high spirits to play the devil with your future. So good-night and farewell to you."

With the closing of the door behind the innkeeper, Ludwig's spirits took on a change. One by one, the noise of shutting doors and the rasp of drawn shutters spoke of the inn's lapse into slumber.

The student arose and paced the floor with agitated strides, and with each turn his eyes sought the little door leading to the rear stairway.

SCHULTZ HAD OFTEN SEEN THEIR LOVE-MAKING

At last, when the tumult within him could scarce contain itself, the door moved softly open, and a young girl stood framed in its opening. A fairer picture has not fallen to the lot of lover to behold. The wavy light of the candle, held aloft in her hand, cast streaks of golden bronze thru the heavy meshes of her hair, and her pale cheeks were set off with a single cherry ribbon clasped around her throat. But the blue of her eyes was what held him—a fathomless, brilliant sky-tone that painters strive for in vain.

"Gretchen!" he half-sobbed.

"I am ready, dear one," she said, "to go whither you will."

"Will you brave the unknown—disgrace, perhaps poverty?" he questioned.

The wonderful eyes were not daunted. "Wheresoever you lead, there is my happiness," she said.

"Pray God your trust in me may not be betrayed," he said, half in fear of himself, and in another moment he had blotted out the candle-light and led her to the door.

Far below them in the valley a light still lingered here and there in the window of some toiler. Above, a brilliant star stared thru a rift in the trees.

"Come, let us take the oft-remembered path thru the woods," Ludwig said, taking her hand, "for tomorrow we become the guests of his graciousness, Count Wolfgang von Hoffman."

As Ludwig made his way along the Hauptstrasse on the following morning, the familiar sights of the university town greeted his eyes. Students with long-stemmed pipes, leading shaggy dogs on leashes, passed him by; grizzled professors hurrying to early lectures, sailed majestically toward the halls; and in a back garden he saw two duelists silvering the air with the practice of swords.

That he had until yesterday been a part of this life seemed difficult for him to recall. He found himself following the stream of students toward the lecture halls, half-wondering what was in store there. Then, with a wrench back to the present, he drew

himself up in front of his father's hotel.

In another minute he stood respectfully in the presence of a gentleman wearing a polished pince-nez and with heavy iron-gray hair brushed back from a massive forehead.

"Ah! Ludwig, to what do I owe the pleasure of this early morning call?" The slightly inflected words were spoken without curiosity—monotonously formal.

Ludwig resolved that there was nothing to be gained by fencing words with the Count.

"I have come," he said, with the color flaring in his cheeks, "to tell you of a matter of great moment to myself and, let me hope, to you. Behold in me the husband of your new daughter."

Count Wolfgang von Hoffman stepped back as if receiving a bullet. All the lines of his iron face appeared to hold in place the fixity of his jaw.

"And this to me?" he said, in a voice that boded a storm of passion. "Who is she, and how far has the disgrace gone?"

"You have but to see her to love her!" cried the hapless student. "She is the blithest, the loveliest, the purest——"

"Her name and lineage?" cut short the Count.

"Gretchen Schultz, the only child of the innkeeper of Neuenheim."

"You unutterable fool!"—the spectacled eyes glared at the student in a focus of hate—"had you, in your vile passion, the slightest dream of foisting your serving-maid upon your mother and me?"

"She is my wife," said Ludwig, stoutly, "and as such is good enough for my parents."

The Count advanced, fairly shaking with passion. "So this is the sort of seditious rot," he blazed out, "they have taught you in this hellish university!" His shaking finger leveled at his son's brow. "I have its cure, you dotard, and 'tis one you'll not forget to your dying day." The words were barked rather than uttered. "Go hence, penniless, disgraced, disowned, and let me forget that I ever had the misfortune to rear a son."

The cruel bite of the words served only to stiffen the young man's resolution, and he met the flashing eyes glance for glance. But in his heart he felt that his cause was unalterably lost and that further advocacy was sheer madness.

"I feel a deep sorrow," he said, "that my happiness should be your pain, and ask only that we part in such friendship as becomes father and son." And suiting his action to the words, he stretched forth his hands to clasp the Count's.

But the other struck them away from him and pointed to the door. And so thru it Ludwig went, a sadder and wiser youth, tenfold, than when he had entered.

Out in the sun-drenched bustle of the Hauptstrasse again, he turned toward his modest quarters, puckering his lips into the semblance of a joyous whistle.

"Ah! Gretchen shall never know of this," he told himself. "I insist on being the fairy prince until the play is done."

Five times he approached the steps of his lodgings, and as many times turned back. If the truth be told, he was in a perilous way of starvation, with barely five marks in his pocket and a bride within who was wont to see him fling his money about like so much playful sawdust.

At length, he climbed the Castlehill and cast himself on a solitary bench to think out an end to his troubles.

Firstly, he could borrow enough from his fellow students to see him to the end of the semester; or secondly, his skill with the dueling sword would earn him a place as fencing-master with students who were not fortunate enough to be "corps brothers." But he rejected these ventures as hardly being worthy the husband of his wife. A clerkship in a dull Baden shop was not to be thought of; and so, to sum up his chances, the only livelihood in Heidel-

berg befitting the son of a nobleman did not exist.

Much relieved at the conclusiveness of his reasoning, Ludwig arose and set forth for his lodgings in high spirits. Such is youth! Having given birth to his uselessness, he proceeded to fondle it.

Gretchen met him, smiling thru the doorway of his room. Out of the sad dust and disorder of a student's sanctum she had polished and scrubbed a very livable sort of a habitat.

Ludwig quickly appraised the value of his rejuvenated furnishings. "They will just about cry a quittance for my lodgings' bill," he thought, "and the self-sufficient smile of a "family provider" broke across his countenance.

The bird-like bride was quite flurried when he told her that the nest she had just lined was to be forsaken, and the landlady, altho she drew a long face, was overjoyed at the generosity of the bargain.

Seizing Gretchen's portmanteau and kissing the astonished housewife a sound good-by, Ludwig led his wife out to one of the queer little side streets that lave their feet in the swift-flowing Neckar.

He knew of a certain grass-covered mound on the river bank, and while he fished, perhaps a way out of his difficulties would pop into his head.

The day wore on into late afternoon, with the sun casting purple shadows on the vineyards in the hills and shining like splendid armor on the flat valley land that stretched off toward the Rhine.

Gretchen lay with her round shape pressed to earth, a look of untroubled confidence in her deep eyes.

Then the looked-for event happened. Something turned up. A long, snake-like raft of logs rounded the sharp bend, and its nose piled up on the foot of the angler's mound. There followed guttural shouts from the raftsmen. A shivering and buckling thruout the length of the raft, and a dismembered corpse of logs lay wallowing in the river.

Ludwig sprang to his feet, the joy of battle in his eyes. Ofttimes he had stood on the bridge, watched the rafts shoot thru the guarding dykes and bemoaned the fact that no gentleman's calling offered such a test of back muscles and quick eyes.

Here was his adventure ready made! In a twinkling he pulled off his flannel outing-jacket, rolled up his trousers and was knee-deep in the river, prying the sullen logs from their hold.

An hour of breathless exertion, with a display of trained sinews that held the raftsmen's wonder, and Ludwig had the pleasure of beholding the raft throbbing with life again.

The raft captain became quite emotional and waved his unknown rescuer a cordial fare-thee-well.

"Not so fast," said Ludwig. "I've a mind to join you." And taken with a mad impulse, he lifted Gretchen upon the raft and jumped aboard after her.

A soothing, gliding journey forthwith commenced that defies description. Past the Castle with its guardian hills, thru the mellow, tilled land of the valley they drifted.

A bargain was quickly struck. The raft was destined for Coblentz, and Ludwig shipped for the journey. As for Gretchen, she was too astonished to quite recover her wits, and the phlegmatic raftsmen judged her to be a companion lunatic to the gymnastic athlete in the flannel outing-jacket.

Now this strange bridal adventure might have had no other outcome than a few marks in wages and a pair of lovers stranded in the unfeeling streets of their port if a witness had not seen their peculiar departure and taken it deeply to heart. He, too, was an angler, and was, by trade, the venerable coachman of the Herr Councilor. Earlier in the day he had been despatched by the Count with a note to Ludwig's lodgings, and finding him out, had sought his favorite spot on the river-bank.

There he fell into a slumber and was rudely awakened by the ship-

THE COUNT RENOUNCES LUDWIG FOREVER

wrecked raft. His astonishment at beholding the young man, who had literally been born and raised under his nose, lift a remarkably pretty girl onto the raft and embark with her left him with goggling eyes and the note still in his pocket.

It slowly dawned upon Emil that the raft was bearing Herr Ludwig out of reach of the all-important note. The faithful coachman realized that it would be an impossible feat to overtake them on foot, and at last an inspiration broke upon him. He would take the river road and follow the voyagers with the family coach.

In less than a half-hour Emil drew the reins over his horses' backs, emitted a sharp "clack" and whirled down the valley in pursuit of the raft. Night was coming on, and a fine drizzle hid the far reaches of the river.

Coming out below the Castlehill, Emil encountered a stiff wind that bore a slanting rain full into his face. The coach sped onward, pitching in the roadway like a ship in a heavy sea.

Along toward eight o'clock the coachman drew up in front of an inn, and his beady eyes picked out the tail of the raft riding uneasily in the wind-swept river.

Within doors there were lights, and the smell of wood smoke curled down into his face from the heavy chimney.

Emil groped his way to the door and entered the inn living-room. Upon inquiry, he found that the young raftsman and his prize had taken the parlor for the night. Emil thereupon grasped the damp letter and advanced upon Herr Ludwig's stronghold.

Gretchen opened the door to his knock. Nowhere within could Emil see his young master. "A letter, fräulein, from the Herr Count to the raftsman."

She stood timidly holding the letter, a rather hopeless look in her eyes. After Emil had gone, she thought quickly. Perhaps the letter needed instant reply, and Ludwig, poor boy, was out in the storm lashing the loosened raft. There was but one

thing to do—she must read the letter at once.

Its contents set her moaning like some wild, distraught creature of the forest. To his fiery passion of the morning the Count had added a species of poisoned ice in the wording of the note. For the first time she realized that Ludwig was doomed to parental hatred, poverty and disgrace.

After her first burst of passionate weeping, the thing stood clear to her mind. With herself as a millstone, Ludwig was doomed to perpetual drudgery and despair.

Ach! Gott! She would not have it so! It were better a thousand times to bid him farewell and to cast herself into the river.

In the inspiration of her sacrifice she left a short note telling of her deed and set it out by the side of the Count's blasting letter.

Then she threw her shawl over her head and went out into the night of storms.

Emil filled his seventh seidel, drained it slowly and turned his flushed face sadly, if mellowly, toward the wash of rain on the road. He mounted his seat and started the coach in motion.

A gasp from the bridge, a splash of water and the gurgle of venting air.

Emil climbed hastily down and ran to the river-bank. A dark mass rose within a few feet of him, and he leaned forward and drew it, struggling, to the bank. From out of the tangle of sodden hair and dripping clothes the face of the pretty fräulein emerged.

She struggled away from him in a burst of angry tears, but to his pleasant questioning she broke down and confessed her identity and her urgent need for drowning herself in the Neckar.

"*Welche schande!*" said the sympathetic Emil, "but quickly get into the coach, and I will bear you to a place of refuge."

Now all this time the cunning fellow was hatching a plot, the upshot of which was to convey the unfortunate bride to the very hotel of his master.

Slippety-slap! whirled the wheels over the pond of a road and thru the darkened town to the doors of the Count's abode.

Emil's request for a room for the fräulein was readily granted, and bidding her be of good cheer, the now thoroly inspired coachman jumped upon his coach-seat again and sped back to the riverside inn.

He was just in time, for Ludwig had returned to the inn parlor and, finding Gretchen's note, had gone off blindly raving into the storm.

It was thus that Emil found him, an idiotic babbler, staring from the bridge into the mocking current below.

At such a time, when the carefree student's reason stood on the threshold of madness, words of cheer meant nothing. The time had come for decisive action; so, with the help of three raftsmen, Ludwig was bundled into the coach, and the doors locked fast.

Again did Emil lash his chargers thru the storm, and again was an ill-starred lover deposited before the Count's hotel.

Surrounded by stout porters, Ludwig was borne to the door of his father's room. It was midnight by now, but the stern man came to his door fully dressed for the street.

"Who is it?" and then quickly—"My son—bear him into the room."

Thru the night's still watches the Count and his doctor bent over the stricken man. Once only did the eyes of the watchers meet, and then the doctor realized that behind the inscrutable mask of the Count's features a battle of giant emotions was taking place.

At cockcrow, when the cathedral bells were chiming, the doctor arose and shook his head.

"There is then no hope, Herr Doctor?"

"One—a miracle. He must see the woman he loves."

The Count walked to his window.

"THERE IS THEN NO HOPE, HERR DOCTOR?"

The fine agony of his face was concealed from the doctor, but in his minute of decision a lifetime of passion, pity, resolution, love met and gusted like a storm in the play of his remarkable features.

"*Ich glaube es!* Find me his wife." Oh, what a world of unreserved surrender in that one word "wife"!

Emil led Gretchen into the room. The babbling, silly student, penniless and shorn of family and honor, lay driveling on a couch. He lacked even the handsome face that formerly countenanced his reason.

But she fled to him and covered him with her arms.

"Ludwig!"

"*Lieberschön!*" The word forced itself from his throat, and to the Count the mystery of life was shorn of its cowl and stood forth nakedly beautiful.

Metaphor and Fact

By ALAN CROSLAND

Shakespeare scribbled out his score,
  Quilling on his page;
Versed a dozen lines or more
That proclaimed the metaphor:
  "All the world's a stage."

Metaphor no longer now
  In this reeling age;
Let us make a modest bow
And in stanza three show how
  All the world's a stage.

'Tis the Moving Picture plan,
  Pleasure to engage;
Screen the world the camera can;
Surely, to the camera man,
  All the world's a stage.

The Juggernaut

(Vitagraph)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of DONALD D. BUCHANAN and RALPH INCE

JOHN BALLARD hoped that no one would notice that he was nervous. He crossed the pavement and entered the Criminal Courts Building with a stride lengthened for the occasion. The glimpse of his reflection in the swinging, glass door—tall, erect, doing honor to his silk hat and frock coat—carried reassurance, despite the fact that he could feel his knees wobbling as he moved. And no wonder. He had never walked down Broadway as the District Attorney before. In the long campaign just closed no one had guessed that John Ballard was shy—not reserved, not merely modest, but *shy*. If there had been a woman who cared—she would have known.

It was with a queer sense of this very thing that the newly elected District Attorney entered his spruce office and laid aside his hat and cane. Well, he was here—here, where his wildest hopes and deepest ambitions had hardly dared picture him fifteen years ago; and there was no one to look him in the eyes and take him warmly by the hand and say: "I'm glad—so glad, dear!"

"Maybe *that's* success," he thought, a bit wistfully—"a woman who's glad. I wonder——"

Sitting at the splendid mahogany desk, he made a vague, unconscious motion as tho pushing his thoughts from him. He was District Attorney, *he*, John Ballard, the ragged urchin; the lean, underfed schoolboy; the college student who had worked his way. These other selves grouped, ghostlike, about him, exultant; then fled into the Nowhere of dreams at a rude knock upon the door.

"Come in."

His secretary, a pale youth with bulging forehead, entered obsequiously. In his hand he carried a sheaf of papers and letters. "Your mail, sir," he intoned solemnly. "And when shall you be ready for callers, sir? There's Wickersham on the Fohhill murder matter and a couple of detectives from the Office."

John made the appointments and turned to his papers. As he unfolded the top one, a girl's face seemed to leap to his eyes—glowing, eager, morning-sweet. A surge of awkward color swept to the man's graying hair.

"Unknown hero rescues society belle." He read the flashy headline unwillingly. "Miss Louise Hardin, daughter of the railroad magnate,

catches her foot in frog at unprotected crossing and is extricated just in time. Rescuer refuses his name."

He smiled deprecatingly, but his eyes lingered on the soft, girlish face. What a fuss to make about a mere act of ordinary courtesy; he had torn the girl from the tracks involuntarily, without thought of danger, yet he was glad, after all, that the matter had found its way into print. For now he knew who she was, this girl with the face of a rose. He had been wondering ever since yesterday afternoon.

"Louise Hardin," he mused. "I used to know a Hardin at college twenty years ago——"

He read on down the column indifferently, then with growing interest and excitement.

"The same fellow, by Jove!" he exclaimed aloud, "and president of the N. Y & V. C. Railroad, that rotten system that smells to high heaven for investigation. Phil Hardin — Good Lord!"

They had been acquainted, as the easy-going democracy of a college makes close friends of millionaire's son and farmer's boy. Incidents from the far past flashed like film pictures before John Ballard's eyes—that night they had dressed the statues in the Art Gallery in stiff collars and swallowtail coats. "Apollo wore a silk hat and gaiters," chuckled John, remembering. And that time Phil had insisted on a night of it at Joe's gambling-place and had quarreled with the proprietor over misdealt cards. John's smile faded. He hated to remember how the man's threatening face had twisted under the blow of the chair that John had dealt him. He had always wondered vaguely, with a sick taste in the wondering, just how badly hurt the man had been. Probably not much, for nothing had ever come of it, and, anyhow, he had drawn a gun. Philip had been very penitent, very grateful to his chum, with effusive pledges for the future which commencement day had broken off, as it does so many mushroom friendships of environment. And now Phil Hardin was president of the most notoriously mismanaged railroad in the country. On an impulse, John turned to the push-button. Not even his election gave him such a sensation of his new status as this simple act.

"Jackson," he said to the secretary, "is the N. Y. & V. C. Railroad listed

JOHN HATED TO REMEMBER THIS UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT OF HIS COLLEGE DAYS

among the matters for investigation? Yes? I thought so. Please bring me a statement—the facts—*facts,* you understand, not newspaper screams."

It was a portentous bundle that the District Attorney received. A half-hour's reading brought a frown to his forehead—old-style signals; wooden cars; unprotected crossings—bad, very bad. Four wrecks in four successive weeks had set the abused public whining, but to their plaints

But it was to the girl's face that his eyes clung. It was vaguely reminiscent of another face, hazy with distance, part of those same tender, mistful, whimsical college years. Because of that dear, remembered other face John Ballard had gone wifeless all his lonely days.

At precisely eight by the great, bronze cathedral clock on the marble mantelpiece in Hardin's foyer, that evening, the butler took John's hat

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY RECEIVES VIVID ACCOUNTS OF THE BAD MANAGEMENT OF THE N. Y. & V. C. RAILROAD

the directors proffered suave statistics and juggled figures. It was clearly a case for investigation. Again John's eyes traveled to the paper and the radiant pictured head of the girl.

"She is very lovely," he murmured. "I suppose I seemed like an old man to her. I *am* as old as her dad!" He forced a laugh, but suddenly the young heart of him commenced to beat faster, as tho a tide of belated youth were surging thru his brain.

"I'll run up this evening," he said. "Some one has got to make Hardin stand around, and that's what I'm here for."

and coat and card. He turned into the gold-and-white drawing-room to wait for his host, and there, perched like a bright bird on the piano bench, sat the girl of yesterday's escapade. At the sight of the visitor she gave a surprised cry of recognition and ran toward him.

"You!" she gasped. "Why—how——"

"Miss Hardin"—the District Attorney took her outflung hand earnestly—"please dont embarrass me by referring to the little service I was so happy to be able to do for you yesterday. And please believe me, I did not

come tonight to be thanked. You see, all the evidence points to the fact that I knew your father once——"

"Oh, you came to see father!" There was frank disappointment in her ingenuous tone. Her wide, blue eyes clouded. She drew her hand away with a little move. "Then I wont stay. I hate *business* calls."

"If you'll stay I promise not to say a businesslike word," laughed the gray-haired man, boyishly. "I think perhaps I should have said your look the same as ever when the rest of us have grown old and gray!"

He touched his hair quaintly. "You are—Philip Hardin's wife?" he asked her. "And this is your daughter? Nonsense! Dont expect me to believe that. Why, yesterday I took you to the Prom!"

She smiled up at him without embarrassment, as one smiles above tears. Then, with a swift effort at the natural, she turned to the girl, slipping an arm about her slender waist.

CHESTER JORDAN, THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE, GIVES PHILIP HARDIN PEREMPTORY ORDERS

father was my excuse for coming, not my purpose."

A soft footstep paused in the doorway. A woman with frosted hair and the girl's own beauty, dimmed with a film of days, stood between the portières. She was a poignant remembrance to the District Attorney, as heartbreakingly keen as a perfume associated with the beloved dead. He took a dazed step forward.

"Viola! *Viola!*" cried John Ballard.

"It isn't—but it *is!*" smiled the sweet-faced woman. She moved to him, swiftly soft across the velvet carpet. "John Ballard, how dare you

"And now my Louise is going to Proms!" she sighed whimsically. "Louise, dearest, this is Mr. John Ballard, and a very important person —no other than the District Attorney himself!"

"O-oo-oo!" gasped the girl, in mock terror—"now I know why I was afraid of you! You aren't going to *arrest* us, are you, Mr. District Attorney?"

"Not tonight," he laughed. "I believe in getting acquainted with hardened criminals first——" The words trailed suddenly. He whirled about, to meet a tall, well-set man

radiating success in every alert, definite line.

"John Ballard, as I live!" he smiled cordially. "Well, well, we didn't think, did we, Viola, when we went to Hammond that we were going to be friends of Fame!"

His handclasp was hearty; his voice warm; his smile all that could be desired. Yet John thought that he glimpsed a vague disquiet in his host's eyes. After an hour of reminiscence and gay chatter, an engagement carried the two women away. Hardin pushed a box of cigars across the table to John.

"Whisky and soda? No? You're wise," he grunted. "Well, now, out with it, John. I dont suppose you came here to talk football and Cicero days, hey?"

"No," said the District Attorney, gravely, "not altogether."

He selected a cigar, lighted it and puffed in silence a few moments.

"It cant go on as it has been going, Phil," he said at length, slowly. "The public has rights, too—getting fewer with every millionaire, I grant you, but still the old constitutional ones of 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'"

Hardin did not pretend to misunderstand him.

"Statistics prove——" he began defensively. John shook his head.

"No statistics, old man," he said genially, "or if you like, I can supply you with a few—twenty wrecks in one year; eighteen people killed; two hundred injured; five hundred wooden cars; fifty unprotected grade crossings; banjo signals; antiquated block-brakes and short cross-overs. Now, what I want to know is, what are you going to do about it?"

For two hours the two men argued the matter—Hardin glib with reasons, refutations and excuses; John uncompromising. At length the clang of eleven brought him to his feet.

"There will be an investigation, Phil," he said steadily; "there *must* be one. It's my duty to take care of people. But you can prevent it by making the changes I suggest. I'm not asking too much at once. You wont have to fear bankruptcy, only lessened dividends. I—I wish you'd think it over, Phil—think it over sanely. Of course if you prefer, we can be enemies, but I'd rather be a friend——"

"Well, well, I suppose it can be done," said the railroad man, gloomily. "It will mean a great expenditure, and an unnecessary one. But investigations are — awkward. Yes, I think I can promise you we will accede to your demands. Of course I am not authorized to speak finally, you understand."

John Ballard strode homeward thru the moon-gentled night, thinking strange, sweetly troubling things. He thought of his gray hair and his forty years with humbleness; he thought of the two women he had seen this night —the old love who had not been his, and the young girl with the other's face and ways. He thought of a great many things, but railroads were not among them.

A week later, Philip Hardin came into the District Attorney's office. He had just emerged from a profane scene with Chester Jordan, the power behind the N. Y. & V. C.'s throne, in which the great financier had angrily made it unpleasantly plain that Hardin had not been authorized to talk about the railroad at all. He was smarting with the humiliation of his rôle of puppet as he faced John behind the closed door.

"Ah! you've come to tell me you have decided on the improvements, I hope," said John, pushing forward a chair.

"No, I haven't," Philip Hardin snarled. "I have—er—reconsidered the matter. I spoke unadvisedly the other evening. I have come to the conclusion that we owe nothing to the hysteria of the yellow press. For necessary, legitimate improvements we never begrudge money; for bullying demands, always."

"Hardin!" John's voice was taut with restrained anger. "You forget yourself! I warned you the other evening that I should prosecute you

unless you acceded, and I shall. Necessary expenses! Legitimate expenses! You're talking of human lives, man, do you realize?—not dollars and cents! You're talking of men and women, and wives and husbands, and children and—lovers——"

"Bah!" sneered Jordan's mouthpiece, "and you're talking like the woman's page in an evening paper! Railroads are not run on sentiment, Ballard. I advise you to drop all idea of prosecution. There are—big interests—behind the N. Y. & V. C. that will crush any big-little man who gets in their way. Think it over. Good-afternoon."

"*I shall prosecute,*" said the District Attorney thru drawn, white lips. "Good-afternoon."

His visitor gone, John sat limply in his chair, staring unseeingly at the inkwell. If he prosecuted the father, he would lose all chance of the daughter—that was certain. Since the first meeting he had seen her four times—twice in the afternoon, over the dear, homey intimacy of tea-cups; once at a concert and once at the theater, with the mother as chaperon. She was as necessary to him now as the air he breathed, as necessary and as natural. He was twice her age, but he knew that he could make her happy. He had fancied almost from a glance now and then that he had read his certainty in the clear depths of her wide eyes. But now stern Fact clipped the iridescent wings of his sweet Fancy. She would never forgive him if he did his duty; he would never forgive himself if he did not do it. At length,

JOHN BALLARD DISCOVERS THAT LOUISE'S MOTHER IS THE SWEETHEART OF HIS BOYHOOD

he looked up from his desk, new lines bitten in his gray face. "I will prosecute," he said sternly, "but I shall see her first."

"My, but you're solemn tonight, Mr. District Attorney!" laughed Louise. She sparkled up into the man's set face, looking, he thought sickly, younger than ever in her white dress. "Are you acquainted enough to arrest me *yet?*"

He could not respond to her gaiety. With hands that suddenly shook, he took her face between his palms and tilted it to his.

"No, Louise," he said solemnly; "no, but well enough acquainted to love you, my dear."

In the moment's silence that followed, his agonized soul read sinister meanings. He had frightened her, shocked her, amused her. He felt the gray in his hair like a stinging pain, and his mouth went dry. Then, incredulous, he saw the glad tears film her wide eyes.

"Thank God!" said Louise Hardin, quite simply. "I was afraid I was too foolish and shallow for you to think of—that way."

Then kisses, the denied ones he had thirsted for so long, and broken whispers and shy smiles. The next hour was sweet to John Ballard with the sweetness of his dreams. At the end she slipped away, before her father's quick steps down the hall. John Ballard straightened his broad shoulders manfully and turned to meet Hardin, bitterly conscious of what the man would say when he told him of his love for Louise. But he never spoke the words that were formed on his lips.

"You here, Ballard?" There was defiance in the tone and smouldering terror. "Well, changed your mind about prosecuting?"

"No," said John, coldly, "no."

"Then you will now," screamed Hardin, with sudden vehemence. He thrust his purple, swollen face close to the other's. "You will when I tell you that you are a murderer yourself, *you,* the District Attorney—ha! ha! Pretty nice story for the papers, isn't it?"

"I a murderer? What do you mean?"

"Yes, *you.* Maybe you've forgotten the fellow in Joe's gambling-place, back in Hammond days—maybe you have! The man you hit with a chair! The man you—*killed!*"

"He—didn't—die—" But it was not a statement. John's dry lips halted on the horrid words. "I—never—knew——"

"Oh, I had it hushed up," sneered Hardin. "There's nothing money cant do. The place was outside the law, anyhow, and no one was hankering for police questionings. But if you prosecute the road, I'll brand you for life! I'll put you into a cell! I'll paint stripes on you and send you down to history as the District Attorney who was tried for murder!"

John wet his lips difficultly. His face was ashy. With mechanical gestures he reached for his hat and walked out of the room. In the hall he met Louise. Terrified, she looked up into his fixed, death-stricken face.

"John, oh, *John,*" she breathed—"tell me——"

But he put her gently aside, with a queer, hoarse sob, and the door clanged to behind him. Louise ran down the hall to the library.

"Father," she cried, "I just met—Mr. Ballard in the hall, and he looked so *strange!*"

Hardin laughed harshly. He was unstrung and garrulous as a child. "I guess I've cooked *his* goose!" he exulted. "I guess he'll not be around here with his threats and his d—d lawyer airs again!"

She stood up very straight and composed. Her brain was whirling, but she managed to speak composedly. "Tell me all about it, father, wont you?"

So Hardin told his story. When he came to the word "murderer," she almost betrayed herself by a cry.

"But *is* he?"

"No; as a matter of fact, the fellow wasn't hurt much," laughed Hardin,

viciously. "But everything's fair in business. Good bluff! I'd no idea it would work so well—" He trailed on, pitiable in his pride at his deception, but his listener was gone.

Forty minutes later, she was kneeling beside a gray-faced, haggard man who grasped a wavering pistol in his hand.

"It was a lie, dear—a lie—do you hear me?" she said over and over. "Oh, you must listen to me, dear—you must give me that—that dreadful thing. John, *listen,* John, it was all a lie!"

JOHN AND LOUISE SOON BECOME MORE THAN FRIENDS

The laws of a land are as fallible and as human as the people who make them. God's laws are as immutable and wisely changeless as God Himself. Of these latter laws the most stringent is, perhaps, the one that states that sin brings Punishment. It is always so. Oh, yes, you can cite me cases of sinners living in luxury and pleasure and dying of old age in the bosoms of their families. But be sure they had their punishment. Be sure that some hideous Dread stalked with them to the grave, or some Remorse, more hopeless than imprisonment, or that Self-Loathing was their bed-fellow for sleepless nights as long as barren years.

Philip Hardin had read once, long ago, of the thing called the Juggernaut, the heavy car of justice that is used in India to crush out the lives of criminals. But his fatuous self-complacency was too gross for him to hear the warning rumble of its wheels selfward. Yet the telegram his secretary handed him was vaguely troubling:

Auto broken. Will take the Medea line home—LOUISE.

"Medea line——" repeated the father. "H'm! where have I seen that branch this morning?" He shuffled thru his mail, and from the heap fluttered a carelessly read telegram, saffron yellow as tho fear-colored:

Medea line in fearful shape. Ties rotting. Underpinning and spiles unsafe on Williamsville Bridge. Beg you make immediate repairs.

The father sprang to his feet, the

paper, ague-like, fluttering in palsied fingers. He had flung the report aside impatiently, to be taken up in the regular course of business; but now it seemed to carry a sinister, personal message. He jerked on his coat and hat and stumbled downstairs to his auto, panting beside the curb. He would go to the bridge—he could make it in an hour—before the express came in. If things were as bad as that——

Hardin never allowed his family to travel on the N. Y. & V. C. Railroad.

The car dipped at last out of the nagging crowds into green suburbs, but pin-prick annoyances delayed it. The smoke of the oncoming express was visible down the line as Hardin reached the bridge. The occupant of the other automobile drawn up beside the track turned, and the railroad man gave a hoarse cry.

"Ballard! you here!"

"Yes," nodded John, coldly. "I came out to look at your road, Hardin. It's even worse than I dreamed. Why, man alive, look at that shaking bridge! There's keen, *real* danger for every train that crosses——"

"No!" shouted Hardin, suddenly, uncontrollably. "My God, man! dont talk like that! My girl is on the express yonder!"

John uttered a sharp cry. Whirling, the two men peered at the oncoming train.

And then it happened—happened so naturally and smoothly that it was like a thing rehearsed and planned for. The express rushed by them, fanning their blanched cheeks with the wind of its passage. The engine with its string of passenger coaches whirled out upon the heights of the condemned bridge. Somewhere, in one of those swaying cars, was Louise. The superstructure of the bridge parted as tho severed with a giant sword. The express flew toward the yawning chasm. There was a moment of staring eyes from the two speechless men; a flying leap of the engine into space, and the deafening crash of falling timbers. For seconds, it seemed, the express poised in space—then the awful plunge to the water below and the cloud of shrieking steam from the drowned boilers that rose like a pall to the watchers. The roofs of the cars were just visible, and from beneath them arose the heart-rending death-calls of the intombed ones. Hardin stared at his handiwork, a fixed, horrible smile on his face, almost unconscious under the anesthesia of his pain. But John Ballard ran down the quivering ties as one runs in a dream. To him it seemed that he was getting no nearer, yet the urge of his love compelled his leaden, paralyzed feet on.

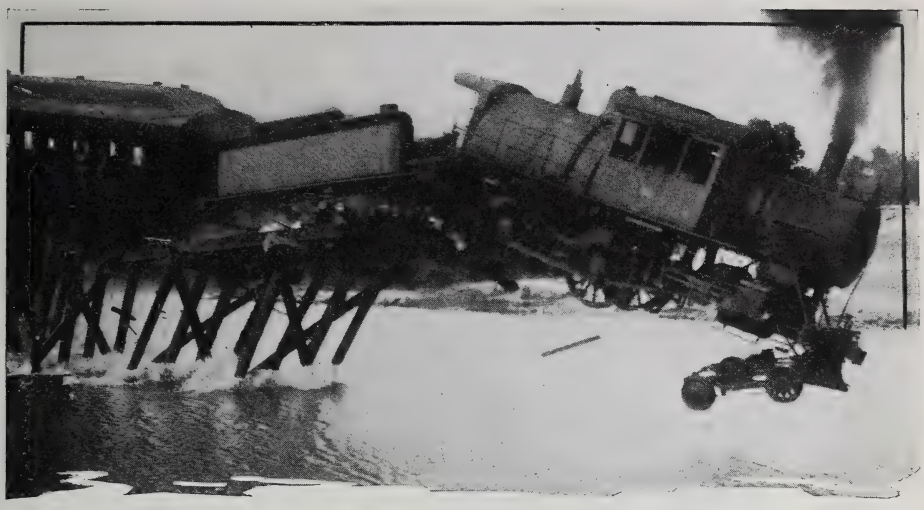
Below, in the water, the engines coughed in death agonies. The twisted tops of cars protruded like ghostly tombstones. The water was a maelstrom of wreckage and humanity. A few men and women were climbing dazedly out of broken windows with curious listlessness, as tho they did not care particularly to escape. And below him, as he gazed with horrid fascination, floated a body that he knew. With a cry that rang out above the dead and dying, the silent dead and moaning dying, the District Attorney flung off his coat and leaped into the stream.

His was a battle against the river that, swollen to a raging torrent, had snapped the slender bridge. But with his arms once fastened upon his frail burden, he swam with the courage of a strong man, indomitable in the face of death.

She was dead, they told him pityingly, but he would not listen. *Dying,* they insisted, and proved it with technical terms that sounded cruelly unkind.

"No, she is going to live," said John Ballard, stubbornly; "she is going to live—she must not die!"

The days passed. In the silent room where she had been carried, Science wrestled with Death for the girl's life. But it was Love, after all, that won. Kneeling by the bed that held everything most dear in the world, the gray-haired lover watched her come back from the Shadows. He would



FOR SECONDS, IT SEEMED, THE EXPRESS POISED IN SPACE—THEN THE AWFUL PLUNGE TO THE WATER BELOW

never once, in the darkest moments, admit that she would not return to him.

"She will live—she must live," he said steadfastly. "I love her so—I want her so——"

And one evening, just at sunset, she opened her eyes. Horror filled them. She was in the wreck again. Splintering cars piled about her; the animal-like cries of trapped humanity filled her ears. She flung out wild arms, but as she felt them clasped in a warm, safe clasp and saw her lover's face bent above her, shutting out all other lesser sights and sounds, her terror subsided and a feeling of blissful repose came over her.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "oh, sweetheart, I shall never let you go!"

And just as one soul was born to this world again, another sought its final oblivion. To Philip Hardin came a horror and wild, useless remorse that sought a cure and forgetfulness at the pistol's mouth. And the wheels of God's great Juggernaut rolled on.

HIS WAS A BATTLE AGAINST THE RAGING TORRENT

Wild Animals in Drama

Kathlyn Williams, of the Selig Company, Relates Some of Her Thrilling Experiences

By ALBERT LEVIN ROAT

As an exponent of the red-blood type and wholesome, magnetic personality, Miss Kathlyn Williams, of the Selig Company, is esteemed by her companion players and loved and admired by her audience the world over. It was at the studio I found her as affable as she is comely.

"What do I like best—have I ever had any experiences extraordinary?" repeated Miss Williams, earnestly. "I think so! However, I'll give you a 'pocket edition' of my life and my work in pictures, and you can judge for yourself.

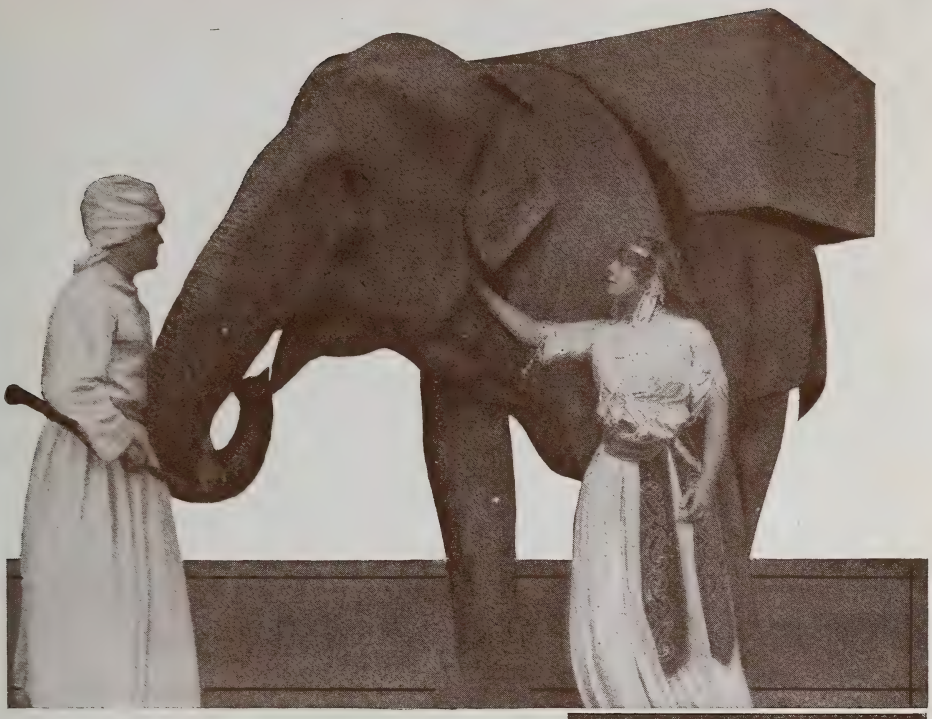
"I was born in Montana and graduated from high school without any girlish romances whatever. Then necessity demanded that I begin life's work, and I chose theatricals. After a short season in the profession, Senator Clark, sometimes called 'The Copper King,' ever a gracious gentleman to those who proved worthy, offered me an education. I accepted. He sent me to the Franklin Sargent Dramatic School, New York. Shortly after I graduated from that educational medium I accepted a generous engagement with the Selig Company to play in pictures. But it was the new drama, in which figured wild animals, that interested me most."

Miss Williams' golden hair, light-blue eyes and her clear, rosy complexion prove she is of the Anglo-Saxon strain. Immediately you can understand why she never falters or hesitates to attempt a scene where risk and danger predominate.

The difficult and unexpected things offer a peculiar fascination to this trim, firmly knit, resourceful, intrepid gentlewoman who has the classic cast of heroic face, with nothing to even suggest feminine fear. As her picture plays prove, the most difficult feat is accomplished with polished grace and a perfect portrayal of her part.

"Speaking of experiences," continued Miss Williams, "I have had a few while following the sun in its travel round the earth. But those with wild animals hold for me a charm undying. And it is with them that I perform the best.

"Once I was lost in the jungle. Did I enjoy it? Well—at first I did. I felt like a schoolgirl on her first excursion. Then, as the days passed



KATHLYN WILLIAMS IS THE PREMIER PHOTOPLAYER WHERE WILD ANIMALS ARE FEATURED

by, I realized my true predicament. I'll admit the thrill of that first joy began to wax low.

"Another time, in that same jungle in far-away India—I remember the incident well—a leopard sprang upon me suddenly, but it was driven off before it harmed me, by the strenuous efforts of my husky supernumeraries.

"It was in Darkest Africa, while we were making a scene, that I was attacked by a black-maned lion, a ferocious fellow. Believe me! but I can prove my ability to protect myself, by his pelt, which now adorns my den at home.

"Yes, I always perform with wild animals which are not restrained by wire or collar, but which move about freely in their native haunts. And it is in the making of such scenes that I have had some hairbreadth escapes either during a combat with wild animals or while hunting them on the back of my elephant. The Selig Company's reel pictures are *real*—not mythical or faked.

"Certainly I attempt other subjects. A photoplayer cannot choose her favorite style of action always. She must willingly portray any character, for the range of subjects in pictures is almost unlimited. Success as

WHILE THE ANIMALS USED IN THE PICTURES ARE "TAME," THEY USUALLY HAVE TO BE KEPT IN CAGES WHEN NOT PLAYING

a player comes to her who visualizes all. I never shrink from a duty, but court a dangerous situation for the sheer spice of novelty.

"On another occasion I drifted thru mid-air in an aeroplane from which I dropped while at a dizzy height into a lake and then swam ashore. I have been purposely wrecked on a moving train. I tell you all that to prove that dangerous risks are a part of a picture player's almost daily routine."

Versatility and range of action and ability to portray every style of play are Miss Williams' strong points. Recently she produced a play of her own conception on the Pacific Coast which depicted seafaring life, and it was in the making of several of those scenes that she experienced many dangerous undertakings. She was lashed to a mast and cast adrift on the stormy Pacific. That scene had a wider range of dangerous action than had been anticipated. First the mast was dashed on the rocks, and then it was caught by the strong undertow. The swirling current turned Miss Williams, who was the heroine lashed to the mast, under the water, and she was finally rescued with the greatest difficulty. In a later scene of that same play, requiring a transfer from a wrecked ship to a small boat, the waves yawned between the ship and the little craft so violently that the ill-starred heroine was cast into the sea, and, as the storm was real and everybody had to look to himself or herself, Miss Williams had to rely upon her prowess as a swimmer to keep afloat half an hour, till she was rescued in reality.

"Dangerous situations," continued Miss Williams, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders, "all are a part of our everyday work. But they do not impress me nearly so much as formulating ideas for situations in plays. There is a peculiar sensation in the creation of a rôle, particularly those of the new or animal dramas. They are strange and out of the ordinary. In that class of play, I have interested, and hope long to continue to interest, my dear friends—the public, my audience."

SCENE FROM "THE MILLIONAIRE ENGINEER" (IMP)

Mobilizing an Army for Moving Pictures

Told by "General" Ted Breton, the Recruiting Officer in Chief

THE picture-loving public has recently had occasion to go into ecstasy over a picture in which the big scene or "punch" was centered in the exploit of an apparently well disciplined army. The manœuvers are according to tactics, and the whole effect could not be better if that body of men was composed of the Prussian Guard, the King's Own or our own cadet corps. Yet they were men picked up on a street corner, and the only training they knew was shouted at them thru a megaphone while they were actually "engaged." To the spectator all seems well, and those men go about their task as tho their hearts were set upon it, but, oh! please let me tell you the story of that army. It is my business to supply the extras, *i. e.,* all people except the principals, to the picture producers. I had just gone into this business when the incidents I am about to relate occurred, thus explaining facts which may need explanation later. The order for this army came in, and I was given the order to recruit it. A cinch, I thought, and the morning before the battle I inserted an ad: "Wanted—400 men; movies; $1.25." The men were to be delivered by our firm to the picture people at Edgewater, N. J., and there my responsibility was to end. Looked easy, didn't it? Listen! If you want to know how to tack the word "trouble" to your middle name, if you would court disaster, if you want to know how it feels to have a mad, bloodthirsty mob seeking your "innards," mobilize a movie army. My only expense was the ad and a vacant store at One Hundred and Thirtieth Street, where my applicants were to report. It was so easy to take each man's name and to give him a card with a corresponding number. Great little system—on paper. I had my desk, clerks and cards nicely arranged to take care of four hundred orderly, well-behaved gentlemen, but never figured on having to encounter a howling, fighting mob of two thousand. Neither had the owner of that store, and when he arrived and saw the street jammed chock full before his place, he changed his mind and refused to open the door. He was deaf to my fervid pleadings. Something was beginning to go wrong with my cute little sys-

tem. I was beginning to appreciate Napoleon at Waterloo. I had the money to pay those men—four hundred one-dollar bills and four hundred quarters and four hundred ferry tickets in a small satchel in my hand. Not a great amount, but what a temptation to some of that crowd! Responsibility was climbing over me like interest on a pawn ticket. I had to act! Across the street was a big tool-house left by some contractor. Ah, my new office! A few words to two policemen on their way home, and I had moved my clerical department to the new quarters, a clerk on each side and the law's majesty represented by a blue-coat on each clerk's flank. Recruiting, mobilization and battle all began at once.

With my financial handicap I had to remain in the background until the army was recruited up to its full strength—four hundred strong. All was well until one nervy devil, impatient at the clerks' slowness, snatched a bundle of the numbered cards from the desk and made off with them, to the joy of the crowd. They were of no value, I thought.

I tried another scheme. I would pay the fares of the first four hundred of the crowd across the ferry and march to the place of rendezvous and deliver them en masse. I knew there were to be just four hundred uniforms, and that fact would enable me to account for my order to my employers. Fine! "To the ferry, men! I want but four hundred. Forward!" Could the author of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" have seen what followed, he would have died unsung.

SCENE FROM "DANIEL" (VITAGRAPH)

I paid for four hundred and sent them across as fast as they could be counted and passed, single file, by the gate. When the last man had passed, I thanked my lucky stars that I was *inside* that gate. Bedlam broke loose outside, and when the boat left, the angry roar could be heard half way across the river. My troubles, I thought, were over, and I could philosophize on the past hour.

The thing most insistent was the pathos of it all. My sympathy went back to those poor, disappointed men, and I longed to send them a word of consolation. I was in that mood until we hit the Jersey shore. My four

SCENE FROM "OONONKO'S VOW" (UNIVERSAL)

hundred were aboard the boat, but on arrival we found a throng of about two hundred men awaiting us. What for? Wait, I'll see! Well, what do you know about that! They had figured out my last little system and had paid their own fares across, to renew the fight for a chance to earn one dollar and twenty-five cents!

I had to admire them, but I was in the dickens of a hole. Ah! thought I, I have it! I will have my lieutenants draw up my men in four abreast formation—one hundred fours. How simple! Yes? *No!* When this had been done and the word was given to march, we discovered that the crowd had taken the tip, had accomplished the same manœuver and were on the march ahead of us!

Well, we cast ourselves on the mercy of the divinity who watches over the man who means well, and started for the "front"—the Palisades, opposite One Hundred and Eightieth Street. The crowd in front were the first to see the battle-ground. On neatly laid-out tables were the uniforms for men of different statures, to be selected on arrival—another cute little system that lasted only until that advance legion of guerillas reached the spot.

SCENE FROM "IN THE GARDEN" (EDISON)

They overran the employees and grabbed promiscuously. By the time we arrived on the scene we had a muddled and nondescript pile of pants, coats, hats, wigs, leggings and belts to select from. When the ground was cleared of the litter, one man had a coat and belt, another a wig and pants. There were now only two hundred complete uniforms left for our four hundred men, and our valiant four hundred tried to entangle the situation by a system of "whacking up." As the men got into the uniforms and stood about, the effect was most ridiculous. If the camera could have been shot at that scene, the exchanges would have had a "comic" that would release by thousands.

SCENE FROM "A TALE OF TWO CITIES" (VITAGRAPH)

Falstaff's army was never more tatterdemalion. The director and camera men were at their stations awaiting our arrival, but of course nothing could be done. The officials of the company came upon the scene, seeking the cause of the delay. The sight that met them shocked their nerves, and an exquisite variety of profanity became the "orders for the day." The officials "bawled out" the mob, and the mob, knowing no discipline, bawled back. Then the usual procedure: "Whom can we blame it on?" Recollect I said before that I was a greenhorn in the business and was unknown to the officials because there was not time for introductions, and I was also unknown to the men, as there was something about me that kept me in a retiring mood, the same being five hundred dollars in a little satchel that I preferred to have those fellows think was my lunch. My partner's name was Hunter. Hunter was also the name of the picture director, and thereby hangs more trouble. "Who hired these men?" asked an official. "Hunter," answered another. "Then," said the first, "we will select what we want and let the rest go to—Hunter."

More trouble. They picked what they wanted at random, and with the assistance of the members of the town fire and police departments the costumes were rudely taken from the

others. When the desired number were costumed and ready, they were given the order to march.

Did they march? Yes, but not alone. The rejected two hundred refused to be left behind; nor would they *march* behind. Into the very midst of that gaudily attired legion the rejected "army" thrust itself, laughing, shouting, frustrating every attempt at discipline. Meanwhile, an agreement was made with the company whereby I should pay off those not in uniform and be done with them. Agreed. Very simple, except that the aforesaid official, not knowing either of our firm, mistook me for my partner and announced: "Mr. Hunter will pay those not in uniform *now*." Bedlam broke loose. Those in uniform, fearing that the "citizens" were about to get paid for nothing, felt slighted and forthwith began tearing off their uniforms. They left pieces of their wardrobe just where they happened to fall and made a mad rush for their street clothes, which had been left in charge of numerous wardrobe women. "Where's this man, Hunter?" was the cry. And some well-intentioned person, mistaking the intent of the question and not knowing there were two men named Hunter involved, told the men that Hunter was down by the river waiting for them. Another rush. They reached the spot where Director Hunter was posted in a high tower, megaphone in hand, ready to begin the picture, but not the mob scene that was now before him. There were so many spokesmen in that crowd that Mr. Hunter (director) had difficulty in getting the gist of it, and when he did—whoopee! If the recording angel is now suffering from writer's cramp and overwork, it can safely be said that Hayes Hunter is the cause of it all. Stage and picture directors have long since taken the palm once held by steamboat captains for "muzzle-velocity" expletives, and I'll unblushingly back Mr. Hunter against the whole field.

SCENE FROM A LUBIN WAR PHOTOPLAY

The "army," finding they were in wrong again, were now in an ugly mood. They wanted a victim, and yours truly, the writer, was never very strong for the martyr stuff, so I sought sanctuary. I had the word go out that if those not engaged would assemble in the lane back of the hills, I would be glad to take care of them. They sought me as tho I were an outlaw. They peered into every nook and gully, and I felt like a rabbit with a pack of wolves on his trail.

I never knew the handicap that wealth imposed before, tho I had often felt the lack of it. If I could have found the haunt of Rip Van Winkle in those same hills, I would have tried to emulate him until the

"cruel war" was over. I saw a dozen holes where I might hide that money and then face the crowd, but that, I thought, was too childish.

While they were seeking me in all the haunts of men in the neighborhood, I had climbed to the top of the mountain, and there I sat down, lit my pipe and thought it over. I was not long left to reverie. Some of those men found their way to my sanctuary, and, not knowing me, they asked me if I'd seen myself anywhere. From them I learnt that there was a moving spirit, one "Scotty," among the malcontents, who was the ringleader in every move. I had Scotty pointed out, and, still unknown to him, I spoke to him. I learnt something. Scotty was one of those world-old spirits who will go to any extent for a bit of fun. I had to admire him. While the rest of that crowd had the idea that they had been terribly deceived and that some one must suffer for it, Scotty saw nothing in the whole affair but a joke and was concocting some new deviltry when I met him. He confided that he was having the time of his young life and asked me to help him organize the men into a body and run off with the apparatus of the Edgewater fire department, which by this time had been called out to suppress the riot. When asked what fun there would be in that, he had the nerve to suggest that we would get our pictures in the papers and obtain much notoriety thereby.

If Scotty lived in Mexico, he'd stand a great show to be made one of those momentary presidents. I really admired the man, and when I told him that I was the personage they were seeking, he was not at all surprised, but took it as a matter of course, and his allegiance changed immediately. He was now "wit" me as strongly as he had been "agin" me before, and I saw my way out of the hole. The fact that I had $500 in my hand did not interest him in the least. His was one of those dog-like natures that seek only a master to obey, and, having found one, to fight for him to the death without reward and for the very love of the master's hand, even tho it be the hand of a child. I hired Scotty. Together, and with the help of the local police, we lined the men up in a lane, and once more selected the number we wanted and sent them back to the "front." This was made possible by the announcement that lunch would be served to those in uniform only. The "call of the roll" may not attract many men, but the call of the rolls finds few stragglers. Four hundred were sent to the field, and two hundred to the ferry. The four hundred had each a gun and a lunch; the two hundred a dollar bill and a ferry ticket. Every one was satisfied, and the work at last got under way.

I retired from the scenes of warfare, being replaced by my partner, who took the usual course of the man who comes along after the trouble is over and tells you your mistakes. They couldn't pull that stuff on him —no, siree! Couldn't they? Listen! When the "battle" was over, it was up to him to pay the men. To prevent the men "doubling" on him and being paid twice, he announced that each man would be paid as he turned in his uniform. Do you see it coming? Yes, that's exactly what happened. The men handed in bundles. Some of those bundles actually held the full uniforms. They would hand in the coat and hat and then, after being paid, get back in the line with the pants, belt, wig and leggings. My partner saw what was going on and bravely stopped payment. He had a table, a chair, a satchel and five hundred dollars at the start. Half an hour later, when the fire department had extricated him from the débris, he had the handle of the satchel and about half an acre of Jersey real estate scattered over his person. The mob and the money had disappeared, and in its stead was a large chunk of chastening silence.

We are older, wiser men today, and time has wiped away the trouble, leaving behind one big laugh, which may the good Lord leave me the sense of humor to enjoy.

VIEW OF THE VITAGRAPH PLANT FROM THE BRIGHTON BEACH "L"

A Trip to Vitagraphville

By AGNES KESSLER

WELL, I've gone and done it! I've had the greatest, most thrilling and most delightful day of my life!

Where?

In that modern wonderland, Vitagraphville, Flatbush-by-the-Sea.

I'm going to nickname this little world and call it "Happyland-by-the-Sea," for that is what it really is.

But I'll start right at the beginning of my trip and see if I can take you with me, and if you dont have the time of your life, it will be because you are not the enthusiastic movie fan that I think you are.

Well, I reached the Brooklyn Bridge safely and waited a few minutes for the Brighton Beach train, when, lo and behold! whom did I see as large as life but Van Dyke Brooke, that famous Vitagraph star and director. There was no mistaking the tall, distinguished-looking, gray-haired gentleman with the black cord hanging from his eye-glasses.

You may be sure I was delighted, for I pictured, in my mind's eye, the delightful chat I could have with him on our way to the studio.

He told me so many interesting things!

How he "found" pretty little Norma Talmadge and helped her become one of the shining lights of the Vitagraph Company.

And how he "discovered" Maurice Costello, that well-known actor.

The story runs something like this:

More than five years ago, when Mr. Brooke commenced directing plays for the Vitagraph, he found that he needed a good leading man, a man with vigor, charm, good appearance.

In short, a man who could be identified with what "Vitagraph" stands for, and he made up his mind he would try to find just such an actor in an original way.

He rode to New York, and up on a trolley-car to Forty-second Street and Broadway, his eyes on the lookout for his "find."

Sure enough, there he was!

This "dream man" that he wanted. That he had pictured in his mind and was so anxious to find!

He jumped off the car and rushed to the spot.

Presto!

His man had disappeared!

Well, this made no difference to Mr. Brooke.

He tore all over town for a whole day, describing this tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking, curly-haired chap with the strong, expressive face, and finally, after almost giving up hope, he found—— Whom do you think?

Of course you've guessed!

Dear Maurice Costello!

And so we have Van Dyke Brooke

to thank for the many, many pleasant evenings we have spent with Mr. Costello and his splendid associates.

But I'll tell you lots more about him later.

Mr. Brooke told me so much!

But I dare not take up any more space, or I'll have to omit part of our trip.

After a delightful "L" ride, which lasted only too short a time, we reached Vitagraphville station.

In an instant Mr. Brooke was completely surrounded with pleasant-faced girls and fellows, all bidding him a cheerful "Good-morning, Mr. Brooke."

My, but they all looked at me!

Walking down the stairs, I was introduced to Mary Charleson, that clever leading woman who did such good work in "Mr. Barnes of New York."

On our way to the studio I met several more, and for the life of me I could not understand how they could take such an important matter as being a "movie" player so unconcernedly. It seems so easy to be an actor, but oh, it's so hard!

Some carried their grips, and others wended their way just like any other working people, but—and here's the rub—they all went to their business as happy as if they were going to a picnic.

(I dont know but what they take their work as tho it were something to be enjoyed, something they loved; so that, after all, it really is a picnic.)

We reached the outer bailiwick of the studio, and what a hubbub!

"Any mail for Miss Charleson?"

"Mail for me?" came from the throats of dozens of players, all speaking at once and all trying to crowd into a tiny entrance, where one must know the magic password or else be denied the pleasure of an entrance to Vitagraphville.

Of course I needed no introduction to the Vitagraphers other than being piloted by Van Dyke Brooke, and when we managed to push thru the crowd at the office, we finally entered the "yard."

This yard is certainly a great place to study human nature.

In fact, I would call it "the melting pot of the movies."

For here is where all players anxious to become residents of this fascinating Happyland congregate and wait for Fate to direct the attention of "the powers behind the throne."

Here one may see children from four to fourteen, boys and girls, youths and maidens of every description—lean and fat, short and tall, light or dark, pretty, mediocre, plain, homely; middle-aged women; sweet-looking, white-haired ladies; men of every conceivable type, from the plain, dull-faced porter to the refined, polished, educated man of the world.

For Vitagraphville is a world of many worlds, and in it they need many types.

That they find them is evident by the marvelously true-to-nature pictures produced by this famous company.

I had little time to glance at these extras in the yard, but I could not help wishing that some Aladdin with his wonderful lamp would, in some mysterious manner, help every one of them to become famous, and in that way make happy the somewhat anxious and drawn faces that flashed by me as I followed Mr. Brooke to the inner shrine of one of "the powers behind the throne."

Mr. Spedon, of whom I heard many nice things, was as nice as I had expected, and I marveled at his calmness in the whirl of activity about him.

After this, Mr. Brooke took me to his den.

I should say, his and "Cossie's" den.

This was just a tiny room with two desks littered with all sorts of stuff. The walls were covered with the greatest collection of knickknacks, and sure enough, there was that Yale lock on the door that Mr. Brooke mentioned on our way to the studio.

At last I was introduced to Mr. Costello.

He was in his den, just getting ready to go to the studio to direct a new picture.

I shook hands with Mr. Costello, and he made me feel "to hum" at once.

I'm afraid to say very much about him, because it may sound exaggerated, altho not enough can be said of Mr. Costello's good-nature.

But I will say this much, and that is, that good cheer, happiness, joy-of-living, real, unaffected love for all mankind, simply radiate from this hero of the Moving Picture world.

And I ought to know.

For I was with him from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. Four hours!

We had the most delightful chat about everything in general, and movies in particular.

He told me lots and lots of secrets.

I wonder if I dare tell them!

But then, he knew this was going into print, so I'll tell and take the consequences on my broad shoulders.

What do you think?

Once upon a time Maurice Costello was so "broke" that he couldn't pay his board-bill for a week.

He was a proud boy and ashamed to tell his stingy Dutch landlord that he would settle his bill in a few days.

So he just took himself by the hand and walked down to Coney Island and—slept on the beach for three nights!

When you stop to think that right near that beach Maurice Costello now owns a magnificent, palatial home and that he drives his own stunning car, it sort of makes one sit up and take notice.

Fate certainly has been kind to Maurice Costello, but not without exacting her toll.

For Mr. Costello does not belong to himself.

He is owned by the public, and I doubt if there is a single nook or cranny on this earthly globe of ours where he could walk freely without being recognized and pointed out.

At first this sort of notoriety and

VIEW OF THE VITAGRAPH "YARD," SHOWING THE TANK TO THE RIGHT

popularity is very thrilling and encouraging, but in the case of Maurice Costello it must be somewhat exasperating, when he wants a nice, quiet evening to himself, to find that such is impossible outside of his home.

However, he is a "reel" optimist and says, "What's the use of caring? I believe in taking things as they come. I've worked hard for success, and I appreciate the fact that the public appreciates me." So there you are!

"Dont you want to see how pictures are taken?" This from Mr. Brooke.

I answered that nothing would give me greater pleasure, and I added to myself, "Especially if Mr. Costello will direct me and also direct the play."

They very likely read my thoughts, for Mr. Costello immediately suggested that I follow him and he would show me some very interesting fade-in pictures they were taking in the new studio building.

We entered the studio proper, and for a moment I was quite nonplussed.

It looked to me like one big room divided into several smaller rooms, each one furnished differently and merely separated by a thin partition.

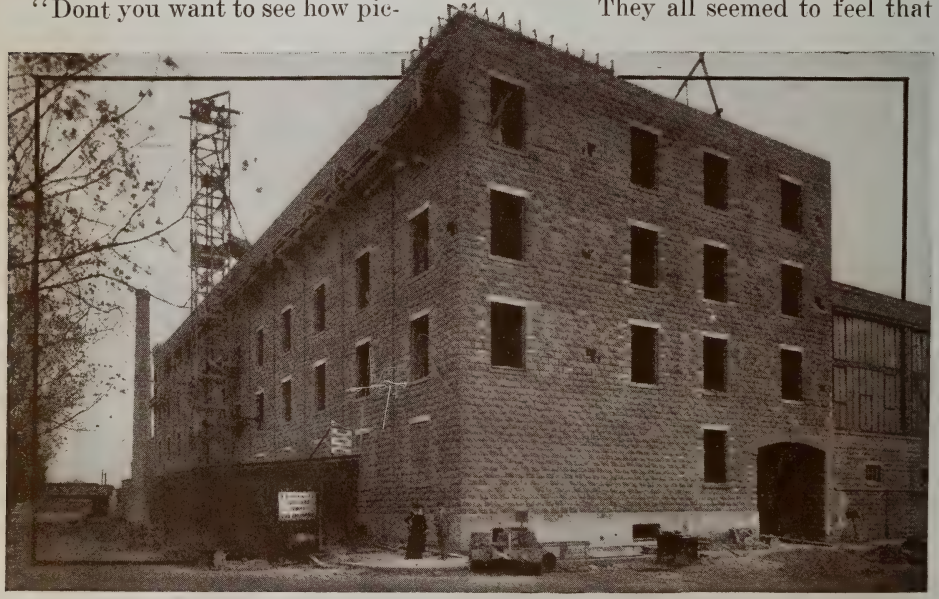
From the ceiling hung great, big, funny-looking lights.

In front of each "room" stood a camera and a camera man, with a director while the players acted.

Greetings on all sides: "Hello, Cossie!" "Good-morning, old top!" "How's the boy?" "Been looking for you," and so on.

Everybody acted as tho Maurice Costello just belonged to him.

They all seemed to feel that he was their big brother, and he seemed to like it, that's sure.



THIS IS MERELY A SMALL ADDITION TO THE ALWAYS-GROWING VITAGRAPH STUDIO

And now nice Bob Gaillord, with his gentle, kindly manners, and Mr. Costello started in to direct their play.

Talk about patience, attention to detail!

I see now why Vitagraph pictures are such winners.

These screen folks stop at nothing.

Whether it be expense, time, danger, etc., their goal—a successful picture from every point of view—*must be reached.*

It was extremely interesting, and I sat fascinated for the longest time.

First they would rehearse an entire scene; then the camera would get into place, the director would give the signal—and they were off!

In spite of the bright rays of the sun, the arc lights were used. They hung from the glass ceilings and cast a weird light on the faces of the actors.

Shouts and hand-clapping from outdoors!

I jumped up and peeped out of a window that opened onto the yard.

On one side of the platform stood an old, dilapidated taxi, and before I could say bo, the thing commenced to plow thru the crowd of suffragets and straight into a stone wall.

Shrieks!

More shrieks!

The infernal car went clean *thru* the wall!

Now, I saw that with my own eyes, and when you see "The Boob; or, He Danced Himself to Death," you'll be thrilled just as much as I was.

WILLIAM T. ROCK ALBERT E. SMITH J. STUART BLACKTON

THESE THREE MEN SHAPE THE POLICY AND DESTINY OF THE GREAT VITAGRAPH COMPANY

What a sight met my gaze!

There was a crowd of dozens of suffragets, with large bands draped from shoulder to waist—"Votes for Women"—in a group around a suffrage speaker.

After each paragraph of her speech the rooters would set up a shout and clap hands.

I noticed three cameras taking this picture.

The director, Ralph Ince, stood on an elevated platform about ten feet high. The cameras, with the camera men, stood next to Mr. Ince.

In a little while Mr. Brooke brought sweet little Norma Talmadge, his protégée, to meet me, and I was charmed by the simplicity of this little girl.

She's only nineteen, you know.

Mr. Brooke, by the way, predicts a great future for Miss Talmadge, as she is an accomplished actress and at the same time possesses that essential to good movies—a beautiful face and graceful form.

We had quite a little chat about her work, and she assured me that the marvelous technique inspired under

the direction of Van Dyke Brooke was undoubtedly the keynote of her success, and that all his workers feel that they owe more than words can tell to the kindly, gentlemanly guidance of Van Dyke Brooke.

Mr. Costello then interrupted with "Those fade-ins I mentioned to you are about ready, and I *would* like you to see them taken."

In another moment he had my chair placed in the most comfortable spot where I could witness the entire performance.

I asked Mr. Costello how many times he had proposed and married in his lifetime.

He laughed and said at least a few thousand times.

For even when he was on the legitimate stage, he had always been cast for the lover's part.

But—he told me—when the time came for him to actually propose to his pretty wife, he blubbered, fluttered, flustered and otherwise made himself conspicuous by his lack of speech, until the poor girl decided that her handsome lover was not to pop the question, after all!

He finally managed to make his message known, after repeated efforts, and the result is that he is the happy possessor of a beautiful wife and two lovely little girls, Helen and Dolores, who, I may venture to say, are almost as popular as their genial father. I asked where they were, and he told me they were in school, but that they would be in pictures again during the coming summer.

Then he told me about his trip around the world.

How he spent days looking for ideal locations for photographing. He had his principals from the Vitagraph Company, but for real "locale" he selected the most likely-looking natives of the country he happened to be in, making these pictures some of the most remarkable ever taken.

By the way, Mr. Costello is an inveterate smoker, and it is all he can do to refrain from the weed while at work in the studio.

He had a lot of fun not long ago when he impersonated a sweet young girl in one of the pictures they took down at Brighton Beach.

He makes a handsome lady, you know.

When they reached the beach, he marched along, as devilishly as you please, with a big, black cigar between his teeth, while bedecked in all milady's finery.

Some Brighton Beach lady visitors turned their eyes away in horror at seeing this sight, and Costello thought it the best joke ever.

Well, look who's here!

No other than our old friend, Bunny!

And in a tight-fitting rough-rider suit, with a broad, "sojer" hat.

I watched him rehearse a scene from "Private Bunny," and then saw them take the picture. It was great. Flora Finch was in it, too, and as funny and homely as ever.

"Miss Kessler, I want you to meet Mr. Kent," and I hastily turned round, to face that charming old gentleman, Charles Kent, the grand old man of the movies.

He is probably the oldest man in Moving Pictures today, and I could not help noticing the fine face and pure white hair.

I watched them take a scene of one of his pictures, too, and altho I had been in the studio nearly an hour, I had not begun to tire of the fascination of watching the camera man turn that crank while the actors played their parts under the glaring combination of sun and arc light.

The watchers seem to hold their breath until the director says, "All right!"

Then, and only then, dared I breathe, it seemed to me.

Everywhere "Cos" was welcomed like a ray of sunshine, and it was with real regret that my watch hastened my departure, for I, too, was basking in the sunshine of the merriest hero of the film world.

It seemed a real shame to have to leave this charming Happyland to return to such a prosaic place as a magazine office.

Five Minutes' Experience of a Publicity Man Interviewing a Motion Picture Star

By ROBERT A. DILLON

SCENE—Dressing-room.
TIME—3:40 P. M. sultry afternoon in October.

CAST:

BOB—The publicity man. CARLYLE BLACKWELL.

Enter publicity man.

PUBLICITY MAN—Hello, Carlyle! Some weather we're having!
CARLYLE BLACKWELL—Hello, Bob——

Enter property man.

PROPERTY MAN—Mr. Blackwell, what entrance shall I hang?
CARLYLE BLACKWELL—Hang those rapiers over the left entrance and the picture of Napoleon just a little inclined to the center, near the large bay window—— Yes, Bob, it is hot.

Exit property man.

PUBLICITY MAN—I hear you are now making films for yourself.

Enter assistant director.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL—Nat, I noticed the make-up on Basset's face is a little too red for an invalid; have him blend more flesh-color into his cheeks—Yes, I have decided to strike out for myself. I have a studio now under construction at Hollywood, California.

Exit assistant director.

Enter camera man.

CAMERA MAN—Mr. Blackwell, for the cut in this scene——
CARLYLE BLACKWELL—When you cut in this scene, use a green lens for the last forty or fifty feet of reel.

Exit camera man.

PUBLICITY MAN—Is it true you will release thru the——
CARLYLE BLACKWELL—All my productions will be released thru the Alliance Films Corporation.

Enter secretary.

SECRETARY—Pardon me for intruding. Will you autograph these cards now, Mr. Blackwell?
CARLYLE BLACKWELL (*dipping pen in ink*)—I will produce only photo-dramatizations of famous novels and plays.
SECRETARY (*leaving with autographed cards*)—Miss Payne, the juvenile of the Harrisburg stock company, is waiting to see you.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL—Tell Miss Payne I will cast for "The Memories of Love" tomorrow, at nine-thirty A. M. Ask her kindly to be here.

Exit secretary.

PUBLICITY MAN—What is the name of your new company?

CARLYLE BLACKWELL—The Favorite Players Film Company. The first release was a dramatization of Charles Neville Buck's book, "The Key to Yesterday"——

Telephone rings.

Hello—hello, Mr. Armstrong—you have finished the scenario? Well, bring it to the hotel tonight; yes, the Plaza. It will take all night to read it? Oh, that's all right. I never retire until after twelve or one. Then I'll see you at seven-thirty this evening—very well—good-by.

PUBLICITY MAN—You dont retire till after twelve or one, after keeping up this pace all day?

CARLYLE BLACKWELL—Yes, it does surprise my friends how I do it, but this world is full of surprises.

Enter assistant director.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR—All ready for the next scene, Mr. Blackwell.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL—Well, Bob, is there anything more I can do for you?

PUBLICITY MAN (*looking at watch*)—Yes, tell me what time it is.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL (*looking at watch*)—Three forty-five.

PUBLICITY MAN—It was three-forty when I entered the dressing-room, and in five minutes you have directed the property man, the assistant director; changed the make-up of the actor; regulated the number of feet and color of reel to be used in the next scene; made two appointments; granted an interview; autographed cards, and what not.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL—My car is at the door. Have the chauffeur drive you home or to the office, and dont forget to drop in any time; I'll be glad to see you. Give my regards to the editor.

PUBLICITY MAN—Gee whiz! talk about the strenuous life! Teddy Roosevelt has nothing on you.

To the Moving Picture Companies

By RAY C. WARTH

When a fellow writes a photoplay
That makes a popular hit,
And people come from far away
To catch a glimpse of it,
The fellow that wrote it gets no fame—
Nobody even knows his name.

When a fellow comes home at night,
After working hard all day,
And toils with main and toils with might
To "do" a photoplay,
What's the use of this midnight flame,
If nobody ever knows his name?

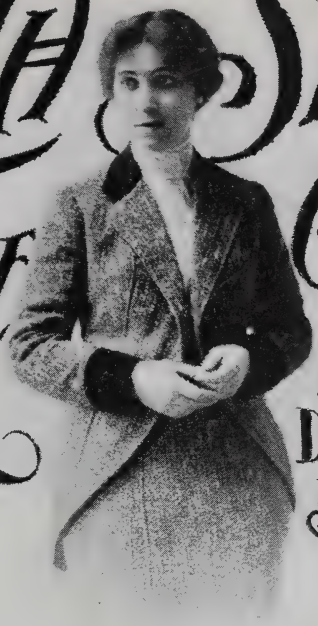
When a fellow writes a song or story,
He always signs his name;
Why shouldn't he get his rightful glory
In a photoplay just the same?
No, the company gets the fame and glory,
But the playwright—that's another story.

I'll leave the case to you, my friends;
Now dont you think I'm right?
Success in the photoplay depends
On whether the plays are bright.
It's an author's right that his name be seen
With his picture plays on the picture screen.

Some writers dont care for the money,
And they're pretty fair writers, too.
It's reputation they're after,
And I dont blame them, do you?
There's a way to better the photoplay game,
And that's to print the playwright's name.

Edith Storey

The Nature Girl



By Allen Douglas Brodie

Have you ever seen an Egyptian mummy?

Doubtless you have, and so have I—lots of them—and I most candidly confess that I did not like the look of them a bit.

But have you ever seen an Egyptian mummy brought back to life? No, I feel sure you haven't. Well, that was my peculiar experience the other day. Not only was the mummy brought back to life and a brief second earthly existence, but it—or rather she—was the most alluring resuscitated mummy that the eye of man could well imagine or ever hope to see again. And who do you think this beautiful Egyptian Princess was—this Princess of a few thousand years or so ago?

You could never guess in a month of Sundays, so I will tell you.

Miss Edith Storey.

Yes, it is a fact. When I went wandering around the studios of the Vitagraph Company the other day looking for Miss Storey and a prospective interview, I was directed to a certain scene-set, from behind which came sounds that suggested that a murder was in progress, or at least that some one was being roundly berated in most forcible and picturesque language. However, my first inclination to "beat it" and take to the tall timbers of Flatbush was somewhat modified when a courteous attendant informed me that it was only Tony Moreno emphasizing a piece of effective screen business thru a stage telephone. "Silent drama"—Ye gods! I have since learnt that when there are several rehearsals in progress at once in a Moving Picture studio, a stranger to the ways of the "movies" behind the scenes would almost imagine that bedlam were let loose. But "that's another Storey."

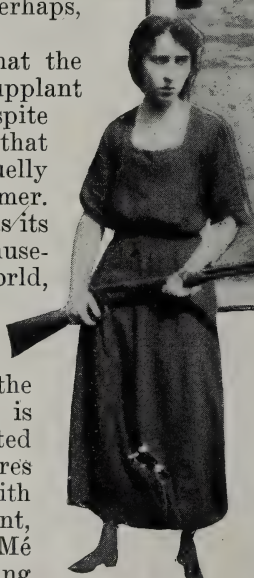
Reassured by the attendant, I became bolder and drew near, when suddenly a portion of the second part of "The Dust of Egypt" burst upon my view, and thereupon I introduced myself to Mr. George Baker, the able director and all-round good fellow, who was rehearsing a scene between Miss Storey and Mr. Moreno.

It was during the occasional breaks in the piece that I had an opportunity of speaking with the Egyptian Prin-

cess—Miss Storey. Her Royal Highness greeted me with a winsome smile of welcome and sought to satisfy my thirst for information about herself, altho I could easily see that the beautiful young Vitagraph star would much rather have talked about something or somebody else.

"Yes," she said, "I dearly love my work in the Moving Pictures. There is so much scope for real dramatic work—far more than the average person would imagine, and one learns something new every day. I have but one ambition, as far as my screen career is concerned, and that is to accomplish something that is worthy, and to rise to the very top of the tree, if possible, by force of hard work and, perhaps, a little talent.

"No, I do not think that the Motion Picture will ever supplant the legitimate drama, despite the oft-repeated assertion that the stage has suffered cruelly thru the inroads of the former. It seems to me that each has its distinct mission in the amusement and educational world, and that in time there will be a clear and distinct line drawn between in the liberal patronage of the



"My early career—it is but I was born and educated have been in Moving Pictures and nearly all that time with only one year was I absent, practically loaned to the Mé is my home—my working the two, both sharing equally public.

scarcely worth mentioning, right here in New York, and now for the past five years, the Vitagraph Company. For and that was when I was liès Company. But Vitagraph home—and I like it more than

career on the legitimate stage, but no one wants to hear about it—it is all so very wee and insignificant."

"Indeed it is not, I assure you, Miss Storey," I insisted, "and I, for one, am just yearning to know."

"Well," continued the young lady, almost diffidently, "I began my stage career as a child actress with Miss Eleanor Robson in 'Audrey.' I was just eight years old at that time. Later I was the little Princess in 'Rip,' also in 'Mrs. Wiggs,' and the last time I appeared on the stage was in 'Rebekah of Sunnybrook Farm.' Then I joined the ranks of the 'New Profession' and

I can express in mere words. From my employers down to the humblest 'extra' among my associates we are all like a happy family. I feel that it is a matter for congratulation to know that I am working among ladies and gentlemen—I mean ladies and gentlemen in the truest and best sense of the phrase.

"Of course"—and here the little lady looked at me earnestly, with a wistful look in her eyes—"the associations of any kind of stage career are not always the most pleasant. But I make the best of everything—good, bad and indifferent—and then, you know, the pleasant things about a screen career so far outnumber the unpleasant ones that one has very little to grumble about."

"Was your first dramatic work in the 'movies'?" I asked, showing the interest that I felt.

"No," replied Miss Storey, "I began my

have been there ever since. My present ambition and that of my childhood years, however, were not quite the same," and here Miss Storey laughed merrily. "As a youngster, my dearest wish was to join a circus or a Wild West show. Perhaps that is why I am so fond of horseback riding."

Then it was that I learnt the antitheses of Miss Storey's likes and dislikes. It is quite illuminating and full of interest.

Horseback riding and the woman suffrage movement are much further apart as subjects of conversation than the "Pons Asinorum" and the Brooklyn Bridge, but they express in a superlative degree the likes and dislikes of Miss Edith Storey. In the first place, if there is one thing that this little lady dearly loves it is horseback riding, and if there is another that she heartily abhors it is the woman suffrage movement. Speaking of the former, Miss Storey said, in answer to a query of mine:

"I love to go careering over the country roads and fields on a spirited horse. It is so delicious to feel the cool breeze in your face and to drink in the life-giving ozone. Nothing is more exhilarating, and as for it being a tonic, no tonic was ever made that has an effect so lasting and truly satisfying. But then I love every kind of open-air exercise—pardon me a moment."

Here there was a call for "lights" from Mr. Baker; the scene was resumed, and Amenset, the beautiful Egyptian Princess, prepared to use a "dear little dagger" on Geoffrey Lascelles (Antonio Moreno), who, as her earthly ideal of a mere man, seemed to be in a Gilbertian pickle as to what to do with his resuscitated mummy Princess, now that he had her.

"It all inclines a woman to masculinity," she said, speaking of woman's suffrage with conviction, "and, in my estimation, robs her of her sweetest heritage—her gentle womanliness, for which men love her and her friends adore her."

Looking back over her work during the past five years, Miss Storey considers "The Christian" as her best and most worthy achievement, chiefly because she loved the rôle of Glory Quale, and her heart was in it from first to last.

"I frequently have a longing for quiet," said Miss Storey, thoughtfully, as she toyed with her little Egyptian dagger—"that wasp sting," as Mr. Baker called it—"a longing to be alone and away from it all, where I can commune with myself and the Nature that I dearly love. And then I think, think, think—it is such a relief at times. It is at such times that I motor alone away out into the country, among the lakes and streams, the green trees, the fields and the wildflowers, where the only living things besides myself are the birds and the squirrels. After a lonely trip like this I generally return invigorated in both body and soul and quite ready to resume work in the chosen profession that I also love."

That is an insight into a woman's soul that makes one love and respect her the more.

Miss Storey's mother is with her always. "I seldom go any place without her," the daughter said. "She is almost my shadow and helps me so much, especially at rehearsals." The young artist is certainly to be congratulated on such good fortune, for no maid could possibly take one-half the pains that Mrs. Storey does in ministering to the needs and wishes of her talented daughter.

The rôle Miss Storey was enacting the day I met her was in one of the very few comedies in which she has appeared—"The Dust of Egypt"—and this was the first time that she had been under Mr. Baker's direction. She declares Mr. Baker is a wonder. "He has such a keen perception," she said, "and seems to grasp the true meaning of things at once. And then he is such a help to the player. No trouble is too great for him to transfer his ideas to him or her, and, I assure you, we all appreciate most heartily his kindness and consideration in difficult situations."

PERILS OF THE Motion Picture

BY

WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

Actresses and actors of the Motion Pictures are compelled to lead strenuous lives. Behind the footlights of the stage the performers merely imitate real life; their dangers and sufferings must be imagined by the audience. In the Motion Pictures these things are altogether real to the performers. When the story calls for some one to jump off a precipice, or be dashed into ice-cold water, or rush thru a blazing building, or be thrown from a galloping horse, to be struck by a speeding automobile, some young man or woman actually goes thru the experience. Heroines scamper barefoot over pebbly beaches or jagged rocks; hero and villain pummel each other right lustily in genuine fist-fights; comedians are doused with mud and pastry, and even children boldly affiliate with the lions and the tigers. The performers are well paid, and do not hesitate at risks and hardships, which are regarded by them as being all in the day's work. There are accidents—daily accidents—but very few fatalities.

One unusual fact is that the actresses are frequently compelled to endure more in the way of unusual experiences than are the actors. In many of the Motion Picture "serials," so called, the principal character is a woman. In one series of photoplays an actress was compelled to familiarize herself with the habits of wild beasts; in another serial the perils of the star were more and more terrifying as the plot progressed.

One film manufacturing company making a specialty of railroad plays has a young actress who thinks it as nothing to ride swiftly along atop of a freight train; to jump from one rapidly moving train to another; to cling to the front-end of a flying locomotive, and in other ways to seemingly imperil her life.

Realism in film dramas and comedies is highly desirable. It is demanded by the public. "Faking" is intolerable, and so it is deemed necessary to really have the steam-shovel swing aloft the hero and heroine; to pose the sham battle at the dizzy apex of a skyscraper, and to honestly and truly beard the lion in his den.

Hairbreadth escapes are numerous while such films are being taken, but the performers are chary of mentioning them. It is all in the day's work with them, and "a miss is just as good as a mile." Chilled with terror, the Motion Picture actress speeded a touring car in a race with an express train and shot over the railway within an inch of the oncoming locomotive. She stopped her car and then fainted. A dash of cold water, and the actress was ready to proceed with the picture. Another actress was inherently afraid of animals. Yet the author provided her with a series of photoplay plots in which elephants figured. She figuratively "rode the elephant" for a week and was in a state of mortal terror every hour of the time. Yet the photoplays were very popular, and the actress was applauded for her courage. She deserved the plaudits.

Film comedians risk life and limb every day in the week. The "chase," where the son of Erin falls into the rain-water barrel, is highly ridiculous from the audience's standpoint; it is not so funny to the actor who cut a gash in his scalp while diving into the barrel. One or two film manufac-

SCENE FROM AN EDISON DRAMA. EDISON PLAYERS ARE FREQUENTLY REQUIRED TO ENGAGE IN DANGEROUS STRUGGLES FAR UP ON THE TOPS OF SKY-SCRAPERS

turers have physicians and surgeons, on salary, who give first aid to the injured and are ready in time of need. When you see the strenuous comedy or the gripping drama, just remember that some one must take chances, and some one must frequently suffer in order to afford you entertainment. The more skillful an actor is, the greater risk he takes. Be charitable!

Old Earth's Great Movie

By B. R. STEVENS

All the world's a stage,
I oft have read it;
I think our blessed sage,
Old Shakespeare, said it,
Altho it seems the rage
To give him credit
For every wise old saying.

Well, anyway, we know
We all are actors;
In Earth's Great Daily Show
We're moving factors.
Smart, stupid, fast or slow,
A benefactor's
Or a villain's part we're playing.

Against a beauteous screen
Of cloudless azure
Some in a peaceful scene
May take their pleasure.
In sordid "set" and mean,
To dreary measure,
The "masses'" feet are straying.

But we must play our part,
Or willy-nilly;
Old Fate gave us the start,
And, wise or silly,
We're bound to draw the cart,
Level or hilly,
To where the Great Director's staying.

Then let us do our best
Along the way;
The Author knows the rest
Of Life's Great Play.
And if we stand the test,
Perhaps some day
"Well done! well done!" He will be saying.

HERBERT PRIOR, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

"COME on, Herbert," said Mrs. Prior, who is known to the public as Mabel Trunnelle, "and tell the lady your whole sad history."

Mr. Prior rose with a slow, pleased smile of greeting for the interviewer, and the grip he gave proved that he meant it when he said he was glad to meet any one from his favorite magazine.

He told me that he had been in Motion Pictures for five years, first with the old Biograph, then with Edison, a year down at the Majestic and back to Edison, where he seems to be very comfortably and permanently settled. Before coming to photoplay, he was connected with the legitimate drama for fifteen years, and, of course, the companies with which he played are too numerous to mention.

"I was born in Oxford, England," he said, in his slow, pleasant drawl that makes him seem more of a Southerner than an Englishman. "I am English born, but American bred, and am proud of being an American citizen. My hobby? Automobiling. I am very fond of reading. Shakespeare is my favorite above all other writers. He was a wonderful man and has left us some wonderful literature. I consider the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE a great thing, both for the public and for the player. It brings them in closer touch with each other, shows the player what the public wants and likes, and then helps the public to know the player. All parts of it are interesting, but I think the Answer Man is about the best writer and has about the most interesting department. Yes, I have written scenarios. About forty of them, I think; both comedies and dramas."

All this time Mrs. Prior was sitting opposite in a huge leather chair in the handsome reception-room of the Seminole Hotel, listening with wide, brown eyes and offering wise and witty comments. Mr. Prior disapproved of the "Is life worth living?" question, and Mrs. Prior sat up in her chair.

"Why, Herbert!" she cried reprovingly, "I think that's a perfectly beautiful question? Dont you find anything worth living about life?"

"Why, certainly," returned Mr. Prior; "I enjoy three meals a day and everything that goes with it, if that's what you mean. My highest ambition? To have enough money to retire and yet to beat the income tax," promptly.

"The Government will get you yet, Herbert," chuckled his wife.

"Are Motion Pictures destined to outshine the stage? *Never!*" returned Mr. Prior, earnestly. "As to the improvements for Motion Pictures, they are innumerable, but I want to say one thing: The surest way to ruin the Motion Picture business is by the continued production of the multiple-reel pictures. People who are downtown and have perhaps an hour or less to spare will step into a Motion Picture theater. Perhaps a three- or four-reel picture is being shown. They haven't time to wait for the first of it, should they perhaps come in during the middle of it. They leave without knowing what it was all about. And then, too, perhaps the picture is poor. If it is only one reel, we say: 'Oh, well, that will soon be over and perhaps the next one will be good.' But a three- or four-reel picture—that is bad. It seems to me that five hundred feet for a comedy and one thousand for a drama is long enough. Sometimes a three-reel picture only contains enough real plot to make a corking one-reel, and it is padded until the real plot is smothered."

"Well, Herbert," interrupted his wife, "you've been dying to say that, haven't you?" So we may infer that Mr. Prior's prejudice is deep-seated. He admitted, however, that in the future there would probably be a place for the feature as well as for the shorter plays, but maintained that the feature idea was at present being overdone.

"I spend my evenings in different ways," said he, in response to my question. "Naturally, I dont like to do the same thing all the time. I read, go to theaters, Motion Pictures, all that sort of thing—and beat my wife," at which "my wife" chuckled gleefully. "The greatest living statesman? Myself, of course. Politically, I'm for any good man. I think Woodrow Wilson is a fine man. I consider him the right man in the right place and at the right time. My religion? I'm Protestant—Episcopalian born and bred. I believe in all Nature as a religion."

He is six feet and a half inch in height and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. He does not approve of the censorship of films, for he thinks it is the right of each studio manager to choose what shall and shall not be produced, and he is quite sure that very rarely would the various companies overstep the bounds of decency and propriety.

"The public, after all, is the real censor, the court of last resort," Mr. Prior added, "and while I do not object to the National Board of Censors, I feel that even that distinguished body would die a natural death if they were to adopt a policy that was not in accord with the demands of the public. There is no excuse for official censorship."

I left, after the pleasantest evening I can recall, with the silvery voice of Mrs. Prior urging me to call again.

PEARL GADDIS.

BLISS MILFORD, OF THE KINETOPHOTE COMPANY

SHE is five foot four, Peter-Pannish, with light brown hair and blue eyes, and I am certain—sure (I would stake a dinner in Childs' on it) —that she cries: "Oh, isn't it the *sweetest* thing!" whenever she sees a baby.

She says she has been with Edison three years, and before that with "His Last Dollar," "Clay of Missouri," "The Candy Shop"—stop! I dont believe it. I know that she was still playing with paper dolls then.

But, dear, dear! she *will* be ancient and severely intellectual, in spite of her looks. She had a volume of Balzac in one hand when I interviewed her, and her first words to me were:

"Dont you think child labor the worst evil of the age?"

So I said at once I did, and we were friends.

"That sounds like a suffraget, but I'm a harmless one," she reassured me. "I believe in lots of things, you know—New Thought, fresh air, the

brotherhood of man, calisthenics, eugenics, motor-boating, golf, tennis, swimming—my record is 54 seconds, even—oh, yes, and Woodrow Wilson. You see, I'm quite a believer!"

She laughed cheerfully. "Optimism is my recipe for health. I'm sorry for tired-out people who take pride in losing their illusions. Why, I believe in fairies, dont you?"

Did you ever hear Maude Adams, in "Peter Pan," ask that question? Well, she sounded like Bliss Milford, to a T. It seems a pity the camera cant photograph her voice, such a full, rich one it is. I knew, even before she told me, that she could sing and play, but, of course, I couldn't guess that she *wrote* music, too.

"I suppose it's my temperament that makes me play comedy," she confided. "You ought to see me trying to be tragic in a serious piece! It makes a farce of it right away." But, of course, I'd rather do smily parts, anyhow. There are plenty of things to make folks sad in the world as it is. 'Grand Opera in Rubeville,' 'Sniffkin's Widow' and 'The Drama in Hayville' were my best parts. When I get time I study my parts before playing in them, but it isn't always possible.

"Censorship? No! I believe in freedom of the screen as well as of the press, tho I think the studios should censor their own work carefully."

"You're not an American-American, are you?"

"North Dakota"—promptly—"but my father'n mother were Scotch and French, and I was brought up in Chicago; so I dont know what *you would* call me."

'I know!" I declared fervently; "I'd call you perfectly charm——"

"I certainly enjoy your magazine," she remarked hastily, swerving the subject so sharply that it might be said to turn turtle. "It's a sort of introduction of us actors to you public. The Green-room Jottings are clever, and the Answer Man—well, he's such a clever man that I think he must be a woman!"

I felt completely put in my place.

"Maybe you will give me some of your personal characteristics, Miss Milford?" The young lady smiled maliciously—no, mischievously.

"Oh, for them I'll have to refer you to —— ——. He can tell you better than I," she remarked.

(Deleted by the censor. If the war bureau can do this, why not we?)

DOROTHY DONNELL.

"THE ROSEMARY OF THE MOVIES"

ROSEMARY, the beautiful little blue flower, an emblem of fidelity, constancy and remembrance! Surely the angels who blessed "The Rosemary of the Movies" with such a sweet name knew that she would personify all these beautiful traits. In any event, Rosemary Theby's thousands of admirers, who have been following her career in the four years that she has been acting for the screen, think so.

And while I chatted with her I could not help wondering what was so fascinating, so bewitching about this olive-skinned, beautiful actress. I know now. It was the wholesome, simple, sweet and unaffected simplicity of the "rosemary" which radiated from her personality as perfume from this beautiful flower.

"Tell me, please," I asked, "about your experiences in becoming a screen actress."

In her simple, characteristic manner Miss Theby proceeded with her story.

"About five years ago I left my home in St. Louis and came to New York, as many other Western girls have done and are doing, for that matter, to seek fame and—mayhap—fortune. I studied at the Sargent School of Acting for a short time, and then completed a course of individual instruction in pantomime with Madame Alberti. For about a year I worked very hard, intent upon making a success of my studies. Then I thought I was quite ready for a start on the stage. And so I followed in the weary footsteps of the hundreds of ambitious young people and made the rounds of the theatrical offices—for two whole days. By that time my poor heart was as heavy as lead, for everywhere I was asked, 'What experience have you had?' And when I replied that I had had none, the 'Cant use you' was the invariable rejoinder.

"On the third day a kind friend suggested that I apply at the Vitagraph studios. At first I demurred, thinking that in so doing I would defame my ambitions. But necessity is the mother of most decisions, and, of course, I went. I was engaged to play small parts and remained with the Vitagraph Company for about one year, gaining excellent experience and training. I was eventually promoted to play leading rôles. Later I joined the Reliance Company until about fifteen months ago, when I was

engaged to play leads opposite Mr. Myers by the Lubin Company in Philadelphia.

"I can assure you that the past year has been the most wonderful and gratifying of my career. Somehow both Mr. Myers and myself feel that our work blends and that our success with the Lubin Company has been due in a great measure to the thoro understanding of our methods. Every day the mail brings us lovely letters from unknown friends complimenting us on our work, and it is this fact, coupled with the ambition to always improve, that makes picture acting such a delight in spite of the little rough places that will come up in our wonderful profession.

"As to our latest engagement, we are looking forward eagerly to the future with the Universal Company and expect to do some big things. We have just finished a splendid drama, entitled 'Accusation.' I think it will please our movie friends. Did you like 'The Bride of Marblehead'? We took all the exteriors in Maine and had some very thrilling experiences. Yes, I trembled when I committed that awful 'murder.' When I'm not posing, I'm rehearsing," she went on, "or when not rehearsing——"

But by this time I realized that a busy movie actress has just so many moments for a mere interview—and no more. A. K.

HENRY KING, OF THE BALBOA COMPANY

Henry King, handsome young leading man of the Balboa Amusement Producing Company's big studios at Long Beach, Cal., is familiarly known to his hosts of friends as "the man from Virginia," this complimentary title identifying him as a scion of one of the most distinguished families in that State. He is a native of Roanoke, near which historic city his mother still resides, as the proprietor of the family estate of four hundred acres.

During the last year Mr. King's popularity has grown constantly, his meritorious work steadily winning him more and more admirers. Always cast as the hero, his genius and talents as a leading man are given wide scope, and he invests his characterizations with manliness, dash and weight. One of his most successful rôles was that of Larry Thorn, a novelist, in the big Balboa four-reeler, "A Will-o'-the-Wisp," which was produced in the storm-flooded lowlands of Southern California following a heavy rain that lasted a week.

While a boy he made his theatrical début with a road show then touring Virginia, receiving fifteen dollars a week. Three months later, the manager rewarded his earnest work by making him the "juvenile lead" of the company, which position he held for a year. Mr. King then accepted an engagement with the Arnold stock company, touring the Southern States, learning to dance, sing, manage the stage productions, and otherwise acquiring a knowledge of theatrical art. During the next year Dame Fortune did not deign to smile on his efforts, and he had the trying experience of being connected with eleven different companies in nine months.

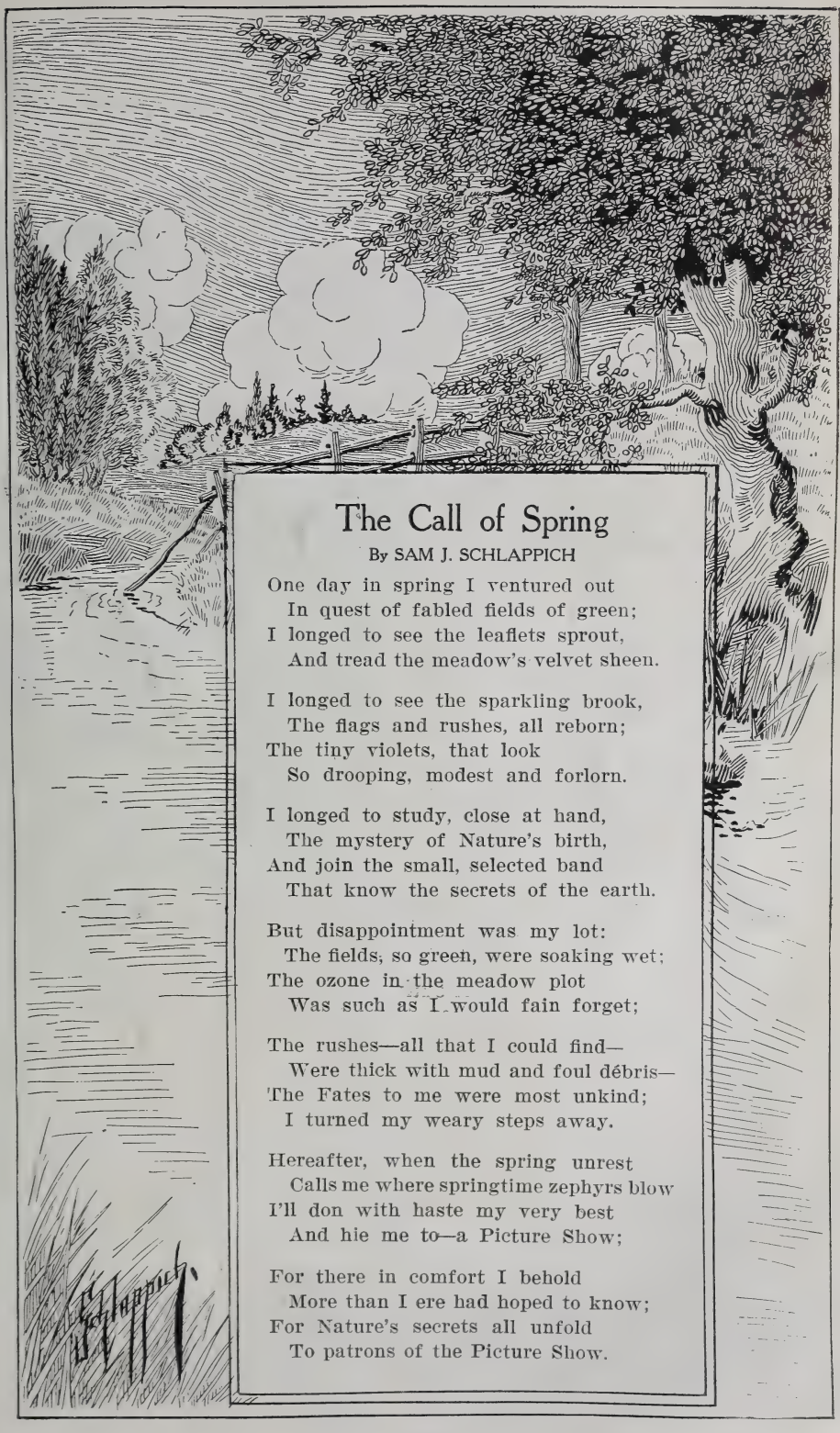
At the age of nineteen he enacted Shakespearean rôles with the company headed by Anna Boyne Moore, and his stellar work with the organization made him prosperous to an extent that enabled him to go to New York, where he soon was given the rôle of Jefferson Ryder in "The Lion and the Mouse," under the management of Henry B. Harris. Following a long and successful engagement with the Harris company, he enacted leading parts in the big New York

productions of "Graustark," "The Devil," "The Common Law," "The House of a Thousand Candles," and other popular plays.

The call of the movies then came to Mr. King from the lips of a noted producer, Wilbert Melville, manager of the Lubin Western studios, who, during a trip to Gotham, was attracted by the young man's stage work and offered him a handsome salary to go to Los Angeles and play leading rôles at the Lubin studios. After many months of work for Lubin, he resigned his position there, and more than a year ago began his present services as leading man of the Balboa forces. His director is Bertram Bracken, a veteran producer, who for many years was director for Gaston Méliès and other pioneer impresarios of the silent drama.

One of the most reassuring things about Mr. King's work during the last year is that it has broadened; he has grown more manfully robust, and —sh-s-s-s-s-h! breathe it softly—he has steadily become more handsome. There is all the dash of youth with him, but the restraining hand of experience, too. Youth apparently is to be his portion for many years to come, and the next generation of matinée girls at the photoplay doubtless will cut his picture out of the magazine and put it in a frame on the dresser, as many of the younger set do today.

VIRGINIA WEST.



The Call of Spring

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

One day in spring I ventured out
  In quest of fabled fields of green;
I longed to see the leaflets sprout,
  And tread the meadow's velvet sheen.

I longed to see the sparkling brook,
  The flags and rushes, all reborn;
The tiny violets, that look
  So drooping, modest and forlorn.

I longed to study, close at hand,
  The mystery of Nature's birth,
And join the small, selected band
  That know the secrets of the earth.

But disappointment was my lot:
  The fields, so green, were soaking wet;
The ozone in the meadow plot
  Was such as I would fain forget;

The rushes—all that I could find—
  Were thick with mud and foul débris—
The Fates to me were most unkind;
  I turned my weary steps away.

Hereafter, when the spring unrest
  Calls me where springtime zephyrs blow
I'll don with haste my very best
  And hie me to—a Picture Show;

For there in comfort I behold
  More than I ere had hoped to know;
For Nature's secrets all unfold
  To patrons of the Picture Show.

Their Preferences and Prejudices CONFIDED BY PHOTOPLAYERS TO NORBERT LUSK

MARY PICKFORD likes whipped-cream-and-kisses. Beyond this I can tell you nothing. She is as shy as any dryad and, when caught and questioned, only dimples elfishly, then laughs and is gone. But Louise Huff, variously called "The Kate Greenaway Girl of the Screen," "The Little Darling of Lubinville," etc., while equally elusive and tantalizing, in the face of determined interrogation, whispers that she would like to live on wild strawberries, mushrooms and beech-nuts. The exigencies of civilization, however, confine her to the prosaic nourishment found in soups and meats. Alice Joyce, no less spirituelle, subsists entirely on a vegetarian diet, and the cream of her complexion attests its beautifying result.

There's no denying it, choice of food reflects character. There are people who, while living uneventful lives, are really gastronomic adventurers, and others in the whirl of affairs are sedate and circumspect in their appetites.

Eleanor Woodruff refuses even the nourishment preferred

by the woodland sprites mentioned above, declaring that her favorite food is "thought." So vitally human a personality as Miss Woodruff discloses on the screen might, I venture to say, be induced to dally with a pork chop—when thought becomes monotonous. Edith Storey unaffectedly registers a partiality for potatoes, however prepared. This plainness of taste accords with what she says bores her supremely—formal dinners.

Consistency in preferences and prejudices, as everywhere, is admirable and refreshing. My friend, Bryant Washburn, for instance, is a man whose every taste accords with the other. The simplicity which he says he admires, more than any other quality, in everything, influences his choice, from his favorite flower—lily-of-the-valley—to his paramount interest, which is his home life. The melodic quality of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose" is simplicity, and it is not unwarrantable to assume that Mr. Washburn's enjoyment of this musical cameo comes chiefly from its simple perfection.

Edgar Jones, who is conceded by many to be the ideal of the do-and-dare type, oddly enough finds forgetfulness in the soothing harmonies of "The Swan," by Saint-Saëns. This reflects but one facet of his musical taste, however. Liszt's Second Rhapsody gives him stimulation and adds fuel to his ambition, which, in passing, you must know is the desire never to be forgotten by those he makes his friends.

Romaine Fielding, another man with personality plus, is influenced by his work in forming his ambition; he wants to produce a photoplay which will elevate his audience and make them think. While aiming high, he is content to find his chief interest in life, along the road to the stars, in his friends. Even his motto includes those he honors with his friendship—"God Bless Us!"

Miss Theby—Rosemary of the Radiance—probably generates the magnetic whole-heartedness for which she is noted by living up to her favorite precept: "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil." And it is hard to adhere to such a rigid standard. Richard Travers concentrates his philosophy in "There is some good reason why that was not to be," and in it we find the resignation of a big soul. Edwin August's standard is upheld by the strength of "Let it be the Truth." Believing that the measure of a man is best gauged by his toleration, Joseph Kaufman, the versatile and polished Lubin player, in two words sets down what he considers should be every man's guide, "Be generous." Eleanor Blanchard's knowledge of human nature crystallizes itself in her favorite aphorism, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he"; and Lottie Briscoe, too, noted for her determination and grit, says, "Be sure you are right; then go ahead." Ruth Stonehouse has emblazoned on her crest the essence of mental science, "Thinking God is thanking God." That love of art in any form which characterizes all the preferences of Gerda Holmes finds its way also in her motto, a favorite passage from Marcus Aurelius: "Love the art, poor as it may be, which thou hast learnt and be content with it." Francis X. Bushman, than whom there is no man among film favorites richer in sympathy, accounts for it in the words which he tells me epitomize his conduct: "Seek daily opportunities for doing good."

Little Muriel Ostriche, level-headed beyond her years, soberly expresses herself in the homely observation: "Never become conceited, for after you're gone you'll never be missed." There is no more beautiful couplet than that chosen by Carlyle Blackwell to serve as his daily stimulus: "No star is ever lost we once have seen; we all may be what we might have been." The origin of the maxim I forgot to ask Mr. Blackwell, for as soon as he had quoted the lines he jumped into his motor to keep an engagement.

The ideal of the opposite sex, or, perhaps, it might better be said that those qualities which are most ad-

mired in another have much to do, I find, in assembling preferences and in that way determining character. For, after all, whether it be a visualized ideal or not, we do recognize and pay tribute to those perfections of character which we find in our friends.

Ruth Roland, you will agree, expresses herself exceedingly well on the subject of her ideal man. "He must be strong and manly," she says, "and kind to others and to animals. I'd like him to be ambitious and to be able to get, thru his own efforts, sufficient of the world's goods to be independent. And he must recognize a woman's right to her opinions and that she has some place in the world of politics and business." The vivacious comedienne, besides beauty, has brains, you see. Irene Boyle is less exacting than beauty usually is. She just wants him "to be honest, generous in spirit, with the ability to control his temper and to be kind." The aristocracy of talent and brains in filmdom expresses its ideals thru gracious Ethel Clayton, who declares that gentleness and strength predominate in the man of her choice. Louise Huff whispers that he must be big enough to protect her and never mind the funny nicknames she gives him! Mae Hotely, who has been the victim of man's perfidy and tyranny—oh, only in Lubin comedies!—makes one iron-bound demand: "He must be *just.*" But I wonder who is to decide if there should be a dispute? Gentle Justina Huff, of the old South, true to tradition, asks only for "consistent gentlemanliness." It is evident that mere good looks are not desired by the very women who meet (and perhaps know) the handsomest men in the world. Indeed, Irene Howley, conspicuous among Biograph leading women, says that "he need not be good-looking, but he must be truthful, have consideration for others and a keen sense of humor." Mabel Trunnelle expresses herself in the all-embracing "He must have a good disposition." Vivian Prescott narrows her demands down to "truthfulness," and the sprightly Lillian Walker, who, methinks, is of a practical turn of mind, judging from her admiration for the cardinal masculine virtues, wants a durable ideal. He must be "tall, strong, honest and hard-working." A man who is all these must perforce be an able provider. But why should a woman of beauty, talent and intelligence hold no ideal? Is it because she is too experienced, has lost all faith in men and is content to consider them only because she has to? Can one who is young cherish no dream of what may be? There is one who declares she has no perfection to look for, but vouchsafes no additional information. There is a meaning behind this reticence, and we must fathom the secret of this riddle, this lovely sphinx, this Norma Talmadge.

The Magic Carpet

By VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON

The happiest hour of all the day,
When we were little folks,
Was when we put our toys away
And gathered round to coax
Our nurse for tales of sprite and fay.

And out of all the stories told,
The one I liked the best
Was of a magic carpet old
That bore to east or west
Whoever wished for journeys bold.

They'd but to stand on it, she said,
And speak their wish aloud;
And, oh, what visions thronged my head—
A motley, gorgeous crowd—
Of journeys on the carpet spread!

I never passed a ragged scrap
Of rug but what I stopped
To make a wish, lest it should hap
The wishing-rug had dropped
Before my feet while I did nap.

We smile at childhood's foolish dream,
And yet this one came true;
I've found a carpet which I deem
Must work by magic, too,
That carries me to lands unseen.

And tho it is not fair to see,
Of gorgeous velvet pile,
It's opened wonderland to me,
This covering of the aisle
That leads me where the movies be!

Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

THE readers of this magazine have been locking horns on the merits of Keystone comedies and their many imitators, and I have been asked to express an opinion. If memory serves me well, this class of comedy was introduced by the Biograph Company a few years ago, at the time when Messrs. Fred Mace and Mack Sennett were with that company. Later, these players left that company and went to the Pacific Coast, and either one or the other, or both, began to produce a similar style of comedy which afterwards became identified with and known as "slapstick" or Keystone comedy. But wherever it originated, doubtless the Keystone Company is entitled to the credit or discredit for its invention and introduction as a standard type of comedy. It must also be admitted that, for this style of screen humor, the Keystone Company has many imitators and no equals. As these comedies gradually gained international popularity, nearly all the other companies began to copy them, and some with commendable success, adding various deviations of an original nature. And there is no gainsaying the fact that these comedies, whether Keystone or otherwise, are immensely popular to this day, and doubtless will continue to be so for some time to come. The latest and most pretentious photoplay of this class of work is "Tillie's Punctured Romance," with Marie Dressler and Charles Chaplin, which was ably directed by Mr. Sennett. This farce was admirably done, perhaps overdone. The familiar Keystone hallmarks, such as the throwing of pies into people's faces and the kicking and throwing of persons into every ludicrous position conceivable, were predominant thruout, and these items never failed to raise a laugh from the average audience. The "flash" and the "cut back" are also made good use of in this comedy, as when one person pushes another, and we are then suddenly shown the next scene where the person pushed lands into a crowd of policemen or other bystanders and knocks them into a heap or into the water. Another feature of these comedies is the frequent, imaginary injuring of the characters by such means as causing a heavy stone to fall on a person's toes, or being struck on the head with a brick. It is not clear why people are amused at the misfortunes or mishaps of others, but the fact remains that these catastrophes never fail to arouse a laugh. Again, these mirth foundries usually have one or more grotesque characters in them, such as we could never see in real life; and these curious persons are often made the husbands or the lovers of unusually charming girls.

Some time ago the Vitagraph Company announced that they would not accept any scenario that introduced situations or characters that could not exist and be seen in real life, and this gave that company the idea of calling their productions "Life Portrayals." A most excellent policy was this, in my judgment, but it has not been strictly adhered to. Some of their recent comedies have possessed all the elements of the standard Keystone comedies.

There are several angles or standpoints from which we can view this class of comedy. First, we may inquire, Do they amuse a majority of photoplay patrons, or enough of them to warrant their continuance? Second, Do they do the Motion Picture business good or harm? Third, Is their influence for good or for evil? Fourth, Do they help to place the industry on that high plane which we all hope for it, and to raise the standard, or do they hinder?

Let me take your minds back to the old days when the Punch and Judy shows were so popular. These were primarily intended for children, it is true, but even we older folks used to enjoy them. Next, let me take you back to the circus of our boyhood days and recall to your minds the well-remembered clown. Next, let me call to your attention the more modern form of entertainment known as vaudeville, on every program of which we have the Irish team, or the German team, who delight their audiences with what is commonly called "horse-play" and with a rapid fire of indifferent jokes. Now, we never ask ourselves, when viewing these antics of clown or vaudeville performer, "Is it natural—is it true to life?" We see life exaggerated in them. We see only a slight semblance to real life. Everything is grotesque. It amuses and entertains because it is something different. It brings the laugh, and anything that promotes laughter is usually a good thing. As is well known, it is easier to make a child laugh than a grown-up. A child will laugh and be amused with a toy jumping-jack; so will an idiot. A child loves the grotesque antics of the circus clown, and so do some of the most intellectual of us older people. All children enjoy the Keystone type of comedy. Whether it is elevating to them, or harmful, is another matter. And I have carefully noted the effect of these comedies on various assemblages of older people. Invariably they arouse laughter. While it is true that a dozen people in a large audience can make a great deal of noise and commotion, giving the impression that the number is much larger than it really is, the fact is indisputable that a fair majority of people take kindly to this class of comedy. But I wonder how many of these laughers would enjoy Shaw's "Pygmalion," Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," Sheridan's "School for Scandal," Goldsmith's "Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," etc. How many of them would appreciate the fine, delicious wit of Swift, Thackeray, Stern, Addison, Steele, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Washington Irving, and all the great humorists whose art has survived the rust of time? There are two ways of arousing our risibilities: with a clumsy butcher's axe and with the keen blade of a stiletto, as it were. The funny sheets of the Sunday newspapers is one form of wit, and the plays and works just mentioned are another. I wish to make it clear that I do not mean that he who enjoys a Keystone comedy is either a child or an idiot, and that it does not necessarily follow that he is deficient in intellect. Some of the greatest men who ever lived have had a penchant for the light, ludicrous and frivolous. The circus clown often pleases the philosopher as well as he does the small boy who can neither read nor write. At the same time, it must be admitted that it is a low form of humor, and that its strongest appeal is to the lower order of intellect. Not that it does not also appeal to the highest, in some cases, but that it is not made to appeal to that kind. One person enjoys the opera, another prefers ragtime music rendered by a street band or hand-organ. One person prefers the five-cent novel, another prefers Macaulay, Addi-

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What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

By DOROTHY GWYNN

IN 1910 L. Rogers Lytton (Vitagraph) carried the rôle of Dr. Chesnel in "Madam X" at the new Amsterdam Theater, New York.

One of the last appearances of John Bunny on the regular stage was in his part of Gregory in the comic opera, "Tom Jones," produced at the Astor Theater, New York, several years ago.

Just prior to her joining the Lubin Company, Ethel Clayton played the lead in "Bobbie Burnit" at the Republic Theater, New York.

Bliss Milford (Kinetophote) was Sally Ann in "The Candy Shop," played at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, in 1909.

In its long run at the Hackett Theater, New York, James Kirkwood took a leading part in "The Turn of the Road."

In the elaborate production of "The Devil," rendered at the Garden Theater, New York, in the summer of 1908, W. Christie Miller (Biograph) was Heinrich, and Marguerite Snow (Thanhouser) was Elsa Berg.

In "The Conflict," produced at the Garden Theater, New York, in 1909, three photoplay stars were cast—Robert Brouet (Biograph) played Raphael de Valentin. Sheldon Lewis played Cesare Resapha, and Romaine Fielding (Lubin) played Jacques Plaizance.

Harry S. Northrup (Vitagraph) assumed the rôle of Sage-brush Charlie in "The Round-up" at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, 1907.

Marc MacDermott (Edison), playing the part of Captain de la Cœur, supported Adrienne Augarde in "Peggy Machree" at the Broadway Theater, New York, in 1909.

In "The City," performed at the Lyric Theater, New York, in December, 1909, Helen Holmes (Kalem) played the part of Eleanor Voorhees.

Edward Coxen (American) filled an engagement at Wallack's Theater, New York, in 1909, playing the part of Mr. Leslie in "A Little Brother of the Rich."

The stage character of Lily Kraus in "The Jolly Bachelors" was created by Josie Sadler in 1910, playing at the Broadway Theater, New York.

In 1908, in the romantic drama, "Graustark," taken from McCutcheon's novel by that name, this trio of photoplayers were cast—Burton King (Universal) played the lead, Adele Lane (Selig) played the part of Princess Dagmar, and Harry Myers (Universal) played the part of Harry Anguish.

In 1908 Charles Wellesley (Vitagraph) supported Annie Russell in "The Stronger Sex." William Wadsworth (Edison) was cast as the money-lender in the same.

In 1909 Charles Ogle (Edison) was on the road in "The Blue Mouse," and Marguerite Snow (Thanhouser) was *en tour* in one of "The Devil" productions.

Alice Washburn (Edison) played the part of Dorcas Tattleby in "Our New Minister" in January, 1909, and in the following month Edwin August accepted an engagement with Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family."

In the summer of 1907 King Baggot (Imp) played in a road company of "Salomy Jane," and Mack Sennett (Keystone) was with John Barrymore in "The Boys of Company B."

Earle Williams (Vitagraph) played the heavy in "'Way Down East" in the spring of 1908. At the same time Tefft Johnson (Vitagraph) filled a long engagement with Mrs. Leslie Carter, playing the part of the papal nuncio in "Du Barry."

Phillips Smalley (Universal) was the London war correspondent, and Wallace Beery (Essanay) was the Yankee one in "The Yankee Tourist," which, with Raymond Hitchcock in the title rôle, played the leading cities in 1908.

For the theatrical season of 1909 August Phillips (Edison) played leads for the Alcazar stock in San Francisco, opposite Bessie Barriscale. William Garwood (Imp) was also in the same company.

James Morrison (Vitagraph) played in one of the "Brewster's Millions" companies in 1909.

In 1909 Vivian Prescott (Biograph) was featured in "Sal, the Circus Gal," and Charles H. Mailes was on the road in "The Third Degree."

In April, 1908, W. Christie Miller (Biograph) was playing Shakespearian repertoire in Louis James' company.

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

BENJAMIN WILSON

Ben Wilson has just made another one of his surprising jumps — from Edison to Victor. Those who know Ben from the time when he followed a brass band out of Centerville, Ia., when he was a boy, and never came home again, state that Ben Wilson will always be on the move. That's one of the reasons why Moving Pictures have a peculiar charm for him.

For years this big, turquoise-eyed actor was a favorite in stock, playing in the Park Theater and the Gotham Theater stock companies in Brooklyn. Later he created the rôle of the boss in "The Governor and the Boss," and was one of the leads in "Seven Days." Then Broadway held him for a while as leading man with the Fifth Avenue stock company. Between whiles, Ben Wilson saw some of the raw side of life as a soldier in the Spanish-American war.

He is best known, perhaps, for his three years' connection with the Edison Company. His soldierly parts in photoplays were played with an appeal and truthfulness that soon endeared him to the public.

As an author Ben Wilson is a decided success; as a director his record is *sans peur et sans reproche.* Feature plays that Mr. Wilson has not only written and directed but also played leads in are "The Shattered Tree," "Mother and Wife," "When Cartridges Failed" and "While the Tide Was Rising." His greatest picture stunt was in the photodrama, "The Awakening of a Man," in which he played five distinct parts.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

Thomas Chatterton is best known as the star and leading man for the Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino companies. He has produced many of the photoplays in which he has taken the leading rôle and has written all kinds, from "True Irish Hearts" to "A Venetian Romance" and "The Primitive Call." He is best known for his naturalness and his ability to portray all types of humanity with simple truthfulness.

Thomas Chatterton was born in Geneva, N. Y., and left home at an early age to go on the stage. He will be remembered for his excellent work in the title rôle of "The Man of the Hour," and San Franciscans held him captive in the Alcazar Theater for two years, where he appeared as leading juvenile. In photodrama he has been seen to the best advantage in "The Voice on the Telephone," "The Open Door," "The Primitive Call," "Stacked Cards" and "The Worth of a Life."

While he is equally adept in society or high finance rôles, the

rough, raw types of the man who lives close to the soil or the woods appeal to him the most.

ELLA HALL

Ella Hall was with David Griffith, of Biograph fame, for over two years, with the Reliance for a few months, and has been a star with the Rex Company for six months more. It is a short career in pictures, but she is only sixteen. Truly, the camera children of yesterday will be the stars of tomorrow.

When a little girl, she was chosen by David Belasco to play a principal part in "The Grand Army Man." After that she understudied Mary Pickford in "The Warrens of Virginia," and following these appeared with Isabelle Irving in "The Girl Who Has Everything."

Ella Hall owes all her camera training to Lois Webber and Phillips Smalley, her directors. She is at the rare age when she can play either the part of a woman or a child, or the fascinating mixture of both.

HELEN HOLMES

In Helen Holmes' short life is more of interest than in that of most fiction heroines. Before she became the famous "Railroad Girl" for the Kalem Company, she lived, dressed, fought and suffered like a man in Death Valley in the Shoshone country. It all came about thru her starting on a prospecting trip with her brother. She lived the life of Bret Harte characters, suffered the thirst of the desert, joined the gold rush and lived among the Indians and half-breeds for several years. Her brother died, and Helen Holmes went back to Southern California.

There she met J. P. McGowan, Kalem's director, who at the time was looking for a leading woman. When he asked if she would mind daredevil riding, a bad fall or two, swimming thru cataracts or jumping over bridges and incidentally climbing under and over a moving train, she merely smiled. These things were all in the day's work for her. When you see the "girl at the switch" doing daring deeds, full of danger to life and limb, they are only an echo of what she has done in life.

HELEN GARDNER

When a tragic, earthy, soul-gripping rôle is assigned to a Vitagraph player — the Cleopatra, Francesca da Rimini, Beatrice Cenci or Lucretia Borgia kind — Helen Gardner is cast to interpret it. It is said that no one can do these vivid, and sometimes terrible, characters so well as she.

Born and educated in France, she showed a talent for emotional acting at an early age. She received her finishing touches at the Sargent Dramatic School in New York, and after a short period on the stage joined the Vitagraph Company.

Her interpretation of Becky Sharpe in "Vanity Fair" at once made her famous.

Shortly after this, with her director, Charles L. Gaskill, she estab-

lished her own studio at Tappan, N. Y., and produced "Cleopatra," "A Daughter of Pan" and "A Princess of Bagdad," with herself in the title rôle. But the Vitagraph Company had further need for her, and during the past summer Helen Gardner and Director Gaskill came back.

She has been recently seen in "Sylvia," a powerful play dealing with mesmerism, and "Beneath the Paint," a drama of theatrical life.

FLORA FINCH

"I just fall into each scene and make faces," says Flora Finch, the up-and-down Vitagraph comedienne. But there is a lot more to Flora's camera work and personality than is contained in this flippant remark.

Flora was born in England, married at an early age and has a charming daughter in her teens, Miss Veronica.

Vitagraph's willowy funmaker began her career on the regular stage in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," afterwards playing with Josie Sadler in comedy. It was the Biograph Company that first realized the possibilities of her face and form, and she was featured in the "What Happened to Jones" series. She joined the Vitagraph players three years ago and immediately became famous by contrast with John Bunny, just like Jack Sprat and his wife. "Mrs. Nag" pictures were the most popular comedy series of the day and established Flora on a pedestal of fame.

She lives in a cozy cottage near the Vitagraph studio, and her home is a modest salon for her fellow photoplayers.

Miss Finch is a charming mixture of bubbling fun and common sense. In her own words, her favorite sport is "playing hookey from the graveyard." She is destined to be a permanent star in camera land.

JAMES KIRKWOOD

James Kirkwood has a shock of hair as bright-hued as the mahogany furniture in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he was born and raised. The public has long since found out that his fiery adornment isn't combustible, and so he has become famous with or without it. Out in Michigan he used to carry around a volume of Shakespeare and read it at the lunch-counter.

It was a long span from there to playing with Henry Miller in "The Great Divide," and "The Girl from the Golden West" with Blanche Bates, but these, with many other stage experiences, came to Kirkwood before he joined the Biograph forces.

'Twasn't long before James Kirkwood became a director, too, and from Biograph he transferred to Reliance on the Pacific Coast.

The shifting demands of the film world recently hurried him East again, where he is now principal director and ofttimes lead for Famous Players. On the night of his arrival in New York an unusual honor awaited him—he was elected president of the Screen Club, the famous organization of photoplay actors. To be the most popular man among brother professionals is praise indeed.

Forceful "Jimmie" is particularly strong in depicting raw-boned types. His latest big part is in "Behind the Scenes," the Famous Players' hit. It is a rôle that he created on the regular stage and "Little Mary," who plays opposite him, thinks him utterly grand.

EXCITING STORIES OF THE PLAYERS THAT ARE TRUE

BY James Black

On a rainy, miserable day in July, I happened to wander into the Vitagraph yard for material for a story. I met my lifelong pal, Bill Shay, and he suggested going over to the Vitagraph Club, as there was nothing doing in the studio. We had just settled down to a quiet game of pinochle, when Bill was hailed from across the room.

"Oh, Bill," said Earle Williams, "come here and settle an argument."

With a sigh Bill rose, and queried, "What's it all about?"

"We are telling our most exciting experiences, and want you to be the judge as to the best," explained Costello.

Bill, filling his pipe, settled down with the air of a martyr and listened. "Fire away, I'm in a hurry," he said.

"When I was traveling in——," began Lackaye. "Hey, I'm first," spoke up Costello. "Don't interrupt; besides, we have all heard that story."

"Oh, go on," grumbled Lackaye.

"Well," said Costello, "I think the worst thirty seconds I ever spent in my life was when I was doing a scene where I was supposed to be tied to a railroad track and just get free in time to escape. Deon was supposed to be the engineer, while the real engineer was hiding in the engine cab. In my pretended struggle to loosen my bonds, I really tangled them, and the director, seeing that something was wrong, called to Deon to stop the engine. He had forgotten how! He yelled to the engineer, who had, for some reason, fainted, and instead of closing the throttle, he jerked it wide open. The train bore down on me, and I had barely time to wriggle off the track somehow when the train passed. As it was, the engine hit my heel, and I was lame for a month.

"Well," said Bill, "I remember that; I was there. The train didn't hit your heel. Dont cheat yourself of glory; it was your ankle."

"When I was traveling in——" began Lackaye again.

"Oh, shut up," said Morey, "I'm next."

"When I was playing in 'A Million Bid,'" Morey related, "it was during the shipwreck scene that my most exciting experience happened. I was supposed to float out of the cabin of the submerged yacht and up to the surface on a pile of wreckage. To get the right effect I was submerged, tied to the raft, and when the supports were taken away, I was to float up on the raft. I took a deep breath and was submerged. The raft made a disturbance in the water, and the director had to wait till the water was smooth again. All this time I was under the water. Unable to hold my breath any longer, I emptied my lungs and immediately began to drown. I lost consciousness and was half drowned when the raft finally came to the surface. I was pulled off and revived, but—never again!"

"When I was traveling in——" insisted Lackaye again.

"Order in the court!" said Bill Shay. "Mr. Williams, will you kindly testify?"

Reluctantly Earle Williams began. He doesn't like to appear in the limelight, this man. He would rather listen.

"A while ago——"

"Mr. Williams; Mr. Williams," droned the page, and Earle Williams had to leave before even commencing. The party broke up.

"The judge has decided," said Bill Shay, "that Mr. Costello and Mr. Morey have run a dead heat."

For The Young Folks

Conducted by Ernest A. Dench

Dear Boys and Girls—Have the Motion Pictures provided you with any new games? Maybe you and your chums have gotten the idea for fresh ones from visits to the picture theater. What I want you to do is to write me a letter telling me just how your favorite game is played. It does not matter at all whether it is one that amuses you out in the street or that you play at home at night times, for your comrade readers are quite as anxious to know all about it. And, besides, if yours is the best of the whole bunch, a nice present is awaiting you here. The latest day I can receive your letter is March 28th. Dont forget, will you?

Would you not like to act along with your father in films? Altho that treat is denied you, it is not denied those cute children, the Costello sisters. They can pretend things almost as well as their fond papa, Maurice Costello, and they never make him angry by looking at the camera. Helen is but five years of age, while Dolores is eight. Both own boys' bicycles and delight in taking fast and long rides on them.

Leland Benham, who often is seen in Thanhouser pictures in company with both of his parents, Harry Benham and Ethel Cooke Benham, can well be proud of himself. He loves nothing better than acting in their company, for a photoplay sometimes allows him to play jokes on them.

Kathie Fischer, that dainty little girl who comes on the screen when a Beauty film is shown, nearly always has Margarita Fischer as a companion. She is Kathie's aunt, and they both get a lot of fun out of playing together.

The little boy of a friend of mine goes to the movies several times a week. The other day he told me that Motion Picture acting is a dandy excuse for the young players stopping away from school. But he was wrong, for the child actors have to have their lessons, just as he and you do. The film teacher, who is called the director, instructs his pupils for the movies after school hours.

Last month I spoke about a clever dog actor, but this time I shall inform you about a bow-wow who goes to the pictures as often as you do and enjoys them as much. His home is in London, England, and every time his young master sees the films he follows him in. He has to pay six cents, the same as his boy friend, and, like you and me, some photoplays please him and others do not. Thrilling stories he is not fond of, for he does nothing else but stare hard at the screen without moving or barking. But should he watch a film of a fox hunt, menagerie or dogs, he runs about and barks loud and long. Once he managed to get on the other side of the white screen after a leopard film had been shown, for he wanted to meet the big cat face to face.

Wont you be glad when Motion Pictures will be used to educate you and the dull old way be no more? You should not have to wait in patience much longer if Mr. Thomas A. Edison, the inventor you have often heard of, succeeds in making his Motion Picture course easy for you to understand and to learn from. No longer will you complain that lessons are tiresome.

Tom Powers is one of the grown-up players who takes a real interest in you. He is now in England and is seen in Hepworth films. He receives more letters from children than do his companion players, and he draws funny pictures for picture books. Nothing pleases Tommy more than hearing from his little friends in front.

How I Became A Photoplayer

THREE years in all covers my life in the voiceless drama. During that time I have been introduced to the photoplay public only thru the Lubin Liberty Bell, first as leading man, then as producer of the plays in which I assume the principal rôle. It all came about thru the wish of Mr. Lubin, who, I have learnt, is like no one so much as David Belasco in searching for people of promise. I was playing in New York when the request came that I meet Mr. Lubin at his club after the performance. He was genial, tho terse, in his welcome, and, within the space of five minutes, had acquired a résumé of my past performances, my opinion of silent acting, and the possibility of immediately terminating my engagement at the theater.

The following Monday found me at

EDGAR JONES LOUISE HUFF

the great Lubin plant, "The Governor" being kind enough to introduce me to his directors as the man for whom he had been searching two years! Only the other day I learnt what was meant at the time. The oil painting by Frederic Remington, which has hung in Mr. Lubin's office for years, represents the perfection of the Western type, so authorities agree. "The Governor" tells me that he thinks Remington's model must have been myself.

EDGAR JONES.

Some of life's rewards come accidentally. So it was with my début into the theater of silence. It came so unexpectedly. When I left the Horace Mann School in New York, a season with "Ben Hur" introduced me to the footlights. After a summer's rest with my mother and sister and brothers at our old home in Georgia, my sister Justina and myself called at a well-known dramatic agency in Manhattan to see if something could be found for us. We were hopeful enough to think there might be an engagement waiting which would keep us together—no matter what drawbacks there might be, we did so want not to be separated. Now comes the fairy-like luck of it! That very morning Mr. Lubin called at the agency, on the lookout for certain types. Not to one, but to both he told all about his big plant in Philadelphia, and would we come? He was like a genie describing his palace across the deserts and the seas. So, a few days later we slipped thru the portals of Lubinville. That was two years ago, and it has been a lifetime of exciting experiences and some sweet successes. Nearly all the Lubin directors have guided my work from time to time, but I have found my most sympathetic mentor and opposite player in Mr. Edgar Jones, with whom my best work has been done. My favorite rôle so far has been Elaine in "The Girl at the Lock," but if I can only gratify a certain ambition I'll be willing to forget everything else I've ever done. But being happy from day to day makes the waiting not so hard.

LOUISE HUFF.

I needed the work and the money and was disgusted with the treatment I had received; in short, I was in a receptive mood. I came to the Coast

with a repertoire company and had decided to make California my home, and joined a Coast stock concern which took me a good many miles away and left us all stranded. I got back to Los Angeles and was glad to get the position of juvenile lead with another company, which at least got as far as Santa Barbara before announcing that the treasury was not large enough to pay salaries. So back to Los Angeles I came once more, and I thought I would get a job with the movies until I amassed enough to go on the road again. Mr. Tom Ince engaged me eighteen months ago, and

I have been playing leads and advancing with his company ever since and have no thoughts of going back to the legitimate.

CHARLES RAY.

My début as a photoplay actor came about in rather a peculiar way. I was filling an engagement in New York some few years ago, and had the

pleasure of meeting Mr. Edwin Porter and Mr. Dawley, at that time connected with the Edison Company.

I arranged to pose for them the days that I hadn't a matinée. My production played in town for fifteen weeks, and I must admit that my associations with these two gentlemen have been the most pleasant that I have experienced during my entire career.

The following summer I posed for the Kalem Company under Mr. Sydney Olcott's direction, another very fine gentleman.

I continued to remain on the stage until five years ago, when I accepted an engagement with the Edison Company for one year, and have been with them during the past five years.

My engagement with the Edison Company has been a very pleasant one. Should I return to the stage, which I hope to do at some future time, I must admit that my experience as a photoplay actor has proven a very profitable one. I have made many good friends, and my picture training has enabled me to become a more versatile and finished actor, having played a varied line of parts, ranging from a child in arms to decrepit old men.

EDWARD BOULDEN.

How I became a photoplayer? Well, indeed, it was almost "How I didn't become a photoplayer," and all on account of a vivid green silk tie—the Patrick green, you know! Fate weaves an assortment of omens into our lives to present this or that, as she wills, and this time my green tie very nearly lost me my first chance to appear on the screen.

You know, I had been on the stage since my "Baby Ruth" days, when I was three years old. I left the city late one afternoon with a thirty-five-mile trolley trip between me and Mr. Hartigan, of the Kalem Company at that time, whom I wanted to see about getting into pictures. I watched the shadows lengthen from the car windows, then the lights began to glimmer along my way, and when I finally arrived at Santa Monica it was quite dark—you know, dusk comes early in California. I remember how very dusty and how very tired I was, but I straightened my hat and tucked the stray wisps of hair under it, retied my green tie and rang the bell of Mr. Hartigan's home. And it was a brand-new home of Mr. Hartigan's, and the electric lights had not yet been installed. During the first part of our conversation Mr. Hartigan talked to me in the dim rays of a light from an adjoining room; then finally he said: "Well, Miss Roland, I'll get a lamp and see what you really look like." So by the light of

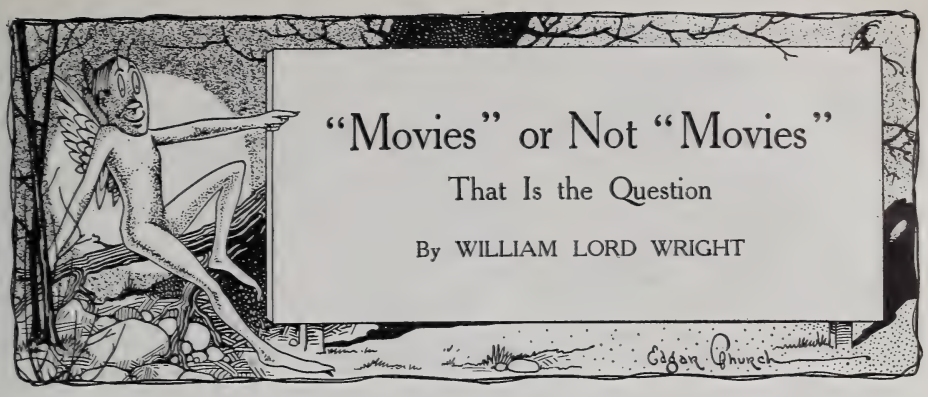
a lamp I received Mr. Hartigan's inspection. I didn't realize then what his long stare meant—that facial lines and features are susceptible things in the close-range work of the camera stage; then, "Yes, Miss Roland, come to the studio in the morning and I shall give you the part." And I departed on my long journey home, but, oh dear! I wasn't nearly so tired and the darkness didn't seem nearly so dark as when I had last traveled over that road.

Well, I played the part Mr. Hartigan gave me, which was a lead, by the way, acceptably, and began my engagement with Kalem. Mr. Hartigan told me one day, several months after I had been with the Kalem Company, that he very nearly did not give me the part. "You know, Miss Roland, I am Irish, and when I saw that emerald tie, I thought, just for a little while, that you knew of my love o' the wearin' of the green and was flattering it—well, I'm glad you wore the little green tie and glad you are with the O'Kalems."

RUTH ROLAND.

I was tired, very tired, and I really did not care for the time being what I did, and when pictures were suggested I shook my wise head and laughed, for candidly I scorned them. I dreaded to return to the stage and resume the direction of my own company, with its worries and hard work, and when pictures were suggested again I said I did not care—I might just as well try them for a change and for a rest. So I was tried out in just a few scenes and was assigned as lead to a company, and before I knew where I was or what I was doing, I found this new thing taking a strong hold on me, one I could not resist. A little later I commenced to lose interest in returning to the legitimate stage, and then came the wonderful thing—the desire and the determination to make a name for myself in Motion Pictures, the very profession I had despised. In that I do not believe that I am different from a number of others; and when I suggest trying it to any of my old friends and they turn their noses up, as I did, I laugh and say, "Try it."

CLEO MADISON.



"Movies" or Not "Movies"

That Is the Question

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

WHILE I believe the term "movies" does not well represent the value and the educational importance of the Motion Picture art, yet I am inclined to think the violent agitation against its general use is a "much ado about nothing."

The word "movies" used in reference to the Motion Pictures can never be supplanted. It has taken a firm root in the hearts and minds of the photoplay public and, more important yet, of the newspapermen.

It is to the newspapers that we must charge the popularity of the expression "movies." The word "movies" consists of six letters. It fits easily into the single column widths of great daily newspapers; the expression is greatly to be desired by writers of headlines.

As one newspaper man asserted recently: "What endearing term is suggested to supplant the word 'movies'? Until a better word comes along, the newspapers of this country and the lovers of the screen will continue to use the 'movie' expression. The expression 'Motion Pictures' is too long; it is too long for the public to use, and too long for the writer of newspaper headletter. 'Motion Pictures' will not fit in well in column-width newspaper headings.

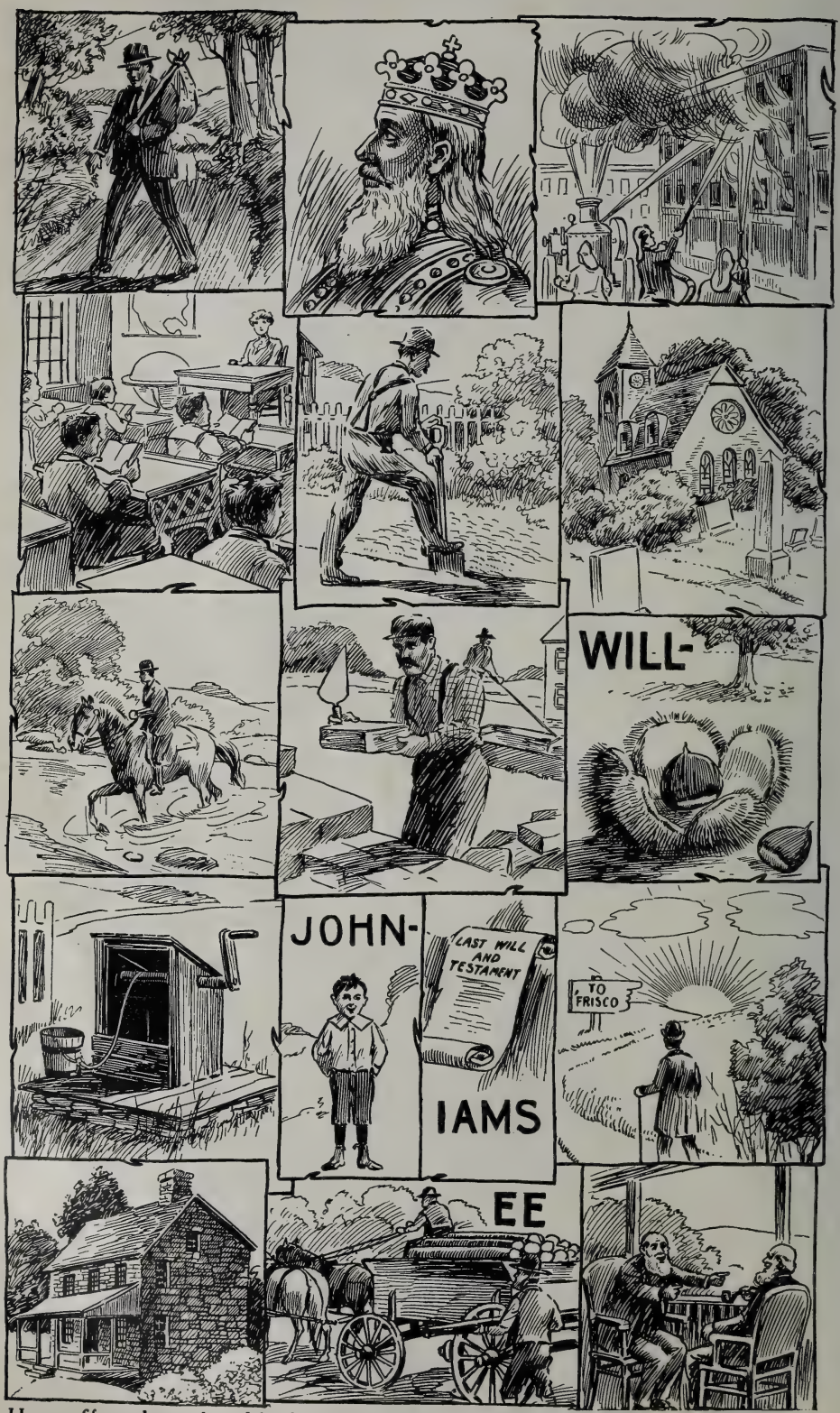
"We newspaper people," the speaker continued, "do not regard 'movies' as an expression of contempt toward a great art; we regard the word rather as an expression of endearment. Perhaps the word 'movies' has accomplished more for the art than many of those opposed to its use will realize. Thru the newspapers it first familiarized the entertainment to the masses; the newly coined expression caught the fancy of the display headletter writers, and so cinematography was given much needed exploitation in past years. 'Movies' continues to be used and will be as long as the Motion Picture art exists."

The word "movies" will soon appear within the pages of standard dictionaries. Like other American colloquialisms, it has been taken up and fallen into such common use that it has become standard, like many other expressions that were primarily considered as slang expressions.

"Movies" is not undignified any more. It is a vital expression used everywhere by those who love Motion Pictures. While it is a term of endearment, of close association, of familiarity with the animated screen, it sounds slangy and undignified, and I, for one, would like to see the word abolished. But it cant be done!

One of the largest manufacturers of Motion Pictures said recently: "The word 'movies' has accomplished good instead of harm to the pictures. I remember when the expression 'pops' made Sunday afternoon 'popular' orchestral concerts popular in a certain metropolitan city. What the word 'pops' did in a minor way, the word 'movies' has accomplished in a universal way. Leave the word 'movies' alone and give it a chance to flourish and to popularize the industry, and turn serious attention to more vital weaknesses."

Since the word has come to stay, let us hope that as time familiarizes it as an accepted term for a high-class art it will sound less opprobrious, and I think it will.



Here are fifteen players pictured for the children. The names of the first ten children under twelve years of age who correctly solve this puzzle will be published in the June issue

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

THERE is a request that comes to me with increasing frequency, and that is, to exploit some one particular player. That is quite impossible. On the other hand, I am often accused of favoring some special few. That is quite unjust. I assure you, one and all, that I am sublimely impartial—impervious to any single charmer—the admirer of all.

Since the director is the power behind the play—the great overlord of all that we criticise, weep over and laugh over—it seems in keeping to voice any sentiment concerning him in these columns. Therefore, we award the prize this month to Frank M. Wiltermood, for his sonnet to David Wark Griffith.

Frank M. Wiltermood, author of many photoplays, recently visited the Mutual Film Corporation's studios in Los Angeles to obtain material for a magazine article concerning the work of D. W. Griffith and was so greatly impressed by the producer's art that, after returning home, he wrote the following:

SONNET TO DAVID WARK GRIFFITH.

Good luck be thine in all the advent year.
Great wizard of the motophoto scene;
May wondrous triumphs deck thy brow serene
In all thy days and bring new joy to cheer
The millions oft cast down by woe and fear.
Bend thou all art to make the picture screen
A teacher of all schools the most supreme;
Make every reel contain its moral clear.
That evil deeds their direful wages bring.
Uplift the masses with thy moving plays—
O David, wield thy modern, filming sling
To fell Goliath of all sinful ways!
Mankind will then thy acts in praises sing
And gladly crown thee with immortal bays.

Miss Atlanta poetically and astronomically heralds Gerda Holmes:

A PREDICTION.

(With due apologies to Kipling.)

Hear ye a song—a song of broken interludes—
A song in praise of Gerda Holmes, the Rose of Essanay.
She's the girl with haunting eyes,
Darker than the midnight skies.
I saw her act with Bushman, and she stole my heart away.

Yea, tho she plays in comedy or tragedy,
You may rest assured that you will see some acting fine;
Tho a new star in the sky.
I predict that by-and-by
Bright or brighter than the brightest she will shine.

Oh! friends of Little Mary, Alice Joyce and Clara K.,
I dont dispraise your idols—they are splendid in their parts:
I just say my lady fair
With the finest can compare.
And I give three cheers for Gerda Holmes, the coming Queen of Hearts!

"Marjorie" sends a ringing toast to Tom Moore—a brief one and hearty:

TOM MOORE.

Here's to you, Tom Moore, to you,
To your eyes of Irish hue:
You play fair—play square—
If to do or dare—
To you, Tom Moore, to you!

Gloom you beguile with cheery smile,
Your heart is true and blue;
To the heights of fame
Shall ring your name—
To you, Tom Moore, to you!

I noticed, with much satisfaction, in your August number a splendid appreciation of Ruth Stonehouse. She is undoubtedly Essanay's most talented and beautiful leading woman, and I should like to hear her work praised more by your magazine.

An important thing Essanay should do is to advertise her. For instance, when she is playing in a feature opposite Francis Bushman the posters never announce the fact. I'm sure she is just as talented for a woman as he is for a man.

I was more than delighted when I read that Essanay intends to feature her in a four-reel picture, and I'm sure no one could play the part of "The Slim Princess" any better than Ruth Stonehouse.

I. L. M.

"Enclosed find clever piece by a young man friend of mine. Have promised not to give his name.—H. S. FLANNERY." The ambiguous one has written as follows:

WHY (To Miss Edna Payne).

I've heard men pray in many ways,
In many climes, thru many days;
Beside their beds, in churches, too,
They pray for aid in all they do,
For wealth, for love, for health, for life,
For strength to conquer in the strife;
I've heard men pray to ease their grief,
To make their suffering short and brief,
For good men pray, and bad men, too,
Who do a deed they should not do;
And yet of all this pleading throng,
But *one* I've heard who asked a wrong.

The strangest prayer e'er heard on earth
I heard one night beside my berth—
A young man knelt and bowed his head
And prayed this prayer beside his bed:
"I ask not gold, nor life, nor health;
I ask not glory, pomp nor wealth;
I ask not power, nor size, nor strength,
Altho a little short on length—
My legs are bowed, they should be straight—
I ask not this, nor to be great.
I have no foes, I've done no wrong;
Till now sweet joy has been my song.
This favor grant—and only one—
And let my life in joy be run;
I ask one boon—a worldly gain—
Grant unto me, I pray—a *Payne!*"

What's What—and Why

By TARLETON WINCHESTER

At one time it seemed that the pictures produced by the Famous Players Film Company, with Mary Pickford as the featured player, climbed steadily toward an ideal. The climax was probably reached in "Tess of the Storm Country." It was a perfect vehicle, and they dont grow on every bush. Since then she has had no part really suited to her. "Mistress Nell" is a case in point. The charming little actress makes a Mary Pickford of Nell Gwynn, and while this is undoubtedly what many desire, it is not consistent with the statement that she is America's cleverest Motion Picture star. I stand pat on the belief that, considered solely as regards their relative ability, Marguerite Clark is the better actress of the two. Compare "Mistress Nell" with "The Goose Girl" and see what you think!

"The Island of Regeneration" is a Vitagraph feature, with Edith Storey, Antonio Moreno and a fine cast, which, judging by the reception it got at the Vitagraph Theater, will be a big success. It is a slightly new version of the "desert island yarn." It is not hackneyed. It ranks with the best things yet done.

It is not easy to imagine William Farnum in a comedy rôle. Yet in "A Gilded Fool" he plays so delightfully that we wonder why he has not shown us this side before. Maude Gilbert, Harry Spingler, Charles Guthrie, Edgar Davenport and George De Carleton have the more important parts, while Margaret Vale, a niece of President Wilson, and an unknown young man do unusually well with the lesser bits. The Box Office Attraction Company has another production of more than average interest in "Children of the Ghetto," a filmization of Israel Zangwill's story. It is remarkably well done, with Wilton Lackaye as the rabbi. His performance is such as to recall that of the original play.

Paramount Pictures are so clearly pre-eminent that the announcement of a new producing company on the Paramount program is sure to cause comment. In this instance it is "Rule G" that has been picked by the most important feature-booking organization in this country to take a place in its list of releases. "Rule G" is a railroad temperance drama, in which the lesson is strong and yet subordinated enough to keep the whole from being a preachment. Its atmosphere is correct. Most of the players and all of the supernumeraries are employees of the Union Pacific, and the president of the railroad posed in a scene of the picture.

It is not strange that people should want to see Gaby Deslys in Motion Pictures. That they do was demonstrated when the film was shown at the Strand Theater. Her acting has improved greatly, and she dances with considerably more grace and dexterity than she did when last seen here. The story is weak, however. The film is not up to the standard.

Charles Chaplin makes his first appearance as an Essanay star in "His First Job." It is killingly funny. Everything points to success for him in his new venture.

Why did Broncho label its unusually good two-part drama "Winning Back"? It is hard to be deeply interested in a story which you are told beforehand is going to come out right. Finding that her husband is unfaithful, a young wife determines to become the sort of woman he seems to admire. The action develops at a fast rate to a climax and end about which the title carefully leaves no uncertainty. Clara Williams is the wife, Harry Keenan her husband, and Louise Glaum the other woman.

I take back what I said about "Runaway June" after its first instalment had been seen. How long this chase is going to last I dont know. My interest stopped running

(Continued on page 161)

UNDOUBTEDLY this is the most popular contest ever conducted by any publication at any time. The enthusiasm of our readers and of the Motion Picture public seems to be unbounded. From the very first the indications were that we had struck a popular note—a chord of universal appeal—and every day brings us great bundles of letters thanking us for the opportunity we have given the public to voice its sentiments.

Players in the speaking drama have the advantage of personally facing their audiences, and the applause that comes over the footlights is sweet music to their ears, and it stimulates and inspires them. And if these players do not do their best one night, they soon know it and endeavor to do better next time. With the Motion Picture player it is different. He has no inspiring audience in front of him to key him up to the situation and to spur him on—nothing but the cruel, relentless, unforgiving camera. He plays his part as the camera clicks on, and there is nobody to applaud. Later, he sees the result of his work, and, good or bad, it must so remain forever. He cannot correct it. Unlike the stage player, he cannot say, "Well, I will do better next time." There is no next time, so far as that play is concerned. When a player sees himself on the screen, he or she invariably says, "If I could only do that over, how much better I would do it!" And when you, reader, see that play and you admire the work of one or more of the players in it, your impulse is to applaud. It is human nature. But the players cannot hear! If they could only be present, how they would enjoy hearing your approbation! But, no, they are probably at home, studying or preparing for the next play. And not only would *they* enjoy this applause—so would *you* enjoy giving it. And that is just why this contest was inaugurated. We want the players to know that you enjoy and appreciate their efforts to please you, and we want to give you the pleasure of *applauding* your favorites. It is a good thing for all.

Now, there are some four or five hundred players, and we have not room to publish all of their names. Besides, it would, perhaps, not be fair. How do you think you would feel if you were an accomplished leading woman and should find your name published at the bottom of a long list, with only a few hundred votes, when Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, Alice Joyce and others had nearly a quarter of a million each? And yet you might be just as talented as they. Perhaps you haven't had the opportunity—the parts. Perhaps your name has not been put on the casts, so that you are not known. Or perhaps you are a newcomer. Dozens of very excellent players will never find their names published here, doubtless for the foregoing or other reasons. But they will all know about it. We shall inform each player of the number of votes he or she received. It must be pleasant to know that even one person admires you and has taken the trouble to clip a coupon, put your name on it and to mail it away to be counted in your honor. Those players who find their names printed below have just cause to be very proud, whether they are at the top or at the bottom of the list. It is a distinguished honor. It will be an item that will linger pleasantly in their memory, even if they do not win a prize.

There will be twenty-four prizes awarded, one for each member of the first cast and of the second cast. We purpose spending about $2,500 in procuring suitable prizes for the winners, the nature of which prizes was briefly outlined in our March number and full details of which will shortly be announced. The first prize will go to that player who receives the largest number of votes for any one part. It has been suggested that that player be permitted to make his or her own selection of prizes, and the player having the next largest, second choice, and so on; but this is a mere detail, easy to arrange to the satisfaction of all, as the contest develops.

In voting, the reader should have in mind the idea of forming an imaginary company composed of the very best players in the art. It is, therefore, not a question of who is most popular, but a question of who is best. The *Great Cast* will be the finest that was ever conceived by any manager. It will be so great that money could not buy it. No Motion Picture company in existence has the knowledge, the ability nor the money to get such a company together. You, readers, are the court of last resort. What you decide is law. The Great Cast that you select must be the greatest. Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Every ballot must contain the name and address of the voter. The ballot will be found on another page.

2. The name of no player may appear more than twice on the same ballot. For example, the same player may be voted for as comedian and character man, but not for a third part also.

3. It makes no difference in what company they are now playing, for it will be quite improbable that the winning players will ever be brought together into one company.

4. Each person may vote only once a month, but any number of ballots may be enclosed in one envelope.

5. The villain and child may be either male or female.

6. The ages of the players need not be considered. A young man can often play an old-man part as well as can an elderly man.

7. Ballots should be addressed to "Great Cast Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.," but they may be enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine.

8. Ballots need not be entirely filled out.

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO FEB. 13.

THE GREAT CAST

1. Leading Man, Earle Williams	346,300
2. Leading Woman, Mary Pickford	333,205
3. Old Gentleman, W. Chrystie Miller	438,915
4. Old Lady, Mary Maurice	660,180
5. Character Man, Harry Morey	146,080
6. Character Woman, Julia S. Gordon	285,775
7. Comedian (Male), Charles Chaplin	464,585
8. Comedian (Female), Mabel Normand	457,945
9. Handsome Young Man, Warren Kerrigan	207,265
10. Beautiful Young Woman, Anita Stewart	285,940
11. Villain, Jack Richardson	327,230
12. Child, Helen Costello	408,650

The following are the leading competitors for the first cast, in the order named, together with their total votes for the various positions, up to Feb. 13th.

LEADING MAN

1. Francis X. Bushman	345,060
2. Warren Kerrigan	272,040
3. Crane Wilbur	189,980
4. Arthur Johnson	175,580
5. Carlyle Blackwell	150,030
6. Paul Scardon	97,420
7. James Cruze	80,620
8. Harold Lockwood	68,830
9. Thomas Moore	56,550
10. King Baggot	47,860
11. Maurice Costello	44,250
12. William Garwood	44,040
13. Romaine Fielding	40,960
14. Antonio Moreno	38,770

LEADING WOMAN

1. Anita Stewart	265,130
2. Alice Joyce	230,740
3. Edith Storey	208,320
4. Florence LaBadie	194,580
5. Clara K. Young	181,740
6. Beverly Bayne	164,080
7. Mary Fuller	122,290
8. Ruth Stonehouse	111,010
9. Pearl White	86,760
10. Cleo Madison	64,960
11. Marie Newton	58,270
12. Norma Talmadge	56,430
13. Marguerite Snow	40,470
14. Lottie Briscoe	40,100

OLD GENTLEMAN

1.	Charles Kent	386,130
2.	Thomas Commerford	248,435
3.	Van Dyke Brooke	197,850
4.	Robert Brower	118,675
5.	Logan Paul	113,420
6.	William West	97,110
7.	Francis X. Bushman	64,060
8.	Murdock MacQuarrie	51,000
9.	George Cooper	48,530
10.	Marc MacDermott	47,340
11.	Charles Ogle	32,970
12.	John Bunny	30,570

OLD LADY

1.	Helen Dunbar	262,820
2.	Julia Stuart	105,860
3.	Helen Relyea	93,420
4.	Louise Lester	81,540
5.	Mrs. Geo. Walters	52,900
6.	Norma Talmadge	50,340
7.	May Hall	41,870
8.	Kate Price	40,410
9	Flora Finch	38,840
10.	Pauline Bush	28,880
11.	Edith Storey	24,600
12.	Kate Toncray	20,280

CHARACTER MAN

1.	Warren Kerrigan	144,730
2.	Francis X. Bushman	119,400
3.	Marc MacDermott	113,140
4.	Arthur Johnson	112,360
5.	Romaine Fielding	111,790
6.	William Wadsworth	89,800
7.	James Cruze	78,580
8.	King Baggot	78,320
9.	Nicholas Dunaew	76,610
10.	G. M. Anderson	68,840
11.	Earle Williams	66,460
12.	Billy Quirk	62,900

CHARACTER WOMAN

1.	Norma Talmadge	267,210
2.	Edith Storey	151,870
3.	Edwina Robbins	123,500
4.	Ruth Stonehouse	92,150
5.	Clara K. Young	89,565
6.	Cleo Madison	76,790
7.	Mary Fuller	75,790
8.	Mary Pickford	71,530
9.	Louise Lester	70,800
10.	Flora Finch	56,200
11.	Kate Price	54,050
12.	Anita Stewart	50,900

COMEDIAN (MALE)

1.	John Bunny	386,640
2.	Ford Sterling	310,740
3.	Wallie Van	234,500
4.	Wallace Beery	193,270
5.	Sidney Drew	116,300
6.	Donald McBride	104,800
7.	Billy Quirk	70,680
8.	Roscoe Arbuckle	69,370
9.	Hughie Mack	54,900
10.	Victor Potel	38,770
11.	William Shea	38,630
12.	John Brennan	38,130

COMEDIAN (FEMALE)

1.	Flora Finch	327,985
2.	Margaret Joslin	259,390
3.	Ruth Roland	255,030
4.	Lillian Walker	249,540
5.	Norma Talmadge	205,510
6.	Kate Price	187,550
7.	Karin Norman	176,750
8.	Constance Talmadge	138,930
9.	Florence Lawrence	120,970
10.	Victoria Forde	85,130
11.	Mary Pickford	68,870
12.	Vivian Prescott	36,830

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

1.	Antonio Moreno	206,390
2.	Francis X. Bushman	200,650
3.	Crane Wilbur	180,255
4.	Carlyle Blackwell	178,610
5.	Earle Williams	157,300
6.	Donald Hall	118,930
7.	Harold Lockwood	105,600
8.	James Morrison	79,290
9.	Thomas Moore	42,890
10.	George Larkin	40,540
11.	Bryant Washburn	40,180
12.	James Cruze	36,910

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

1.	Mary Pickford	275,000
2.	Alice Joyce	267,725
3.	Norma Talmadge	237,165
4.	Clara K. Young	190,390
5.	Mary Anderson	189,040
6.	Pearl White	187,150
7.	Lillian Walker	138,450
8.	Beverly Bayne	137,420
9.	Florence LaBadie	95,260
10.	Marguerite Snow	64,010
11.	Blanche Sweet	54,210
12.	Margarita Fischer	50,430

VILLAIN

1.	Harry Morey	291,970
2.	Bryant Washburn	272,810
3.	Paul Panzer	245,150
4.	Harry Northrup	164,430
5.	Rogers Lytton	112,700
6.	Romaine Fielding	100,590
7.	Ned Finley	75,200
8.	Marc MacDermott	64,330
9.	George Cooper	48,830
10.	Frank Farrington	43,400
11.	George Periolat	40,460
12.	Lester Cuneo	39,750

CHILD

1.	Bobby Connelly	316,800
2.	Audrey Berry	287,345
3.	Yale Boss	210,910
4.	Andy Clark	124,090
5.	Helen Badgely	116,510
6.	Clara Horton	74,280
7.	Billy Jacobs	67,750
8.	Matty Roubert	64,950
9.	Dolores Costello	48,080
10.	Marie Eline	48,000
11.	Lillian Wade	38,930
12.	Eleanor Kahn	35,960

William Garwood and Thomas Chatterton have risen to the rank of directors. Violet McMillan will play opposite the latter in N. Y. M. P. plays.

Our old friend, Florence Turner, former Vitagraph star, is now with the foreign Pathé Company. Another old friend, "Smiling Billy" Mason, is back with the Essanay Company and is now working in Alabama.

Donald Crisp has joined the Famous Players.

"Alkali Ike" Carney is again in harness, this time wearing the Albuquerque yoke—which must be quite a burden.

G. M. Anderson was recently in New York City on business, and he says that when he comes again he will have to come in disguise if he expects to transact any business.

If Edith Storey distinguished herself in "The Christian," she certainly will become even more famous when the world sees her in "The Island of Regeneration." And as for Antonio Moreno, her opposite, he certainly makes the most fascinating "Robinson Crusoe" that has yet appeared.

Marguerite Risser, formerly a Pathé player, Dorothy Bernard, formerly a Biograph star, and Mary Charleson, formerly a Vitagraph leading lady, have all registered at Lubinville.

W. Christie Miller is well and happy in the N. Y. Actors' Home.

King Baggot is just a wee bit proud of his work in the double rôle of "The Corsican Brothers," in which rôle James O'Neill became famous a quarter of a century ago.

Like most serials, "The Exploits of Elaine" may be rank melodrama, yet Pearl White and Arnold Daly are certainly adding to their already great popularity.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Portrait in the Attic"; second prize to the author of "The Juggernaut."

Et tu, Brute? And now the Vitagraph comes along with a serial. But it is only Roy McCardell's "The Jarr Family," from the *New York Evening World*, with each release complete in itself. So that wouldn't jar you.

With Marshall Neilan as the latest, Mary Pickford has had about fifty-seven varieties of leading men. But she has lost Harold Lockwood, who has been captured by the American Company.

Mr. Neilan, by the way, is apparently after Edwin August's reputation as a lightning-change artist.

Mignon Anderson has just recovered from an operation for appendicitis.

Anna Walthall, sister of Henry B., has joined her brother in the Balboa Company.

The admirers of Anita Stewart and those of Norma Talmadge recently had a chance to compare the merits of their favorites at the Vitagraph Theater, when these two stars appeared in equally dramatic rôles in two strong features. Honors about even, they say.

Charles Clary (Selig) is now with the Mutual Company.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Sadie Carr is to play opposite Charles Chaplin in Essanay comedies.

Harry Myers is exhibiting with pride a cigaret case that was presented to him by the King of Denmark.

If you see Henry Walthall's name, or Florence Turner's, on a Pathé cast, dont be surprised. The former played in only one Pathé play, while in New York recently, and is still with the Balboa Company, while the latter has been releasing some of her films thru the Pathé exchange.

In "All for Peggy," Pauline Bush proves that she is almost as good a jockey as she is a photoplayer.

Jack Pickford, brother of "Little Mary," is now with the Mutual.

Helen Holmes has been presented with a diamond ring by her director, J. P. McGowan. You may think you know what that means, but you dont. It was for directing "The Hazards of Helen" while he was laid up in the hospital. At least that is what he said.

Ford Sterling has abandoned his Sterling company, also his proposed vaudeville tour, and for the next two years he will be seen in Keystone comedies.

Owen Moore plays opposite Fritzi Scheff in Bosworth's "Pretty Mrs. Smith," and opposite Elsie Janis in "The Caprices of Kitty."

President Woodrow Wilson has become a photoplayer. At least he appears personally in Pathé's Weekly, Animated Weekly and in "The Adventures of a Boy Scout."

Since George Periolat played so successfully the parts of a Frenchman, a German, a Russian and a Bulgarian, in the "Terence O'Rourke" series, his real nationality is now in question.

We have with us this evening: Louise Vale (p. 26); Jack Standing and William Cohill (p. 34); Florence Hackett and Lilie Leslie (p. 38); Bryant Washburn and Helen Dunbar (p. 41); Lester Cuneo and Gerda Holmes (p. 44); Cleo Madison and Wilfred Lucas (p. 47); Joe King (p. 48); Viola Dana (p. 51); Miriam Nesbitt and Mr. and Mrs. William Bechtel (p. 55); Thomas Chatterton and Violet MacMillan (p. 58); and Julia Swayne Gordon, Earle Williams and Anita Stewart (p. 69).

William Wadsworth (Edison) has had the flattering offer from a Charleston (S. C.) manufacturer, of having a pickle named after him. He declined. He has been in many a pickle, and outside of many, but he refuses to admit that he is sour enough to accept such an honor.

David Belasco starts for Los Angeles next month, personally to assist in filming "The Darling of the Gods" for the Lasky Company.

Nicholas Dunaew (Vitagraph) had just cause for complaint when the printer made his name spell Duncan, in the Great Artist Contest last month. Mr. Dunaew said that we should change our printer, and the printer said that Mr. Dunaew should change his name.

Vivian Rich's pet poodle figures conspicuously in "Saints and Sinners," and will now become a permanent member of the American stock company.

J. Warren Kerrigan has had to have printed a second edition of his popular autobiography.

Before voting for anybody else than Alice Joyce as "Beautiful Young Lady," some of the Kalem people suggest that you wait and see her in the Hindu costume which she wears in "The White Goddess."

Wadsworth and Housman, Edison comedian team, have decided that they must stop accepting invitations to appear at public dinners, on the ground that they are getting too fat. Yet people are talking about hard times.

A cloudburst at Universal City early last month did one hundred and thirty thousand dollars' damage.

Report has it that Marguerite Clayton has left the Liberty Company and will return to Broncho Billy.

Ormi Hawley is mourning the death of a crippled little newsboy admirer, who lived in a distant city, and whom she had been helping for many months, paying practically all of his expenses.

The judges are still at work on the $100 Prize Photoplay Contest, and by next month they hope to have completed their arduous duties.

Julia Stuart is with the Peerless Company, and Helen Marten is expecting to return to the new Eclair Company.

Florence La Badie has to disguise herself when she goes shopping, so as not to be bothered by the curious ones, who insist on pointing her out.

Mary Fuller's latest hit is in "Everygirl," which is patterned somewhat after "Everyman," "Everywoman" and "Experience."

As usual, the race for first honors appears to be between Messrs. Bushman, Williams and Kerrigan, but how are they ever going to overtake Mary Maurice?

Dorothy Bernard is playing a special engagement for the Kalem Company, at Jacksonville.

Mabel Trunnelle is so sympathetic and emotional, that when she sees a good emotional play she never fails to weep with the hero and heroine on the slightest provocation.

The report that Ruth Stonehouse has left the Essanay Company for the Universal has been denied.

Viola Dana (Edison) has many anxious moments in spite of her pleasant smile. She has a sister in Mexico, and another in Europe, within the war zone.

"Slippery Slim" releases have been discontinued. Alas, Victor Potel, what now?

J. Warren Kerrigan and company have left the Hollywood studio for the wilds of Mexico.

Charles Swickard, director, says that Charles Ray and Louise Glaum are just about right in his latest, "The City of the Dead." And wait till you see that diamond bracelet she wears in "The Customary Wife."

Grace Cunard is one of the few women who can write, direct and play leads in a photoplay, and then write the titles, assemble the parts, and even operate the machine.

Stella Razetto and her husband, Ed. J. Le Saint, are already receiving congratulations for their work in "The Circular Staircase" (Selig).

And here is something new in spite of what Solomon said: The Kalem Company is filming a series of ten three-part productions, each based on one of the Ten Commandments. Tom Moore leads in the first.

Gertrude McCoy and Augustus Phillips frequently don the boxing gloves as a diversion, and exercise during spare moments at the Edison studio.

At this writing, Nolan Gane, the Thanhouser actor-author-director, is dangerously ill, and the physicians have given up all hope.

Dorothy Davenport, Lucille Young, Mona Darkfeather and Fritzi Brunette have signed up with the Kriterion program.

Marguerite Courtot has just won another hundred dollar prize, this time for being one of the fifty most beautiful girls in America, and her picture is to be shown at the San Francisco Exposition.

Rose Coghlan is to be the "Sporting Duchess" for the Lubin Company, with Frankie Mann and George Spencer supporting.

"Del" Henderson, for six years director and player for the Biograph Company, has joined the Keystone Company.

And here is a whole bunch of predigested news: Jane Gail with Imp; Victor Moore with Lasky; Rene Farrington, in Muriel Ostriche's old place; Nita Frazer with Vitagraph; Gladys Hanson with Lubin; Lionel Barrymore with Life; Edwin Carewe with Photodrama; Billie West with Komic; Olive Golden with Bison.

Neva Gerber plays opposite Carlyle Blackwell again in "The High Hand."

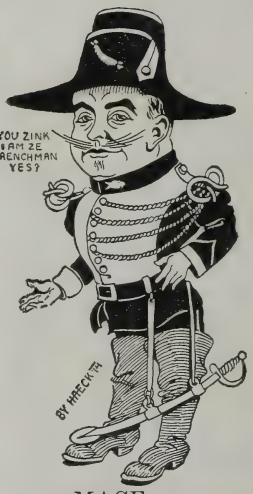
BLANCHE SWEET

CRUZE

VAN

MABEL NORMAND

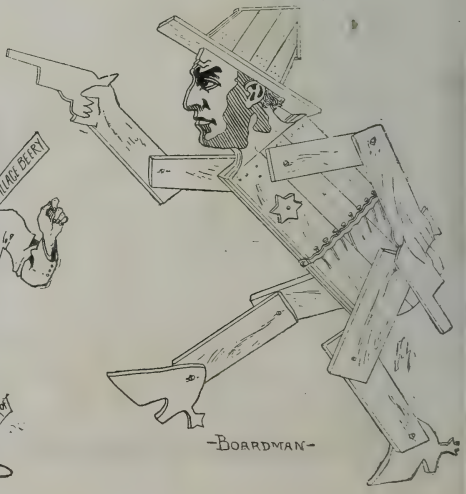
WILBUR



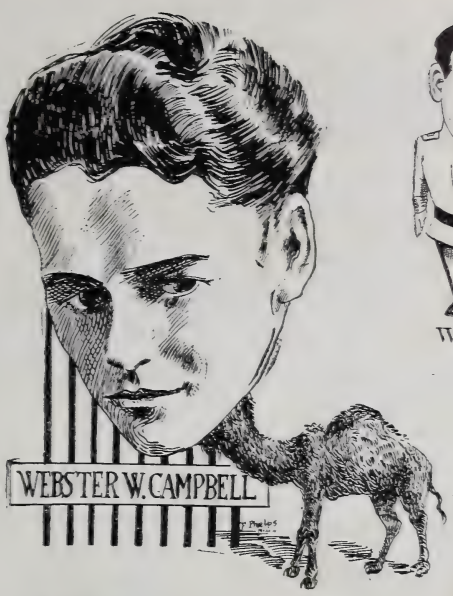
MACE

SIDNEY BRACEY

"How CISSY (FITZGERALD) Made Good"



BOSWORTH



WILSON

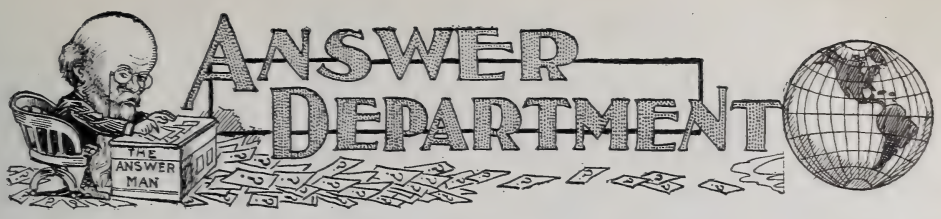
HELEN GARDNER

CLEO MADISON

SMALLEY

ANDERSON STERLING BUNNY POTEL

MOTION PICTURES
WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?
PST
"NOBODY HOME BUT—"
LEAVE IT TO THE MOTION-PICTURE BOY TO FIND THEM
I WONDER WHAT DETAINS THE JUDGE?
JOHN POTATOES ON BACK OF THE STOVE WIFE
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
THEATRE
SEATS 2ND UP
STOOD UP
GAMES
DOCTOR PILL
OUT ON CALL
HE SAID HE WOULD ALWAYS COME IN EARLY
MENU
THE OLD ARM CHAIR
DEACON
CANDY
LET'S INVESTIGATE
THERE THEY ARE THE WHOLE LOT
JACK SMITH



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

ISABELLE M. P., WASHINGTON.—Isabelle Rae was the girl in "Gwendolyn" (Biograph). That is the only Thaw picture. Perhaps, if you are literary, you could write articles, etc. I am afraid I cannot suggest anything. Thanks for the fee, etc.

BOOB, ITHACA.—Cleo Madison and George Larkin in "Trey o' Hearts." No doubt it was the Pacific Ocean. Mrs. Malaprop is a character in Sheridan's "The Rivals." and is applied to those who pronounce words correctly but who misapply them, such as "illiterate" for "obliterate."

MYRTLE C., OXNARD.—Any one may vote in the Great Cast Contest, whether a subscriber or not. Just send in the coupon. Flossie C. P. is taking a vacation. Bliss Milford is with Kinetophote. Mabel Normand is the stenographer in "His Trysting Places" (Keystone). Charlotte Burton was Elsie in "Her Younger Sister" (Beauty).

E. R. C., OAKLAND.—Eugene Pallette was George in "A Woman Scorned" (Reliance). Gertrude McCoy was Sylvia in "What Could She Do?" (Edison). Violet Mersereau was Peg in "Peg of the Wilds" (Imp). James Kirkwood in that Famous Players.

D. I. T., GOLDFIELD.—D. Barrows was the villain in "The Dole of Destiny" (Biograph). Lillian Walker is with Vitagraph yet. A knot is a nautical mile.

DOT. 65.—What do you mean? Rhea Mitchell was Amy in "The Game of Life" (Kay-Bee). Yes, it is some game. Arthur Maude was Dick in "The Political Feud" (Domino). Mother Benson was the lead in "The Foundlings of Father Time."

PINKY. 17.—She does not. Yes, Rose Tapley is a very good player on the screen. What do you know about the "Rat Hole?"

PAULINE S.—Dont blame me. Nevertheless, I always enjoy yours.

PANSY.—You never can tell by the hair; some wear wigs. Elsie Greeson was the girl in "Mysterious Beauty" (Selig). Claire McDowell was the girl in "The Guiding Fate" (Biograph). She has left Biograph. Charles West was the husband.

GRACE VAN LOON.—Poor child. By no means should those war pictures showing war with Japan be allowed.

GLADYS, B. C.—Greek fire was invented by Callimachus in 688. It was an inextinguishable fire made of naphtha mixed with sulphur and pitch. Pouring water on it only intensified the fire. The secret was kept by the Greeks for 400 years. Then the Mohammedans got it, and then came gunpowder, about the middle of the 14th century.

MRS. F. W. T.—Why dont you send your photoplay to the different companies, or to the Photoplay Clearing House? Your letter was very interesting.

ROSE D.—Your idea has been done in pictures before. Yes, a party has more chance of visiting a studio than one person has. Write studio about it.

MCL., ST. LOUIS.—You say that my Santa Claus whiskers and false beard did not fool you, and that they forgot to take off my horns. Those were not horns—they were the prongs of the hatrack back of me. I agree with you that the Keystone comedies are the best of their kind, with many imitators, but I am not particularly enamored of the kind.

THE KIND THAT THE SMALL BOY LIKES TO SEE

ETHEL C.—Thank you muchly for the apple butter, which came safely. It was great. Your letters are always welcome.

LOVELY.—So you had to make a speech in school and you chose me as your subject, stating that I was the most patient, persevering and accomplished person on earth, and the teacher said that she thought you could have chosen a better subject. Just you give me the name and address of that teacher! Your verse: "I love to go to football games, to cheer our school and team; I love to watch John Bunny too, and think that he's a scream. I love to go to matinées, and to dansants not a few; I love to eat Huyler's candy, and I love orchids too. I love dear Mary Pickford, and E. K. Lincoln too, but best of all things in this world, the one I love is you." I have named this "Paradise Lost." I am engaged. In the operation in "The Thread of Life" Ben Wilson takes a bullet out of his patient. He also takes the heart out of her.

NELLIE C.—Howard Hicksman was Dave in "The Circus Man."

MINNIE M.—Your story about me was very interesting. I have handed it to the Editor. James Cruze and Marguerite Snow in "Zudora." Arthur Ashley in "The Price of Vanity" (Vitagraph).

RETTA ROMAINE.—Richard Tucker is your Prince Charming, and he makes love divinely. Very well, sobeit. And you shall have that chat and gallery photo of him as soon as the Editor can get the material, for he promised me.

JOHN T. M.—You are right. I get $7 a week, six of which is for answering fool questions from love-stricken maidens, and the other dollar is for answering sensible questions like yours. Mary Pickford did not leave Famous Players.

SAMUEL OTIS.—You are in error. If your questions were not answered, there was a good reason. We try to treat all players alike, without partiality or bias. I think that Warren Kerrigan has no cause to complain, and he himself thinks so. I have read his book and enjoyed it. You should get a new pair of specs.

KATHLYN CRUSE.—I dont usually answer questions about scenarios. Trappings will do. Not necessary to describe costumes. Leave that to the director. "Shorty" Hamilton. A. Lowrey played Mason, Louise Fazenda played Lizzie. So your favorites are Gladys Hulette, Frank Dayton, Mary Pickford, Antonio Moreno, Florence LaBadie, Arthur Ashley and Francis Bushman, and you think Anita Stewart too giddy, and guess that Bobby Connelly is the best child player.

DOROTHEA H.—I have handed your clever verses to Miss Hall.

A. B., WORCESTER.—Of the plays you mention, "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Shadows of the Past," and "Sins of the Mothers" were storyized in our magazine. "One Wonderful Night" was a copyrighted story that had appeared elsewhere, and so with "The Christian." I did not think "One Wonderful Night" was wonderful at all, particularly the first half, which was unintelligible. You have apparently not yet discovered our department "What's What," which is the very thing you recommend.

FARMER (in the distance)—Hey, there! what're you doin'?
CAMERA MAN—Trying to get a film of Old Brown's bull.
FARMER—Did you get Brown's consent?
CAMERA MAN—Yes, I got his consent, but I neglected to get the bull's!

HERBERT HOFFMAN.—Your fee was more than sufficient. I think that our Hulfish book is what you want; price, $3.00; postage prepaid. Yes. Write to Pathé, or any other producer, and they will give you terms and instructions. They buy film from outsiders if it is what they want. Perhaps they will assign you territory to cover for their current events.

MARJORIE LACHMAND.—It depends on the State. Laws differ. Moonlight pictures are taken in the sunlight, and colored afterward. Thank you for wishing me "May this year be better than the best you ever had, and worse than your worst to come." Charming letter.

H. C. H. S.—That is a good idea of yours, that the exhibitor place the various casts where they can be seen by the audience. Some day they will be printed on a program so that everybody can refer to them at leisure.

TILLIE J.—I go to some of the theaters you speak of. So you dont like "Zudora"? Something there is that we always hide from most people.

LUCILLE Y.—Thank you for your letter. You say you want to see more of pictures like "Love's Sunset"? There are very few like that one.

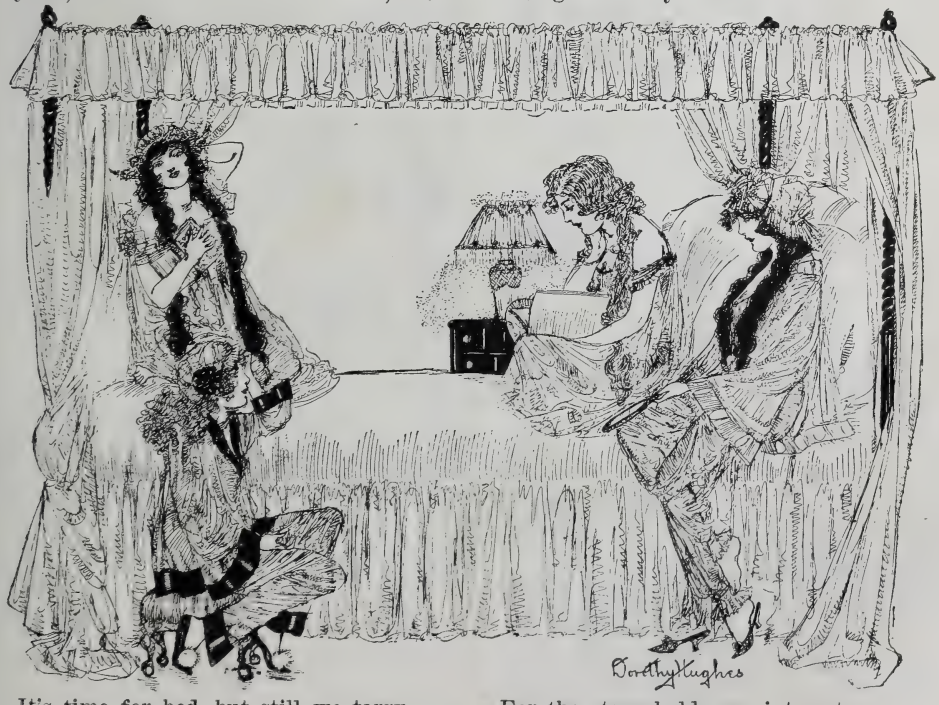
JUNIOR L. H. S.—Dorothy Phillips in "Tempest and Sunshine" (Imp). Billy Quirk and Ralph Ince in "Too Much Uncle" (Vitagraph). Blanche Sweet was Sylvia, Marshall Neilan was Bert, Gertrude Robinson was the sister, and Lionel Barrymore was Dumble in "Classmates" (Biograph). Mary Charleson was Etta in "Etta of the Footlights." Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Duty," and Bessie Sankey in "Broncho Billy's Sister."

LILLIAN M. G.—Claire McDowell was the mother, and Mildred Manning the girl in "Concentration" (Biograph). I do not think that the showing of gambling scenes in the pictures encourages gambling. Nor do I think that the showing of men drinking encourages intemperance. But I do think that we see too many of such scenes. How seldom do we see the soda fountain and people playing checkers and chess! Possibly the directors think that everybody plays poker and drinks rum, and that the pictures must be true to life.

GRACE VAN LOON.—You here again? You suggest that we discontinue printing stories and just use pictures of players, chats, etc. Some people want us to discontinue chats, etc., and use only stories. Harold Lockwood in that Famous Players. Yours was fine.

MARION L. S.—I shall have to cry "Hellup! Aid! Assistance!" if you write such long ones and such bad writing.

GEORGE G.—Lubin's fat man? Perhaps you refer to Peter Lang, or, if in the slapstick company, to Babe Hardy. Harry Carey in "A Tender-hearted Crook." I dont agree with you.



It's time for bed, but still we tarry,
Phyllis and I and Bess and Carrie;
While Bess is reading we cannot go,
For the story holds our interest so—
'Tis a thrilling story from the screen
In the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

BRIBERY!

FRANCIS C. B. ENNIS.—Jack Standing was the lieutenant in "The Perils of Pauline," 18th episode. Excellent! One good compliment deserves another.

EDYTHE H.—So you envy Edith Storey's neck, hands and arms. You have those initials wrong. I do not approve of your suggestion to use tripe instead of the regular chewing-gum. It is too expensive and not handy to carry around.

CHAPLIN FIEND.—You want to know what Charles Chaplin's salary is, also the size of his shoes. You are quite iridescent and *de bonne conduite*. (I dont know what that means, but it looks good.)

ABE, 99.—William West was the grandfather in "On Christmas Eve" (Edison). John Lancaster and Lyllian Leighton in "Did She Cure Him?" (Selig). Louise Vale and Kate Bruce in "A Bit of Human Driftwood" (Biograph). I refuse to quarrel with you. Say what you like—I wont argue.

TOM L. K.—Thanks very much. Pauline Bush was the wife, Joseph King the artist, and Carmen Phillips the other woman in "The Pipes o' Pan."

R. B. S., N. J.—*Bong swoir!* Anita Stewart had the lead in "Treasure of Desert Island" (Vitagraph). "Her Triumph" has been released.

M. D. B. SODUS.—You say, "Why was Dickens a greater man than Shakespeare? Because Shakespeare wrote well, but Dickens wrote Weller." Wonderful! You want Mary Pickford's picture on the cover? It has been there once.

REDHEAD.—If you will send a stamped, addressed envelope to Romaine Fielding about the club, you will receive all information. I try not to say the same thing twice, therefore your questions had probably been answered before, else they were improper. I never ignore an inquiry unless there is some good reason for it. It takes time and lots of space to keep repeating "Your question has been answered before."

HERMAN.—You were apparently madder than a wet hen when you writ that letter. Next time you write, sleep over it. Never write when you are angry. If you do, dont mail it until the next day.

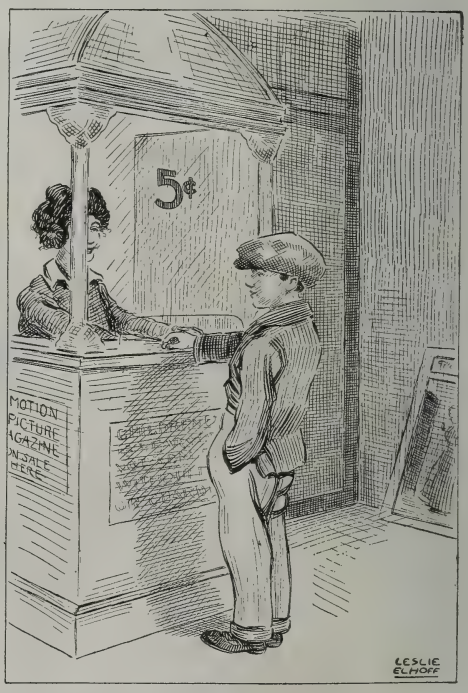
G. A. J.—Oh, yes; Pauline is still living after her Perils, and now she is having Exploits. No, she never died of pneumonia during one of her daring feats.

ANNA L. G.—If you go on making trouble, people will call you a pig or a miser, neither of which is of any value to the world till dead.

ELFRIEDA.—Webster Campbell and May Thompson in "The Golden Goose" (Broncho). Chester Conklin was the son in "Curses! They Remarked" (Keystone). Mayre Hall was the wife in "Seeds of Jealousy" (Princess). Lillie Leslie was Marie in "The Bomb" (Lubin). Robert Ellis was Frank in "The Black Sheep."

MARIE R.—You call me a literary man, but the longer I live the more I am convinced that I know very little indeed. The great harvest field of literature remains only half-explored.

MISS M.—I haven't Billy Mason's whereabouts at present.



NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN MOMENTS

When you first wore your first pair of long pants and could go to a photoshow without a parent or guardian.

BEFORE

AGNES A.—Thanks for the photograph. Beatrice Van was Anna in "The Vagabond" (Rex).

ARKANSAS TRAVELER.—Yes, we have several good books on Motion Pictures for sale. Harris Gordon was the lieutenant in "The Reader of Minds" (Thanhouser).

LEO T. M.—Gretchen Hartman had the lead in "In Quest of a Story" (Biograph). These new features are like a cigar—if good, everybody will want a box; but if poor, no amount of puffing will make them draw. I think most people like features occasionally, but they never tire of the old one-reel programs.

LOUISE M. S.—Marguerite Loveridge is with the Flamingo Company, at Fort Lee, N. J. Yes, I like comedy, but not too much of it. As Whitehead says, "Death is jealous of a good comedy."

E. B. B., NEW ORLEANS.—Darwin Karr had the lead in "On the Stroke of Five" (Vitagraph). Harry Kendall was Vancy. I enjoyed yours very much.

CECILE A. P.—I know of no "company in Boston who would take a high-school girl who is willing to act." I cannot answer any more questions as to positions as directors, camera men, photographers or players; these matters must be taken up with the companies direct.

BERNARD B.—Thanks for the snapshots. Write to the players; some of them will answer, but none will keep up a regular correspondence.

CLIFFORD R. G.—Julia S. Gordon was the mother in "A Million Bid" (Vitagraph. Long "i" in Vitagraph. Our magazine has more circulation than all the other Moving Picture publications put together, I think. You ought to be very sure that I am not a woman if you think I exaggerate when I tell my age.

ADELE.—I am sure I know not how to advise you. Never fear, I dont get fooled very often on April Fools' day. But what should I do when the bad boys place a bad quarter on the sidewalk? If I pick it up, they will have the laugh; if I pass it by, I might get arrested for passing a counterfeit coin.

WILLIAM P. K.—Stella Razetto was Mary Ann in "The Schooling of Mary Ann" (Selig). Neva Gerber, and Chance Ward was the detective in "The Detective's Sister" (Kalem). Lottie Briscoe in "The Endless Night" (Lubin). Alan Hale and Betty Gray in "Cricket on the Hearth" (Biograph).

M. M., CHICAGO.—The Editor, no doubt, will have a chat with James Kirkwood.

CHARLES C., MILLVILLE.—Gladys Brockwell was Molly in "A Crook's Sweetheart" (Kay-Bee). As I said before, I cannot tell you where the players have their clothes made; it is out of my line. I have no clothesline.

STELLA E.—Mr. Crowl was Matt Moore's business partner in "The Doctor's Testimony" (Victor). Harry Morey was John Wierman in "The Silent Plea."

MARIE.—Herbert Rawlinson in "Traffic in Babes" (Universal). That was a handsome present, but you should never have your name engraved on your umbrella handle if you dont want to be robbed of your good name.

MRS. W. E. F.—Wheeler Oakman did not play the part of the coach-driver in "The Rival Stage Lines" (Selig). "Kick in" is underworld talk for "give up."

AFTER

Busy Body.—Cecelia Loftus was Clorinda, Peter Lang was her father, and House Peters was the Duke in "The Lady of Quality" (Famous Players). Lionel Barrymore and Millicent Evans in "Seats of the Mighty" (Colonial). Estelle Mardo in that Vitagraph.

Elsa, 18 B. S.—Tom Mix was Chip in "Chip of the Flying U." Wheeler Oakman was Willie in "Willie" (Selig). Kathlyn Williams in the Selig. Edward Clark and Gladys Hulette in "The Poison Bit" (Edison).

Valeska, Tacoma.—Be careful what you say of long noses, remembering what Pascal said: "Whoever would fully measure the vanity of human life must consider the causes and the effects of the passion of love. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been different." Matt Moore in "For the People" (Victor).

Helen W., Washington.—Boyd Marshall was the drummer in "A Bum Mistake" (Princess). You want to see "The Right Girl." You will see a winner when you do.

Alfred H.—Shorty Hamilton was Shorty in "Shorty Turns Judge" (Broncho). Chester Conklin was Mr. Walrus, and Mack Swain was Wow Wow in "Gentlemen of Nerve" (Keystone). W. Lowery was the thief in "The Tear That Burned" (Majestic). Gertrude Claire and Cyril Gottlieb in that Kay-Bee.

Marie T., N. J.—Easter Sunday comes on April 4th this year; next year on April 23d. "Bill" (Kosmic) was taken in California. "Perils of Pauline" were taken around Jersey City. Yes, teeth.

Hazel B.—I dont know whether your letter is Tweedledum or Tweedledee. Rosetta Brice and Joseph Kaufman in "A Greater Treasure" (Lubin). Stella Razetto was Jane in "What Became of Jane" (Selig). Marshall Neilan was in "Men and Women" (Klaw & Erlanger). He is now with Famous Players.

Walter H.—Henry Walthall will be seen in "Beulah." Ruth Roland in "The Slavery of Foxicus" (Kalem). Arthur Ashley on the stage. It is all right to have sight, but you must have insight.

Martin B. J.—You should write a big book on "What's Wrong with the World."

Margaret X.—Irving Cummings is now playing opposite Vivian Rich. I passed your poem along to the Editor. Dont forget that you cant really love anything without a willingness to fight for it.

Mildred C.—You say you are strictly neutral because you dont care which country licks the Germans. Francis Bushman played a double rôle in "The Private Officer" (Essanay). Guy Coombs was Tom in "The Man in the Vault" (Kalem). Alfred Paget was the evangelist in "The Way Back" (Biograph).

Seattle Kid.—If I offend thee, my lords, pity and forgive the offender, but despise the offense. Boyd Marshall and Mayre Hall in "Her Winning Way" (Princess). Rhea Mitchell and William Ehfe in "Recreation" (Keystone).

THE UPWARD JOURNEY OF "YOUTH" IN "EXPERIENCE"

FRANCES M.—Gertrude Barnes was the actress in "His Inspiration" (Kalem). Norma Talmadge and Norma Phillips are two different persons, in two different companies.

FRANK McL.—Norma Talmadge's last chat appeared in November, 1914. Haven't Grace Lewis's present whereabouts.

HATTIE F.—Motion Picture pianists are known by the accompaniments they keep. Fay Tincher was Ethel in "Ethel's Roof-party" (Komic). Edith Johnson was the girl in "Life's Crucible" (Selig).

ARTHUR D.—You enclosed pictures of Tom Moore and Alice Joyce. Carlyle Blackwell and Neva Gerber in "Wiles of a Siren." There is a so-called fireproof film, and it is used quite extensively. Film that has not been fireproofed bursts into flame at a temperature of 284 degrees F.

MINA L. N.—Goldie Colwell. Tom Mix and Leo Maloney in "The Rival Stage Lives" (Selig). Jack Mullhall was the artist in "For Her People" (Biograph).

OLGA, 17.—So you refuse to write to me any more unless you have plenty of questions to ask. Lamentations and gnashing of teeth!

ABE, 99.—Mrs. George Walters was the mother, and Charles Brandt was the father in "A Daughter of Eve" (Lubin). Marshall Neilan in "A Substitute for Pants" (Kalem). Thanks so much for all you say. You are indeed a friend.

JEANETTE B. W.—Thanks for the clippings. Dont forget that every man is both an honest man and a dishonest man.

MISS FLIRT.—Thanks for the drawings. They are very cunning. The Photoplay Philosopher is not I, and I am not he. He writes under other names occasionally.

GRACE P.—You should join the Correspondence Club, and then you would know quite a few of the players.

H. P., TORONTO.—Both your questions are out of order. Ask me anything about the plays.

JULIA P., BAY L.—You are a terrible complainer. You must have indigestion. Cant you think of something to commend once in a while?

BERNICE C. B.—Margaret Fischer and Robert Leonard had the leads in "In Slavery Days" (Rex). Mr. Kimball and Laura Lyman in "The Nightriders."

JESSIE R.—There is no book that I know of giving the players' addresses. We have a list of manufacturers, and you can write the players in care of the studio.

L. G. P., OTSEGO.—Wont you please take a few lessons in Spenserian, so that I can read your letters without the aid of a Philadelphia lawyer?

W. G. R., WELLINGTON.—Keystone Company, 1722 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles.

RICHARD J. G.—Edna Payne is still with Eclair. The censors in some States are getting so strict that they wont allow a player to strike a match.

"Why, my boy, what are you crying about, this bright winter morning? Has the schoolhouse burned down?"

"N-no, s-sir, n-no s-such luck. It w-was the m-movie th-theater."

CLARA R.—Stings from venomous insects are treated by applying weak ammonia, oil, salt water or iodine. Dont think that book has been done. Gladden James in "Sunshine and Shadows" (Vitagraph). Richard Travers' picture in December, 1913.

AMY C. T.—Thanks. Tom Mix was the boy in "The Moving Picture Cowboy" (Selig). Vivian Prescott was Rachael in "Woman Against Woman" (Klaw & Erlanger). Guy Coombs was opposite Alice Joyce in "The Theft of the Crown Jewels."

MARGARETTE K. T.—Carey Hastings was Diana in "The Other Girl" (Selig). Didn't see it. Most of the people in that fire scene were what we call "extras." They are usually too green to burn.

MILLY K.—Mabel Normand's picture appeared in the July 1914 issue. See above for Keystone. I dont know what salaries the Keystone players get, but judging from the way they are batted about, they earn them.

CURIOUS CONSUMER.—I cannot understand why you do not see Earle Williams' plays. Speak to your exhibitor.

AGNES A., TOLEDO.—Some letters are tiresome, but yours was an entertainment.

E. Z. MARK.—Thanks. So you want Antonio Moreno to play opposite Norma Talmadge. "The Other Man" (Essanay) was taken in Chicago. Viola Dana and Arthur Housman had the leads in "Seth's Sweetheart" (Edison). Yours was very interesting.

DEEP SEA BOY.—I enjoyed your letter, but you neglected to give your address.

VYRGYNYA.—The wishes that you conveyed in your kind letter to me are much appreciated, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

ROSE H.—Thanks for your photograph. Very pretty. Always glad to get photos.

GLADYS L.—Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "The Lure of the Sawdust" (American). Gerda Holmes had the lead in "Whatsoever a Woman Soweth" (Essanay). A. Marston was Kitty, V. Smith was Mabel, and Alan Hale was Ernest in "Masks and Faces" (Biograph). Gertrude McCoy and Richard Tucker in "What Could She Do?"

ROSE B.—William Stowell was the Water-rat in "The Water-rat" (Selig). It is no secret that Lillian Russell is married—very much so. She and Nat Goodwin hold the championship in this line of endeavor.

ALFRED J. W.—Yours are always welcome. Charles Chaplin has the smallest mustache in the profession and the largest feet, and he believes in turning the latter out and the former up, so that we all may admire them.

TYLLYE.—Your typewriting has improved. Practice makes perfect. El Dorado is from the Spanish, meaning "To gild," and was an imaginary country fabulously rich.

E. L. S.—I agree about your serial.

E. Z. MARK.—Mabel Normand in "The Knockout" (Keystone). Your letter has been referred to our Clearing House.

M. C., NEWBURGH.—Jere Austin in "The Theft of the Crown Jewels" (Kalem). Ford Sterling is back with Keystone. Muriel Ostriche is with Imp.

Side by side in the firelight,
Grandma and I read every night
The magazine we love, for we
Are Moving Picture "fans," you see.

The simple way to keep your baby well

SEE that your baby gets enough fresh air, sleeps a certain number of hours each day, wears the right clothes, and gets the proper food. Then you will have a well baby, a happy baby, a rosy, dimpled baby.

If, in spite of all your loving care, baby loses weight, grows pale and restless, he is not getting the right food. A well nourished baby is seldom sick.

Nurse your baby if you can. If your milk fails, do not give him cows' milk—the milk intended for strong little calves, not for your delicate baby. Give baby the safe substitute—so like mother's milk that he will never know the difference—

Nestlé's Food

Nestlé's is pure, rich milk from healthy cows, milked in clean Dairies, purified and changed so that the tinest, frailest baby can digest it. The heavy tough curd is made soft and fleecy as in mother's milk, and the special things your baby needs to build a healthy little body are added. Just add cold water and boil, and it is ready for your baby.

Send for our "Better Babies" Chart

It tells you all you should know about your baby—how much he should weigh, how big his head should be, what his chest, arms and legs should measure, when he should begin to teeth, walk and talk. It tells you how to keep your baby well, how to make him a "Better Baby."

Send coupon today for the "Better Babies" Chart, our helpful Book for mothers, and a big free sample box of Nestle's—enough for 12 feedings. Don't delay. Your baby's future health depends on the food you give him now.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY, 241 Broadway, New York

Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

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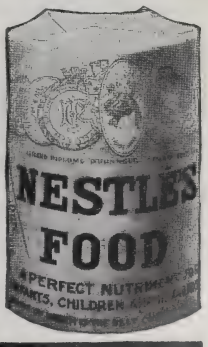

C. D. D.—Herbert Rawlinson and Helen Leslie in "The Link That Binds" (Rex). Dick Rosson and Agnes Vernon in "The Old Cobbler" (Bison). Peggy Pearce opposite Ford Sterling in "At Three o'Clock" (Sterling).

Frances J. H.—Heave ho, my lads, heave ho! Take a reef! You dont expect me to answer your twenty-five questions all at once? Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot in "The Prodigal" (Kalem). Irene Howley in "Their Little Drudge" (Biograph). Donald Hall was Phil in "The Silent Plea." Second edition later.

Lilia F.—I am quite sure Mary Fuller would like to hear from you. Try it. There is no such thing as fighting on the winning side; we fight to find out which is the winning side, and that is the side that we all want to be on.

Mrs. Ned C.—Accent on the last syllable. Jack Mulhall and Joseph McDermott in "For Her People" (Biograph). Charles Mailes and George Morgan in "The Mealticket" (Biograph).

Stewart T. B.—Edna Markey was Pepita in "The Fortunes of War" (Kay-Bee). Chester Conklin was the undertaker in "Among the Mourners" (Keystone). Phyllis Allen was the wife in "Getting Acquainted" (Keystone). Miss Page was the girl in "Shotguns That Kick."

Claya.—Thanks for the snapshots, also the fee. Helen Dunbar was the mother in "The Prince's Party" (Essanay). Pronounce it as it is spelled—Tin-cher. Always glad to hear from you.

Ingomar.—No relationship whatever between those players. Forbidden fruit. Dot Gould was Dot in "The Fatal Hansom" (Sterling). Miss Page was the girl in "His Prehistoric Past" (Keystone). Yours was bright.

Marty M.—There are a great many donkeys without long ears, and you seem to be one of them.

Kitty L. R., Bronx.—Dorothy Kelly was Helen in "Saved from the Life of Crime" (Vitagraph). Franklin Ritchie was Robert in "The Crimson Moth" (Biograph). Carlyle Blackwell with Favorite Players.

Elmira J.—No cast for "A High Old Time" (Mina). Sid Chaplin is Charles Chaplin's brother. It is true that about fifty years ago the Germans beat the French, but dont forget that about fifty years before that the French gave the Germans some heavy-handed spanks.

Ray S. W.—J. W. Johnstone, formerly of Eclair, in "The Virginian" (Lasky). Franklin Ritchie was Robert in that Biograph. Earle Williams's diary appeared in May, 1914.

Emma D., Wichita.—Ernest Shields was Jack in "Two of a Kind" (Joker). No, I believe that contract never went thru. Write Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz., about the Correspondence Club.

Gypsy.—I enjoyed yours very much. Your handwriting is all right. The word *æsthetic* became fashionable thru a German professor, who revived it from the ancient Greek, where it was in common use, meaning the Science of the Beautiful.

"Say, missus, will yer take me in, please?"
"Why, no, little boy; you are not my son."
"Well, I dont mind passin' meself off as yourn fer jest this once!"

If you are thirty years old

the small sum of $2.19 (monthly) secures for you a policy for $1000 in the Postal Life Insurance Company—a standard, legal-reserve Whole-Life Policy, with guaranteed Cash, Loan, Paid-up and Endowment Options, and participation in the Company's surplus earnings.

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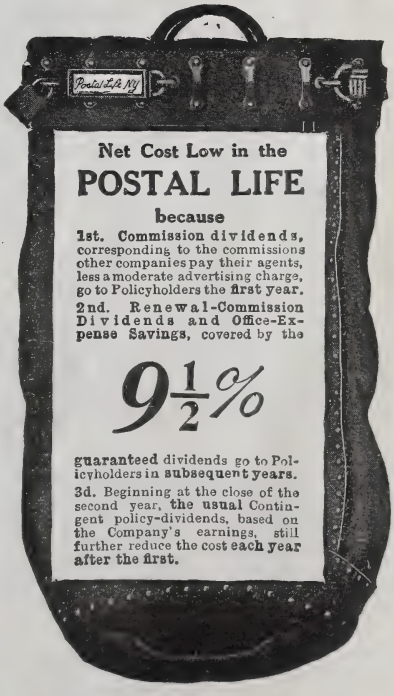
These savings are made possible only because the Postal Life employs no agents and *has no agency expense;* the benefit of this decisive economy goes *to the person who takes out the insurance.*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because
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2nd. Renewal-Commission Dividends and Office-Expense Savings, covered by the
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guaranteed dividends go to Policyholders in subsequent years.
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Second: *Old-line legal reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.

Third: *Standard policy-provisions*, approved by the New York State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict New York State requirements* and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* arranges one free medical examination each year if desired.

Find Out What *You* Can Save at *Your* Age

Simply write and say: *"Mail official insurance particulars as per Advertisement in Motion Picture Magazine for April.*

And be sure to give

1. **Your full name.**
2. **Your occupation.**
3. **The exact date of your birth.**

And bear in mind: No agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal Life does not employ agents; the resulting commission-savings go to *you* because you deal *direct.*

Postal Life Insurance Company

WM. R. MALONE, PRESIDENT

Thirty-five Nassau Street, NEW YORK

DANNY.—Many thanks for the early strawberries, which I enjoyed very much.

PATTY, 16.—Leo Delaney is playing right along for Vitagraph. Write her in care of Kalem, 235 West Twenty-third Street, New York City. Alkali Ike is now with the United Film Company.

WALLACE W. FOX, CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.—Glad to hear of the conditions in your city. Your letter was unusually interesting, and we sent it to the Vitagraph. Edwin Carewe is now with the B. A. Rolfe Company.

MISS L. P., RACINE.—Thomas Chatterton is directing and playing leads in the California studio. He is no relation to the great English poet of the same name. If you want to make yourself solid with that player who you say looks forty, tell her she looks thirty, and write as if you meant it.

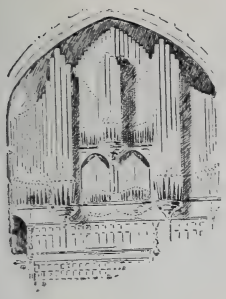
KITTY C.—You here again? Ada Gifford in "The Other Woman" (Vitagraph). Earle Metcalfe in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). Arthur Bauer in "The Head Waiter" (Thanhouser). Reggie Morris in "That Was Some Party" (Biograph). Sid Smith in "Jim, the Porter" (Selig). Frank O'Neill in "The Close Call" (Vitagraph). You shouldn't ask so many at one time.

ORLO, DETROIT.—Rivals? You speak of rivals? This magazine has no rivals. Roscoe Arbuckle in that Keystone. You want to know whether Charles Chaplin wears Roscoe Arbuckle's cast-off trousers? I believe so.

MR. WRATT'S AMBITION.

"A movie actor I would be,"
Young Mr. Wratt once said to me.
They draw the very highest pay,
And something happens every day."

"It's dangerous," said Mr. Katt.
"It ain't no job for any rat—
But it would very different be
If you but had nine lives like me."



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¶ Pin a Two Dollar bill or a money order to your letter, and we will send a set, postpaid, to three of your friends. Write all addresses plainly, and we will enclose your personal card if you desire, with each set intended as a gift.

¶ Satisfaction assured or money refunded. Write today. How many sets can you use? They are selling rapidly.

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PAUL M. E., BRISTOL.—Chester Barnett and Belle Adair in "Son" (Eclair). William Jefferson and Irene Howley in "Butterflies and Orange Blossoms" (Biograph). Boyd Marshall and Muriel Ostriche in "A Telephone Strategy."

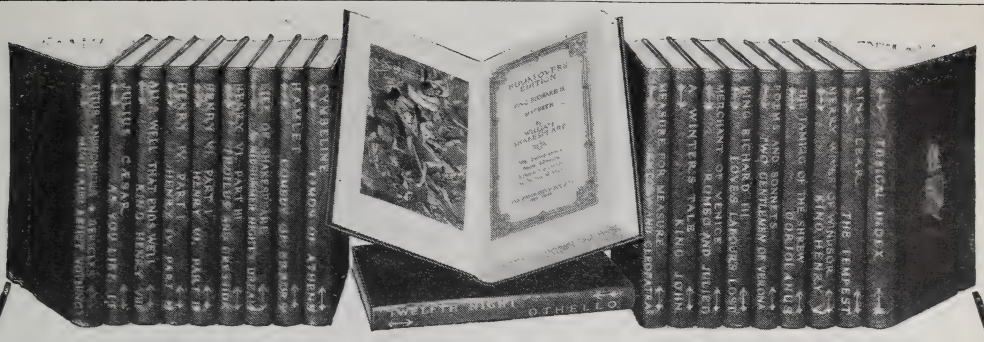
PYTHIAS, 1ST.—The first Charles Chaplin Essanay picture was "His New Job," released February 1st. Ethel Grandin is playing in her own company. Marshall Neilan with Famous Players.

M. A. P.—Mary Kennedy was the sister in "The Menace of Fate" (Kalem). Justinia Huff had the lead in "The Sorceress" (Lubin). Gertrude Barnes was the singer in "His Inspiration" (Kalem).

ANNE H.—If you send to our Circulation Department, you can get 'most all of the back numbers at 15 cents each. Thanks.

JULIET B.—James Morrison's picture appeared in August, 1912, and Dorothy Kelly's in April, 1914.

THE PHOTOPLAYER TELLS A FEW OF HIS EXPERIENCES



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(If you wish cloth binding change $29.50 to $19.50)

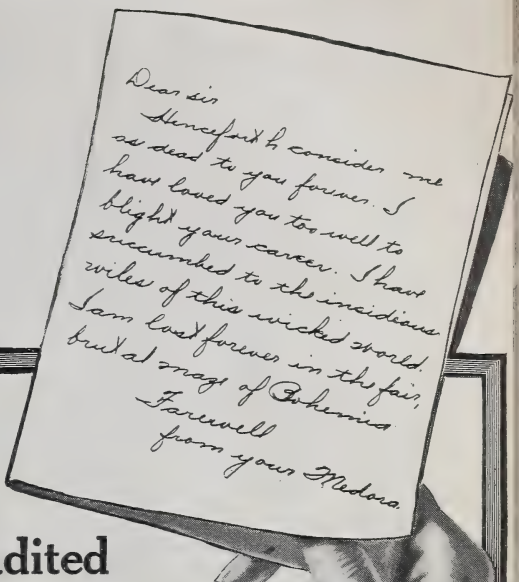
MELVA.—I am quite proud of your letter, and I am going to squeeze it in here when the Editor aint looking: "DADDYDEAR: It is 'most 2 A. M., and nice little girls should all be in bed. But I'm sitting up writing to you to let you know what a person of importance you are 'way out here in Portland. Last Thursday I received a special invitation from a friend of mine to attend a meeting of a Shakespeare Club to which he belonged. He insisted on my going and asked me to break a date with my chum and miss seeing a perfectly good play after I had already bought my tickets. So I did. When he called for me on club night I knew something was going to happen, 'cause he came in a taxi, and we only had to go four blocks. And —my, but he was excited! If you could have seen him, and he was perfectly exasperating. Wouldn't tell me one thing even after I coaxed and coaxed and promised lots of nice things that I really didn't mean. Each member had to give a five-minute act in pantomime, without uttering one word. And he was first! We were all excited, even the dignified old professor, but none of us knew what it was all about. He came into the room, sat down at a table, and the act began! There was a stack of letters, hundreds and hundreds, and he started opening them. (Of course it was all make-believe.) I thought 'That's just like my own Answer Man,' but I didn't say anything, because I thought maybe the rest of the bunch would laugh; that they wouldn't know what I meant if I said it. (Afterward I learnt they had all thought the same.) The acting was so real that we were all standing up watching, when the old professor began to say, 'That's Flossie! I know that's Flossie C. P.' Every one began to balk at once. I heard some one yelling, ''Tisn't, either; it's Olga.' But the more he said it, the louder the professor yelled, 'It's Flossie—it's Flossie. Guess I know—it's Flossie.' If you could have heard the noise! They all recognized you in a minute, and we were quarreling among ourselves 'cause we couldn't agree on whose letter you were opening. Of course after that we didn't have time for any more pantomime. The professor brought out the two bound volumes of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for us to look at, and he had forgotten that we came to his rooms to study Shakespeare. We didn't really know he was so human till then. Think of a learned professor, with a half-dozen letters after his name, standing on a chair yelling, 'It's Flossie —I know it's Flossie!' And now, daddy, if you dont have to borrow your big brother's hat to wear tomorrow, it isn't my fault. I've done my best, and now I'm so sleepy. Goodnight.—MELVA."

"SHE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!"
(Suggested by a famous cartoon)

MARGARET H. G.—Raymond McKee was Bob in "The Terrible Kid" (Lubin). William Russell opposite Marguerite Snow in "Peggy's Invitation" (Thanhouser).

LILLIAN L. STILLWATER.—Arthur Jarrett was Dan in "The Spark Eternal" (Kay-Bee). Whitney Raymond was the college chum in "Caprice." Haven't his present whereabouts.

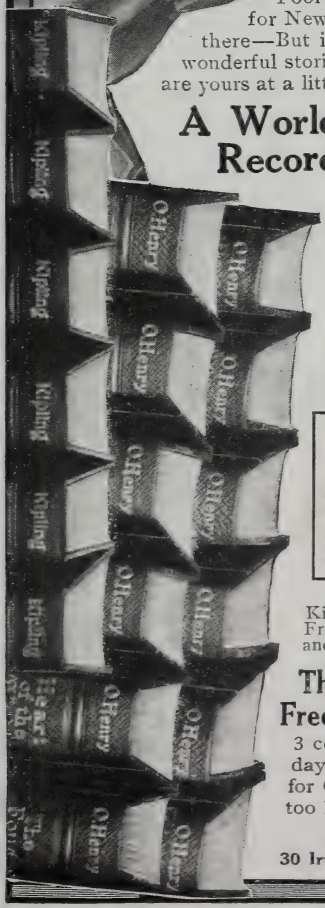
CUTIE.—I enjoyed yours. Earle Williams lives in Brooklyn not far from this office. Try washing your eyes out every morning with cold water. But be sure to put them back again.


Dear sir
Henceforth consider me
as dead to you forever. I
have loved you too well to
blight your career. I have
succumbed to the insidious
wiles of this wicked world.
I am lost forever in the fair,
but sad maze of Bohemia
Farewell
from your Medora

"Extradited from Bohemia"

Poor little letter! When Hoskins got it, he set right out for New York City as fast as he could go and—when he got there—But it's all told better by O. Henry in one more of his wonderful stories. 274 of them—about war and love and people—are yours at a little price if you send the coupon at once.

A World Record for O. HENRY



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This beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For this luxurious binding, change above to $1.50 a month for 15 months.

RUTHIE, 16.—Little Billy Jacobs was the child in "Papa's Boy" (Sterling). William Garwood, Violet Mersereau's leading man, will also direct Mary Fuller.

BLANCHE S.—Your efforts to get to be leading lady for the Biograph are about as hopeless as those of an organ-grinder playing in front of a deaf and dumb asylum. Sorry I cant help you.

T. B. H., LOS ANGELES.—Thanks for yours. You say you wish an appeal could be made thru our magazine against "thrillers." You are afraid that some time one of your favorites, such as Helen Holmes, will meet with a sad ending.

KENTUCKY GIRL.—Lowell Sherman was Ted in "Behind the Scenes" (Famous Players). There is no price for publishing pictures in the gallery or for chats, etc. The Editor uses what he wants, and money cannot buy what he doesn't want.

MILDRED B. K.—Gretchen Hartman was leading woman in "In Quest of a Story" (Biograph). I am not sorry I am old. The grandest things in the universe are old—the mountains, the stars, the rivers, the seas, the Sphinx, eternity.

K. M. L.—John Brennan was Fatty in that Kalem. Charlotte Burton was the wife in "In Tune" (American). Beatrice Van was Marie in "The Heart of a Magdalen" (Powers). Winnifred Greenwood was Eunice in "The Broken Barrier" (American). Ethel Lloyd was Mabel in "The Locked Door" (Vitagraph).

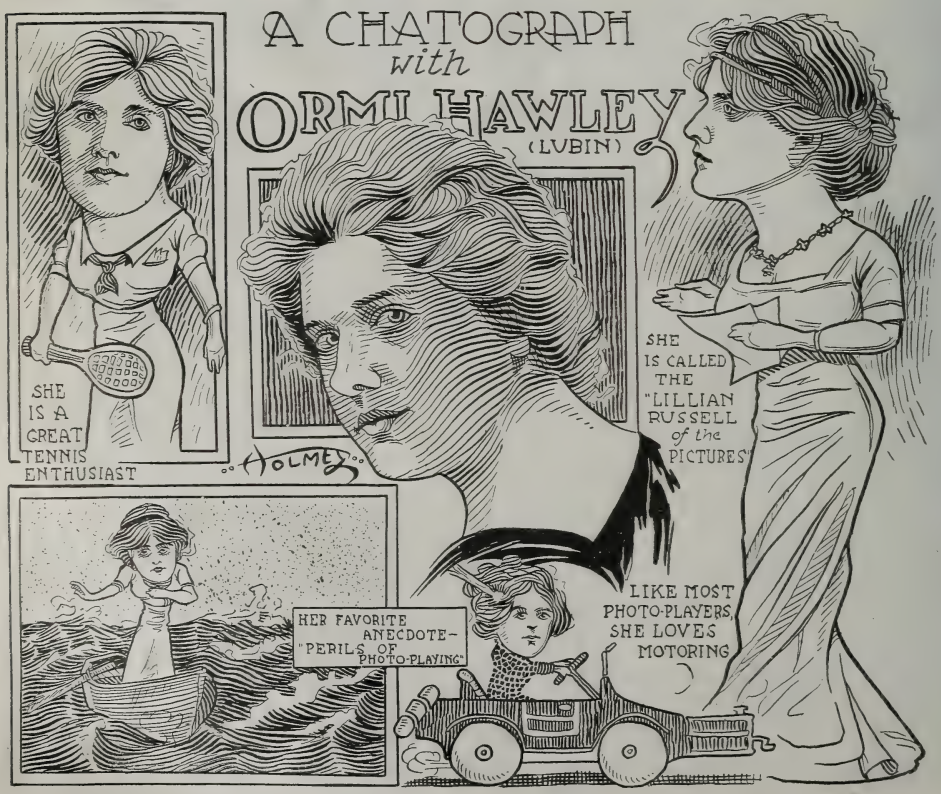
BILLY.—Marguerite Gibson and Alfred Vosburgh in "His Kid Sister" (Vitagraph). Leah Baird was Princess Olga in "Neptune's Daughter" (Universal). Webster Campbell is the same as William Campbell. Webster is correct.

DYER D.—I do not think we should enlarge our army and navy. We should join the party on the other side of this question and help Europe to disarm by setting a good example. This war will probably end in universal disarmament if we do our part.

MILDRED B.—Any one can join the Correspondence Club if they write directly to Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz. Be sure to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

MARION H.—John Machen was George in "The Hate That Withers" (Kalem). In spite of our Pure Food laws, about the only thing we can get fresh nowadays is fresh air, and most of us get very little of that, altho it is the cheapest and most important of all.

JEAN C.—I agree with you that there is too much drunkenness in the pictures. Certainly a person can get drunk on water. He can get drunk on water just as well as he can on land. William Bailey was the brother in that Essanay.



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Dear Sirs:
Have just received your letter announcing the sale of photeplay, "The Proposal," to the Sawyer Company for the sum of $25.00. Please accept my thanks for your kind efforts in handling the script. The sale is an agreeable surprise to me, as I was not looking for so quick a sale, if any.
MARCUS A. STEWART.
330 19th St., Sacramento, Cal.

L. Case Russell,
Photoplay Clearing House:
Enclosed please find our check for one hundred and thirty dollars ($130.00), in payment for the following manuscripts:
"Unlucky Looey".....$30.00
"Captain Sheldon, U. S. V.".....50.00
"The Lorelei Madonna".....50.00
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J. Stuart Blackton, Vice-Pres. & Sec.

Dear Sirs:
Do not measure my appreciation of your kind criticism upon my scenario, "Against Odds," by the time I have let elapse before acknowledging receipt of same. I heartily endorse the able manner in which you work. The small fee charged is comparatively nothing in return for the benefit received. I recommend your house, especially to those in possession of a collection of rejection slips.
GEORGE F. SAUNDERS.
617 E. King St., Owosso, Mich.

Dear Sirs:
Am in receipt of your check for thirty-one dollars and ten cents ($31.10), and desire to thank you for same. Would have no hesitation in consulting you in the future, as you have treated me in a fair and square manner, and will certainly recommend you to any one requiring the services you offer.
J. A. DODWARD.
Box 222, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Dear Mr. La Roche:
As stated in my chat with you, I wish you to act as my agent in disposing of the nine or ten scenarios left with you, on the usual commission. Here's hoping you may get there with both feet.
I signed the contract with the Edison people the day after I saw you. They gave me more liberal terms than I expected.
EDWARD S. ELLIS.
Upper Montclair, N. J.

Photoplay Clearing House:
Enclosed find check for $25.00 for idea in "How Percy Made Good," by Frederick Piano, Fishkill, N. Y. The scripts that you sent have not arrived yet, but please keep on sending to us. Thanking you very much, we remain,
SANTA BARBARA MOTION PICTURE CO.,
Elmer J. Boesche, President.

Gentlemen:
We enclose herewith our check No. 5955 for $35.00 in payment of MS., "Driven Back to Eden," by Mr. Arthur Reall, 66 W. Washington Lane, Philadelphia, Pa., as per contract.
THOMAS A. EDISON, Incorporated,
Motion Picture Department,
Per W. P. Barrett.

Gentlemen:
We are retaining for further consideration "Training Father," "Marie's Strategy," "Mr. Sickly Cured," "Dr. Cupid," "Anti-Kissing Law" and "The Evolution of Bub."
We shall be very glad indeed to look at any scenarios that you may care to submit to us in the future.
ALL COMEDY FILMS, Inc.,
Thomas Newell Metcalf, Scenario Editor.

And so on thru a long list of pleased patrons and studios, which we will announce as space permits.

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We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

It will be read by competent photoplay editors, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections in detail, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, detailed, general criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, 50c. per reel extra). For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SEATTLE KID.—Bessie Toner and Bert Busby in "Human Hearts" (Imp). Elmer Clifton was Frank, and W. Lawrence was George in "The Sisters" (Majestic).

MILDRED C.—Joel Day was the mummy in "The Egyptian Mummy" (Vitagraph). Mrs. Anderson was the farmer's wife in "Eats" (Vitagraph). She is Mary Anderson's mother.

MARGARET L. C.—Fay Tincher was the actress in "The Battle of Sexes" (Mutual). Donald Crisp the father. After they have killed off all the men in Europe, perhaps the women will go in, as did half a million of them in the Tae-Ding rebellion in China, 1850.

JACK, 49.—Madame Moreau was Mary, M. Moreau was Joseph, and N. M. Normand was Christ in "The Life of Christ."

ESTHER L., BOSTON.—The Biograph story does not always come first in the magazine.

LIS, DENVER.—You call it laziness in Arthur Johnson's acting; it may be merely repose of manner. William Jefferson was Anatole in "A Scrap of Paper" (Biograph). Louise Vale was Susanne.

S. L. R.—Thanks for all that fine scandal. I guess age is the only secret that a woman can keep.

LILLIAN S.—Please write your name plainer. It looks like a Chinese prescription for the chills. Irving Cummings is with the American Company.

DORIS E. L. K.—Hock der Kaiser! I am strictly neutral and therefore cant discuss the war. Long live the King!

HELEN J.—Herbert Rawlinson was Humphrey in "The Sea-wolf." Jeanne Archer was Little Nell in that Biograph. Roy Clark was the newsboy in "When the Circus Came to Town."

MAUDE McH.—The Koran was written by Mohammed, who died 635. The Mohammedans believe it to be of divine origin, and it is their Bible, law and gospel. Darwin Karr and Harry Kendall were the brothers in "On the Stroke of Five."

HELEN, CHICAGO.—Jack Mulhall was opposite Irene Howley in "Little Miss Makebelieve" (Biograph).

MAY C. W.—Mary Ross was Vivian, and James Ross her father in "The Lynbrook Tragedy" (Kalem). Guy Coombs in "The Price of Silence" (Kalem). That article about "The Little Mary Pickford" of Los Angeles does not refer to Mary Pickford, of the Famous Players.

SAL SHOESTRINGS.—There are 11,483,876 Jews in the world, of which Russia has 5,115,805 and New York City 905,000. Every fourth person in New York is a Jew. "Here Lies" is the name of a book we publish which contains the epitaphs of fifty photoplay themes that are stale and, therefore, dead. Xavier is Mr. Bushman's middle name.

MARGREETA F.—Ernest Truex in that Famous Players. Ernest Lawford was Charles later on. That must have been a very dark or dense film, and the operator did not know enough to give it extra illumination.

REPORTER—You appear to be in pretty bad shape. Shall I call an ambulance?
AUTO VICTIM—Ambulance? No! I dont mind a little thing like this. I used to be a Moving Picture actor.

THE ABOVE INK IS A VERY FALSE IDEA THAT SOME FOLK HAVE OF THE DUTIES OF A CAMERA MAN. IT'S MUCH HOTTER THAN ROASTING PEANUTS I'LL ASSURE YOU.- THIS WAY PLEASE!

BEHOLD HIM! 300 AND SOME ODD FEET ABOVE THE TOP DOOR-STEP WHERE THERE'S STANDING ROOM ONLY! AND SUPPORTED SOLELY BY FRESH AIR AND SAND. YET, THIS IS BUT CHILD'S PLAY!

HE'S GOT TO BE IN THE THICK OF ALL THIS STUFF, NOT HALF A MILE AWAY WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN KEEPING THE SUN AND FLIES OFF HIM. LET ME TELL YOU,- THERE'S NO FLIES ON THE CAMERA MAN

HIS PERSONALITY ALONE MUST WIN HIM THIS INTERVIEW. IF NOT,- RELATIVES AND FRIENDS WILL KINDLY ATTEND. PLEASE OMIT FLOWERS. (AND YOU THINK THE NICE LOOKING FELLOW IS THE HERO)

STREET SCENES ARE POSITIVELY THE CAMERA MAN'S DARKEST MOMENTS. HIS PRIVATE OPINION OF THE PUBLIC AT LARGE CAN ONLY BE SATISFACTORILY EXPRESSED IN A BOILER FACTORY

THIS WAS A LUCKY ACCIDENT. BELIEVE ME, HE DOESN'T ALWAYS WALK BACK. SOME OF THE CHANCES HE TAKES TO GIVE YOU A GOOD TEN CENTS WORTH WOULD ALMOST BLACK YOUR EYE, IF YOU SAW 'EM.

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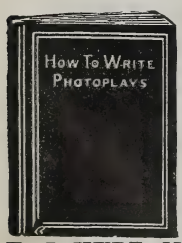

AUCTION! AUCTION!

Recently, at the auction sale of a bankrupt publishing house, I purchased at an absurd price 4,500 courses in photoplay writing; courses that were formerly sold at $27.50 each. This course is standard; was written by a world-famed scenario editor, and it will show you how to write photoplays that sell. I herewith announce my intention of throwing these courses on the open market for immediate sale at

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OLGA, 17.—Where art thou, Juliet?

VIOLA, 16.—No doubt Antonio Moreno will send you his picture if you write to him. He has nothing to do but lick stamps and address envelopes, and no way to spend his money except buying photographs. Edith Storey is his leading woman at present.

GIRL, 16.—Douglas Gerrard was the Rajah in "The Rajah's Vow" (Kalem). Henry Walthall in "Lord Chumley." Rita Bori was Lilly in "Bunny Buys a Harem" (Vitagraph). Jack Henry was Jordan in "Tess of the Storm Country" (Famous Players). Chester Barnett is with Peerless.

ETHEL C., WEST NEWTON.—Thanks for the apple-butter. It was delicious.

J. S. P., BRISBANE.—Those scenes were taken in Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, that picture was taken in London by the Edison Company. Marc MacDermott and his company were abroad about two years ago. Sorry, but your Biographs are too old. Hal Clements was Colonel Douglas in "The Grim Toll of War" (Kalem). Harry Myers and Mildred Gregory in "The Doctor's Romance" (Lubin).

HARRY MCD.—I really am getting spoiled with flattery and beginning to think that I do know something and that I can really write. Mack Swain is Ambrose in the Keystone.

NORA C.—William Worthington was the father in "A Page from Life" (Rex). Frank Lloyd was Breene in the same.

LEONILDO P., OF ROCHESTER.—If your coolness to the unwelcome lover does not work, try feeding him on ice-cream, lemon ice and frozen pudding, and he might take the hint. Billy Jacobs and Olive Johnson in "A Close Call" (Sterling). Frank Borzage and Leona Hutton in "The Spirit of Magdalena" (Powers).

ANTHONY.—Welcome. Lionel Barrymore and Millicent Evans in "The Woman in Black" (Biograph). No, no, not New Orleans. Mabel Trunnelle opposite Edward Earle in the Olive series. It is pretty hard to get Tom Moore.

OCTAVIA M.—I suppose that the reason why Keystone players are so proud is because they are so *stuck up.* Arthur Ashley and Audrey Berry in "Mr. Santa Claus" (Vitagraph). The Imp is too old.

THE FLAPPER.—But you forgot to sign your name. I will let it pass this time. Henry King had the lead in "The Eternal Duel" (Lubin). Ruth Roland had the lead in "The Family Skeleton" (Kalem).

INGOMAR.—Phyllis Allen was Mrs. Sniffins in "Getting Acquainted" (Keystone). Mintra Durfee was the wife in "The Sea Nymphs" (Keystone). Thanks for all that information.

EMMA E. M., MT. VERNON.—Isabelle Rae was the girl in "Blacksmith Ben" (Biograph). Biographs are now putting their casts on the screen.

M. A. D.—Thanks for all the soap. I ought to be very godlike now.

ETHEL O., LYNCHBURG.—How do you expect me to mind my own business when it takes all my time attending to yours? Francis Bushman did some of the wrestling in that picture.

GRACE, READING.—Nell Craig was the girl in "The Old Fogy" (Pathé). Gretchen Hartman was the wife in "A Woman's Folly" (Biograph). Remember that reward is its own virtue.

THE BRONCHO KID.—Arnold Daly was the lover in "The Exploits of Elaine." Louise Vale and Franklin Ritchie in "The Closing Web" (Biograph).

MARCELLE S.—Yes, write to Marguerite Clark, and I think she will answer. Clifford Gray was Harry in "The Crucible" (Famous Players). Yes, but there is a better side that we must consider. Famine was the mother of astronomy; cruelty was the nurse of civilization, and war has always been the forerunner of liberty. Some good must come from this war.

A. A. S.—Yes, thanks, I received the calendar. Miss Wallace was the girl in "Wild West Love" (Keystone). Helen Gardner was the lead in "The Butterfly" (Vitagraph). Constance Talmadge was the girl with Norma Talmadge in "The Peacemaker" (Vitagraph). Thanks.

MOSES MAHONEY.—Florence Lee was Mrs. Punk, and Clarence Barr was the chief of police in "A Fowl Deed" (Biograph). Pat Wheelan was the chauffeur.

ARTHUR E. H.—Louise Vale and George Morgan in "The New Magdalen" (Biograph). Vivian Prescott was Miss Roseberry. Walter Hitchcock was Bernard in "Life's Shopwindow." You say that whenever you see that player dressed up it reminds you of a fifty-cent head with a five-dollar hat on it. We were not all born to wear stylish clothes.

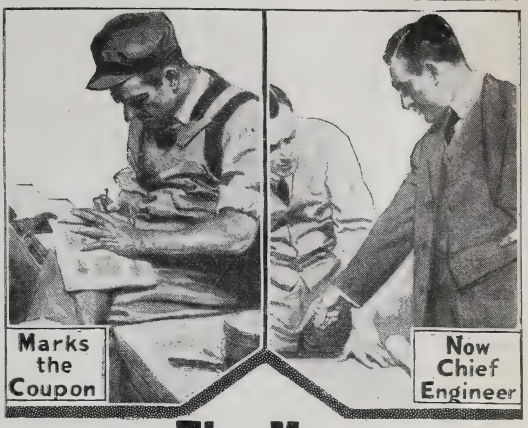
THE BRONCHO KID.—Irene Howley in "Their Little Drudge" (Biograph).

MIRIAM F. H.—Glad to see you back. Minta Durfee was the wife in "The Incompetent Hero" (Keystone). Mary Pickford's eyes are blue-gray. I always enjoy your letters, and I want to hear more of you.

MARGARETTA K. T.—Thanks for the shoestrings. Just what I needed. Louise Vale had the lead in "The Third Act" (Biograph). It was written by L. Case Russell, one of the best photoplay writers of the day. She is in our Clearing House.

ANNA MC.—The Vatican at Rome is a collection of buildings erected at various times and for different purposes, consisting of the Papal residence, a library and a museum, the first residence of the Pope having been erected in 498-514.

HARRY D. H.—Balboa do not answer questions, nor do they give the casts. They evidently do not care whether the public is supplied with information or not. Mrs. Anderson was the landlady in "The Egyptian Mummy" (Vitagraph).



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—EPES W. SARGENT, in "Moving Picture World."

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173 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CLARA C. D.—Sussue Hayawka was Tokoramo, and Henry Katoni was Hironari in "The Typhoon" (Paramount). If you want your answers by mail, you must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—William Rice was Yogg, and Ray McKee was the lover in "She Gave Him a Rose" (Lubin). True Boardman and Lee Willard in "The Telltale Hand" (Essanay). Cissy Fitzgerald was Cissy in "How Cissy Made Good" (Vitagraph). Vera Sisson opposite Warren Kerrigan. Yours was fine. Thanks.

MARIAN WHITE.—I'll have to publish your letter: "Witchery and sweetness, Clara K. Young; beauty and sympathy, Alice Joyce; magnetism plus frankness, Mary Fuller; the "faerie queene" and the Maude Adams of the movies, Mary Pickford; vivacious, Anita Stewart; coquettish, Pearl White; blithe and bonny, Lillian Walker; Artemis, the goddess and tamer of wild beasts, Kathlyn Williams; enticing, Alice Hollister; piquant, Norma Talmadge; queenly, Miriam Nesbitt; the grand dame, Mrs. William Betchel; distinguished and intense, Earle Williams; the Adonis of the screen, Francis Bushman; the idol of the feminine heart, Warren Kerrigan; romantic, Crane Wilbur; self-confident, Carlyle Blackwell; versatile, Marc MacDermott; sense of humor, Arthur Johnson; manly, Edwin August; charm, the three Moore brothers; picturesque, G. M. Anderson; the funniest man in the world, Sidney Drew; Samson-like strength, William Farnum; America's second Mark Twain, the Answer Man.

"Please do not think that I am flattering you. Any man who can at seventy-three (as you claim to be) retain such a wonderful sense of humor and see all the ironies of life is nothing short of a genius. I wonder if you are ever grouchy like other older men. But, no, I dont believe it." That's right—dont; I'm not.

M. L.—I read your story, but I cant recommend it for photoplay. You can no more make a drama out of that than you can stable your cow in an ice-house and expect her to give ice-cream. You had better read some of the books. See ad of Clearing House.

MAY B. W.—Ralph Lewis was Phelan in "The Exposure" (Reliance). Edwin August was in "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon" (Biograph). Dot Bernard opposite.

EDITH MAY.—The falls at Niagara are only 164 feet high, while the one in the upper Yosemite is 1,436. Edwin Clarke was the boy in "The Poisoned Bit" (Edison). Edna Maison was the princess in "Terence O'Rourke" (Victor).

PRETTY PATRICIA.—Instead of Runaway June, it should have been Runaway August. Edwin never would stay at home long. Walter Miller was Jameson, and Robert Harron the brother in "The Reformer" (Biograph). Walter Miller and Lillian Gish in "A Modest Hero."

BINA P. LYONS.—No, I wont scold you. I enjoyed yours very much. You have guessed wrong. Try again.

MISS BOBY.—Dick Rosson was Dick in "The Small-town Girl" (Universal). That Vitagraph was taken in the studio. You refer to Alice Joyce. Matt Moore and Ethel Grandin in "Traffic in Souls."

VYRGYNYA.—Judging from your letter, I would say that your definition of wisdom is the sweet reflection from your own mirror.

GLADNESS.—Mary Pickford remains with Famous Players. No, we have our own half-tones made from the photographs. Thanks for all you say.

RETTA ROMAINE.—What are you coming to, child? Fourteen pages! Avast! avast! And all your ravings about Wheeler Oakman! I will lay it before the Editor.

JESSE J. S.—Thanks for the gold stickpin. Famous Players are now located in Los Angeles. Victor Potel is with Western Essanay.

GEORGE W. P.—Arthur Cozine was the brother in "The Land of Arcadia" (Vitagraph). William West was the husband in "The Silent Hour" (Biograph). Uneasy looks the face that wears the frown.

JUST PETE.—Howdodo! Glad to see you back. House Peters opposite Mary Pickford in "In the Bishop's Carriage" (Famous Players). Olive Johnson opposite Billy Jacobs in "The Battle" (Sterling). Sydney Ayres with Universal.

BILLY ROMAINE.—Seven pages more! As Eliza says to Sambo, "Ah, yeh have done and busted mah h'art." All good stuff, however. Wheeler Oakman.

CLARA B.—William Garwood was Ben in "The Sower Reaps" (American). J. W. Johnston was Kearney in "Rose of the Rancho" (Lasky). Will hand your poem to the Editor.

MADELINE D.—Chatted means interviewed. Glad to see that picture.

E. M. P.—Lloyd Hamilton was Ham in "Ham, the Piano Mover" (Kalem). Joe King and Beatrice Van in "Helping Mother" (Rex). Arthur Jarrett and Leona Hutton in "The Eternal Spark" (Kay-Bee). Robert Frazer and Edna Payne in "The Jackpot Club" (Eclair).

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—I have read your verse with much interest. Dry bread usually. 'Tis but a little faded flour.

SANS SOUCI.—I read your letter with much pleasure. You display excellent discrimination.

VIOLA, 16.—Antonio Moreno played in "The Latin Quarter." "The Island of Regeneration" and "The Quality of Mercy." Just wait till you see him in "The Island of Regeneration." He's great!

SYLVIA E. G.—Lottye Fowler was Mrs. Collingsby in "The Collingsby Pearls" Gertrude McCoy was Sylvia in "What Could She Do?" You are wrong about Norma Talmadge.

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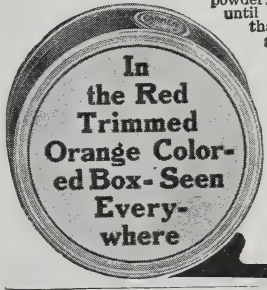

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EDNA C. STAFFORD.—Richard Stanton was leading man in "Sheriff of Muscatine" (Kay-Bee). Vivian Rich in "A Modern Rip Van Winkle" (American).

HERMAN.—I believe it is the Blenheim Madonna, painted by Raphael in 1507, that is considered the costliest picture in the world. Irene Wallace is with Selig.

NOVEMBER GIRL.—I am not expressing my opinion on woman suffrage, but I might whisper that all votes should be weighed, not counted. Most of those now cast would weigh very little, and I am inclined to think that we should eliminate, rather than add to, our list of voters. Blanche Sweet was Molly, Lionel Barrymore was Billy and Antonio Moreno was Nelson in "Strongheart" (Biograph). George Morgan and Irene Howley in "The New Magdalen" (Biograph). Charles Ray was the lead in "One of the Discard" (Kay-Bee). Adele Lane and Edwin Wallock in "The Fatal Note" (Selig). Wheeler Oakman, Kathlyn Williams and Charles Clary in "The Woman of It" (Selig).

DOROTHY M.—"Eliza, Eliza! Take in the children—here comes the Board of Health." Charles Chaplin in "Mabel's Busy Day" (Keystone). I agree with you.

FRENCH, FROM PARIS.—I am sure I cannot help you to get in the pictures.

MARIE.—I have never met Carlyle Blackwell personally. So you think all fat persons funny. Obesity is simply Nature's unnatural padding, and while some look on it as comedy, many who are thus afflicted look on it as tragedy.

SILENT, 15.—About twelve brands under Universal. Charles Chaplin with Essanay at Niles, Cal.

NORRIE.—Richard Stanton was the husband in "The Master of the House" (Kay-Bee), which was very well done. He also played in "Hateful God." The last battle fought on British soil was on April 16, 1746. Let us hope that it will be the last.

MAE G.—No; I will not be able to attend the San Francisco exposition; I am too old. Photoplayers are at a comparative disadvantage. On the stage, they hear what friends and critics have to say of their work at the first performance, and they gradually improve; but in the pictures, they rehearse a few times, and the film indelibly records their work, and for years to come the world must see their work as performed originally, for there is no way to correct or improve it.

BLUEBIRD.—I enjoyed yours very much.

SUSAN E. R.—Jere Austin was the playwright in "The Lynbrook Tragedy" (Kalem). Richard Tucker was Elbert in "The Stenographer" (Edison). Your suggestions were very good, and I have handed the letter to L. Case Russell.

LAURA R., 16.—Thanks for the beef-tea, but I am not quite an invalid.

ETTA M.—Seems to me you are always wishing for something. Aren't you ever satisfied?

PEARL A. H.—You can purchase the photos of the different pictures that appear in this magazine. Maximilian Jurgens was Gladinir in "One of Millions."

ALICE J.—I told you that you wrote an excellent letter, and now you say that you are sorry that you cannot return the compliment. You could if you told as big a lie as I did. Now will you be good!

AXEL, MILLVILLE.—Yes; I have seen that sheet music of the sweet Mary Pickford song. William Smith was the clerk in "The Mystery of the Foe" (Keystone).

THE BRONCHO KID.—Dixie Gray was Marion in "Castles in the Air" (Selig). Gertrude Barnes was the singer in "His Inspiration" (Kalem). Louise Vale and George Morgan in "Ernest Maltravers" (Biograph). Flower Evelyn Grayce lives in New York.

E. P. C., PHILADELPHIA.—Richard Tucker was the scamp in "Grand Opera in Rubeville" (Edison). It was probably a poor screen. A good screen reflects more light than a poor one.

AGNES S., WESTERLY. — Yes; Louis Reeves Harrison used to write for this magazine. Herbert Rawlinson has played with Selig. Charles Parrott in "Melrose Tells His First Falsehood" (Keystone).

W. C. S.—Try the Universal Company, Hollywood, Cal.

HELEN L. R.—No cast for the Cines. Sorry. Jane Darwell was the girl in "Ready Money" (Lasky). Goldie Colwell was the girl in "The Man from the East." (Selig). James Cooley was Gerald in "Wildflower" (Famous Players). Winona Winters was Sally in "The Man from Mexico."

PINKY, 17.—Lucille Lee was Alice in "The Sins of the Mothers" (Vitagraph). She is Anita Stewart's sister.

IDA G., PITTSBURG.—Alfred Vosburgh was Larry in "The Game of Life" (Vitagraph). Also in "Anne the Blacksmith." Will tell the Editor you want a chat with him. Haven't Estelle Allen's whereabouts.

BILLIE ROMAINE.—Twict I have heard from thee this month. Tom Mix and Goldie Colwell in "Harold's Bad Man" (Selig). Robyn Adair and Virginia Kirtley in "Robert Thorpe Forecloses."

INGOMAR.—Thanks for the money. Richard Buhler was Richard in "The Thief." Iva Shepard was Madame Legardes in the same. L. Davenport was Mr. Legardes, and Harry Spingler was the son. You say: "If a burglar went in the cellar, would the coal shoot? No, but the kindling wood." Marvelous!

JOSEPHINE.—The little girl is not on the cast. Helen Gardner in "The Butterfly" (Vitagraph). You give the wrong title on the Thanhouser. Haven't heard when the next exposition will be—probably in July. I believe Mr. Lawrence is still with Kalem, directing. Mr. Brewster thanks you for the calendar.

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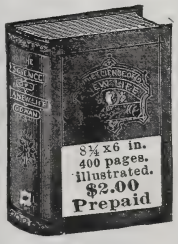

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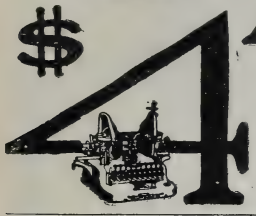

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GERTIE.—You poets should all get together and start a magazine of your own. It would have plenty of contributors, if not readers, and possibly both. In time there will be a chat with Thomas Chatterton. Be patient, my child.

EMILY T., DETROIT.—Your letter came too late for the March issue. You want a chat with Arline Pretty.

SCRANTON.—Wheeler Oakman is in the South now. Billy Jacobs in "Olive's Ideal" (Sterling). You need not lament so keenly. Wealth cannot buy happiness, but it can often buy forgetfulness of unhappiness.

CUTIE CUCUMBER.—The Imp could not give the information. Write to the Editor.

K. M. T.—Thanks for the candy. If you will write to Antonio Moreno, in care of Vitagraph, I believe you will get an answer.

M. C. D. THE FIRST.—The custom of lifting the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for a knight never to appear in public except in full armor; but when among friends, he removed his helmet, signifying, "I am safe among friends." Miss Wallace in "Fatty's Jonah Day" (Keystone). George Spencer was Jules in "The Wolf" (Lubin). Gladys Hulette in "His Chorus Girl Wife" (Edison).

BEATRICE B. S.—Gladys Hulette was the girl in "Young Mrs. Winthrope" (Edison). Cleo Ridgely was leading woman in "The Invisible Power" (Kalem). Mabel Van Buren was Dolores in "The Ghost Breaker" (Lasky). William Barley was the lieutenant in "Marked Woman" (World Film). Tom Mix was leading man in "Cactus Jake" (Selig). Lamar Johnston in "One Traveler Returns" (Selig.)

STIX, BUFFALO.—Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot in "The Explorer and the Girl" (Kalem). I must refuse to advise about getting into the pictures.

FRANK A. O.—Edwin August had the lead in "Withered Hands" (Powers). Thelma Salter was the little girl in "The Golden Goose" (Broncho). Harry McCoy was the police chief in "Stout Hearts But Weak Knees" (Keystone). You will see Ford Sterling back with Keystone now. Come again.

LEE J.—No player thinks that he is altogether properly appreciated. They all think that they have talents the public have not yet discovered. Lillian Burns was Miss Blake in "The Methods of Margaret" (Vitagraph). Theodore Roberts, Florence Dagmar and Jode Mullally in "The Ringmaster" (Lasky). George Egan was Tony, Edwin McKirn was Angelo in "A Barber Shop Feud" (Crystal). Frederick Church was the schoolteacher in "The Schoolteacher at Angel Camp" (Frontier). Signe Auen and Charles Gorman in "Thru the Air."

WHAT'S WHAT—AND WHY

(*Continued from page* 123)

some time ago, and it will take something unexpected to revive it.

"Time Clock No. 776" is chiefly worthy of mention because it is the kind of film which ceased to be of any earthly use about two years ago. Ben Welch himself plays the only decent part in the production, with considerable charm and skill.

True to its title, "Hearts and the Highway" is a romantic drama of the old school, with a good story, plenty of swashbuckling action and a splendid part for Lillian Walker. Darwin Karr, Ned Finley, L. Rogers Lytton and Rose Tapley are other Vitagraph favorites cast in the production.

Every child should see "Alice in Wonderland"—for that matter, every child should read it. It is not a perfect film, but it is unusually well done. Viola Savoy plays, looks and is Alice. Herbert Rice is Mr. Rabbit, William Tilden the Mad Hatter, and Louis Merkle the Dormouse. Father William, the Blue Caterpillar, Humpty-Dumpty, Tweedlededee and Tweedlededum, "all the little oysters a-standing in a row," the Mock Turtle that was once a real one; all are there. It is really delightful.

"The Morals of Marcus," with Marie Doro; "Young Romance," with Edith Taliaferro, and "After Five," with Edward Abeles, are three of the best multiple-reel comedies I've seen in many a day. Marie Doro is as sweet on the screen as on the stage. A slight tendency to play into the camera is her only fault. Edith Taliaferro rivals her sister Mabel's recent performance in "The Three of Us." Edward Abeles is always funny; this is an excellent vehicle.

Lew Fields makes his photoplay début in "Old Dutch." In its detached scenes it is very, very funny. As a whole, the scenario is weak. This will probably not be noticed by the average audience, as Mr. Fields and George Hassell manage to keep everybody laughing, from beginning to end. I dont know when I have

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actually writhed in my seat as I did during the barber-shop scene.

There seems to have been an unusually large number of "worthwhile" films this month. Let me recommend "Stop Thief" (Kleine), "The District Attorney" (Lubin), "From Headquarters" (Vitagraph), "Buckshot John" (Bosworth), the Besley South American and the Mawson Antarctic pictures. Lack of space forbids more.

CAROLYN, N. Y.—Alan Hale and Viola Smith in "Life's Stream" (Biograph). Vivian Prescott in "Cousin Pons."

EDWIN K.—When they rub their abdomens it means they are thirsty. I dont know how to express the emotion of thirst, for thirst is a sort of funny feeling that leads a man to a well or a soda fountain, but more often, unfortunately, to a saloon. Lilie Leslie was the sorceress in "When a Gypsy Hates" (Lubin). Arthur Macklin was the hero in "His Mother's Home" (Biograph).

PANSY.—Sheldon Lewis is the other player in "Exploits of Elaine" (Pathé). James Ross was the count in "Cast Up by the Sea'" (Kalem). Not Harry Millarde. Robert Ellis was Dr. Frank in "Black Sheep" (Kalem). You say that Jack Kerrigan's favorite flower is the pansy.

MARGARETTE K. T.—If you could give me the name of a play she played in, I could help you more. Send your diary on; would be glad to look it over.

KENNETH A. G.—Dorothy Gish and Gertrude Bambrick in "Liberty Belles" (Klaw & Erlanger). Yes, Betty Teare in "The Wise Rube" (Kalem). No answer on that Keystone. Miss Page in "The New Janitor" (Keystone).

MIRIAM F. H.—Harold Vosburgh was the doctor in "The Temple of Moloch" (Edison). Owen Moore with Bosworth. Your little experience was quite interesting.

SUZANNE.—Look up James Kirkwood's brief biography. Earle Williams is an American, born in San Francisco.

RUTH W.—Eulogize the players, but dont let your heart run away with your pen. Essanay have no studio at Ithaca.

PRUNELLA.—Dolly Larkin, and L. Shumway was Dan in "A Romance of the Northwest" (Lubin). What brand of Universal? Always give brand. Just "Universal" is not sufficient. Alco never gave out information. However, they have failed. I enjoyed yours very much.

BRONCHO KID.—No cast for "The Prince Party" (Essanay). Virginia Westbrook not playing.

MRS. BESSIE A.—Kerrigan biography. Was born in 1889, not 1899. Therefore, he is quite an old man.

ANN. KNOTVILLE.—Give the player graceful tribute, but not gushing flobbery. Chester Barnett was Giles in "The Wishing Ring" (World Film).

PEBBIE B.—Arthur Hoops was Douglas, in "The Straight Road" (Famous Players). I dont care to advise: consult a physician, even if he be but a licensed guesser of uncertainties, which they all are.

DOWN EAST.—Violet Mersereau was Peg in "Peg of the Wilds" (Imp). That Ramo is too old. Donald Crisp with Mutual. You say: "Turn a deaf ear to all cranks who want your department discontinued." Sure! I have got to make a living somehow, haven't I?

AGNES W.—Elizabeth Burbridge was Ella in "Shorty and Sherlock Holmes."

BERNICE L.—A kernel of corn grows into a stalk six feet high in about ninety days. If a picture is taken of the growing corn, should be taken every day, and these pictures are run off in order on the screen at regular speed. It would take us about six seconds to see the corn grow to its full height.

FLORENCE F.—Address Alice Joyce's letters to her, at the New York studio. Dorothy Kelly was Maggie in "The Greater Motive" (Vitagraph). Helen Hilton and Malcolm Williams, and House Peters in "The Brute" (Famous Players).

MRS. M. M.—Yes to George Field.

B. L. A. B.—Praise that isn't deserved is an insult. I like appreciation, but hate flattery. Gladys Brockwell was Helen Kent grown up in "A Political Feud" (Domino). Webster Campbell and Elizabeth Burbridge in "Mother Hulda" (Broncho). You say the letters that appear on the screen in Vitagraph casts are all written in the same handwriting.

MELVIN F.—"The Master Key" is released thru the Universal program. You sent me a plugged dime, but I will let it pass this time.

H. R. H.—Pansy Club is just a pleasure club. Write to our circulation department. The answer to that puzzle is that the cork cost five cents, and the bottle $1.05. Eleanor Woodruff and Irving Cummings in "The Last Volunteer" (Pathé).

R. G. J., MELBOURNE.—Glad to hear from you. Your letter very interesting.

W. C. J.—Gladys Brockwell with Kay-Bee.

JUST PETE.—Dick Rosson was Dick in "The Small-Town Girl" (Universal). Charles Chaplin with Essanay. I am sorry for you if you have such a temper, but you must control it.

MISS I. B. O.—Thanks for the postal cards. Yes, Kathlyn Williams has played in California.

C. WILL BURR.—A chat with Anita Stewart will come in time. I always enjoy yours.

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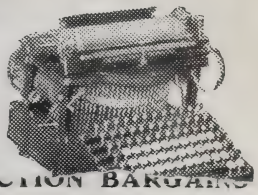

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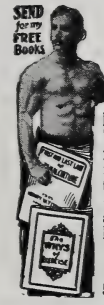

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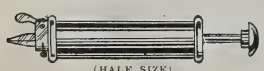
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A SEATTLE KID.—Jode Mullally was Tom and "Cameo Kirby" (Lasky). Florence Lawford was Lola, and Arthur Mackley was the sheriff in "Out of the Deputy's Hands" (Reliance). Charles Chaplin in Mabel's Strange Predicament" (Keystone). Boyd Marshall and Mayre Hall in "Face in the Window" (Princess).

A. C.—I know of no company that employs only children.

BETSEY OF GEORGIA.—Yes, you may write more than once a month, if you ask questions. You must also sign your name.

LOUISE B.—You can reach Anita Stewart by writing to Vitagraph. She was chatted in December, 1913. Certainly I chew gum. I have to do something, and that is the smallest vice I know.

HAZEL G.—So you think Harry Myers is too fat, and that he didn't get enough to eat at Lubinville.

O. S. WELLINGTON.—Sorry you did not get those answers. I agree with most of what you say. John Smiley and Justina Huff in "The House of Darkness" (Lubin). Helen Holmes and William Brunton in "Nurse and the Counterfeiter."

RAY B., BOSTON.—The colored girl in the Keystone was an extra. G. A. Williams was the paymaster in "The Broken Circuit" (Kalem). Curtis Cooksey and Isabel Rae in "The Way Home" (Biograph). Cleo Ridgely and Paul C. Hurst in "The Affair of the Deserted House" (Kalem). Minta Durfee was the heroine, and Chester Chaplin was the villain in "Love, Speed and Thrills" (Keystone).

CLAIRE M., CRIPPLE CREEK.—I am sorry you dont like my department. You should put your questions at the top of the sheet. I cannot wade thru eight pages of close writing to find a question when I am at work.

ANNA BELL.—Thanks for the compliment. You cannot understand why Mary Pickford is classed as leading woman. You think she is more of an ingénue. The general public, as you see by the contest, claim her the leading leading lady.

JOHN J. M.—Tom Mix was Chip in "Chip of the Flying U." Still with Selig.

MRS. ANNA S.—"Trey o' Hearts" was taken in California. Cannot tell you Francis Bushman's religion. Your letter was interesting.

BILLY ROMAINE.—What, you here again, and so early in the morning? So you want the Editor to send Cissy after a chat with William Stowell and Edward Earle.

EDWIN F.—I enjoyed yours. I give up the puzzles. Haven't time to think them out.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Yours is great, but I must hold it over till next month.

M. M. DEFORE.—Your daffydowndillies are clever, but I cant print them. Space forbids.

CRITIC.—You ask why the directors permit "doctors" to appear always with obstetrical satchels inside of a pocket medicine case or an emergency bag. It is because the directors are not physicians, and hence they do not know the difference. They should be more careful.

TOODLES.—Your vote for Mary Pickford has been registered, and your defense of her noted. I have not space to say something nice to each of my correspondents.

Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher

(*Continued from page 108*)

son and Washington Irving. One person prefers the circus clown, another prefers John Drew in "A Scrap of Paper" or in "The Taming of the Shrew." There is no accounting for people's tastes. Perhaps it is not for me, nor for anybody else, to say that he who enjoys Keystone comedies is deficient in the higher intellectual attainments, but the fact remains that there are degrees of quality in comedy, just as there are degrees of quality in tobacco, in wines and in paintings, altho not all of us are able to detect the difference between the good and the poor ones.

I would conclude, therefore, that while the "slapstick" comedy has its place and its mission, it will never do the Motion Picture business any good. We have altogether too many of them. They are absolutely repulsive and obnoxious to some persons, and they are merely a repetition of the old stage burlesque shows that have long since been relegated to the low-class theaters. We certainly can envy those who are able to laugh and enjoy themselves on such slight provocation, but we might hope for them that they could be educated up to that standard of intelligence where they could appreciate the higher flights of fancy as well. All education adds to our culture and refinement, and as we advance intellectually we get more enjoyment out of life. The lower animals are content when they have food and shelter, and their pleasures are limited. As we ascend the scale of intelligence, the sphere of enjoyment expands and widens. The more intelligence, the greater our discernment and capacity for enjoyment.

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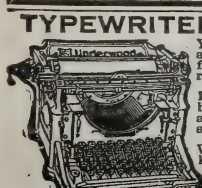

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Frank Discussion by Our Readers of Players and Plays and Other Interesting Motion Picture Subjects

THE editor receives each month close to a thousand letters from readers and well-wishers of this publication and of Motion Pictures in general. We have also received many assurances that the publication of such letters as we can afford space to print makes an interesting department. Let it be understood that this is a public meeting-place, and that you may admire, argue, applaud, champion and criticise as you please. You may condemn burlesque comedy, arraign a player at the bar of your criticism or pick flaws in the detail or plot of photoplays. But dont be unfair—that's the trick that a dramatist uses to paint the heroine rosy red and the villain inky black—and, in consequence, you may be playing the heavy rôle to an audience of dissatisfied readers. We want your letters read and enjoyed, so dont run just to words, and if you must write long letters, let them be pungent, keen and just.

P. F. Leahy, 325 Sutter Street, San Francisco, sends us a candid criticism and continues some of our interesting "discussions":

I am sincerely glad that Earle Williams took the prize in your last contest. He deserved it, and we all wish him all the luck in the world. But—there is always a but—if some other actor like Leo Delaney or Tom Moore or Antonio Moreno or Harold Lockwood had the same opportunities that Mr. Williams has had, by which I mean the parts he had been given to play and the cast which supported him, would one of them not have succeeded even better than he did? And then, there is another actor of whom I am expecting great things in future if he only is given the proper director and manager. That is Jack Pickford. If he is given his chance, he will be the one to make the name of "Pickford" even more famous than has his sister Mary. His cleverness is perfectly natural, and tho he usually plays bits and small parts, all he needs is a chance. I have been watching him since he was a little chap in knickerbockers, and his advance has been steady. Was he not splendid in "Wildflower,"

"His Last Dollar," and "The Liberty Bells"? These are only three of many.

There is another young actor who will bear watching, and that one is Robert Harron of Mr. Griffith's Mutual Company. He is much the same type as Jack Pickford, but he has gained recognition sooner. Perhaps because he does not suffer the handicap of bearing an already famous name. Whatever the reason, however, he was practically perfect in "The Escape," and in several shorter pictures in which it has been my pleasure to see him. As a rule I do not care for the Mutual and Universal releases, and so I do not see so much of him as I would like to. He and Mae Marsh make an ideal couple.

If the Mutual Girl series would show something more interesting than the numberless shopping tours on which Margaret has been of late they would be much more worth seeing. A certain amount of fashion is a good thing, but too much is more than enough. The series has lost two of its best characters too, in Miss Kelso and the man who played Dunbar. I have forgotten his name for the moment.

And where do the people come from who will laugh at the absolutely humorless capers of Mabel Normand, Roscoe Arbuckle and the rest of the Keystone Company? I will have to admit that Charles Chaplin is amusing at times, but the remainder of the company is in my opinion away below par. Even Mack Sennet, who used to be so funny in the old Biographs, has either lost his art or else is playing inferior scenarios. I understand that he is directing too, and cannot say that I appreciate his style in the least. There are many who agree with me, tho I regret to say that we are in the minority, at least in most audiences.

And now I would like to speak of the Vitagraph Company, which I consider the best in the world. If they only had my few favorites of other companies on their roster they would be perfect. Florence Turner is the best leading woman they ever had, and nothing would please me more than to have her back again with Leo Delaney and Jean. Leo Delaney, who I see has returned to the fold, is a magnificent actor, and does not receive the rôles that he deserves. He is so perfectly devoid of conceit, which is so painfully noticeable in Maurice Costello, and he is so natural. Norma Talmadge comes next in my favor. She, too, deserves to be featured more extensively, and in my opinion she should have a different leading man. I can think of none better than Harold Lockwood of the Famous Players. Of course I share the popular opinion that Mary Maurice is the dearest woman in the pictures. I should love to know her person-

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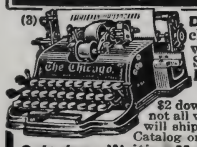

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ally. Harry Morey is at ease at all times, is strong and yet perfectly natural. I really cannot express my deep admiration for him and his work. Julia Swayne Gordon makes a trifle too much use of her eyes and does not always costume her parts to the best advantage, and yet she is a splendid character woman. Anita Stewart has made wonderful progress, due, no doubt, to brother-in-law Ralph Ince, but there is a great deal of credit due her even at that. I have seen some actresses who would never amount to anything even under the directorship of G. W. Griffith, which is saying a great deal, for he could make almost any one act. I do not care for John Bunny, Flora Finch and Billy Quirk, but Sidney Drew and Wally Van are extremely funny at times. I must admit that Mr. Quirk was good in the "Evolution of Percival," but aside from that he has done nothing really good since he left Mary Pickford and the old Biograph. To sum up, Charles Kent is the best "old man" in the business; William Shea is a perfect Irishman; Anders Randolf is a typical banker or politician; Rose Tapley makes the ideal mother of young children, and the two little Costello girls are fine. Bobby Connelly and Paul Kelly are good too, but the latter is growing up too fast.

This, I think, is a fairly good beginning, and so will rest for the nonce. I trust that you will take the former portion of this epistle as it is meant, and that you will publish the remainder in whole or in part.

The Mary Pickford letter, written by Miss Grace Falvey and published last month, has aroused a storm of protest from admirers of this charming little photoplay star, and we regret that we can publish only a limited defense. Miss Hazel Seneca, Waltham, Mass., no doubt voices the sentiments of thousands in her letter:

As an ardent admirer of Miss Mary Pickford and her screen work I must take exception to the adverse criticism by a Dorchester correspondent in the March number.

It has been my observation that the general public is not captivated by a beautiful face alone. The real reel fan expects more. He goes to see a much advertised picture and expects each player to act his or her part as if he or she were actually living the part at all times. Miss Pickford is wonderful. One cannot call her work "merely acting." She goes beyond that stage. Her portrayal of characters is real, life-like. She does not smirk, look into the camera, make wild gestures and agonizing expressions to show the different emotions. Hers is a natural, unconscious of self, graceful manner that seems to belong to her alone.

Her rôles are difficult, and if the correspondent thinks them "childish" I wish she would concentrate her thoughts more and then perhaps she will understand why Mary Pickford is chosen for the parts she carries.

It is no easy task to do and do well such characters as she portrays in "Tess of the Storm Country," "Such a Little Queen," "Hearts Adrift" and others equally as good.

I dont think there is any actress who can take Tess or any other of Mary Pickford's plays and portray it in her excellent manner.

A word for a few other favorites. Cleo Madison is a clever actress and deserves more credit than she is getting for her dual work in the "Trey o' Hearts." Anna Little is another good one. Her characters are human, easily understood and always well portrayed. Vera Sisson is fine. 'The Bolted Door," and in fact all of her work opposite Jack Kerrigan, bespeaks careful study. These three girls are really much better actresses than some who are being boosted highly by their companies, and I hope the time will come when an actress is recognized on her merit and not because flashy posters proclaim her a great artist.

To paraphrase a well-known verse a little: There is so much good acting in the most of them and some bad acting in the best of them, so that it hardly behooves a "fan" to severely criticise any of them.

Mrs. Harry Opel, of Toledo, Ohio, whose stage name she requests we do not make public, hastens to Mary Pickford's defense:

May I beg a small space in your worthy magazine for the purpose of replying to the very unkind and unjust criticism of Mary Pickford which I note with indignation in your Marsh issue?

It seems incredible that any one, no matter how defective her appreciative faculties, could be so blind to genuine talent and personal charm as to pass unfavorable judgment upon one who surely, in her particular rôle, stands alone and unequaled in filmdom at the present time. To say that Miss Pickford has received undue publicity is but to insinuate that the thousands of enthusiastic Picture "fans" who fill to capacity the theaters where the work of the little star is featured, are wanting in their taste and appreciation.

Furthermore I ask, if Mary has not earned her present world-wide popularity

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and prestige. how did she obtain it? And right here let me say that the enormous salary she receives is not paid out by any film concern except for real talent and satisfactory box-office returns; and if Mary's work were not the best ever, she, along with other photoplayers of mediocre talent, would receive a fair living wage and no more. Not that I would underrate the ability of any. They are all good and earn whatever compensation they receive, but Mary is just a little better than good, or she would not have risen so high in so short a time.

THE PORTRAIT IN THE ATTIC

(*Continued from page* 56)

wept. "I've tried, but it wasn't any use—she will never love me, dear. Oh, and I wanted her to love me so—"

"I will telephone the police," he said abruptly. "She's not in the house—that's certain."

A whine interrupted. Quivering with knowledge from white nose to tip of white tail, Roxy stood pawing the new mother's gown, begging her to follow. Prancing and barking, she ran before them to the foot of the attic stairs.

Thelma was sleeping profoundly. And to her, soft and gentle as a wisp of moon spray, came a Dream. It seemed to pause beside the old couch and stoop above it tenderly, as tho—can Dreams, wistful, frail Mother-dreams, kiss little girls? That is what Thelma thought she did.

"My little girl," the Dream whispered—and, oh, the dear, soft love in her voice—"my own little baby girl. Listen, Thelma, I want you to love the new mother. It will make me happier in Heaven to look down and see."

Thelma stirred. The Dream seemed to lay soft hands on her hair and stoop again for another kiss. It was a wonderful kiss, warm and fragrant as violets. Thelma opened her eyes.

The new mother was stooping over her, and in the dim, sweet moonlight her face looked like that other gentle face of the Dream. Mother-faces look alike, somehow. With a little gasp of joy, Thelma held out her arms.

"I always wanted to love you, and now I'm *going* to—mother!'" she cried.

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8. Comedian (Female) _____
9. Handsome Young Man _____
10. Beautiful Young Woman _____
11. Villain _____
12. Child _____

Name of Voter _____

Address of Voter _____

As far as childish rôles are concerned, every one in every occupation has his or her particular line or branch of that work, and if the characters Mary is called upon to portray savor of innocence and artlessness, surely a faithful and realistic portrayal of this rôle is to be lauded and admired rather than condemned and harshly criticized.

Also we fail to acknowledge that Mary has ever been found wanting when called upon for emotional acting, as one of the best bits of "heavy" work depicted on the screen is accomplished by Miss Pickford in her popular success, "Behind the Scenes."

Therefore we, and I speak in the name of her army of friends and well-wishers, advise all knockers to lay away their hammers, as we are pleased to believe that for every enemy of our "Little Mary" there are a hundred friends.

Perhaps Miss Helen MacDonald, whose letter in the March number covered a multitude of critical details, did not realize that this department is an "open house" and that all of her opinions would not be accepted. They were not. At least a dozen correspondents are ready to break a spear with Miss MacDonald, and we grant the floor to Miss Evangeline Johnson, 910 Belmont Avenue, Nashville, Tenn., whose letter is well worth reading:

After reading the letters in the March number, especially one certain letter of criticism, I found it had left a dark brown taste in my mouth. The movies and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have afforded me so much pleasure, and both have made such marked improvement, that (I, being a lady of moods, find myself always in a complimentary mood when the movies or the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE are mentioned) I rise up and blow my little tin horn for them. Both, perhaps, could get along just as well without my tooting, yet I will feel very much better, for I will have relieved myself by dumping my thoughts onto paper and onto you (if you happen to read this).

It is the same way with Moving Pictures as with everything else in this world—there is the good and the bad. There are good and bad, logical and illogical pictures, and yet any one who has been very much interested in the pictures seeks the good ones and finds the ones worth seeing are in a great majority.

In studying the lives of those about me (we are all actors, more or less), I find that such things as errors in drawing-room etiquette, people's dress and walk, a rich man carrying his own bag (a ninety-nine cent one), etc., happen in everyday life and really count very little compared to the real problems. I know of a millionaire in Kentucky who owns four handsome cars, yet he delights more often in riding about in his little Ford runabout. In Moving Pictures I suspect such would not be considered true to life. Any one spending his time hunting for the minor faults or peculiarities misses the vital point and the real theme.

I have often been impressed by the realness, the life-likeness of the scenes and the make-up of the players. Now that I have become an admirer of the movies, when attending a play on the legitimate stage I feel cramped and cannot so easily get away from the fact that it is only acting. Take, for instance, that splendid play of Ben Hur. It has been wonderfully portrayed, and yet when it comes to the chariot race my imagination has to work overtime. How realistic and exciting it would be to see that race in the movies!

At the movies we see ourselves as others see us, we get a broader view of mankind, and altho, perhaps, we would not acknowledge it to others, we begin to "sit up and take notice" and secretly try to mend our ways.

We have a neighborhood picture show, and several homely little instances come to mind showing that the movies are for the welfare rather than a detriment to mankind.

A little mother down the street recently lost her daughter—killed in an accident.

THEIR HOUR

(*Continued from page* 50)

found out we cared before I ever married Laurence Austin."

"Listen!"—the man bent half-way across the table and held her hand in a close, hot grip—"what's to prevent our taking this two weeks—stealing it from life? After that our lives—and theirs—can go on in the old, rutted road. Are you—on?"

The woman gazed at him, fascinated. Then the devil in her blood leaped to the front. "Yes," she whispered to him, "yes—I'm—on."

"Your train is coming; here is your ticket. I had to buy the new one. I tore the original one up when we—thought——"

"I remember. Here is the train. Good-by, oh, good-by—let us say it—"

"Kiss me!"

"Good-by!"

Almost every evening she attends our neighborhood show, and there she mingles with friends and forgets herself and her grief. Gradually, as she comes out from the daze caused by the shock, she will have broader views rather than the bitter, narrow views so often the result of grief.

Some evenings an entire family comes in together: the mother and father forget the day's worries; the sons and daughters break off from their crowds, and the family tie is drawn just a little tighter—made a little more secure.

The old people come in and they seem to delight in and enjoy the love-dramas as much as the grandchildren about them. Because of the movies their "evening" days have been brightened and the love-flame rekindled in their hearts.

Our minister—a godly man; a man of unusual ability and influence—can be seen at the movies with wife and children when extra good pictures are being shown. When the film "From the Manger to the Cross" was being shown here he saw it three times and then preached a wonderful sermon, using "From the Manger to the Cross" as his subject.

Some of the mothers in our neighborhood use the movies to work all sorts of charms. Lessons are more easily and quickly learnt when there is promise of a picture show afterwards. Chores and errands are more willingly accomplished, and nickels and dimes more easily made and saved when the movies happen to be the incentive.

People who have never had the pleasure of traveling, of seeing high-priced plays, gain pleasure and knowledge in glimpsing the outer world, and they realize what a wonderful old world it is in which they are living.

Not long ago a friend made the remark, "I dont see what there is in mere pictures to interest you." To me they are not "mere pictures," for thru the aid of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE I have become acquainted with the screen people, and to me they are alive and I am interested in their welfare.

I visited in the north recently and was very much surprised to learn that my friends, altho they enjoyed the movies, scarcely knew one player from the other. I showed such enthusiasm in the players—calling them by name—and in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, that before I left I had a very charming class of movie "fans." I advised them to use the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE as a text-book and I have great hopes of their graduating some time and helping a good cause along.

I feel some better, for I have "had my say," so here's to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the movies—a sure cure for the grouch, narrowness, heartaches and ignorance.

The following communication proves that altho James Stevens, of Los Angeles, may be a reckless driver, he can certainly plead his cause well in the writing of a sound and scholarly letter:

Pardon this intrusion on your time, but in your February issue there appeared some letters which move me to protest. These letters inveighed against the common herd, or rather its coarsness in applauding and finding humor in the Keystone photoplays.

I am a teamster, and the photoplay house is my only theater. Keystones are my favorites. I can drop into a movie house, take my seat and let my brain take a rest, laugh and guffaw loudly at pictured absurdity, and thereby do my tired body a great deal of good.

I would advise these carping critics, when they desire intelligence and sanity in comedy, to go to a book store and invest in a few copies of Shaw's plays. I have read most of these; also Ibsen, from Peer Gynt to Hedda Gabler. I intend to read more of these when I have time.

I think it is a sign of sanity and moral soundness at bottom when the masses take unto their bosom the good old slapstick comedy and reject the prurient flapdoodle such as "The House of Bondage," and other disgusting specimens of the art of imbuing in the minds of girls that every man outside of their immediate circle is the devil in disguise.

Hoch! Charles Chaplin, long may you wave! You keep the boys and girls out of mischief and keep many away from the "six best sellers." Let "them there" critics of yours study life a little, and read a little dramatic literature (modern), and they will find that, after all, vulgarity is inevitably part of sound national virtue.

Your magazine is a dandy, and the accomplishments of the Answer Man inspire in me a stupendous admiration.

Here comes a jolly, critical letter from L. P. Rogers, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., which will surely chase the blues out of an overdone sob-drama:

Moving picture acting must be a mighty cheerful profession, for grief seems to be the hardest emotion to simulate. From most of the briny boo-hoo business a fellow sees upon the screen he cant tell whether the deceased left much or not. True, some of the artists thrash around kind of colicky, but healthy folks dont sympathize like they used to when ptomaine poisoning was more common.

In "The Speed King," however, Miss Muriel Ostriche does some real, sure-enough sorry stuff. She peers out from behind a portière, looking as red-eyed

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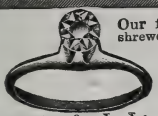

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These are exact reproductions of fifty of the stars in filmdom ---including Mary Fuller, Earle Williams, Marguerite Snow, Crane Wilbur, Jack Kerrigan and others.

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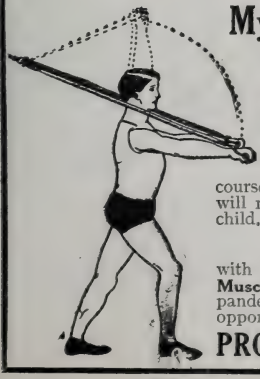

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PROF. ANTHONY BARKER, Studio 1, 110 W. 42d St., New York City

and lugubrious as Uncle Nate Rosenberry used to after a Down-with-Drink campaign, and if you're human you have trouble with your swallow and feel like murdering the rummy that comes in laughing.

Now I'm wondering if they spanked Miss Ostriche just before that scene or reduced her salary, or did she have a sliced onion hidden in that portière? Just among friends, Muriel, which was it? If they've been violating the Monroe Doctrine there's a riled, unruly Easterner mobilizing his artillery right now, "an' he's sho'ly gwine ter git 'em ef dey doan' watch out."

John A. Anderson, Petersham, Sydney, sends us some breezy player comment, as seen thru Australian eyes:

The two greatest names out here are Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin. Not to forget Mary Fuller, Blanche Sweet, Alice Joyce and John Bunny. About the latter, the rumor spread even out to Australia, that the highly estimable Mr. Bunny was dead. It is a high compliment to the Vitagraph comedian (and he deserves it, too) that the rumor spread to 'way out here. Such is fame! The other players are known more or less. The result of the recent Great Artist competition stands as a living monument to American "cleverness" (dont forget the inverted commas). I am sorry to say that we Australians are so stupid as to think Mae Marsh, a really great artist, worthy of being put in the front row. I am extremely sorry also to say that we think Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthall, the Misses Gish, Mabel Normand and "Little Mary" all as being very clever (I do not use this in the same sense as I speak of the Americans). Maybe our tastes are very low—somehow I dont think so. There are many other clever artists who are liked out here—tho the public are only now really getting accustomed to their names. The artists I mention, however, will know that we, at least, appreciate them. Nearing the end, the film is getting "rainy"; the scenario writer (who possesses a choice collection of rejection slips) is getting exhausted—so is the Editor, I suppose.

Insert Leader—"Dont forget to wish the Answer Man a Happy New Year."

As before—Thank you very much, Good-night. (It is five minutes to midnight.) Concluding with the old trademark, and passed by the National Board of Censors.

Serial pictures have a big following—some of them also cause a lot of absentees. R. S. Peacock, Atlanta, Ga., gives his reasons for "going to the other theater":

I am a great admirer of Moving Pictures, attend a large number of the theaters weekly, but I have one criticism I wish to make, one which I believe is held by many others. That is: Why is it there is getting to be such a large number of the so-called serial pictures being made? It is getting quite to be the fad for a theater to show at least two nights in the week serials which, in my opinion, are for the most part not worthy of the time used. In this city there are ten theaters, and on Monday of this week there were five of these showing this brand of picture, ending "to be continued in the near future," and of the remaining five theaters I patronize only one, and I venture to state that theater had by far the largest crowd on that day. Many people do not have the time to go to a picture theater the same day every week, and missing one of the serials means losing the story. Of course, one may lay it to "war measures" on the part of some of the companies, at least judging by the style of acting put before the audience, and this is not just a plain knock either, for I believe I can judge a good actor when I see one. I would be pleased to see an editorial from you on this subject in the near future.

Mrs. Lucie Willums, Leavenworth, Kan., does not value some of the recent photoplay products as high as their manufacturers do. Is she right?

Please allow me to express my opinion on the various sorts of Motion Pictures which are being released by the manufacturers, thru the pages of your good magazine. I have been paying particular attention to the audience as well as to the pictures lately, and I have carefully observed that the kind of play which is in most demand is the story of sweet home life, on a farm, or in a city, and not the blood-and-thunder kind, or the saloon brawl, which some companies make a specialty of producing. The photoplay entitled "The Sisters," which I witnessed about a month ago, was the most suggestive picture I ever saw. I actually felt ashamed to be seen watching it, and I noticed a good many people (the refined kind) leave the theater where it was being shown. Such plays are certainly not appreciated by any one, and most assuredly they do no one good, or benefit them in any way.

Such plays as "Wildflower," "Cinderella," "Zudora," "Behind the Scenes" and "Caprice" are the ones which every one loves and enjoys to see, and the ones which do no harm to our young men and women by witnessing them.

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You May Obtain a $10 Course of Instruction Practically Free in Elizabeth King Institute. Tuition by Mail in Professional Beauty Culture. — Take Advantage of this Unprecedented Offer. : : : GIRLS and WOMEN of all Ages (12 to 60 Years) : : :

YOU Should Learn Beauty Culture for your own personal improvement, and if you now, or at any time in the future, need to earn money, you will have a pleasant and profitable vocation. ***A full scholarship*** in Elizabeth King Institute is valued at twenty-five dollars. Thousands of women have paid this sum and a legion of them have their own hairdressing and manicuring parlors or visit customers at their homes.

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The Courses of Instruction will teach any woman how to improve wonderfully her own appearance and how to earn a good income, if she wishes, by doing professional work. Many moving picture artists have acquired the knowledge of Beauty Culture for their own use and as an additional money-earning means. A legion of women, all ages, graduates of the Elizabeth King System, are earning $15 to $50 weekly. Why not you? Here's your opportunity.

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If You Would Like Further Particulars of what you can learn and what others are doing, send for the new book of 100 pages, profusely illustrated. It will be mailed, postpaid, free. Then you can obtain a scholarship, and an engraved certificate of graduation, by simply complying with the following terms:

Write plainly on a sheet of paper the names and addresses of ten persons who you think would become permanent subscribers of the Motion Picture Magazine, and then pin a $5 bill (or money order or check) to it and mail to us. If you can collect 50 cents each from them you will get any one of the four courses you may select free. You need not guarantee that they will become permanent subscribers; you simply get us the best names you can. On receipt of the names, addresses and $5 we will have the Motion Picture Magazine mailed to each for five months and have you enrolled at once. All four courses for 30 names and $15.

The Motion Picture Publishing Co.

175 Duffield Street
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

I am not a "crank," and by no means wish to condemn Motion Pictures. They are a very valuable and pleasing entertainment for young and old, but let me state that saloon brawls and slavery pictures are positively awful for young people to witness. It puts ideas into their heads which they never thought of before, and I do not see why the directors or the manufacturers deem it necessary to produce such pictures. I am a public woman, and have made a good many speeches thruout the State regarding this same thing which I am writing about, and I know all women and men feel the same way about it as I do, so let us abolish all such pictures and cling to the sweet, clean photoplay—both comedy and drama—which benefit us by seeing them.

We feel sure that very few will disagree with Mr. C. R. Reid's comments, sent us from Springfield, Ohio. Give us space, able commentator, and we promise you the fulfilment of a long-needed want:

Tho a busy man, I go a good deal to the movies, but I am getting to the place where I dislike to waste so much time seeing films that are disappointing.

I hope that a better method of describing the new films may soon be adopted. If some enterprising magazine would adopt a comprehensive method of describing briefly each release, so that after a little familiarity each one could interpret the judges' remarks, it would give the patrons a much better idea as to what to expect. The synopsis of the story is often very good and very interesting, but when that same story is shown on the screen it proves many times to be awfully disappointing.

I enclose an illustration of the idea I am trying to convey. If some magazine would score all the releases in this way, I feel that a large number of people would pay ten cents a week for the information. Would it not give a better idea of what to expect than the story of the play as printed in most advertisements?

No doubt the producers would score the judges and call them pessimists, but should not the magazines adopt a policy helpful to subscribers rather than please the producers?

I have enjoyed very much the Moving Pictures for the past ten years, and the only regret that I feel called upon to note is that in the development of the business the production of the plays has not kept pace with the mechanical improvements. Too many inferior plays in comparison with the first films produced.

Many letters have been received suggesting a benefit fund for Mr. W. Chrystie Miller. Following is Mr. Miller's touching letter to the Editor:

DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

My very dear and most gracious friend, your kind letter just received. God bless you and all my dear friends! In the language of Shakespeare, "I grapple you to my soul with hoops of steel." I am so grateful to you I can hardly express myself. My eyes fill, and just now I am quite unnerved. I will try and see you Monday. In the meantime, do and say whatever you think best. I will answer the enclosed letters tomorrow. My heart's love to you and your staff, especially the Answer Man.

Most gratefully yours,
WM. CHRYSTIE MILLER.

In the following, "Gertie" flies to the attack of Miss MacDonald and to the rescue of the Answer Man:

No doubt our excellent critic, Miss Helen MacDonald, considers herself justified in making that uncalled-for attack upon your splendid magazine. To my idea—with all due respect to Miss MacDonald—her energies could be expended in a worthier cause. I hardly agree with her pessimistic view of the Answer Department, and its effect. I have been a correspondent of the above department for the past four years, and strange to say, tho I have been religiously and carefully reared, I do not consider myself one whit the less maidenly for my unseemly (?) conduct.

In her letter, which was scathing in the extreme, she mentions a certain type of girl. Either I am very stupid, or her mode of expression is not explicit enough, for I have not as yet been able to define what type of creature I, as a correspondent, represent. Her remark that we might give our time to more lucrative employment shows her opposition to the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." In my opinion, the time I spend writing to the Answer Man is well spent. He is one of the few brilliant men of this decade, and his wit and good sense have helped me, and I dare say many others, over the rough and thorny paths of life which we all, as mortals, must tread, more or less. Has Miss M. as much to her credit? Perhaps.

Regarding her criticism of certain screen productions, I cannot conceive how she finds so little in the vast game of Motion Pictures worthy of her appreciation. Much of what she says is all too true, but the old adage, "Every cloud has a silver lining," might also be applied to Motion Pictures, for tho twenty-five

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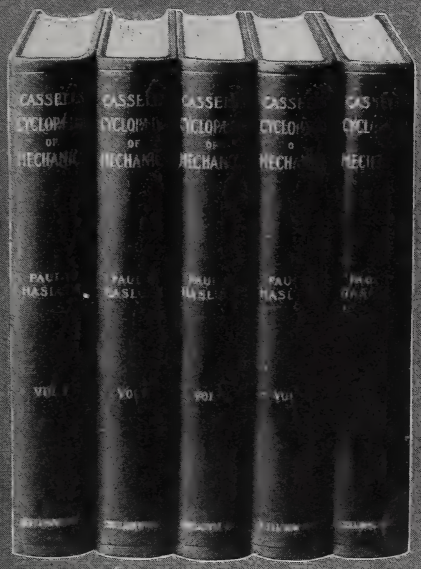

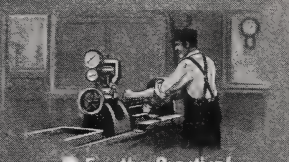

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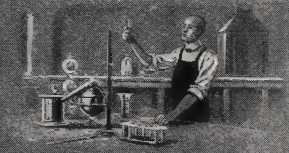

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per cent. of the productions are crude, seventy-five per cent. of them are above reproach.

I would humbly advise Miss MacDonald to frequent a different Motion Picture house than the one she usually patronizes, and I believe her opinion on the subject will be somewhat altered.

The Answer Man has handed in the following communication from Matt Mereness, of Schoharie, N. Y., which is quite beyond him—and us:

I'm asking you a very important question that concerns my future welfare. I ask you to please answer it:

Hello! Hello! Say! H-e-l-l-o, central! Oh! what's the trouble?
What? Well, then, give me the Answer Man.
Yes, yes, hustle. What's that, central?
Well, then, just 's soon 's you can.

Hello! Hello! Say, this you? Answer!
Hello! Well, then, are you—— Goodness' sake!
All right; now, then, tell me quickly—
When did the Lord, John Bunny take?

Hello! Hello! Say, get off this line, you!
What's that? What's that? He isn't dead!
Mebbe I dont know—— What's that?
Whadda you mean—I'm outa my head?

Hello! Hello! Say, you there yet?
All right; mebbe you dont know I seen
John Bunny like an angel
In your picture magazine.

Hello! Hello! Say, just one more question!
Do you think since John Bunny he——
Wait! Have some patience, will you?
That there still is room in Heaven
"For a little boy like me?"

Ruth Stonehouse certainly has admirers in Canada, and one of them is Margaret McGrory, of 103 Pearl Street, West Brockville, Ont.:

I have been for the past year an enthusiastic reader of your wonderful Motion Picture Magazine, and am indeed sorry to say that I have not read any comments or words of appreciation regarding that *most lovable and charming actress*, Ruth Stonehouse.

Now, in my humble judgment, Miss Stonehouse excels and surpasses any photoplayer in the Motion Picture field today. First of all we must consider that Miss Stonehouse has had no previous experience before casting her lot with the Essanay Company. There are probably photoplayers who have had years and years of experience on the legitimate stage, but consider for a moment if they are as natural and less conceited than our Ruth? Nay, you will at once perceive my meaning; a few minutes' thought will make you of the same opinion as yours truly.

After perusing your magazine for one year, I have at last decided that if all the fans have gone to sleep as to the wonderful charms of that most beloved Essanay favorite, I, myself, will at least show my appreciation of her most excellent work and sincerely trust that the fans will wake up as to her merits, and when the next Artist Contest arises they will try to put our Ruth at the *top* of the list.

C. O. Willis, Richmond, Va., draws his sword for Ella Hall and aims a pointed salary question at the studios:

I wish to express my admiration for Ella Hall. It seems that Miss Hall is not given the credit she deserves. I consider her a better actress than the famous Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce or Mary Fuller.

Your columns are full of Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce and Mary Fuller, while Ella Hall gets very little of the credit she so rightfully deserves.

I have seen Miss Hall in drama and comedy, and it is hard to tell in which she is at her best.

Her work with Mr. Leonard in "The Master Key" surpasses anything I have ever seen, and I attend the pictures several times a week.

Mr. Leonard is as good or better than Mr. Bushman or Warren Kerrigan.

Let us have more about Ella Hall. She deserves to rank first with all popular photoplayers.

Another thing is the exorbitant salaries that are given a few of the favorites, while the vast majority struggle along at $25 to $75 a week.

Take Mary Pickford, for example. She received $52,000 last year.

There are other screen actresses who have the same ability as Miss Pickford, and could do just as good or better in the same parts, but who are scarcely recognized.

This capitalization of some of the stars at the expense of the vast majority of others is unfair to the others.

Put me on record as one in favor of a more even distribution of salaries. Give all who have ability a good salary, but dont pay a few salaries that are out of proportion.

There is much to be said on this subject, but I will not take up more of your valuable space.

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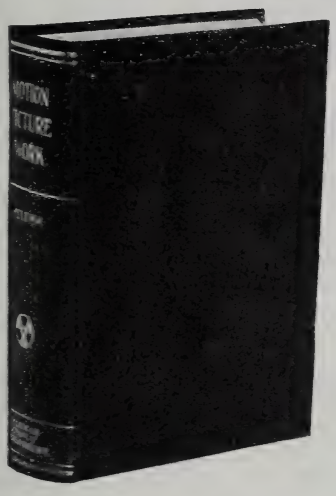

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The winner of a recent $1000 prize contest was practically a ***beginner.*** Not necessarily any more talented than ***you.*** You have doubtless been to moving picture shows and seen photoplays which you yourself could ***easily improve on.*** With 30,000 theatres changing program daily, and with the supply of photoplays from Europe cut off, the demand for ***new ideas*** has become ***tremendous.*** The American producers are making every effort to interest ***new writers*** in this work by offering prizes. Read these paragraphs clipped from a recent number of the Saturday Evening Post:

> The Balboa Amusement Producing Company, of Los Angeles, began by offering a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best picture story sent them. The Italian Society Cines, of Rome, offers five thousand dollars for the best moving-picture play submitted to it. The second-best writer is to receive one thousand dollars; the third-best, five hundred dollars; the fourth-best, two hundred dollars; and there are five consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each.
>
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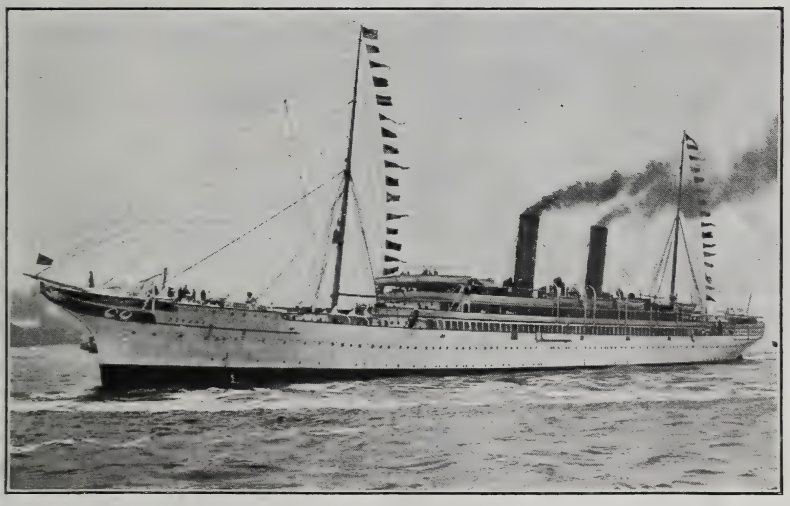

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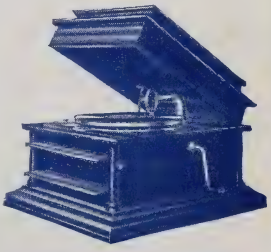

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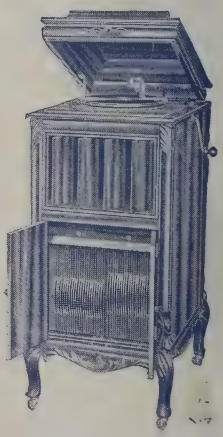

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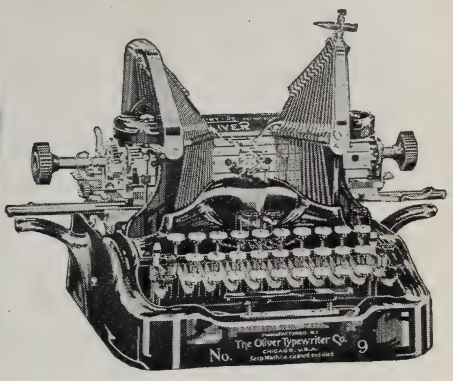

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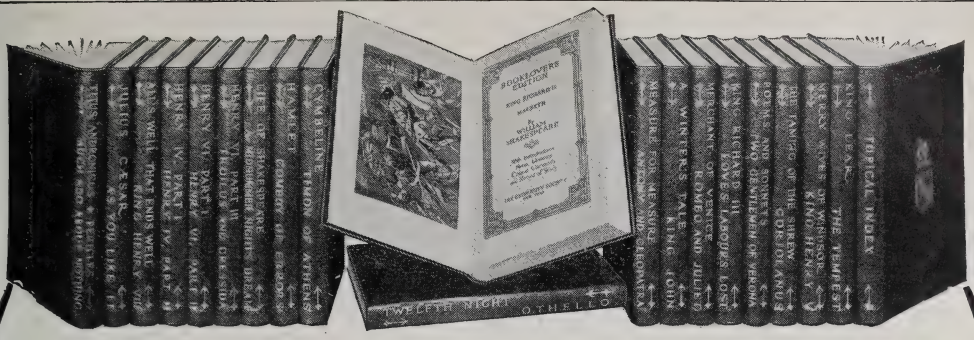
(482)

ON PHOTOPLAY SCHOOLS

FROM the beginning, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has been in favor of Photoplay Schools, and it is in favor of them today. It is quite natural that among the hundreds of schools there should be poor ones and a few that are fraudulent, and this is true of every other kind of school; but it is probably true that the very worst of photoplay schools have done some good and that they equipped many of their pupils to write successful photoplays. It is unfortunate that several persons with meager qualifications got into the business and established schools to teach an art which they themselves had not yet mastered, but this is no reason for condemning all schools. As editor of this magazine, I have handled thousands of scripts, and many of them were written by persons who did not have the slightest conception of how a photoplay should be written, and I am quite certain that any school—the very poorest of them—could have taught these writers at least the form and ordinary technique of photoplay writing. Among others, was a script by the late Will Carleton, who was one of the best known of literary men in this country. This script was not even divided into scenes, and it was childlike in every way. He knew nothing about photoplay writing. Where was he to learn, if not from the schools? Where are others to learn? Is photoplay writing a secret, mystic art sacred to the chosen few who are comfortably settled in the studios? Must our William Dean Howells, our Kiplings, our Edwin Markhams and so on kneel at the feet of the elect to learn how to picturize their works? Or will the elect condescend to let somebody on the outside teach them the art? It will be noted that the attack is directed against **ALL** photoplay schools, not at the few poor ones. **ALL** schools are worthless, say the elect. Some even go so far as to say that photoplay writing cannot be taught by correspondence. Such a statement is absurd. Proof to the contrary is abundant. The one bad feature about photoplay schools is that they attempt to teach the ignorant and the incompetent who never will be able to write anything; but the same holds true of all schools, even of our public schools. Some of the studio editors are opposed to schools because they make extra work for them. The photoplay schools have been the means of flooding the market with worthless scripts, written by pupils who never should have attempted writing of any kind; but this is not so serious an evil after all, and it is not clear that the schools should be blamed for it. No school can tell in advance what pupil is going to make a great writer. It is true that some of these schools hold out alluring inducements that are deceptive, and that ignorant people are led to believe that they will soon grow rich at photoplay writing, but this is no reason for condemning all photoplay schools. Some of the very persons who are attacking photoplay schools are the very ones who are writing books and conducting departments in various publications teaching the art of photoplay writing. The inference is that these persons are the *only* ones, the chosen few, the elect. All others are fraudulent; they are impostors, intruders; the only schools allowed in this sacred business are those conducted by the great I AMS. First they say that the art cannot be taught, then they proceed to teach it. Some of the very ablest photoplay writers in the business are engaged in teaching the art to others, and several of them are actually conducting schools. I am prepared to prove this statement. The main point is this: Is the art of dramatic writing worth teaching? If not, let us do away with the schools. If it is, let us establish more schools. I once predicted in this magazine that our great universities would soon have courses in photoplay writing just as they now have courses in dramatic construction, and I observe that even such conservative institutions as the Young Men's Christian Associations are now giving courses of instruction in this new art. Who knows how many geniuses may yet appear from the thousands of young men and women who are now learning the art of photoplay writing? Shall we put a stop to it? Shall we deny them the right to learn the technique of photoplay writing? If there are bad schools, let us root them out. If there are incompetent instructors, let us get good ones. But dont let's desert the field because the enemy appears upon it. And dont let us be frightened away from a good thing merely because a few busybodies have said that it is not a good thing. A few years ago, when correspondence schools of all kinds were established, they were attacked just as the photoplay schools are now being attacked; but they are now well established institutions, with thousands of successful graduates all over the world, and almost every branch of the arts and sciences has been successfully taught by correspondence, including drawing, engineering, mechanics, literature, forestry, botany and even oratory. Even our colleges are now teaching certain branches by correspondence. Not every person is able to take a college course in dramatic construction, so why not photoplay schools?

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, *Editor.*



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PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

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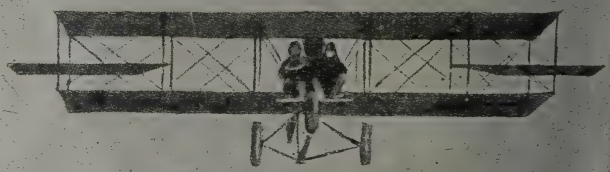

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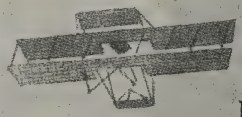

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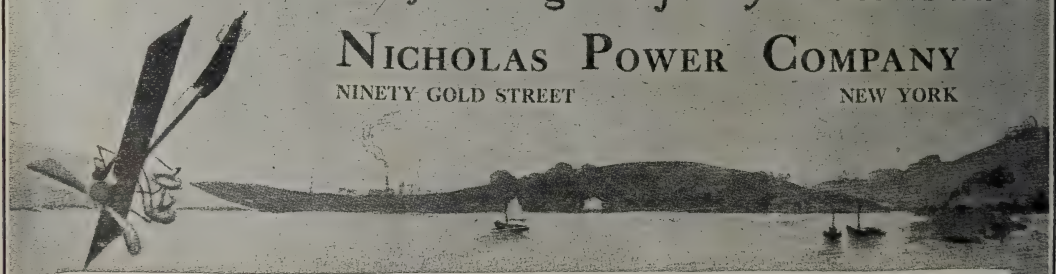

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MAR 26 1915

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Vol. IX No. 4
MAY, 1915

The White Mask

(Lubin)

By KARL SCHILLER

This story was written from the Photoplay of CLAY M. GREENE

THE career of the Duke and Duchess of Granville at the court of King Leopold was a nine days' wonder to society. The Duke, a stolid man of middle life, was devoted to vague financial schemes and seldom seen in the ballroom. But his young wife—whom he found nobody knew where, the court whispered significantly—Yvonne, Duchess of Granville, had the beautiful face of a pagan, full of lip, with slanting brows and a warm, white skin.

"*Voila la beauté de diable!*" whispered the other women of the court. "*Mais le roi l'admire——*"

It was quite evident that the King did admire his beautiful subject, and many others of lesser rank agreed with him. The envious court ladies might shrug virtuous shoulders and whisper and titter among themselves, but as long as the volcanic Duchess, in her mad robes of flame color and saffron, flashed comet-wise thru the life of the capital, they were certain to lack partners or even listeners. And, after all, what had they to say against her? Because a woman is beautiful and attractive, it does not follow that she is not as good as an angel also. For a while it seemed that Prince Nordoff might furnish a handle for insinuation—his reputation was none too sound about the court and his attentions to the Duchess very pronounced—but one breath-taking moment at a ball refuted this.

"Prince Nordoff," the Duchess had cried out very clearly before them all, "I must request that you say nothing to me that cannot be shouted from the housetops. Will you kindly repeat what you just said, to my friends here?"

In the paralyzing silence that had followed, the dark Prince, bowing low, with bitten lips and deadly eyes, had left the room, and thereafter was never seen to speak to the Duchess again.

Then there was her son Victor, a pretty, pale serious child who drove staidly at his mother's radiant side every afternoon along the Concourse. The court gossips could not even complain that she neglected her maternal duty. It was maddening! Ugliness deprived of its sneer is helpless, and Beauty in an aura of virtue is all-conquering. So it was in the Court of Leopold. Then the deluge.

The climax came at the Duchess' own ball in her sumptuous home. The ballrooms were blazing with lights, each hung in the heart of a wonderful pink rose. Under an arch of blown spring-blossoms, pink-sweet, Yvonne danced for her guests, all wreathed in rosy draperies, like Spring incarnate,

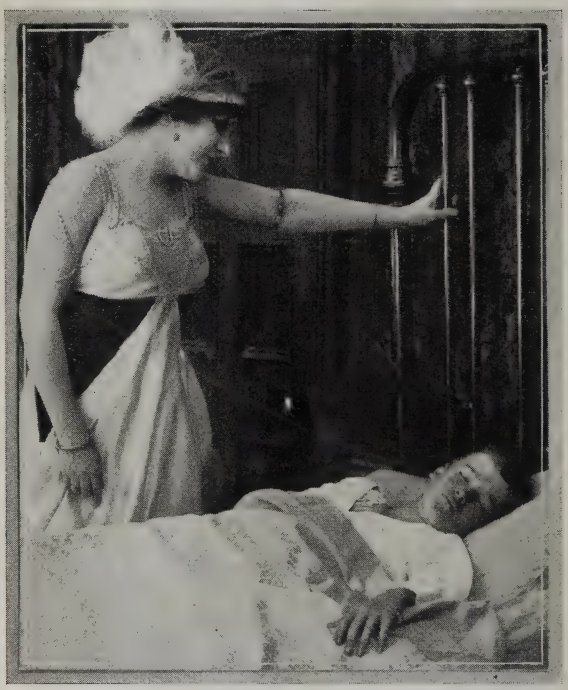
pagan, youthful, full of the joy of life. The guests looked on bewilderedly——

"Bien! Bravo!"

"C'est etrange—qui est c'a, cette petite marveille?"

"A professional dancer?" queried the women's lifted eyebrows and pursed lips.

Into the midst of this riot of applause and laughter, like the shrouded form of Death stalking across Life,



"ORPHANED AND BEGGARED," SHE MURMURED

they brought the body of the Duke, her husband, grotesquely limp, a bullet-hole in the center of his forehead.

Late that night a beautiful woman, with a colorless face above a rose-tinted evening-gown, bent above the bed of a sleeping child.

"Orphaned and beggared," she murmured, "and you sleep as soundly as tho nothing had happened, my Victor. Well, you shall never know—you were born to name and fortune, and your father shall not rob you. There are things a woman can do—"

As suddenly as she had entered society the Duchess left it, taking her son with her and giving no one her confidence. And for a year Leopold's court lacked a topic of conversation and conjecture. Then from Paris came the echo of a new sensation—a dancer, wild as an oread, who revealed a beautiful figure's grace to her audiences and hid behind a white velvet mask a face which, rumor hinted, was well known.

King Leopold, ever avid for fresh sensation, sent at once to Paris an invitation, accompanied by a huge financial inducement, to the White Mask to visit his capital. In due time she appeared, and was not disappointing. In a glittering veil, a strange, greenish blue spray of light playing like a fountain upon her, the White Mask danced a cobra dance; in a white mist, with rosy bare feet sandaled, she was Sappho dreaming above the blue Grecian sea; again, she was a brown-skinned nautch-girl flinging herself, after a widow dance, upon her husband's burning pyre; and once more, in primrose draperies, with a garland of spring-blossoms, she was April and Youthtime and the Joy of the World.

King Leopold was delighted, and his delight took the form of a dinner in honor of the dancer, which she attended, still in disguise.

"Will you not give us a glimpse of your face before we part?" the King asked her amorously.

"Your wish is law, Your Majesty," replied the dancer; "but to you only, and under pledge of utter secrecy."

The disappointed guests were obliged to leave the White Mask with the King and betake themselves to the drawing-room, their curiosity unsatisfied. A little later, Leopold joined them, with inscrutable face and a mysterious smile.

"*Diable!*" swore one of the youthful courtiers, "I'll wager beneath that fol-de-rol our mystery is as ugly as sin itself!"

"She probably wears a scar across one cheek, or smallpox pits, or perhaps wrinkles," drawled the lady next him; then, with a tap of her fan on her escort's arms, "Prince Nordoff, I think you ought to satisfy our curiosity on this point. You are fascinating, my Prince—surely the Mask will reveal herself to you!"

"For your sake, madame, I will try," promised Nordoff. A suspicion, wakened by the dancer's voice, lurked in the furtive depths of his handsome, heavy eyes. Accordingly, the next afternoon he presented himself at the back door of the theater just as the Mask was leaving. He bowed till the thick, bull-like nape of his neck showed to her haughty, veiled gaze.

"Madame, I, too, tho not a king, crave the privilege of seeing your no doubt beautiful face," he purred.

"The privilege, shall we say—of an old friend?"

He put out his hand. The Mask caught it desperately. "What do you mean?" she cried.

Without answering, he jerked his hand free from her grasp and snatched the mask from her face. Ensued a moment's silence; then the Prince bowed low again.

"Madame," he said softly, "perhaps you may remember an occasion when you told me that anything I had to say to you might be shouted aloud to the whole world. Believe me, dear madame, the whole world shall hear."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" SHE CRIED

The next morning the Continental papers headlined the fact that the Duchess of Granville herself had lived behind the white mask. The dancer disappeared. Europe never saw her again.

Ten years later, in a handsome apartment on Riverside Drive, New York City, a youngly-middle-aged woman, in expensively simple suit

and coat, paused in the door of the library.

"Victor, Mr. Emerson and I are going out to lunch," she said. "Dont be lonesome without me, will you, dear?"

"Why, no, mother," laughed her tall son, coming over to kiss her good-by, "I hardly think I shall be lonely, because, you see, I am going out to luncheon with a lady myself."

"Frances? Give her my love, dear, and bring her back to dinner. She can dress for the reception here."

She rustled out and pressed the elevator button. As the car moved noiselessly upward toward her, Mrs. Dean drew a long breath of suppressed triumph and exultation. She had done well: in a month there would be a double wedding—hers to John Emerson, multi-millionaire; Victor's to Frances Baily, only child of the Baily fortune. Yes, she had done well. She went out of the palm-defined doorway to find John Emerson's car waiting at the curb. He was a correctly tailored, solemn man of irreproachable life and manners. Society rather marveled at his marrying the handsome woman-financier, but his pride in her beauty and brains was evident as he helped her into the car. The great machine slid smoothly along the Drive, then turned into Broadway. Altho neither of its inmates guessed it, it was chartered by Fate to take them to the turning of their ways.

"YOU A PUBLIC DANCER? WHEW!

The two foreign-appearing gentlemen lolling over a case of seal-rings in Tiffany's looked up with casual curiosity as Emerson and Mrs. Dean

BETTER NOT LET EMERSON KNOW!"

came down the aisle. A suave clerk bowed himself to meet them, rubbing ingratiating hands.

"Good-morning, Mr. Emerson—lavallières? Yes, sir—this way, sir."

"Emerson!" ejaculated one of the men, turning to his companion. "D'you suppose that is John Emerson, the financier, Nordoff?"

"Yes, sir—that's John Emerson," said the clerk who was showing them the rings, with pride. "The lady with him is Mrs. Dean, a wealthy widow. They are to be married next month."

"H-m! Well, I dont see the intaglio I was looking for. Come on, Van Stader; we'll go to that other place we spoke of."

Outside on the steps, Nordoff gripped the other's arms. "How would you like to have John Emerson finance that little business of ours, eh?" he said in a low, excited tone. "Well, I think I see the way! Did you notice the woman with him?"

"The one he's going to marry? No—why?"

"The one who hopes to marry him, I should say," chuckled Nordoff. "Van, my boy—that was our old friend the Duchess Yvonne, later still the White Mask! How much would she give, do you suppose, to keep Emerson from knowing that?"

"But—how?" Van Stader gazed at Nordoff, fascinated.

"How? Why, the charming Widow Blake, to be sure, my boy! She's hand in glove with society. I think she can manage the thing!"

The great reception was over, leaving the odor of flowers and food

(*Continued on page* 174)

Rarer And Norman Bruce

STANLEY PHILLIPS drew his great car to a stop and looked about him hungrily. To the left, the right, ahead, behind, the mountains crashed skyward with a sweep of line that took the man's breath. It was like a majestic anthem made visible; a silent, eternal song of praise to a Creator Divine enough to have made such a heaven and such an earth.

Thorns

Universal

This story was written from the Photoplay of HELEN BAILEY

Stanley filled his lungs deeply with the unbreathed spaces.

"I was stifled," he said aloud, fiercely—*stifled.* God! but it's good to be alone again!"

Across the panorama of austere crags and ascetic peaks flitted the mirage of the life he had left behind him back there in the dreary city: his wide, stone house, where the air was always lifeless with heat and sickly flower-scents and the odor of fine furniture and cloying food and satiety. The servants, with their mask-like faces and furtive, greedy eyes; his guests, over-fed, predatory, fawning; his wife——

The man winced a bit; then laughed jarringly aloud. He could imagine, well enough, what Eleanor would say to this scene of awful majesty about him—Eleanor, drawing her silks and laces and furs about her with that lithe, lazy, female grace of hers; lifting her slim shoulders; raising her perfect eyebrows; stifling a dainty yawn—"Really, Stanley, I cant see anything to rave over about this. I must say I prefer Newport. Why, I dont believe there's a decent roadhouse in miles. *Do* let's go."

No; Eleanor and the mountains did not belong together. She was the essence of civilization, and like all essences, artificial, expensive, exotic. To her the infinite petty detail of living was a joy—if one could apply such a vivid, vital word as joy to Eleanor's colorless emotions. In the city-world of blaze and blare, of frothy shops and sumptuous tea-rooms, she was in her native element.

"But I'm *here!*" Eleanor's hus-

band cried aloud, joyfully; then again slowly: "It's good to be alone!"

He bent over the engine, throwing on the speed, and the car moved on up the ribbon of roadway threaded along the cliff. The man at the wheel threw back his graying head like a truant schoolboy. He would not think bitter things; he would not be sorry for himself; he would not blame Eleanor nor dwell morbidly on might-have-beens. Today was his, and today was wonderful.

Cautiously the big car nosed her way along the narrow path, panting and grumbling like a human being. Stanley reflected, whimsically, that the car, too, was a city creature whose tires crept more willingly along asphalt pavements than pebble-strewn mountain ways. He watched the road cautiously till it widened abruptly into the approach to a deep valley. Then once more he lifted reverent eyes to the wonders of his present world.

"If I ever doubted a God, it was because the elevated roared in my ears, deafening His voice, and the smoke covered the sky, shutting Him away," thought Stanley. "I wonder—has Eleanor any God?"

If so, it was a strange, jeweled, man-made idol-being, to be worshiped by heavy incense and tinkling cymbals——"

With a sudden, hoarse cry, Stanley jammed the wheel around and trampled on his brake. In a shuddering of steel and iron the car stopped in the road, its two front wheels pinning down a woman's blue gingham dress. Stanley peered over the side, sick and cold. Outflung beneath the car was a little, brown hand. All his life he remembered that hand: its child-curves; its piteous helplessness.

"I never saw her—I never saw her," he muttered over and over. "My God! I've killed a woman—no, no, I couldn't have *killed* her——"

It was a man-size job to lift the wheels from her and drag her out. The sweat was running down his white face in crooked rivulets before he bent over her at last and saw, with unspeakable thankfulness, the bosom of her dress move to her breathing. He stood staring down with a queer breathlessness. Copper-colored hair tangled about a warm, brown skin, fine-grained like a baby's, melting into a warm white of throat and shoulder gleaming thru the rents of her poor, faded gown. It was a face all child-curves, singularly pure and appealing. The look of it, helpless on his arm, turned his heart to water.

He touched her with awkward, conscious fingers, seeking her hurts—a broken leg, a cut in one arm. He tied his handkerchief about the cut and brought a brandy flask from the car.

"I wonder what color her eyes are," he found himself saying as he worked —"blue—yes, surely, and clear and wide like the sky——"

The strangeness of her presence there at all did not strike him, nor the evident fact that the car was not responsible for her hurts. He worked over her with a passionate eagerness, watching the little, white face for a sign. At length the copper lashes quivered and flew back.

"I knew it!" cried Stanley Phillips, exultantly aloud—"blue! and deep as the sky!"

The girl looked up at him questioningly. Pain and memory grieved the child-curves of her lips.

"Father!" she cried desolately. "Father is dead! Oh, what shall I do? Where shall I go?"

"There, there," soothed the big man; "dont cry, little girl—I'll take care of you——"

He did not know what he said, only that a mighty pity and a mighty tenderness was setting his whole great frame shaking. He did not understand himself—did not try to understand.

"I walked," said the girl, simply; "I think it was all day—or perhaps two days. Then—that cliff—I dont remember—it hurts somewhere——"

With an exclamation, Stanley lifted the girl into the car and settled her as comfortably as he could on the cushions.

"Of course—what am I thinking of?" he groaned. "I'll get you down to a doctor as quick as I can."

The car swerved on its tracks and slid down the long hill. The narrow path took all his energies for the moment; when a wider road freed him, he turned, to see the girl crying softly at his side.

"Are you—suffering?" he asked.

It was the strangest ride in Stanley Phillips' conventional, well-ordered, dull life, a ride to be remembered as long as there remained memory to him. Something primitive and young and beautiful rode with him and the pale girl of the mountains. He did not guess then that the unbidden guest was Love.

Later, he knew it for what it was.

HIS LIFE UNROLLED IN RETROSPECT, BARREN, UNSATISFIED, GRAY

"It's this beastly road—it shakes the car so——"

"Could you—hold me?" she whispered. "I think then it wouldn't hurt—so bad——"

The man gave a queer, fierce, hoarse little cry. With infinite caution he lifted the small, spent figure and held it against his breast, steering clumsily with one hand.

"Is that better?" he asked. "Doesn't hurt quite so bad now, does it—dear?"

"No," she whispered, "no."

He sat in the impersonal dreariness of the hotel room in the little mountain town and faced his soul resolutely. A week had passed since he had taken the girl to the doctor's home there, and in that week he had learnt many things. Her name was Nan Baily. She and her father had lived from her babyhood in their little cabin among the hills, but she was not like other mountain girls, uneducated and uncouth. The father, a college man, had carried his motherless little girl and his grief for his lost young wife up

into the kind silence. What he knew he had taught her.

"But, after all, she knows nothing," thought the man, tenderly. "Life has taught her none of its lessons, but she could learn—my soul! *how she could learn!*"

And he could teach her. He knew it, with a strange pang of pride and pain and shame. He could make her care—and, after all, why not?

Stanley Phillips sprang to his feet and began to pace up and down the room like a homesick, caged animal. He *was* homesick, body and soul of him; homesick for the home he had never had and the mate he had found too late. Suddenly his life unrolled in retrospect, barren, unsatisfied, gray. The woman he had married, with her little, foolish ambitions, her mean desires, her cold coquetries—what sort of a wife had she been to him? He remembered the hysteria of revolt she had fallen into when she learnt she was to have a child.

"*I will not! You shall not make me!*" she had raved. "*It's your fault—you had no right to expect a child! I shall die! I am too delicate to stand it! I hate you! I hate you!*"

She had almost hated the boy, too, when he came—poor, frail, sickly little mite! Ten years of it—and not a worth-while thing in them, not a dear, foolish, precious little thing to take sometimes out of one's memory and look at—smiling because it was so absurd, weeping a little because it was so sweet and dear. Two strangers could not live near each other for that time with less understanding, less sympathy than these married two.

"And it will go on—and on——" the man groaned aloud. "We're neither of us old yet. Is a man old at forty-five, I'd like to know? Why, I'm young—young! And I'm *starving*——"

The thought of Nan on her pillow, smiling up at him, was like a pain. He was tired, and she was rest; he was hungry, and she was food; he was cold, and she was a lighted window and a blazing fire and home.

"Isn't a man entitled to a little joy in life?" he argued heart-sickly. "Hasn't he a right to take it, and thank God for it? Can words marry people when there is no love nor sympathy nor respect? I've buried myself in business, trying to make up for other things, but all the time, day and night, it's nagged me, the want of some one—of *her*—that little, wide-eyed, sweet-mouthed girl up there at the doctor's house! And now I've found her I cant let her go. I *wont!* It wouldn't be right! Angels in Heaven! I need her so!"

With her he was very quiet, saying nothing that would frighten her, altho his big hand, when it touched hers, shook a bit, and he had to set his jaws sternly over the words that leaped to his tongue. It was wonderful how she understood him—the mountains had given her something of their own serenity and high vision and quiet introspection. They talked of simple things—the hills; her father; the books that she had read, and sometimes they sat silent without the need of speech.

"What if it were always this way?" he would think; then, looking into the deep, sky-colored eyes, watching her whimsical little smile: "What if it were my real place here at her side—always, thru the years——"

The sweetness of the thought was perilous. Yet he said nothing to her of it. He was not sure what he was going to do. Even on the day of her discharge from the doctor's he did not know. Yet the new wonder of her as she walked very slowly to meet him, in the simple blue serge suit he had commissioned the nurse to buy for her, almost made him forget.

"My dear, my dear!" he cried very low, as he took her hand, "I wonder whether you know how lovely you are?"

"Am I lovely? It's the suit, of course—and the roses." She touched the cluster he had sent her, fastened at her belt. Yet thru the jesting words her voice sang. She was glad he thought her beautiful.

"The suit and the roses, of course," he said, steadying his voice with an

effort; "and now, little maid of the mountains, what next?"

"I am going to the city," she cried eagerly, "and earn my own living!"

He smiled at her childishness. "But how?" he asked. "The city is very big and full of people all trying to earn their living—some failing. Suppose you should fail?"

"I wont fail——"

"But you have no money——"

THE STRUGGLE
OF
STANLEY PHILLIPS

He caught her hands suddenly and held them hard. "Look at me, dear, straight in my eyes. That's right. Now listen. Let me look after you as tho I were your father—or your uncle. You can study for any work you like, but let me be certain you are not cold nor hungry nor in any danger while you're doing it. Will you, little girl?"

The deep, wide eyes met his frankly as a child's might.

"You are so good—so good," she said gratefully. "Of course I will."

"Cigars, sir?"

"No, Rawdon. Is Mrs. Phillips in?"

"No, sir; she is at the 'bridge' at the Allisons', sir."

"Well, when she comes in please tell her I'd like to see her in the library. That's all. You may go."

Stanley Phillips sat back moodily in the deep chair. The red firelight flickering over his face showed it grim and set. The last month had added new lines.

"I thought it could go on like this," he muttered; his lips smiled wryly. "I thought that I could go to see her now and then, and talk a little and look a little, and then come back—to this. But I cant. I've come to the end of my rope. I want her all the time. I cant fight it any longer—I'm not good enough!"

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Upstairs he could hear a thin, fretful child-voice complaining. It was his boy, Bobbie—life wasn't any too easy for him, either, poor, lonely, unloved little boy. What a botch of a business it was, all around—children whose mothers didn't love them, and mothers who didn't have any children, and wives that played bridge, and little, sweet-voiced, gentle-souled women-creatures whom it was wrong to love.

"There's only one way out," the man thought, behind closed lids, "only one way, and that's a coward's, but it's better than a rascal's—to run away. If Eleanor would only help me——"

A crisp rustle of skirts hesitated in the doorway.

"Stanley, Rawdon said you wanted to see me." Eleanor Phillips came to the fire and began to draw off her long gloves. Under the chic Parisian hat her face was petulant and impatient. Her husband looked at her haggardly, in silence.

"Did you want me, Stan?" she insisted fretfully. "It's time to dress for dinner——"

"Yes, I did want you, Eleanor," said her husband, gravely. "I did need you."

The solemnity of his tone startled her. She gave a nervous laugh, watching the firelight catch her rings.

"Well, I'm here. Dont be so tragic about it, Stan. You know I hate heroics," she said carelessly. "What is it? The bills? The servants?"

Bills! servants! These were, then, the only subjects on which it was to be supposed he would speak to her.

She would not understand anything else, any plea for sympathy, any personalities. Stanley Phillips gave a harsh laugh.

"I beg your pardon, Eleanor," he said. "No, it wasn't that. I'll tell you some other time perhaps—a mere trifle. It would be a pity to make you late to dinner."

"Aren't you coming?" she tossed over her silken shoulder. "It's the Acrombies. I really think it would look well if you came, Stanley. He is a broker—awfully wealthy, you know. They're vulgar and impossible, but they're rich. You'd better come."

"No," said the man, evenly, "no—

thank, you, my dear—please make my excuses. I have an engagement for tonight."

As the rustle of her skirts died away along the hallway, he flung back his graying head with a fierce, reckless gesture.

"So it's decided," he said. "Well, I'm glad. I'm selfish, of course, and a brute, but I'll be good to her. We will travel, live in wonderful places. I'll be good to her—I'll be good to her!"

He went out into the hall blindly, found his hat and coat and let himself out by the heavy front door.

For the last time, he thought. Well, Eleanor would not care. She would have the sympathy of her world; would get a divorce, marry again. And he—ah, he would begin to live.

Behind him, as he strode down the walk, pattered small feet, but he did not turn.

First to the florist's for an armful of pink roses—her roses; then to her little apartment, carrying them like a baby in his arms.

She took them from him with a pleased cry that changed to terror at his face.

"You are sick? Tell me!"

"No, not sick—*well!*" he cried, and caught her to him hungrily. "Nan, Nan! you little brown slip, you—I love you—do you hear?"

"You love me?" Her voice was reverent as she lifted her child lips to his kiss. "Then I thank God!"

"Wait!" He had not kist her. Suddenly his face grew stern and gray. "Wait! I've got to be honest with you. I suppose, as the world looks at these things, I have no right to say that to you. I am—married, you see."

"You are—married?" She did not draw away, but her voice was remote. He felt her trembling in his arms.

"She does not care," he told her bitterly; "she never has cared, dear—never will. And with all my heart and all my soul and all my manhood I love you."

"And I love you," she told him, whitely. "What are we to do?"

As tho in answer, a shrill voice uprose in the doorway. The small, sickly figure standing there capered and clapped his hands.

"Bobbie," cried his father, sharply, "Bobbie, what are you doing here?"

"I followed you, father," said the child. He sidled into the room and to the girl, smoothing her dress with stubby, little fingers. "You feel 'most as pretty as my mother," he said, "and you *look* prettier. Are you sorry I came?"

The girl's arms went about him, and her coppery hair was laid on the child's.

"No, Bobbie," she said softly; "no, I'm glad you came."

The room was very still. In his chair Stanley groaned deeply, as tho the sound were wrung from him. At length he sprang up and went to them—the girl he loved and his son.

"I suppose—I've lost you," he said. "Haven't I, Nan?"

She smiled, masking her pain with the look.

"No, dear, you've kept me," she said quietly. "If we had gone away—ah, then we would have lost each other indeed."

Another little silence. Then the man again:

"Come, son; you and I are going home. We will sail for Europe Saturday, you and mother and I."

"And love him, Stanley, love him," said the girl. "Children need love more than we grown-ups do."

"You'll let me hear from you, see you again—some time?" he said very low. "I couldn't bear not *knowing.*"

"No, not again," she smiled bravely. "If it is ever—right, we'll surely meet. But I rather think this is good-by."

"Then kiss me once to remember."

"No, not even that, dear," she said steadily, "for if you kist me, it could not be good-by."

"God keep you, dear," he said; "you're a gallant thing! I wont fail you. Good-by, maid of the mountains—ah, *good-by!*"

"How chilly the wind is!" fretted Eleanor Phillips. "This is an absurd time of the year to start off to Europe, anyway. Really, Stanley, I think you might have consulted my wishes! You men are such selfish things!"

"I'll get your steamer rug, Eleanor," said her husband, quietly. He rounded the corner of the deck, looked back over the widening slip of water toward the city fading in the sunset, and then, head high, turned away.

And back in the city a slender girl with wide blue eyes and patient lips looked out into the red evening sky above an armful of shriveled rose-petals and thorny, withered stems.

MURDOCK MAC QUARRIE, of the Rex Players

The Boston by Alexander

FRANK MERRITT /.

THE Colonies were in something of the state of mind of a half-grown lad under unjust parental jurisdiction. "Give me liberty, or give me death!" the impassioned cry of Patrick Henry was soon to shake the possessions, from Georgia to rock-ribbed New England. They were growing, and the knowledge of their own strength, the cognizance of their own abused rights, were festering thruout the cities and into the open country. Their backs ached from the heavy pressure of the maternal hand. Rebellion was fomenting. Old bitternesses were accumulating, old wrongs were smarting, that were at last to rise up and sever the galling chains

Tea Party

Lowell · Edson

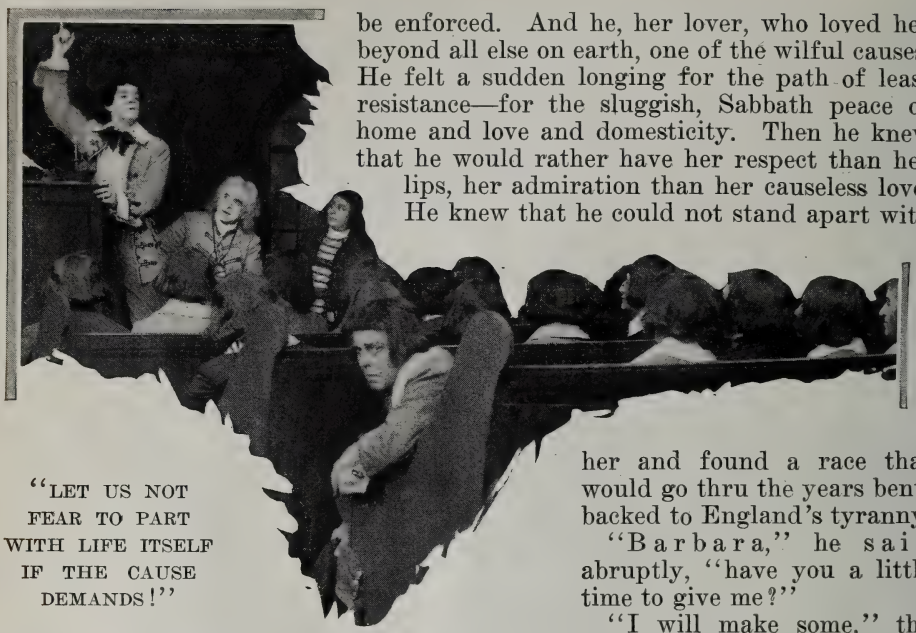
forever and a day. "Taxation without Representation," that cry born of the Stamp Act, was still the slogan of the Colonies, and in particular the New England Colonies. Driven from their native land by oppressions, religious and civil; hale dominators of a virgin country, vast and reluctant; blood-stained conquerors of the redman, subtlest of foes, the Colonists turned again to face the petty injustices of the ever-vengeful parent-land.

Down in the "Old South" meeting-house a free discussion was going on among the Colonists. The *Monmouth* had just landed from England with some one hundred and fourteen chests of tea, and Boston, with young Ethan Ward as ringleader, was rising up in w r a t h y protest against the taxation.

"All that should be necessary to say, fellow patriots," young Ward w a s shouting eloquently, "is 'T a x a t i o n without Representation'—let me repeat it till it sinks into your bones and boils your blood—'T a x a t i o n without Representation'! Are we to endure another Grenville—another Stamp Act? Are we, who have given of our brawn and brain to this wide America, to be but the puerile payers of England's debts? W h i l e we were suffering, starving, dying, did t h e y stretch forth a single helping hand? No! They drove us from them, and they abandoned us; and we succeeded—we have conquered the land and the redman. We have given of our flesh and our spirit and our first-born. We are a country. They know that, and they stretch forth their hand now—to tax us! To tax us as dependents, as slaves, voiceless, insignificant, oppressed. Fellow patriots, you who have carved from chaos and wilderness this fair America—what do you say?"

The frame body of the Old South meeting-house shook with the cheers that rent it, the ominous growls and the imprecations.

"There must be a plot!" shouted Ethan, his face flushed with success; "a well-concocted plot. That tea goes —back—to—England!"



"LET US NOT FEAR TO PART WITH LIFE ITSELF IF THE CAUSE DEMANDS!"

be enforced. And he, her lover, who loved her beyond all else on earth, one of the wilful causes. He felt a sudden longing for the path of least resistance—for the sluggish, Sabbath peace of home and love and domesticity. Then he knew that he would rather have her respect than her lips, her admiration than her causeless love. He knew that he could not stand apart with her and found a race that would go thru the years bent-backed to England's tyranny.

"Barbara," he said abruptly, "have you a little time to give me?"

"I will make some," the girl replied, with a little, laughing side-glance, "but I go tonight to shine among fair ladies and great gentlemen."

"Where?"

"The Governor's ball, Master Ward, and I have a most bewitching frock of daisy yellow. The spirit of the dance is in my slippers, and there will be roses in my hair——"

Ethan kist the pretty nonsense from her lips, then said gravely: "This is serious talk, Barbara; too serious for funning. I am striving to foment a rebellion amongst the Colonists. I think that I have succeeded. We had a meeting in Old South today—and it is death to the tea. All thru the Colonies rebellion is rife. My sweeting, I dare not think to what these bitternesses may lead. But whatever comes to us is for the good of the generations to come. We are not fighting a temporary evil, my love, but freeing a people. Are you strong for the Cause?"

"I am a patriot, Ethan," the girl answered, solemn on the instant; "I want to help."

"We will need help," ventured the voice of a moderator, who feared, mayhap, for the conflagration youth's flaming ardor is wont to kindle.

"There shall be help!" shouted Ethan back again. "The country and the five surrounding towns are with us. Philadelphia and New York will give their moral support. We shall not be alone—and alone or in crowds, let us not fear to part with life itself if the Cause demands!"

His eager face still aglow with the fire of his patriotic zeal, young Ward walked homeward, stopping on his way at the old-fashioned country home of Barbara Standish.

Barbara was spinning in the hallway as Ethan entered, and her cheeks mantled with the red flags of a zeal older than patriotism, tenderer than country pride.

"Good-evening, Ethan Ward," she said demurely, and dropped him a mocking curtsey.

The tall, inflammable ringleader of rebellion stood silent, looking down on her quietly. As he looked, the dangerous fire died down in his eyes and a pained regret succeeded. He was wondering, as he watched her slender, girl fingers at their work, to what sad task they might some day

The Governor's ball was truly a brilliant affair. Courtly men paid easy tribute to fair woman; gallant

English officer bent powdered head to slender American girl. Bitterness slept under gay laughter, and the sting of patriotism skulked beneath velvet and ruffled lace, twirling fan and gleaming buckle.

Most markedly gallant among the assemblage was Captain Crewe, of the British army, and the fair recipient of his suave attentions was Barbara Standish.

Crewe had long been the victim of Barbara's starry eyes and blithe grace. His was a love with ugly spots in it—jealousy, suspicion, the greed of personal gratification. Loves he had loved before—many a score of them. All he had bent to his guile, by fair means or foul. He meant to do the same with Barbara Standish. With the feverishly alert eye of the jealous lover, he had detected Ethan Ward as a rival. He had hated their merry laughter when together. He had hated the frank confidence of her eyes and the spontaneous artlessness of her manner. He had recognized the fact that he was pitted against a sylvan innocence and the tender, sapling growth of a young love. He detected, too, the undercurrent dislike of the Colonist for the Britisher. Therefore he had employed Sam Fleet, a Tory in league with the British, to shadow Ethan Ward. Ostensibly, Fleet was to report Ward's movements for the sake of any secret rebellion. In reality, the lover in Crewe was eager for accounts of the young man's time. In the midst of the minuet, just as Barbara was giving him her hand, a servant approached and signaled Captain Crewe that he was wanted.

Thru Barbara's pretty, rose-crowned head Ethan's words had been keeping time to the music—whispering in undertones to each apt speech and singing in her ears to every turn of Crewe's haughty head. Now, as she granted him his dismissal, she watched him covertly, then hastened to an anteroom off the reception-hall, where he stood in deep converse with another man, who was surely an unbidden guest. Straining her ear and holding the other one to dull the strains of the stately music, the girl caught the intruder's excited words.

"Ward's getting the Colonists afire, Cap'n," he was saying. "I edged in on the crowd down at Old South today, and he was oratin' something wild. They've hatched up a plot to put the ban on any tea entering. Says the *Monmouth* has got to go back with her hold unemptied."

BARBARA ADOPTS A RUSE TO DISTRACT CREWE'S ATTENTION

"THIS FAVOR IS TO HELP ME REMOVE

"Was every one in sympathy?" The query was terse and sharp.

"I should say so. They cheered till Old South shivered. And he said, too, that the five surrounding towns were ready with aid and that all the countryside was rebellious. It's a plot, Cap'n."

In the ballroom something fell against the wall with a dull thud. A stifled moan sounded, and Crewe joined several first aids to assist Barbara Standish to her feet. "I'm better now," she said faintly and with a peculiarly sweet smile into Captain Crewe's harried countenance, "but I'm afraid I shall have to start for home. I am still very faint—a passing indisposition."

"To Master Ethan Ward's," the girl directed the driver of the coach, with a keen eagerness strangely incompatible with faintness. Then she turned to the old negress at her side. "Never mind asking me any questions, aunty," she commanded. "This is a mission that must be secret —swift—and silent."

These women of war! How they come forth from their laces and weaving, their girlish dreams and tender romancings, to gird themselves with nerve and enterprise, with diplomacy

THAT MAN AT YOUR TABLE TO MY COACH!''

and counterplot, and finally, when need comes, with blood and steel and patient tears!

Barbara Standish leaned forward as the coach bowled on, with opened lips, the hard breath battling between, and a glint in her eyes that had not been there when they smiled to blandishments.

Suddenly the coach toppled crazily. The negress gave an hysterical shriek. The vehicle landed heavily on one of its four corners.

''Wheel busted off,'' vouchsafed the driver, cheerily; ''you'll have to wait inside the Little Eagle yonder, mistress, till I get it fixed.''

Barbara looked askance at the public tavern, bearing its sinister appellation above the door, made readable by the lantern that glowed in proud conspicuity above, where all who passed might read. Then she climbed gingerly from the coach, beckoning the negress to follow, and picked her way to the entrance, begging the matter-of-fact driver to make haste.

The landlord was beerishly hospitable; a shade less so when the incongruous guest signified that she wished nothing more substantial than shelter, which, reflected mine host gloomily, would probably prove valueless.

Every pulse in the girl's body throbbed as she waited. She felt that she knew Crewe. She sensed the fact that jealousy would prove a dangerous goad to what he esteemed his duty. She knew that the Britisher would be fighting with inflamed heart as well as steel, and she felt the former to be the more dangerous weapon. As she pondered these things she had been staring at the soddenly prostrate figure of a man at the next table, and his familiarity of outline burned startlingly into her consciousness. The man was Sam Fleet, the spy who had informed on Ethan; the ally to the British. Barbara framed a desperate enterprise. While all the plotting was going on this man would be a valuable one to dispose of. It might be the featherweight that would balance the scales on the side of success for Ethan and his friends. Hers was an impulsive nature, but it had that element of stern practicality, of hardy courageousness that has made the pioneer woman the splendid figure she is. She beckoned the landlord to her with a smile that had pierced more practiced, if less weathered, skins than his. She opened a pretty beadwork purse ingratiatingly. "Times are hard," she said to him softly, "and I want a favor of you."

BARBARA DISGUISES HERSELF IN ETHAN'S ATTIRE

"The best the house affords, mistress," the host responded with beaming alacrity. "My larders are—"

"This favor," cut in Barbara, firmly, "is to help me remove that man at yon table to my coach."

"But, mistress——"

"There is gold in it for you, and there is more than that. Listen—this

man is a dangerous character. I know. Help me, and you will not only be well repaid yourself, but you will do your country a very great good."

The corpulent landlord—landlords are always corpulent—agreed with some show of being impressed with himself. He took the over-liquidated Tory by his sagging shoulders, and Barbara grabbed his feet, with the captive, still snoring sonorously in a corner of the coach, with the wide-eyed negress clutching him for dear life. Then Barbara began to speak.

"Crewe has had a spy watching you," she said rapidly. "This—thing—is the spy. He overheard your meeting at Old South today and came to the Governor's ball to notify Crewe. I overheard them, and Crewe's men will be in pursuit any

THE COLONISTS MASK AS INDIANS

terrified assistance of the negress, who looked upon the entire scene as some weird hoodoo of the night. Thus borne, Sam Fleet was ensconced in the coach, now possessed of all four wheels, and carried rapidly to the home of Ethan Ward. It was hard for Ethan to recognize the sweetly timid girl in the dominant young figure that faced him under his lantern light. He stared, with the stupid, half-delighted incredulity of a man, at the sudden uprising of the women-folk. He stared still more at the drunken and all unwitting Tory

instant. Never mind how we captured this—creature; we haven't time for detail. Get me a suit of your clothes at once. I will mislead the soldiers, while you, dressed in my raiment, shall join your men at the harbor—and—and have a tea-party on the *Monmouth.*"

There wasn't time for the kiss that Ethan longed to give those pretty, wise-spoken lips. He obeyed her, thanking God for her ingenuity and daring, and trembling for her safety. But he knew that if the worst should come she could disclose her identity

and be physically safe, at least. In the meantime the hateful tea would be settled in its last home, where unjust taxes were not.

She made a gallant man, and just as the bridge a few yards from the gate resounded to the galloping hoofs of the soldiers' mounts, Ethan Ward's proxy sprang forth from the dark and gave free rein up the road. The night-winds rushed past her and the heavens spun with her flight. Now the metallic clip-clap of her pursuers came faint to her ear, now they rang sharp and close at hand. She dug her tiny feet into the stirrups and pressed the spurs into the beast's sides. All at once the clip-claps were very faint. The pseudo Ethan ventured a backward glance. A long, deeply curved bend in the road had taken her from view. A bridge spanned a creek just ahead, and thru the thicket she plunged, down the half-sandy bank, and stood quivering and panting till the cursing soldiers passed over her head.

On the evening of the following night Ethan Ward was on his way home. As was his custom, he stopped at the old-fashioned home of Mistress Barbara Standish. As was her custom, she rose from her spinnet to drop him a pretty, mocking curtsey. She was daintily kerchiefed and very demure. No slightest trace of daring lit the meekness of her mien. Her femininity was gently obvious. Yet Ethan Ward drew her to him with the whispered words: "My brave, brave girl—my little heroine of the Boston Tea Party—my Maid of History."

"Tell me!" she commanded him, the light of the previous night shining forth again.

"When you had started," Ethan began, "I donned your attire, not without scrimpings and deep intakes of breath, mistress, but I succeeded,

THE HISTORIC "BOSTON TEA PARTY"

and made a taking maid, I'm told. Then aunty and I resumed the coach and rolled away toward town. Near Boston we met the soldiers, and I knew by their general air that they had missed you in some way. They stopped the coach, but had no word for the proper maid and her proper escort. They accorded me but the compliment of a glance and were on their way.

"Once in Boston I roused the boys, and we decided that the act must be done without delay. Opportunity had come—the Governor had refused action—and it was up to the Colonists. We had heard from Philadelphia and New York. They were in perfect sympathy with us.

"We decided to mask as Indians, and we did. A savage tribe we were, Barbara, when we trooped to the harbor and boarded the *Monmouth*. The old East India Company's tea looked pretty poor on the *Monmouth*—all told, there were some three hundred and forty chests, and not a soul to quell the onslaught. The men from the country had gathered round, and we posted our own sentries to prevent intrusion. It was a neat job, Barbara—not a bit of any other property was damaged—but the chests of tea are down in old Davy Jones' locker. The Colonists have acted, since speech was not sufficient, and Mother England has had another slap in the face."

The two lovers sat quiet for an instant, staring at each other. Despite the light narrative, both knew that a deeper meaning was underlying. Both dreamed of a day when such acts would not be necessary, when the hardy Colonists should hold for their own the broad, fair acres they had won from savagery and chaos. Both knew that this day must dawn, a clear Tomorrow from a bloody Yesterday. Both realized that history was in the making, that the birth-pangs of a new nation were at hand, and that they, individually and collectively, must share in the travail of long and bloody years. Strong in their patriotism, brave in their love, secure in their understanding, they clasped hands and smiled.

Watching the Films Go By

By GEORGE M. RITTELMEYER

FATHER may have mother fooled all right by telling her that he was going to the lodge, but we wonder if the blonde baby we saw him with at the picture show last night knew that wife was at home, busy darning her husband's socks?

Some people wont go to the picture show unless it costs twenty cents. They are the ones who usually tell the bill collector to come around again next month.

The young lady who thoughtlessly left her chewing-gum on the arm of her seat in the Grand Theater can have same by applying at the box-office.

Everybody knows that he can write better plays than nine out of ten that appear on the screen. But the producers wont look at it in that way.

Yes, the things you see done on the screen are reely real, notwithstanding the fact that the wise guy sitting next to you insists that they are faked.

The advertisements on the screen are so interesting and entertaining. We never grow tired of reading how Bunkem's Pills will take the pink out of pink people, and why Stickem's Gum is best because it chews.

We would never know what they were going to do on the screen if they didn't tell us. If the leader last night had not said, "Fatty Supplies the Coffee," we might have supposed that he was getting ready to trim his corns with a new-fashioned safety-razor.

Why does almost every film have a leader something like this, "Realizing that Horatius is about to commit harikari, Susan repents," etc? Looks like they might think of something new.

Mother no longer sings "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" for she knows full well that she can find him downtown at the picture show.

We are all perfectly crazy about ——— ———, but we never mention it to our wives.

We saw a film last night that must have gotten by the official censors when they were asleep. It was "The Naked Truth."

We must take off our hats to the man who put the move in Moving Pictures. He sat beside us recently, and what he didn't know about the films was not worth relating.

His Brother's

by Janet Reid

His mother's eyes looked down on his bent head, and over their tenderness that last, sad glaze was creeping—that fixity of concentration that sees, not far away, the shores of another land. Her shrunken, pitifully veined hand was stroking that bowed head with a touch as gently soothing as that which had calmed his infant slumbers. A sob heaved the great shoulders. Not so would he be soothed and calmed again. It was a mother's Christly love that rises, selfless and triumphant, from the pangs of birth to minister to the tiny lump of well-beloved clay. It is a mother's love that e'en in death stoops down to leave her comfort on her man-child's brow. Than which there is no greater.

"Your brother," she was saying in a voice that came from the unreachable void, "your brother's keeper—"

"I understand, mother dear," the man said tenderly; "Jack will be safe with me, dear."

Death's iced stream can chill temporarily, but cannot retard the seething, many-waved river of life. For a time the brothers were stunned, the weaker and the stronger. Then the insidious, tentacle fingers of the blessed everyday felt for them again, and, as is the mortal way, they responded.

It was at this time that a letter came for Joe, giving him the opportunity he had long sought. It was from Jim Dawson, a wealthy ranch-owner in the West and an old friend of his mother. It offered him a place on the ranch at any time he chose to come.

Joe read it with eager, gladdened eyes, then glanced at his mother's tenantless chair dubiously. He was his brother's keeper. How could he leave? Then he considered that he might make a place for Jack out on that free, untainted prairie land, and so wean him from the city's web. Still with the letter in his hand, he called to his brother, who had just come in.

"What do you say?" he queried after he had read it aloud. Jack's handsome, irresolute face was sullen.

"Thought you promised mother somethin' about stickin' to me," he said morosely.

"I did, Jack, and I mean to. But the city is no place for you, boy; dont you realize that? And if I go to Dawson's ranch, I can get you there, too. We'll be together. There'll be man's work to do—a man's life to live. Gad, Jack, it'll be the making of us." Joe finished the sentence plurally, knowing Jack's sensitiveness at any differentiation.

The weaker brother shrugged listless shoulders. "A' right," he said indifferently and meandered off to bed, leaving behind for the regaling of his brother's nostrils spirals of nicotine and fumes of alcohol.

It had been ever thus. From babyhood the difference in the brothers had been conspicuous. In little boyhood the elder, Joseph, had ever been the one to reach forth a wise, placating hand when the younger's weak, ungovernable temper caused trouble. In high-school days Joseph had been the one to warn and counsel Jack, to guard him from the petty temptations of adolescence and to stand between him and his instructors who had reasons for not being over-trustful of him. And so to manhood. Lovable, facile, warm and impulsive, the younger brother had been many times

pulled ashore when subtle quicksands threatened to engulf him.

The memory of these things Joseph carried with him to Dawson's ranch, where he was hospitably received by the owner and his family and violently welcomed by the cowboys.

The new life seemed as wide as the prairies whereon it was lived. It seemed good to feel the springing earth beneath his feet, and to know that the whole, wide span of heaven arched overhead, instead of a reluctant slice squinted at with one eye thru an air-shaft. It seemed good to clinch the muscled sides of a broncho and tame the energized flesh instead of wielding a futile pen in a steam-heated office. It seemed best of all to think that very soon the fare would be on the way to bring Jack hither where this limitless horizon must surely blow away his sordid, little weaknesses and sins.

And just as this dream was about to be realized, another dream, the fabric of which had long been on the loom of fate, came true. Like all strong men, Joseph had dreamed of the love of some woman who should complete his being. Unlike most men, he had not oft mistaken the shadow for the substance, thereby offering the substance at last a very depleted whole. Grace Dawson was the substance of the dream. From the first night of his arrival he had carried her face about with him — subconsciously at first, then very humanly, finally with the burning ardor of the lover the world over. Considering the accepted picturesque settings of fervid, young avowals, it pains the sensibilities to learn that Joe approached his Phyllis while she was feeding chickens, that least ornate of feathered people, not to mention the most painfully matter-of-fact pursuits.

Nevertheless, had Grace been standing on a grassy slope undulating gently to some fictional lake, with lily-white arm raised to drop unearthly manna to some celestial swan, she could not have been more utterly desirable to the irredeemably blind lover. Her aproned figure was the Venus de Milo to him. Her tanned, muscular young arms were — well, were what de Milo's would have been had she been so convenienced. Grace read the message in his eyes and flushed with the tremulous pride and joy of immemorial women.

"Do you, Grace?" he whispered to her.

"Yes, Joe," she answered, eyes lowered. We are excused.

A week from that day Jack arrived at Dawson's ranch. Joe had sent him the fare with a heartfelt thanksgiving and a prayer that their mother might know. He knew that she would be glad.

It is generally reputed that the evil one is partial, specially addicted to, and habitué of the cities. Such is not the case. The evil one is a cosmopo-

lite. He finds choice pickings on alfalfa fields and in corrals as well as on poor, slandered Broadway. Jack was choice pickings. And to start something, the fallen gentleman supplied him with a gun, the companionship of a greaser and an unscrupulous foreman, and a conveniently located saloon. Then he settled his horns and waited.

One other trump card the aforementioned ill-reputed gentleman held, and that was Jack's natural charm for women. Perhaps he touched the well-spring of all feminine nature—maternity, and caused them to yearn over his weakness. Perhaps they glimpsed in his careless code a fine vein of latent chivalric tenderness. Whatever they saw and however they saw it—they responded.

Since Jack had come, Grace spent most of her time leaning over the fences about the place, talking and laughing with him. A light was in her eyes and a flush on her face that had not been there for Joe. And the elder brother, seeing, prayed that he might have strength to give to his younger brother this ultimate gift. It was on one of these occasions that he spoke to Jack, when the two were alone in the bunkhouse.

"Grace loves you, boy," he said, a bit huskily; "I've seen it ever since you came. I ought to be glad; I will be—but be good to her, Jackie. Be straight and honest for her sake. Swear!"

JACK MAKES AN IMPRESSION ON GRACE

"Shucks!" Jack laughed. "She doesn't care a straw for me, Joe. What makes you think so?"

"I'm not blind, you know. I can see it."

"Well, we'll see." And Jack whistled his way toward "town" and "The Palace," a combination saloon and dance-hall that *was* the town. Joe watched him go with a pain about his heart. He wished that he, too, had that insouciant spirit that casts off trouble as so many feathers, leaving

them, alas, to become mighty burdens to the one they settle on. Then he shook himself, mentally, and resolved to bide his time and wait. If Grace really loved him, he would know it in time. If she did not, he had better learn it now than later. But he knew, as he thus gallantly meditated, that his lot would be a lonely one indeed.

Jack sauntered toward "The Palace," kicking the dust as he walked, with a vague sense of injury that his laggard feet were not hitting the pavements of Broadway. He didn't like this West, and he knew that it didn't like him. The measure of a man is taken well in the West, and a man's a man—or he isn't. Jack knew that his slender build, his ennuied air, his weakness that was indulgence, were matters of contempt to the men at Dawson's ranch. He didn't measure up. Well, the girls liked him, anyway. Grace smiled on him, and so did Carlotta, the little brunette proprietress of "The Palace." Carlotta was O K. She might not have the class of the Broadway bunch, but she was there with the looks, with the fire and that general come-hither air that takes. Moreover, she was the kind that would stick to a man thru thick and thin, thru weal and woe, and Jack knew, subconsciously, that this was the type of woman he needed beyond all else.

Her voice was raised in angry protest as he pushed the door open and went in. Jack stepped up to the bar. His friend, the foreman, was leaning across it facing a crimsoned Carlotta, and the expression on his face was not nice to see. Jack stepped up to him, threateningly, and questioned Carlotta with his eyes.

"They've had a row," she explained nervously—"him and the greaser. The greaser came in an hour or more ago just as amiable as could be. I asked him for the hat he wears to decorate the wall. It would look good, all right. Then this—this comes along and starts a poker game—wins all the poor greaser's dust and plays for his gun. 'Course I dont like to seem to side, Mr. Jack, but the greaser yells out, 'You d—n cheat!' and the foreman here shoos him out the door, having both guns, and the greaser without his irons. Then he takes his ugliness out on me. I——"

Carlotta never finished what she would do or think, for Jack, made strong by anger, ejected the foreman

THE FOREMAN GETS INVOLVED IN A QUARREL AT CARLOTTA'S "PALACE"

forcibly and profanely, and stood shaking him before the saloon door.

Onto this scene bore Joseph and a yelling, cheering mob of cowboys and citizens of Open Gulch. Instantly he recognized his brother, Joe broke from the bunch and ran to separate the hissing contestants.

"What right you got——?" the foreman gasped; while Jack twirled his cap and cursed softly.

"The right of sheriff of this county," Joe said sternly.

JACK QUARRELS WITH THE FOREMAN

"Since when?" sneered the foreman.

"Since today," Joe said briefly. "Now be on your way if you dont want my escort."

Jack began a voluble explanation that was partly congratulatory and partly details of the fistic encounter.

"Go on back to the bunkhouse now, boy," Joe said. "I'll see you there later." Then he rejoined the men, but the triumph of the day was dulled. He was achieving these things, gaining this popularity and esteem, for his own lonely lot. His brother cared only for himself and the selfish gratification of his petty passions. And the woman he loved cared only, God help her, for his brother.

The West calls forth emotions in the raw. Hates, loves and blood are primitively lived and primitively dealt with. When a man hates a man, he kills him; when that man is caught, as he inevitably is, his life is forfeit in return. There is no time for the subtle machinations of the law. Life is life and death is death, and extenuating circumstances are not.

Jack met the greaser two days later as he was walking a circuitous route to "The Palace" to see Carlotta. The fellow looked sullen and gave evidence of whisky.

"How's things?" queried Jack.

The greaser shook his head. "Hellish," he affirmed; "that son of a gun bounced me. I'll get 'im, tho—I told Carlotta I would, too—and I'll do it."

"Better not," advised Jack; "not worth the noose."

They walked on a minute in silence. Then Jack said suddenly: "Say, what'll you trade your sombrero for?"

The greaser looked up with a momentary interest in his dark eyes.

"Your gun," he said.

"Done!" Jack handed over the gun and accepted the sombrero, anticipating with zest the childlike delight of Carlotta. He suddenly realized that he cared a very great deal for Carlotta's delight. For the first time in his life he had given up something for the sake of another. It was an intoxicating feeling. He longed to be on his way to the alluring tenant of "The Palace."

"I'm off," he told the greaser—"s'long."

"'By!" grunted the greaser; then snatched Jack's cap for his own hatless state and ran off, flourishing his whisky-flask and grinning back as he ran. Jack felt too beatific to take offense. After all, the poor thing *was*

hatless, while he himself had several. He resumed the homeward trail.

Two days later, as he was coming in from the hills, with Carlotta in mind and a song on his lips, the dust of madly onrushing horses blotted the landscape. While he wondered, a posse bore down upon him and swung him on one of the horses.

"What in thunder is this for?" he gasped indignantly.

"For the foreman of Tilden's ranch, my fine young murderer," jeered the head of the posse.

"What about that dirty devil?"

"Quite so—you left him a little too stark and stiff for you to be left around alive. Therefore we propose to lynch you over yon."

"Oh, you do!" Jack spoke sarcastically, having the unaccountable coolness of weak natures at crucial moments. "Well, just for odds, s'posing I didn't have the luck to do that little act of charity?"

"Then, my clever young 'un, I'd advise you to take your hat an' gun along of you when you do your next job, if thar's any such where you're goin'."

"My brother knows very well that my hat and gun were given to the greaser from Tilden's ranch. He gave me his sombrero in exchange. The sombrero is now in the bar of 'The Palace.'"

"Well, you Easterners have glib tongues, if you aint sharp at doing for a man—but I'm 'feared you're too late with that fairy tale now, son. The deed wasn't done in the county your brother's sheriff of, and we've orders."

THEY FIND THE DEAD BODY OF THE FOREMAN

Jack slid off the horse at the clump of trees designated and looked about him. Kind of a lonesome spot to die, he reflected, and he rather wished some one had been there to give him a parting shake. It was awful lonesome shuffling out this way. He wished Joe could know that he was dying better than he had lived. He wished he hadn't made Carlotta care. She wasn't like those others—back on Broadway. He realized suddenly that

he would never have gone back if he had been let to live. He hoped Joe would find out that Grace really loved him still. She had only been temporarily attracted to himself because he had regaled her with a lot of drivel and she hadn't known many men. Well, it was too late now for most things, but it wasn't too late to go out like a man.

One of the posse approached him and asked him if he had anything to say. Jack shook his head; then he remarked casually: "Only you might drop it around that I didn't go out—squealing."

"Sure!" obliged the nooseman, tightening the rope about the boy's calm, pulseless throat. The world went black to Jack's eyes—his breath resisted sickeningly this abortive treatment of it. His protruding eyes saw, as in a dream, a figure on horseback cutting thru the air. A last, incongruous whimsy suggested itself that this was Death, the Headless Horseman—one of those last visions he had heard about. Ugh! it was painful—it was—— He dropped to the ground with a thud. Sight returned achingly; numbness receded. He had been very near the end.

The posse was standing about a gesticulating, sob-voiced girl. The girl was Carlotta. In the distance his brother and Grace and some of the boys were approaching.

"I found him on the desert," the girl was saying. "When we heard that you were going to lynch Jack, I started to warn him. I followed him along to the hills and didn't see him. You must have had him, then," she shuddered, "so I went on to the desert and stumbled across the greaser. He was 'most gone—been there two days. Got there in a drunken delirium. He begged me for water—and I saw I held three aces. 'Not till you own up who killed the foreman,' I said. God! the poor dog begged and whined and almost licked my boots, but I had to get the truth—I had to. Finally he owned up. He was dead drunk out on the hills. The foreman came along, and they had words. The foreman

JACK IS TAKEN PRISONER BY "JUDGE LYNCH"

(*Continued on page* 172)

The DUST of EGYPT

By

DOROTHY DONNELL

GEOFFREY LASCALLES fitted his latch-key with difficulty into some dozen locks and entered his apartment with a dignified, almost jaunty step.

"Gorblessus, Benson," he said to the sad-eyed valet who rose from the depths of an upholstered leather chair, " 's a great—ol'--worl', aint it?"

Benson admitted that it was, meanwhile removing his master's hat and coat and setting out a siphon of soda-water on the table.

"Shome men, Benson," continued Geoffrey, "might shay I was d-drunk, but s'not so. I aint drunk; I'm engaged!"

"Yes, sir; quite so, sir," murmured Benson, sympathetically. "Been there myself, sir. I dont blame you at all, sir."

His respectable back disappeared into the bedroom, whence issued the gurgle of a hot-water bottle being filled, the soothing rustle of bedcovers turned back, and the hiss of window-shades lowered. Geoffrey mixed himself a drink and sank into his favorite chair to absorb it.

Upon this sweet scene of domestic peace broke the rude voice of the door-bell. Benson obeyed its summons. Ensued the sound of an argument down the hall.

"If ish tailor wiz bill, tell 'im he's no gen'lemum," called Geoffrey, indignant at the low trick. "Thish no hour pay bills. Tell 'im—tell 'im——"

VITAGRAPH

"Tailor! Hee, hee! Ripping, that!" tittered a voice in the doorway. "I say, old feller, it's not a tailor, not at all."

The voice, clothed in a weedy form, advanced into the room on thin, parenthetical legs.

" 'F 'tisn't that bally ass, Shimpson," muttered Geoffrey. "Shimpson, s'no time f'r call b'ween gen'lemum. Gorblessus, s'midni', s'ats what 'tis."

"Oh, I say, old top," expostulated the visitor, plaintively, "I'm in the deuce of a hole, you know. It's—tee, hee!—it's a woman!"

"Wo-man? *You?*" Geoffrey sat up straight and with difficulty focused his eyes on the pale, set features of his visitor. An unwilling expression of respect struggled with disbelief. "A *woman!* Oh, you Simpson! You sly dog!"

"She's out there in the machine now," tittered Simpson, pleased with his success. "You see, it's this way, Geoff, old dear. Can I bring her in and leave her here for the night?"

"Here?" Geoffrey's tone lost the slight huskiness induced by too many congratulatory rounds of drinks at the club. The righteousness of a newly engaged man glared from his outraged eyes. "Well, of all the nerve I ever— Can you bring her— Why, you bally ass, I've a good mind to——"

The wretched Simpson dodged the decanter with an agility acquired from the one-step and Castle-walk. "Oh, now, dear chap," he pleaded, "you dont understand. She's—she's *dead,* you know, quite dead."

"Dead—d-d-dead!"

"Dead," agreed Simpson, solemnly; "been that way for three thousand years. She's a mummy, you know, old man. Profie Johnston sent her from Cairo. Wants me to keep her till he arrives. But—tee, hee!—too many servants at the hotel—quite too many! So I brought her around to you, see?"

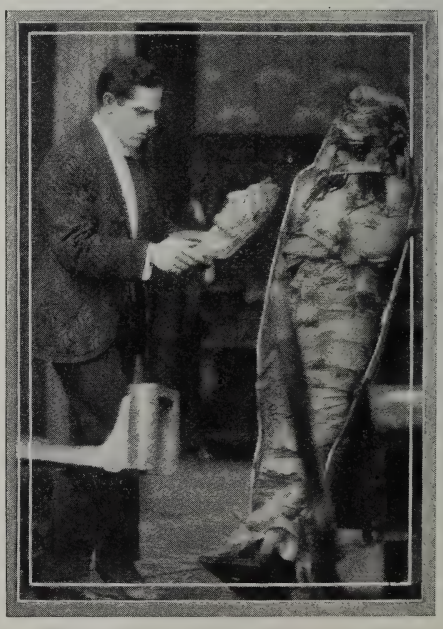
Ten minutes later, Geoffrey found himself alone in his apartment with a long, slender case labeled "The mummy of Ameuset, Princess of Egypt. Departed at age of nineteen thru the potion of Ani, the Wise Man. Property of Prof. Darwin Spencer Johnston."

For some moments he stood in thought before his new acquisition, then betook himself to his bedroom and made ready to retire. The image of his very recent fiancée, Violet Manning, enthusiastic golfist, tennis champion, horsewoman and good pal, was clouded in his mind by a stealing vapor as of heavy-lidded incense burned before an old shrine. And the name he murmured as he fell asleep was not hers.

"Ameuset!" he thought. "Dark hair, I suppose, and almond-shaped eyes. Gee! what a rum go!"

And turning upon his pillow, he slept.

His dream was a curious one. He thought he stood invisible in a pillared palace of an Egyptian Pharaoh, amid naked Nubian slaves a-jangle with glass anklets, and slant-eyed maidens plying tall palm-leaf fans. On a tawny leopard-skin lay a splendid woman form with deep eyes and a rope of lusterless dark hair. Her face was pale as the lotos-flower, but her full lips flamed with passionate crimson



"GEE! WHAT A RUM GO!"

like a vivid orchid bloom. Before her slave-girls wreathed in slim, brown-ankled dance and musicians strummed their harps, but she waved them wearily away.

"They conjure vain longings—desires that are never satisfied," he thought she cried, beckoning a bent old man approaching from the desert with a scroll. "Come hither, O Ani, wise man of the sands; hast thou no potion to lend new feeling to the dull sameness of my life?"

The sorcerer thrust a withered claw into his sackcloth bosom and drew out a tiny, colorless phial, which he presented kneeling, telling her it was a love-potion that could never fail.

"Love!" he dreamed Ameuset cried, scorningly. "Love! Is there nothing on earth but love? It ever ringeth in my ear. I wish another secret, O wise man! I wish to do what none other than I has ever done!"

Again the sorcerer fumbled in his robe. He proffered, this time, a vial of ruby liquid.

"If thou placest this to thy lips, O Ameuset," he cried solemnly, "thou wilt be transported thru thousands of years into the future, to live thy life in another age. Thou shalt know love and kiss—once; but the second kiss shall make thee as the dust of Egypt. So beware!"

Geoffrey started out of his dream and sat up in bed, the whine of the magician's voice drowned by a crash from the sitting-room. He stared toward the open door, unable to believe his eyes. For there in the blue moonlight stood the princess of his dream! There was no doubt about it. Ameuset, daughter of Pharaoh, had left her mummy-case and was examining, with lively curiosity, his apartment on One Hundred and Twentieth Street and Riverside Drive, New York City, year of our Lord 1915!

"She's the high-balls and the cocktails and the punch!" said Geoffrey, feebly, and closed his eyes. He repeated the names of the Presidents in order; recalled all the telephone numbers of his friends; multiplied his

"I AM AMEUSET!"

street number by the date, and opened his eyes again. Still there! It was no illusion, then, but incredible fact! With a chilly feeling along his spine, Geoffrey slid out of bed, draped a dressing-gown of a delicate lavender hue—a gift of Violet's—about him and went out into the sitting-room.

His dream, his first thought ran, had not done Ameuset justice. She was more beautiful than he would have been able to dream a girl, tho her costume of gauzy veils and scarabs was hardly up to date. She stood regally, now, regarding him beneath black brows, thick, and arched as delicately as the rainbow.

"By gad! Either I'm mad, or we're both of us witnessing the most extraordinary phenomenon," said Geoffrey, slowly. "Would you mind telling me who you are?"

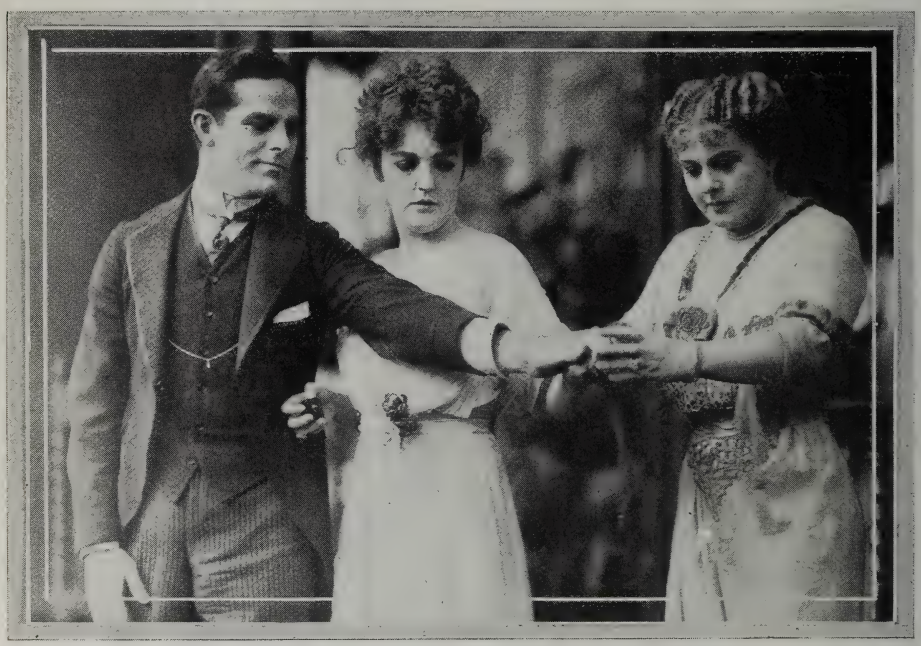
"I am Ameuset," returned the superb creature, pointing to her bare feet shining rosily between the sparkle of her toe-rings. "You may kiss my feet."

"If Violet should see me!" groaned poor Geoffrey, with a rapid mental vision of his troth of yesterday—"and her mother—oh, Lord!" But his royal visitor awed him into submission. Yet, being an intensely modern young man, he was violently angry at this playing the fool. Rising with burning ears, he stamped to the telephone and called savagely into the receiver:

"Hello! Stop that infernal buzzing. Give me the Astor, Madison 452."

He surveyed Ameuset desperately. He had read of such things—suspended animation—transmigration—but neither his books nor his experience had taught him what to do with a beautiful 3000 B. C. lady in a green-and-gold automobile veil at the far from decorous hour of one P. M. As he looked she stretched two pale, perfect arms above her head in a frank yawn.

"I weary," she sighed. "The sun has long since set—bid thy slaves prepare me a bed of flowers, my lord."



AND ONLY THE DAY BEFORE, A TROTH TO VIOLET

"What doest thou?" rolled the rich tones of Ameuset at his elbow. "Verily thou makest magic talk, like to Ani, my wise man. Art thou, perhaps, a wise man also?"

Geoffrey dropped the receiver as tho it was too hot to hold. He had a sudden, swift mental vision of himself leading Princess Ameuset into the chaste midnight lobby of the Astor Hotel. No, no, it could not be done.

"Wise man! Me!" he growled. "Hang it all! if I ever get hold of that rotter, Simpson! What in the name of common sense am I going to do with you?"

Unwillingly, Geoffrey grinned. He led the way to his sleeping-room, resigning himself to the prospect of a cramped night on the divan in the living-room.

"I'm afraid the florists are all shut, Princess," he said, pressing the electric light button, "but how would a bed of patent cotton felt do instead?"

"Thou art certainly a magician!" cried Ameuset, amazed. "Thou makest light everywhere at thy command, O thou most worshipful!"

"Nonsense, that is just electricity," said Geoffrey, withal rather flattered by her admiration. "See! Press it

this way—poof!—out it goes; now again—on it comes!"

"By Osiris!" cried Ameuset, clapping her hands, "thou mayest kiss my feet again!"

"Some other time," hedged Geoffrey, moving hastily to the door. "Oh yes, and here is the key. Turn it *so*, and you are safely locked in."

Regally the princess drew herself up to her full height, which was tall beyond the stature of most women.

WHEN SIMPSON CALLED FOR THE MUMMY

"I, Ameuset, daughter of the gods, fear no evil. Leave the portal unbarred, my lord."

Alone in the living-room, Geoffrey drew a long breath, passing his hand across the throbbing seat of his reason.

"Either I am entirely off my nut," he remarked to the siphon bottle, "or the whole bally business is true."

He went again to the telephone and called up the janitor.

"Pete," he begged, "how do I sound? Drunk? Crazy?"

"No more so thin usual, sor."

"Thank you, Pete." Geoffrey hung up the receiver. "Then it's *so*. But there's one thing sure—I cant keep her here. The Mannings! That's the very thing!"

He sat down at the desk and composed, with extreme difficulty, a note to Violet's mother, telling, without ornamentation, the extraordinary tale of Ameuset and asking permission to bring her to the Manning home until some permanent solution of the difficulty be found.

"It sounds a bit thick," he muttered, as he folded it, "but, then, it *is* a bit thick, you know."

So Simpson thought the next morning when he called for his mummy.

"Profie wired to take it up to the Metropolitan Museum, old sport," he explained. "So I'll just—but, my word! the case is broken open! Haven't hocked her, have you, old man?"

"Sh—sh! she's asleep!" said Geoffrey, rolling off the couch and gripping Simpson's arm nervously. But it was too late. Behind the closed door a startled voice arose, richly:

"Didst thou call me, my beloved lord?"

There was only one thing for Simpson to think, and he thought it immediately.

"Tee, hee!" he began, prodding his host's shoulder; "pretty lively for a mummy, I think! Hee! hee!"

"Call it hee-*haw*, like the ass you are!" snapped Geoffrey, savagely. "You haven't got enough brain to think with, so I wouldn't try. I dont owe *you* any explanation, and I'm not going to give you one."

"You owe me a mummy," began Simpson; then paused, transfixed. In the doorway of the bedroom stood Ameuset. "Oh-o, I say!"

The black brows of the princess drew together. A jeweled hand flung out, pointing.

"I like not the countenance of yonder son of Set!" she cried. "Bid thy slave cast him out, my lord!"

Geoffrey explained in vain. Simpson would only grin and wink knowingly, and, at length, went away in a shower of sniggers, having failed in his attempt to flirt with Ameuset.

"The Mannings will understand," Geoffrey reassured himself, yet there was no certainty in his tone. Two hours later, in the familiar precincts of the Manning drawing-room, he was even less certain.

"The Princess Ameuset," he mur-

mured; "you—er—I suppose you got my letter."

"Yes, indeed, dear boy," purred his prospective mother-in-law, beaming upon the amazing figure of her new guest. "Always joking, is he not, Princess? So good of you to come to see us, I'm sure."

"Thou speakest kindly, old woman," said Ameuset, calmly. "Thou mayest kiss my hand, and thou, too, friend of my noble Geoffrey."

And she extended a slender white hand toward Mr. Manning.

"By gad!" murmured the surprised man, and took immediate advantage of the offer, to his wife's frigid dismay. Alone of the group, Ameuset remained unperturbed and gracious. Violet, breezing in, golf-bag in hand, stopped short with a frank whistle.

"Violet, my dear," said her mother, hastily, "this is the Princess — hem — Ameuset — hem—who is touring the world and has kindly stopped to—hem—honor us with a *short* visit." The stress was plainly evident. The "old woman" still rankled in Mrs. Manning's breast.

"Glad to see you, I'm sure," said Violet, heartily, gripping the patrician hand. "Do you golf, Princess? It's a jolly morning. I'll take you round the links."

"Art thou of royal blood, my girl?" asked Ameuset. "Thy bearing betokeneth it."

"Not a bit of it," laughed Violet; "just plain American. Have you had

"You'd better do it, Billings—the Princess is used to it," said Geoffrey, weakly. He felt the eyes of his betrothed on him in puzzled wonder and knew that each moment added to the

"DOWN, SLAVE!" SHE CRIED

luncheon yet, Geoffrey? No? I'll ring for Billings."

The butler, fat and shambling, came in, bowed to Geoffrey, started to speak—and caught sight of the gorgeous daughter of a hundred Pharaohs. Fascinated, he stared at her with dropped lower jaw. With a hiss of fury, Ameuset was across the room and towering over him in royal rage.

"Down, slave!" she cried. "Down, or, by Osiris! I will have thee beaten by the Nubian camel-drivers!"

Piteously, Billings looked around.

number of his future explanations.

"I've got the rheumatiz something terrible," moaned the unhappy butler; but down he creaked, nevertheless, and Ameuset was appeased.

"Thou hast a strange custom with thy slaves," she said loftily, turning to the dazed Mannings. "I had a slave once, faithful and true, yet by chance he did step upon my robe, and the Nile was reddened with his blood."

"Geoffrey, who on earth is that

woman?" whispered Violet. "I never heard such stuff in my life. And she looks at you as tho she owned you—"

It was now or never. Boldly Geoffrey took his sweetheart's hand and drew her toward Ameuset. He, too, had seen a certain softness in the Egyptian's dusky gaze and writhed under it.

"I dont think the Princess quite understands, dear," he said. "Princess, this is the young woman I am going to marry."

Ameuset drew herself up sharply. An expression of rage crossed her bold, dark features.

"By the tongue of Set!" she cried, "thou art the woman he would put first in his house! Never while the pyramids stand!"

"It's all a silly misunderstanding, Vi," said Geoffrey, nervously. "Suppose you leave me to explain to the Princess before luncheon."

With a very sober face Violet left the room. Ameuset peeped thru her eyelashes.

"Is my lord angry?" she cooed.

"Very," said Geoffrey, shortly. "Now, look here, Princess; you've got to understand right now that I am not yours—*not yours.*"

"The Nile shall run red with her blood!" declared Ameuset, stamping one pink-tinted foot.

"It shall do nothing of the kind," said Geoffrey, turning angrily away. "Now remember—no love-making, or I wash my hands of you."

He disappeared to find and appease Violet.

Ameuset, pouting her glorious red lips, flung herself full length on the tiger-skin rug.

"May Asenath curse the yellow-haired woman!" she said fiercely. "By Ra and by Isis and Amen and all the gods! I swear he shall love me even to death!"

Behind her, looking down at the slender form and dark-framed face, Mr. Manning drew a long breath.

"By gad!" he murmured helplessly. "By gad!"

The remainder of the day was a long nightmare to Geoffrey. His fiancée and her family grew colder and his protegée warmer, moment by moment. The appearance of the insinuating Simpson precipitated matters. Ameuset flew into what in a less regal person would have been a fit of temper; demanded her Nubian camel-drivers to fling the son of Set into the canal; called for a poison-potion; spoke of evil-eyes and the curse of Amaroth, and finally drew a jeweled dagger from her girdle and fell upon the luckless Simpson with a fury worthy of the Pharaohs.

"O LOTOS-FLOWER!" HE MURMURED

"Thou art my evil spirit," she stormed. "Thy blood shall make red the Nile."

A blunt point saved Simpson's life, but after this exhibition Mrs. Manning put her foot down.

"I am sorry, my dear Geoffrey, but, making due allowance for the queerness of all foreigners, I must say this Princess-person is not good form at all. Billings threatens to leave if he has to kneel down again. I am afraid —I hate to appear inhospitable, but, really——"

"Of course, of course," agreed Geoffrey, wretchedly; "I'll take her to some—some hotel at once. I wish I could make Violet understand, tho—"

But he could not. She was very pale, very positive.

"Your tale about mummies and potions is a bit archaic, Geoff," she frowned. "Until you care to explain your connection with this—this lady,

"BEAUTIFUL! BELOVED!"

I must insist on returning your ring."

Jilted and harried, Geoffrey found himself at dusk in his own apartment again with the daughter of the Nile. Never had she appeared more beautiful as she glowed, pearl-pale and crimson, thru the dim light, but Geoffrey felt no pound of pulse as he gazed. All right for an old Egyptian guy, perhaps, but he preferred wind-roughened hair and healthy, tanned cheeks—like Violet's. The ring in his pocket winced thru him like a sudden, sharp pain. With a groan he went to the window and looked out into the city, a-sparkle and astir. What should he do with Ameuset, priestess of Isis, Princess of Egypt?

"She might go on the stage," he mused dreamily, "or take up stenography——"

Behind him, Ameuset detached a tiny vial from a chain about her neck and poured it into the decanter.

"Wilt drink, my lord?" she questioned, pouring out a glass. " 'Tis of the color of the vine in my father's vineyards."

Morosely, Geoffrey raised the glass to his lips. Miraculous change! Thru a delicious, floating haze he saw the Princess, a marvel-being of fire and delight. His arms went out achingly.

"O Lotos-flower!" he murmured, "dearest moon! Come to me, Ameuset—beautiful! beloved!"

He felt, rather than saw, her warm face uptilted to his, and his lips crushed the red fruit of hers.

"We will journey together to the old lands of your birth," he whispered wildly. "You and I, most wonderful, alone on the blue, burning desert—under the stars. How beautiful beyond all beauty you are! Your eyes—your hair—your little hands and slender throat—your lips—again, again, my sweet——"

A crash deafened him. Thru the rocking of the world he seemed to hear a far voice crying mockingly: "But the second kiss shall make thee as the dust of Egypt—as the dust of Egypt!" Then he opened his eyes to meet Benson's sad, impersonal gaze.

"Beg pardon, sir, for arousing you so early, sir," he was saying tonelessly, "but a sudden gust came in when I opened the window, sir, and upset the blooming mummy-case. Not hurt at all, sir. And Miss Violet was telephoning to ask whether you could motor her to the club at ten."

"The grape-fruit is very nice this morning, and we have a rasher, sir. Shall I bring in your breakfast now?"

"'THAT something we somehow just miss'—um-m!" John Douglas rested his anointed head on a rare tapestried cushion and sent fragrant rings of smoke—and dream—into the dim vaults of the ceiling. "'That — something we—somehow—just—miss.' Wilkins, another whiskey and soda—Scotch." It was one of a long procession—that Scotch. It was the satiety that seemed to Douglas to permeate his existence in entire. It gave to him that false vision, that distorted sense of values, that chimera of unrealities from which he and his kind could not depart.

"God! but I'm tired of it," he muttered, as he rested his head again. "I'm tired of the women, with their smirking, enameled faces and their mincing, enameled souls. I'm tired of their vaporings, their vanities, their body greeds, their puny, conventionalized minds. I'm tired of all of it—all of it—and I'm going to—cut!"

Now, plainly, John Douglas was "queer." Match-making mamas with marketable daughters had reluctantly admitted that he *was* "odd," but a fat purse may cover a multitude of vagaries. Moreover, he was invulnerable, and that, dear friends, is far more unforgivable than oddity in a desirable *parti*. He had looked with calm, dispassionate eye, upon the flower of the High Circle, and the flower, even to the buds, falling to his touch. He had met, with a courteous aloofness, the warlike maneuvers of the campaigning mamas, and he had emerged with a heart whole, a vast ennui, a mounting disgust—and an Ideal.

The High Circle did not know of the Ideal. If they had, I doubt the efficacy of even the Douglas' gilded purse to save him. The High Circle and Ideals have not a hand-shaking acquaintance. They speak a different tongue; they acknowledge a different parentage; they come only when they are sought, and the seeking is the exception. John Douglas, in his weariness, had sought—and he had found.

We who are not of the High Circle and who are in the privacy of the smoke-dim den; we who believe in ideals and know that dreams come true—this is what he had found: He had found that man's needs are more than flesh needs; he had found that the life he lived was not the life he craved; he had found that the woman of his heart was a woman whom he had never seen, save in that opalescent haze of the dreams we dream. He knew that they must meet some day, he and she. He did not know whether she would come to him from some chill, virgin trail of the far North, or a tropic isle in blue, uncharted seas. He didn't much care. He did know that she would not come to him from this City of Sad Unrest, for he had seen her in the dream.

tint for tint, line for line, curve for curve. And her eyes had been cool as mountain lakes and keen as stars at night, and her mouth had been young and eager and untouched, and her body was untrammeled and splendid in its vigor. She was not of the hot-house variety, this Dream Girl of his. She was born of the sunlight and starlight, cradled by lulling seas and nurtured on lotos-flowers. She was Potential Woman.

And so it came about that John Douglas, son of old Amos Douglas, son in turn of Felix, founder of the Midas wealth of Douglas, forswore the High Circle wherein his forbears (for two generations, that being the number of limbs afforded by the infantile family tree) had moved amidst notables, personages, heavy type in "What Society Is Doing."

And because he was in quest of an ideal, he did not have Wilkins engage him passage on one of the White Star floating palaces, nor charter a private car for a transcontinental trip, or flit away South laden with white flannels, panamas and nerve-tonics. Instead, he bade Gotham an unceremonious farewell, abandoned his gaping valet, and embarked on a freighter sailing for the Orient, with a canvas bag as luggage and lots of hope for ballast.

There came days on which the waters grew bluer and bluer; when the air seemed pregnant with spice and scent; when the sky bent low and seemed like a melting, velvet robe that sheathed one's soul even as it enveloped one's body. Days in which John Douglas forgot society and its minions, women; forgot nerves and cynicisms and valets and Scotch; forgot even that he was on a plebeian freighter bearing plebeian cargoes of cotton and wool; forgot all but the endless blue of sea and sky and the Dream Girl face that seemed to be calling him.

Came a day when the blue velvet robe turned its lining to view, and it was an ugly black; when a storm aroused from the gentle horizon, like the sudden, devastating wrath of a mild, sweet woman; when the swooning waters upheaved and showed green and black and treacherous yellow. There had been rum among the crew, for it was ill-controlled and the days were very long. Pandemonium broke loose, and the rotten wood of the old freighter turned to a roaring flame on the sea's tempestuous breast. Then, of a sudden, the passion of the tropic elements subsided, the black lining slowly reversed, the sea sloughed softly into calm again, and John Douglas clung to a charred spar, sole tenant of leagues and leagues of sea. His face was upturned, and his eyes were wide, for across the speckless leagues a voice was calling him, and near to his own a face was leaning. It seemed to be leading him on, that face, and it bade him have no fear. Slowly, as one exhausted, he swam as it led, and he knew that here, stripped to his hide of all the world goes by, with death as twin and life a witless fool, here he had found his Ideal.

Slowly the face dimmed as he swam, and an island took shape in his vision. He knew that the face had been a mirage face and that the island was very real, but he knew, too, that that which is substanceless is often the most substantial. Paradoxical, but veracious.

It seemed rather a large island, he thought. A beach skirted it, following it in and out with gracile undulations. It was snowy white sand, with a suggestion of granulated sugar, and over it hung breadfruit trees and cocoa-palms and a profusion of varihued flowers, all tinted with the extravagant vividness of the tropics.

As John neared the granulated-sugar beach, his eyes went suddenly blind, and a sickness possessed him, born of the strain and the shock and the long exposure. He tried to raise his voice, but it gurgled miserably in his burning throat. "This is the end," he whispered; "Dream Girl, I —tried——"

He thought he saw something flying over the dazzling beach, thought

he saw the waters cleaving neatly with a swiftly moving body; then the sweet drug of death overpowered him, and he sank—sank softly down and down.

Now, a mere man does not follow an Ideal in dreams for many years, in

Therefore, he lifted his lips for her long-withheld kiss and crushed her tangible shape to him with a little groan of ecstatic fulfillment.

Swift as a panther and lithe as a tigress, the slim arm uprose and a rock descended upon his unguarded

THE STRANGE ISLANDERS DISCOVER DOUGLAS

reality for some weeks, and in death and despair for some hours; then wake and find his head against her breast, life given him anew at her hands—and remain supine. John Douglas was a mere man, but he was re-created superman by being very much in love and very much in earnest at one and the same time.

head with killing force. Her face bent over him with a savagery that burned into his consciousness even as it faded away.

When he awoke to his surroundings again he was reclining in some sort of a pendulous bed and a grave-faced man, in knee-length white robe, was standing by him.

Douglas regarded him fixedly before the somber eyes met his gaze.

"Where am I?" he managed to articulate.

The grave-faced man looked down on him with unfathomable eyes; eyes that held a dawning, age-old recognition and a vast resignation.

"You are with your own people," he managed at last, in an uncertain, rather guttural voice.

Douglas inspected his companion with a well-bred assumption of seeing nothing. His mind roved back to the Avenue; the Plaza at tea-time; the gold-rock, velvet-lined mansion of the Douglas; his own, citified, irreproachable self. Yet he felt an odd thrill of pleasure at the fellowship. He was glad to be of *her* people, no matter who, no matter where. He was glad to note, however, that the skin of the man beside him was as white as his own, save from the sunbake over it, and the eyes, with their patient yearning, as blue as a Norseman's.

"What is this island," he asked, "and what people are you?"

The grave-faced man, dressed in his knee-length tunic of spotless white, drew an odd, high stool to the hammock bed and recounted a strange tale. He told of a shipwreck on this island some generations ago—how many, none of the tribe had ever been able to ascertain. All kinds had been thrown together on the island—a conglomerate mass of sailors and officers, patrician ladies and scrub-women, doubtless ladies under their skins—the dregs of humanity and the froth. So placed, all men are equal. And from the dregs and the froth a new people had evolved. So long it had been that the founding was little more than a legend now, handed down by word of mouth and strangely distorted. The tropical sun had kist all blood to the same warmth; the sea had washed away the taint of caste, and the common striving for the elementals had bred a pagan race.

Douglas was utterly fascinated. He felt as a small boy listening to some solemn tutor recount a fascinating mixture of Treasure Island, Robinson Crusoe, The Island of Regeneration, and the best selling Desert Island novel. And over all the Dream Girl moved, child of mystery and glamor, child of his Own People, made virgin Eve by sun and sea and ever-flowered earth.

"The girl," he said at length—"the girl—who saved me?"

Naukoi, the priest, for such was he officially, smiled. "She is Nai, daughter of Neto," he said softly, "and the best beloved of the tribe. We doubt not that she is of the gentlest of the legendary ancestors. We think she is of the gods—those gods who put the song in the birdthroats, the scent in flowers and the blue in heaven. She is as beautiful as these things are, and as innocent."

Left alone at length, after being warmly if characteristically welcomed into the tribe, Douglas turned in mind to his Dream Girl and her unexplainable reception of him. And he came at last to the conclusion that it was one of those peculiar cases called reversion to type. From some ancestress past and gone Nai, daughter of the elements, had learnt to run from the approach of love—far-past whispers of an effete artificiality had turned the island savage to the modern woman, if with different weapons.

Douglas rested a day in the airy hut to which he had been carried, and then, escorted by Naukoi, he ventured forth to meet his hosts and find his Dream Girl.

It was a picturesque little hamlet into which he had been flung: some three dozen low, thatched houses, each displaying a different style of architecture, and all surrounded by vari-hued flowers and sheltered by trees that were at once shade and manna.

In the most pretentious of these, in the one where the flowers grew most freely, where the trees drooped most heavily, dwelt Nai, daughter of Neto, the chief and wise man of the tribe.

It pleased Douglas to imagine Nai the descendant of some proud old Knickerbocker family, holding in her

veins the fine, patrician blood, without the taint of the city's dross and the fever of the city's ways.

Naukoi led him about among the people, and they welcomed him with the shy, wild grace of the savage and the hereditary hospitality of the

with it, the sea boomed insistently on the dazzling beach. On a high promontory overlooking an unobstructed view of the waters, Nai was sitting, playing a rudely constructed harp and singing to herself.

Douglas halted, and his heart in his

THE DREAM GIRL OF HIS DREAMS

civilized. Then he was left to wander at will and select a site for his home when he should decide to build. He wandered afar from the hamlet, and finally felt himself drawn by the sound as of a harp playing in the distance. The soft, strumming music came to him caressingly across the scent-burdened air, and, mingling

breast turned to fire. He wanted her —dear God!—he wanted her. Here, at last, satiety was not. Instead, clean desire and love that welled from his soul and yearning that sent prayer-words from his lips. The first, O Gothamites, in many a man's age! Prayer-words that he might be worthy; prayer-words that he might

be strong and clean and able to wake the magic in her soul, that had called to him even in the midst of city streets and led him over far waters, taken him by the hand when death was near and led him safe at last.

"Play for me," was all he said.

She played. And she played into his heart the heart of her. She did it all unconsciously—simply as a child, tenderly as a woman, yearningly as an artist. They walked back together, and as they walked a curious thing occurred. From behind each tree an ugly, loutish face peered out; there would be a sound among the underbrush, and the face would appear again.

"Am I seeing a ghost?" inquired Douglas.

Nai smiled at him. "Do you mean Kaura?" she asked calmly.

"If Kaura is possessed of the face I see behind each tree—yes."

"Yes, that is Kaura. He wishes me to marry him. He is, perhaps, angry with you."

"I see. Nai—Dream Girl—do you love this man—this Kaura?"

"I love no one," the girl replied, "but Neto, my father, and the sea and the flowers and the blue of the sky—and dresses."

"O child of Gotham!" groaned Douglas, "even unto the third and fourth generation!" Then he leaned nearer her and drew her cool, steady hand thru his. "You must play for me again," he said to her, "and I must talk with you. I have known you for many years, Nai. Some time you will know of this strange bond 'twixt you and me. But not now; not so soon. I am content for a time to walk in this island paradise with you. Afterwards I shall claim you and take you home with me, wild, sweet thing."

Nai nodded amicably. Her eyes were as virginal as the mountain lakes. She was utterly unawakened. Douglas, seeing, smiled and was content.

Weeks passed, and daily they went together to the promontory overlooking the sea. Daily she played to him and he talked to her. He told her of his life, the life her forbears had come from, and of the ways of men and women, their loves, their passions, their hates. He told her of his heart-hunger and the dream he had held so long and followed so unerringly. And he held from her the knowledge that the dream had come true in her. He was content. For as the days went by the music her slender fingers called from the harp vibrated to a warmer, keener note; the flute-like, child-calm notes held an increasing pathos, a new, sad woman-need. And in the hamlet she walked no more with Kaura. As they walked home in the dusk she leaned nearer to his side, and he felt the quick throb of her heart under her scant, white robe; saw the warm blood play under the delicate sun tan; heard the half-caught, sibilant intake of her sweet breath. And he hungered for her with a desire that robbed him of all other needs—wild, warm thing and dearly, eternally feminine.

While women are desirable and men know desire, climaxes are inevitable. In Gotham there are strategies and subtleties and weapons of gold, of wit and of ingenious slander. On a desert island there is naught but the strength of a man's arm to prove the strength of his desire.

One night, as the stars were mounting to their sentinelships, a white form flitted thru the dark and burst into the low door of Naukoi's home, where Douglas still remained. Naukoi was sitting up with a child who was ill, and Douglas was alone, smoking one of the native pipes. It was Nai, and she threw herself at his feet, while her slender breast panted against her robe. "He tries to make me," she gasped, "he tries to make me—mate with him. He is forcing me, and my father—agrees. I have found now that I—I— Oh, Stranger Dear, my music has been telling you—I love you—Nai loves you—as the stars and the sea and the sky——"

Douglas was moved out of his orbit as all the blandishments of Gotham

had never moved him. He lifted her up to him and strained her to his breast. "Nai," he said to her passionately, "you are the Dream Girl of whom I have told you. You are the star I have followed—and worshiped—and wanted. You are my *woman,* dear, and my wife—tonight."

Into this scene of palpitant emotion broke Kaura, his face purple, his mouth foaming. The white blood had been all but obliterated in him, and proclaiming Kaura and his bride with cheers and violent applause. Douglas, being a diplomatist if not an athlete, took his *congé* quietly, casting but one look of meaning at Nai, who shrunk against the wall of Naukoi's hut, white and shaken.

That night, as dawn was defying the night-shades, Douglas crept back to the sleeping hamlet. Nai had been prisoned in her father's home, pending the enforced marriage to Kaura,

THE FATHER AND KAURA FORBID THE MARRIAGE OF NAI AND DOUGLAS

a tawny animal stood at bay. They met in the open, Kaura and Douglas, and the man from Gotham had not the vestige of a chance from the outset. He was soft-muscled and untrained from many teas and soirées; much dancing, a little golf—these were the extent of his athletics. Kaura was bred of the elements, and he worsted his opponent at once. The entire hamlet had gathered to watch the battle—e'en on the simple isle the morbid greed of the crowd had sway. And they ousted the conquered one from the tribe with jeers and taunts, who, be it said, had more breadfruit-trees than any other islander, singly or collectively. Therefore and of course, Neto, descendant of Gotham, favored him. The guard before Neto's house was drowsing. Such excitement as had prevailed that day was epic-making, and he was spent. With a skill that he had been unable to get in with Kaura, Douglas sent him still further into oblivion and entered the hut, catlike.

Nai was playing soft, minor strains on her harp, in the weird, untimely, savage manner, and she followed him

swiftly as he led her to the hut of Naukoi.

There, in that half-light, John Douglas, son of old Amos, son in turn of Felix, was wedded to his Ideal, the Ideal he had cherished in his holy of holies—safe from the High Circle, safe from campaigning mamas and drooping buds, safe from all falser lights. There, in that half-light, she gave him her first, her bridal kiss, under the benedictory palms of Naukoi, the priest.

And with this benediction sacred upon them, they began their flight across the island into the forest, hoping to gain the sea.

As they ran, drumming footsteps sounded behind. "It is Kaura!" breathed Nai, sobbing it out. "It is Kaura to take me from you——"

"Not till I die! Run, Nai, run!"

The underbrush crackled with loud reports. A cocoanut crashed to the ground with a weird impact; a windstorm arose and shrieked above them. And nearer and ever nearer sounded the maddened footsteps of Kaura. Suddenly the sky was ripped open, and forked, snaky fire vomited forth. A rain came down, heavy, violent, black. And back of them, close this time, close to their retreating heels, a man crashed to the ground in grotesque sprawl. And he did not rise again.

Fools have the repute of stepping in where their more celestial sisters fail to tread. Beyond such as these is the first home of a first love. There in their forest home, with the sea for carpet and the sky for roof, Nai and Douglas loved as do the gods—loved as the great god Pan must love his less-than-human dryad. Time was not; earth was not; heaven was above and beneath and all round about. Delirium was in the air.

And defiant of fools and angels, a yacht sailed into view. A yacht such as Douglas had tenanted times without number; a yacht that he visualized perfectly: its sumptuousness, its host and hostess, its billiards, its smoker, its bar. Clumsily, eagerly, he erected a signal, talking to Nai the while, telling her tales of the life—his life—to which he would soon be taking her; telling her of the jewels he would give her, the fine raiment, the wondrous harp of gold.

"But you have made me this," she said to him, leaning against the instrument he had fashioned during their honeymoon days.

"You must have gold," he assured her, fevered with his zeal; "but you shall see, my queen, my own; you shall see."

Their signal-fire in turn leaped and smouldered while they slept that night, but the yacht had very evidently come to anchor, and Douglas planned a before-sunrise awakening. He kist her that night with an odd pain that this was to be their last night on this paradise isle. He had found her here, untamed, delectable, virgin, woman. She was fresh as the flowered air, as unspoiled and angelwise. What would the city do to her, Nai, daughter of Neto?

And as he slept he dreamed a dream fraught with pains and jealousies—a dream bitter with tears. He dreamed:

The signal was answered, and a tender put out over the waters for them. Something in the face of one of the sailors looked curiously familiar, and Douglas asked him the name of the owner of the yacht. "This is the *Flying Gull,* sir," the sailor replied—"Mrs. Chalmers' yacht."

"Mrs. Chalmers!" Douglas turned to Nai excitedly, who was sitting very tense and still in her straight, white robe. "Why, Mrs. Chalmers is a dear friend of mine," he told her. "I attended a dansant at her home two days before I sailed. Lord! I wonder who is aboard."

They were greeted with curiosity at first; then with stark amazement; then with a furious joy. The women collected about Douglas, a chattering chorus; the men surrounded Nai, drinking in her splendid beauty with starved eyes. Foremost among them stood Dunbar De Villieres, a crony of John at the club. Turning to draw his bride to him, Douglas surprised

in De Villieres' eyes a look that was more than admiration, a look that held an ugly greed and seemed to cast a blur over the tender beauty of the unconscious recipient.

"Will you take my little wife," Douglas asked Mrs. Chalmers, ignoring De Villieres' stare with a mighty sinking of the heart, "and make her —even as you?"

"I'll deck her out, Johnny dear, but thank God! the rest is improbable." Mrs. Chalmers laughed ironically as her eyes met the candid ones of the island girl.

When she emerged, the hand of civilization lay unmistakably if gracefully upon her. Her copper hair was bound about her head; she trailed a closely fitting, silken gown; she was irreproachably shod, coiffured, manicured and groomed. The men paid her tribute with one accord. De Villieres placed a chair for her next his own. Douglas continued the tale of his shipwreck with a mighty ache about his heart. Doubts beset him; green devils harried him. He had been the only civilized man she had ever encountered. Perhaps she had responded to his call only because her ancestral culture recognized a peer;

NAI, THE ADMIRED OF ALL ADMIRERS

perhaps *any* man would do as well. Then, with new torture, rose the honeymoon nights. Why were men fools enough to forswear heaven when they held it in their fingers? She had been exquisitely, verily his. And now——

With the untutored innocence of ever-coquetting woman, Nai played with De Villieres on that homeward trip. She was a new sensation with the women; the rage with the men. De Villieres openly adored her. Dead to all else but the fangs of his mad jealousy, too proud to remonstrate, Douglas kept faithful watch and maintained silence.

When they arrived in the city, the home-coming was spoiled, for De Villieres accompanied them, pointing out the new sights to the girl, holding volumes in his unspeakably speaking eyes. And Nai drank his wisdom in, holding fast to John with careless, childish clasp.

There seemed to be a haze between that and the first reception at which Nai was asked to play on the gorgeous harp with which De Villieres had presented her. She was as beautiful as the unattainable and as cool as the forever aloof. And as she played, it seemed to the raw nerves of her husband that she played to De Villieres as once she had played to him. The green devils were heating his blood to the boiling point. Suspicion was infecting his love with the uncleanness of its own nature. Doubt was intruding its Medusa head. Urged by these three, he followed her as she left the reception—followed her straight as a die to De Villieres' rooms, and as he went he knew that he was going to kill. He, a Douglas, would go to the chair for the murder of a man. Well, did not men die for ideals? What better cause?

"Thank you for showing me the picture—it is very beautiful," she was saying as he entered. Then the dreadful haze again. He saw two things only—two things clearly and distinctly—De Villieres' eyes, lustful, thwarted; Nai's eyes, cool and virginal as mountain lakes.

"I dont care," he heard his own voice mutter, "I dont care—I'll kill—— "

Then he shot into the space where her cool, star eyes had been, and they widened—and closed. De Villieres clinched with him, cursing and sweating. Some one pulled firmly at his arm.

He woke. He woke to Nai bending over him—her eyes, her clear, star eyes, mirroring his face—his face only and alone. He woke to the virgin forest over him and the cool sea spreading wide at his feet. In the distance he recognized Naukoi, the priest, approaching. Like one crazed, he jumped for the signal and ripped it from its pole. He did not look at Nai, but waited for Naukoi to draw near enough to speak.

"Neto wants you," the priest began without preface; "he desires that you and Nai, his daughter, return in friendship and rule over the tribe."

Douglas turned to Nai then, as she watched him with an eager question in her eyes. He drew a long, deep breath and held out his arms to the blue of the heavens, the dank, sweet forest, the Dream Girl who had come true.

"I love you," he whispered to her, "as the stars and the sea and the sky."

And bright-eyed, rosy as the morn in the full measure of their happiness, they knelt beneath the benedictory palms of Naukoi, the priest.

From Afar

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Palms and a tropic jungle scene—
Snow and an Arctic winter true—
All living, real, upon the screen,
The earth's far lands are brought to you.

LOTTIE BRISCOE

"Who's to Blame?"

By LOTTIE BRISCOE

"Wherefore have ye not fulfilled your task in making brick both yesterday and today, as heretofore? . . . There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, make brick: and behold thy servants are beaten, but the fault is in thy own people."—Ex. v, 14-16.

My day's work does not end when I leave the studio. The majority of my evenings are spent in watching other people's pictures and in studying my own so as to avoid mannerisms, detect errors and, as far as I can, increase my knowledge and improve my work. In the course of this nightly round of picture shows, time after time I've been sent raging mad by the criticisms and remarks I've heard around. Often I've longed

to plunge into an argument with the critic (?), but the remembrance of my own position and the knowledge that it would take too long to explain have always closed my lips. But one does feel it when one sees one of the geniuses of the film business doing his best and some one behind remarks: "I never saw him so bad before!" "He's rotten!" "Why, he is only in one scene!" One's anger does rise when, after another film, some other person says: "Oh, she is bad in this!" "She has fallen off lately!" Or when, after another picture has been shown, somebody says about the actors in it: "They ought to be ashamed of themselves!"

Of course there are bad films and there are bad actors, and, with the ever-increasing production of films, the great wonder is that there are not many worse, so I want it to be clearly understood that in this article I am talking only about recognized firms and their films, and recognized actors and actresses who appear in them. We shall get no further in an attempt to answer the question at the head of this article, "Who's to Blame?" by discussing films produced by fly-by-night companies or amateur actors or stock-selling firms, and, therefore, in these little notes it must be understood that I am refering to the productions of the best companies and the performances of the best artists.

If a recognized company produces a film with recognized artists and the public does not like it, the actor and actress get the blame. It is they who are rotten; it is they who are bad; it is they who have fallen off, and it is of them that the exhibitor speaks when, after listening to the many complaints, he says: "I'll never have any more of his or her films in my house." It is true, on the other hand, that if the film is a big success, the actor gets most of the credit, but not all; whereas, if it is a failure, he bears all the blame. This is alone not fair, but is unreasonable and unjustifiable.

It can safely be said that the producing company in its share of the work is not to blame, that is, directly. The film stock, the photography and the scenic effects, with an established company, can be regarded as always being good; therefore their share never deviates and is constant, so that when we proceed to apportion the blame, we come down to the two persons who are responsible for the film as a story and for its portrayal—the author and the actor.

Now let it be clearly said that no actor on earth can make a bad story good; no actor who ever lived can put a plot over if there is not one, and in this the actor does not stand alone—the tailor cannot make clothes without material; the builder cannot build without material, and the actor cannot work without material. The plight of the ancient Hebrews in attempting to make bricks without straw was as nothing as compared to the task of the film actor or actress in attempting to put over a story when there is no story there.

In my opinion, and here is where I shall bring down upon my poor little head the wrath of the million, more or less, scenario writers in the United States—a bad story is the reason for a bad film, and the blame should rest on the author.

There is very little difference, if any, in the appeal of a film and the appeal of a play, and no actor, however great or transcendental his genius, ever made a success of a bad play. A play and a film must be a story. There must be a beginning, a middle and an end. A story need not be of technical excellence; it need not contain shipwrecks, railway accidents or burning buildings, which, after all, merely suggest to the initiated the paucity of the author's imagination. Some of the simplest stories Arthur Johnson and I have appeared in have been our biggest successes, devoid of sensation or excitement, but it must be a story.

The great reason that successful plays make good films is not because their names are known, but because they have good stories in them. No

play is a popular success without a good story, and the better the story the longer the play lasts. Writers of photoplay may be divided into three classes: scenario writers, photoplay-wrights and photo-dramatists. Give me the dramatist—he at least has a fair grasp of his subject.

If the author gives the actor something to do, then the actor can do it. If he gives him nothing to do, how can he interest the public, how can he project his personality across the screen, or how can he be anything else except a lay figure and a man of straw?

I remember one film I saw once in which a very big film star was featured. In the first scene the star came on in a railroad station; in the second, took a seat in a railroad carriage, which was occupied by another man. This man then said to the star, "Let me tell you the story of my life," which was then unfolded on the screen. The star did not appear until the last scene of all, which was a cut-back to the railroad carriage, where he said, or was supposed to say: "That is a very interesting story." He thus appeared in three scenes out of the reel, and naturally did nothing in any of them. He was blamed for it, yet it was all the author's fault, and he escaped censure.

I know the authors are going to resent this and tell horrible tales of good films ruined by bad actors, but there are bad films with good actors, and bad films with the best of actors in them; therefore it cannot be the actor's fault.

This article is not intended in any way to depreciate the value of the author. It is exactly the reverse. The author should have more credit; he should have more money, and such is bound to come. The wonder is that the scenario staffs of the great companies turn out the average good work they do. There is no greater difficulty in the world than that of constantly finding new ideas, and how they manage to turn out on an average one story a week, which is at all possible, is more than I can imagine. The scenario department of most of the film companies is in the same stage of development as the drama was in the days of the great (?) (according to Charles Dickens) manager, Vincent Crummles. When he engaged Nicholas Nickleby as his stock writer, poor Nicholas had to turn out a new (?) play every week, and if Crummles purchased anything at a sale, Nicholas had to write a play around it. Who will ever forget Crummles coming in to Nicholas and saying: "I have just bought a village pump at a sale; just write me a play around it." It must have been "some" play, and I have no doubt the actors who appeared in it got blamed for it. It's about like that now in some studios.

We discover only about a score of dramatists each generation—they're rare birds, with the eyes of a philosopher and the wings of a poet; master craftsmen and creators all. Yet scenario writers are the six-months' product of scenario schools, newspaper desks and publicity departments. Do our plays suffer by comparison? Haven't we a heavy handicap?

Too much credit cannot be given the authors, for they can never enjoy the popularity or the applause of the actor, but in giving them credit they should be ready to accept likewise the blame. They either know now, or will know as soon as their experience broadens, that the public very rarely dissociates the actor from the part, and if it is a good part he is a good actor. This is easily proven by the respective popularity of some of the film stars. The man who invariably plays the villain is never so popular as the man who plays the hero, who, to use the vernacular, "cops all the situations."

The better the author is and the more money he makes, the better for the film business. The author is the foundation hidden by the ground, the actor is the building apparent to all, but without the author, the actor, be he genius or be he star, falls to the

(*Continued on page* 170)

Who Is Violet?

The Bushman Mystery; or Is It a Mystery, After All?

THERE is one thing that has puzzled for a long time one who has known Francis X. Bushman.

What is the secret of the beautiful amethyst ring that Francis X. Bushman always wears?

Was there once a girl who liked amethysts, whose birthstone they were, perhaps, who wore purples and lavenders and all the tender shades of amethystine glory to bring out the color of her wonderful violet eyes?

Why is it that the violet blossom has such an unaccountable fascination for him, so that his dressing-room is full of them, in or out of season? Is it a tribute to her memory, or does she still live?

Is it for her sake that the great artist has chosen always to wear a purple velvet lounging robe, from which cuff-buttons of perfectly matched amethysts gleam like dew-dimmed violets?

The mines of Siberia provided Mr. Bushman with the matchless stone that forms his now-famous watch-fob. Consider the constancy of the love that prompted him to send all those cold, weary miles to procure the jewel that should flicker like the flame of the love that was!—that still is, say those who guess.

While the cuff-buttons are of the tender shade of lavender, the ring and the great stick-pin—almost barbaric in its splendor—are of the deepest, most royal shade of purple.

Do all these things—small in themselves, but of tenderest moment to him—remind Francis X. Bushman of the girl whose name friends have guessed must be "Violet"?

These are just a few of the questions that occur to the mind of one who has known him well.

What is the solution? Where is Violet?

LOIS LEIGH.

"MOVIES" IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

BY JACOB FASNACHT

BEFORE the advent of the "movies," one of the most perplexing problems that confronted the Navy Department was to provide recreation for "the men behind the guns" during the monotonous evenings, from after supper to "taps."

It is a hard matter for any one to find entertainment and amusement with one's thoughts; the man-o'-war's-man was no exception, especially when the only companions to his thoughts were boundless expanses of sea and sky. He was likely to commiserate with himself and resolve to terminate such an unhappy existence at the very first opportunity.

The Navy Department was trying to build up a navy with a permanent, trained personnel, but the men refused to remain under conditions that offered little real relaxation after a long, hard day's work. Realizing this, the department tried many experiments to better conditions. Among the first tried were the establishment of libraries and the assignment of bands to the larger ships. Both were steps in the right direction, and both are service institutions today, but they alone were not enough to dispel the gloom that fell like a mantle over a ship's company after sundown.

Time brought about a solution of the department's problem, and the solution is the "movies."

There is not a ship in the Navy today (with the exception of some of the small torpedo craft) that does not carry a Motion Picture outfit, and among the *essentials* that are brought on board before a ship leaves on a cruise are from sixty to two hundred reels of films of all kinds, depending on the size of the ship.

When five or six reels are shown every night, it would appear, at first glance, that many of them must be shown at least twice in order to make the supply last while the ship is away from a base of supplies, but such is not the case. The ships exchange films with each other, and in this way the supply is amply sufficient for the length of a cruise.

The business of supplying films to warships has grown to such proportions that the various exchanges make a special study of ships' needs and cater to them. One of the exchanges keeps a record of every film rented to a ship, so that in making up new shipments on future orders no duplication is made. One exchange even goes so far as to keep this record by divisions of a fleet, and because of the exchange privilege, no ship in a division is furnished a film that any other ship in that division has had.

Of course, at the comparatively low price at which this service is sold, "first run" films are not supplied, but as the man-o'-war's-man has little opportunity to keep up with the latest in film releases, any film that he has not seen pleases him. A Pathé Weekly a year old will command as

much interest on board ship as the latest release in that same commendable series would in a theater ashore. Some ships have more to expend on film service than others, and these usually include in their orders such high-class feature productions as "The Fall of Troy," and others of that kind.

The men pay, indirectly, for the service, in this way: Each ship operates a store or "canteen." This store is stocked with every conceivable thing a man could want for his convenience and comfort. A complete list of everything carried in stock would fill two of these pages, but among the principal things may be mentioned biscuits and cakes, candies, preserved and canned fruits, jams and jellies, canned and bottled foods, smoking materials, toilet accessories, writing materials, and, in fact, everything for which there is a demand.

The funds to stock these stores are advanced from the appropriations made by Congress to supply provisions for the Navy, and the advance is returned to the appropriations as the stock is sold. The Navy Department contracts with the manufacturers for all kinds of ship-stores' articles, and the result is rock-bottom prices. The profit on sales is limited by Congress to fifteen per cent., so that the selling price to the men is considerably lower than the market price of corresponding articles on shore. From five thousand to six thousand dollars worth of stock is usually carried, and a complete "turn over" occurs four or five times a year, and the profits in a year amount to about four thousand dollars, which is used, as provided by law, for the "comfort and entertainment" of the crew. The chief source of comfort and entertainment of the men of the Navy is the "movies," and most of the profits are used for these. If one just considers the active fleets and the above figures, a conservative estimate of what these fleets alone spend for "movies" can be placed at one hundred thousand dollars a year, and if the money spent

PHOTO BY J. HOLDEN

"SAVAGES" AND SAILORS FROM U.S.S. *DIXIE* HAVING A "POW-WOW" ON LOBOS ISLAND

by the large number of inactive ships, or ships on detached service, be added to this figure, it would probably total one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars.

So, while the men pay, they get their money's worth. They demand the articles they get in *their* stores; they get them when they want them; they get them for less than they could buy them anywhere else, and they have a season pass to the "movies," and many other enjoyable affairs thrown in for good measure.

in the most inclement weather, or when the demands of night target practice, or drills in preparation for it, interfere. There have been cases where a "movie" show, even where it would extend beyond the usual time limit, has been offered as a reward for a snappy night drill. Needless to say, the reward was won.

A show usually begins about 7.00 and lasts until 9.00 P. M. Immediately after supper willing hands transform quarterdeck or forecastle into an airdrome. A screen is stretched

COURTESY "THE FLEET REVIEW"

ENTERTAINMENT PARTY ON BOARD U.S.S. *PITTSBURGH*

The man-o'-war's-man sees *his* "movies" in comfort. In the first place, the audience is not constantly changing, and some one is not crawling over him or walking on his toes every few minutes, in getting to a seat, nor is there a woman's hat in his line of vision, and therein he has a considerable advantage over his fellows ashore. Then, too, he may smoke, a privilege seldom enjoyed except in "airdromes." And instead of the exasperating wait of "a minute please, to change reels," he is regaled with some popular selection by the band, in the chorus of which he may join in singing.

A show is given every night, except

across the deck in front of a turret; mess benches are brought out and arranged in orderly rows; the projecting machine is connected up by the operator, who is a ship's electrician, and soon a capacity crowd is awaiting darkness. During the wait, "visitors" from other ships, who have no outfit of their own, come aboard. These men are usually from the small tugs and torpedo craft in the vicinity, but the men of the Navy are an unselfish set and they are always willing —nay eager—to share their pleasures with the less fortunate men of other services. At Vera Cruz, when the American fleet was assembled there in the early part of this year,

PHOTO BY W. T. CRONE

A GROUP OF SAILORS, ALL OF WHOM ARE EXCELLENT ACTORS AND "ACTRESSES"

it was the practice to entertain the men from the ships of other nations at the nightly shows. Every evening the crews of these ships would be distributed in boat-load crowds, among the American ships, taking in the "movies."

The band fills in with a program until it is sufficiently dark to start the show. It is the social hour on board ship, and what a pleasant change from a decade ago!

Meantime the mess boys have been arranging the officers' chairs, and soon the officers (who also patronize the "canteen," and are therefore entitled to share in the entertainments from the profits) make their appearance, and finally the captain, than whom there is no more ardent "fan," comes on deck and takes his chair, and the show is on.

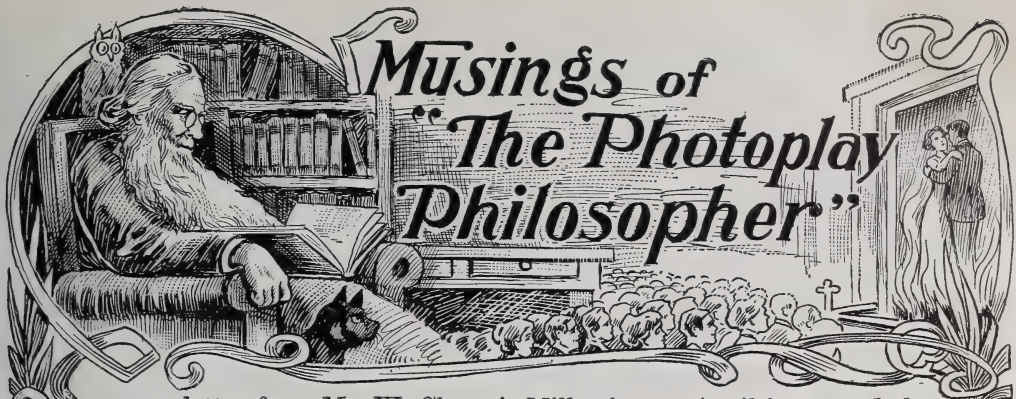
The program generally consists of five or six reels—a couple of dramas, or a feature, an educational film of some sort, and a comedy or two. Films in which the more popular players appear are often shown a second time, "by request," and sometimes a whole evening is devoted to such films. On one ship a "Bunny Night" was given about once a week. John Bunny gives a pleasant hour or two to more of his seafaring friends than he imagines.

Yes, the "movies" have played no small part in the making of the Navy of today, and in addition to the pleasure they give, they are being used in making records of the work of the Navy, such as recording the fall of shots at target practice, etc., but that is another story.

Invitation to the Play

By STOKELY S. FISHER

O come away with me
From the world of the real.
Forget and dream and be free!
O come away with me
To the pictured Arcady
Of the realm ideal!
O come away with me
From the world of the real!



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

THE letter from Mr. W. Chrystie Miller in our April issue, and the previous announcements that Mr. Miller had been taken from the Hahnemann Hospital in New York to recuperate in the Actors' Home at West New Brighton, Staten Island, have caused considerable comment. Several readers have suggested a great public benefit for Mr. Miller, not only as a tribute to his worth and works, but also to insure peace and comfort for the aged actor in his declining years. This leads to a suggestion. Granted that it is proper and feasible to get up a successful testimonial to Mr. Miller, what of the others? What of the hundreds of other photoplayers who will soon pass from activity on the screen? And what of their families and children? And what of those who are still young, but who must some day grow old in the service and then retire? And what of those who meet with misfortune or ill-health and who must retire at an early age? The film industry is young, and we cannot point to precedent, but it is quite probable that the popularity of many of our leading photoplayers of today will be short-lived. Youth, beauty, grace of movement and agility soon depart, and while it is possible, and certainly desirable, that our young players will gradually be given older parts as they mature, thus insuring their usefulness until a ripe old age, yet it is by no means certain that this plan will in all cases be carried out, and it is quite certain that many players will not be able to stand the strain of a whole life of photoplaying. It is, I believe, generally conceded that the life of a player tends to unfit him or her for other kinds of work. The stage world and the screen world are spheres quite apart from the business world, and as a rule a player is a poor business manager. They call it a painted world, a sham world, and it is one where money is easily made and easily spent. Where a player is fortunate enough to have a talent for frugality, thrift and saving, he is often beset with misfortune in the way of unwise investments. Again, the life of modern photoplayers is unusually strenuous and is subjected to all kinds of hardships, including exposure to the elements and irregular modes of living. While the income of players is often large, the tendency is to live right up to it, however large it may be, with little thought of the rainy day. It seems a sad commentary that a player should spend his or her whole life in trying to afford pleasure and amusement for others and that when the end comes the public forgets it all and allows that player to spend the few remaining years of life in poverty and misery. But, as I have said, the film industry is young. It is now time to look ahead and to map out a course. Are we to live only for ourselves, forgetting our brothers and sisters of the screen world, or are we going to start something that will insure peace and comfort to all deserving players who are beset with misfortune? Those of you who saw the film of the "Lamb's Gambol" know that the stage players are well organized to take care of one

another in the future; and you know of the celebrated Actors' Fund and of other organizations among stage folks which are well equipped to provide for needy actors. But what of the photoplayer? We have a few local organizations here and there, such as the Screen Club in New York, the Photoplayers Club in Los Angeles, and so on, but there is no national organization, and there should be one. And not only should all photoplayers be made members, and all other employees of the industry, but the public should be allowed to help support it. And how easily this could be done, and how willing would the public be! Suppose, for example, that the photoplaywrights should get together and contribute a master script; that the various manufacturers should give permission that their studios be used to film it; that the players of all companies should be willing to play in it; that all film exchanges should consent to release it, and that all exhibitors should be willing to exhibit it and turn over the net proceeds to the Photoplayers Fund: who would not be only too glad to pay a good price to see such a photoplay? Think of an all-star cast, including Earle Williams, Francis Bushman, Crane Wilbur, Carlyle Blackwell, Arthur Johnson, Mary Pickford, Mary Fuller, Gertrude McCoy, Ruth Stonehouse, Alice Joyce, Pauline Bush, G. M. Anderson, Ford Sterling, John Bunny, Charles Chaplin, and dozens of others just as famous, all in one play! While they perhaps could not all have leading parts, I am quite sure that a play could be agreed on that would give everybody a fair chance, and even if not, there could be two or more plays. These fund plays could be filmed partly in one city and partly in another, to avoid the necessity of traveling, and the various directors could easily agree on a fair division of the labor and on harmony of the settings. If this plan could be agreed on and worked out, $100,000 could soon be raised. What say you, readers? What say you, photoplayers? What say you, directors? What say you, manufacturers?

Mr. H. O. Stechhan contributes a long article in the March *Theater Magazine* entitled "Stage versus Screen," which will, no doubt, be replied to from somebody who is far more competent to hold a lance for the screen than Mr. Stechhan is to lead an attack against it. But there is one paragraph in Mr. Stechhan's article to which we can all subscribe:

> Having shown that they are not in any sense competitors, the logical and only conclusion is that in the long run it will not be Stage versus Screen, but Stage and Screen, each fulfilling its separate mission and catering to a distinct demand. There is room and need for both. For the stage, there is another blossom period just ahead. And the screen will come into its own once the Moving Picture is stripped of its artificiality and the patent clap-trap of the photoplay. Then it will develop along natural and legitimate lines, for the atmosphere will have been clarified, so far as both stage and screen are concerned.

But here is a paragraph from Mr. Stechhan's pen to which there will be some dissenters:

> Producers contend that since the scenario requires no literary finish, it can be put together hurriedly, and is, therefore, not worth any more than they allow. But creative writers who have the faculty of inventing good plots find it more profitable to spend a little more time on their work and then sell it to the magazines for a good price, after which it is still available for screen

(*Continued on page* 179)

For The Young Folks

Conducted by Ernest A. Dench

Dear Girls and Boys:

Eighty things! That's a lot, isn't it? That is the number Joanna Quinn, of Conifer, Pa., has learnt from Motion Pictures. Theodora Howe (age 14), of Coronada, Cal., comes second with thirty-five things. The next two largest lists are sent by C. Arnold Wilkingson (age 14), of Mandan, N. D., and Douglas R. Donohoe, who is the same age and lives in Montreal, Canada. They have each learnt twenty-five things. The prize is, therefore, awarded to Joanna Quinn. Joanna, I want you to be proud of yourself for being such a studious girl at the age of ten years. I am publishing your article so that all my other young readers may have the pleasure of reading it.

The efforts I have received from others of my girls and boys are excellent, and I must thank you all for the interest you have taken in this contest.

If some parents and teachers knew of the knowledge you obtain by visiting Motion Picture theaters, they would not be so likely to forbid you going to these places. Would you care to show this page to them? The things learnt by other readers are so good that I will probably give a list of them in an early issue.

WHAT I HAVE LEARNT FROM THE MOVIES. By Joanna Quinn.

1. How the "Giants" of New York and the "White Sox" of Chicago made their world tour.
2. Customs of different nationalities.
3. About different kinds of animal life.
4. About different kinds of fish living in the sea.
5. How pianos are manufactured.
6. How cocoanuts grow; how the natives obtain the cocoanuts for the milk of the fruit.
7. How cotton is picked and baled.
8. How people of the South boost the "Buy a Bale of Cotton" plan.
9. How Southern society belles make cotton gowns to boost the "Buy a Bale" plan.
10. How coffee is grown, picked and sacked.
11. How Japanese women coal a boat.
12. How the Belgian people obtain food.
13. That harems in India are called "zenanas."
14. How to act at a mask ball.
15. How the Mohawk River flows thru the beautiful Mohawk Valley.
16. About Niagara Falls and the rapids of the Niagara River.
17. How to tango.
18. How to pose.
19. How suffragets carry on their campaigns.
20. How suffragets work for the "cause"; carry a melting-pot thru the streets into which silver, gold, etc., are placed.
21. About the latest fashion of dress.
22. How people lay corner-stones.
23. How people flock to the American Consul in England to exchange foreign money for American.
24. How liquor ruins many homes.
25. How recruits are drilled for the different warring nations.
26. How the Indians live in their villages.
27. How they make beautiful beadwork.
28. About ranch-life and cattle-raising.
29. How the mummers of Philadelphia hold their New Year festival.
30. How the *Dorothy Palmer*, a schooner, and another ship had a head-on collision, damaging the bows of both ships.
31. How the unemployed get work thru the employment agencies.
32. How people christen a ship.
33. How agriculture is done in different parts of the world.
34. I have learnt how scripts are written for Moving Pictures.
35. How Moving Pictures are made.

36. How people travel on camels and elephants in India.
37. That farmers are called "ryots" in India.
38. How the natives of Africa live.
39. How the natives of India wash clothes on the river banks.
40. I have seen and learnt all the beauties of Yellowstone Park.
41. How tourists cook eggs in steaming pools.
42. How rice is grown.
43. How people thresh wheat.
44. How ground is plowed.
45. How gold is mined.
46. How food reaches the soldiers on the battlefield.
47. How cities are bombarded.
48. How "Billy" Sunday preaches in Philadelphia.
49. I have seen and learnt all about the Coliseum in Rome.
50. I have seen the pyramids of Egypt and the Sphinx.
51. I have seen and learnt about the life of Jesus Christ, from His birth to His ascension into heaven.
52. How wounded soldiers are carried from the battlefield.
53. How oil-wells are drilled and worked.
54. How oranges grow and are picked.
55. How government claims are staked in the West.
56. How the settlers lived when America was young.
57. How wheat is ground into flour.
58. How Indian women weave blankets.
59. How whisky is distilled in the mountains.
60. How diseased cattle are killed in the Chicago stockyards.
61. How skyscrapers are erected.
62. That men who make whisky without paying revenue are called "moonshiners."
63. How sheep are sheared.
64. How wireless stations are erected along the coast, and how wireless messages are sent.
65. How a transfusion of blood is made from one person to another.
66. How patients are handled in a hospital.
67. How snakes live among the rocks.
68. How Red Cross nurses help the soldiers in the trenches.
69. How the men used steam shovels to construct the Panama Canal.
70. How wealthy people live in their homes.
71. How poor people of the city live in tenements.
72. I have seen and learnt about Valley Forge, West Point, the city of Poughkeepsie and the Hudson River.
73. How tobacco is dried and rolled into cigars.
74. How natives of the Philippine Islands make hats.
75. I have seen and learnt about the sea.
76. Also about different parts of Japan.
77. About different parts of the country of Italy.
78. I have followed the course of the Nile River for a long way.
79. That the people take off their shoes before entering a house in Japan.
80. I have noticed that engineers have to get their watches tested before going on with the engine.

This month we are going to have a new kind of competition. The answer to each question below is the name of a well-known child player:

What the Head of a Business Firm Is Called by an Employee.
The Name of a Well-known Bible Character.
A Big Ice-Cream Firm in New York City and Brooklyn.
The Name of an Important River in Canada.
One Who Gets His Living from the Creatures Under the Sea.
What a Sheriff Wears to Prove What He Is.

How I Became A Photoplayer

After overcoming every phase of the theatrical profession, artistically and commercially, that is, to my own satisfaction, I felt the inspiration of Alexander the Great and wanted to conquer something else.

About five years ago I accepted an

invitation to the Edison studio, and was so impressed with what I saw that I acquired the conquering habit again, enrolled myself with them, and have been with them ever since. As to what I have accomplished, I must leave that to the discriminating public, who, I must confess, have been overkind with me. The work and the environments of the Edison studio are very congenial, and if I have at any time contributed to the pleasure or edification of the followers of Edison films, I shall feel that in the declining years of my life I have given the best I have to the public and perhaps have earned this favor.

Robert Brower.

After giving the question of my advent into filmland careful consideration, I am forced to the conclusion that a friendship with Thomas H.

Ince, the producer, caused me to forsake the speaking stage for the pictures. To be candid, I had never entertained the slightest intention of becoming a photoplayer. I did not look upon the photoplay with disgust. In fact, I was a sincere admirer of good pictures. But my twenty years of work on the legitimate stage had, in a great measure, bound me to it.

Late in the summer of 1913 I paid a visit to Los Angeles. I was playing Jud Tolliver in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." I hunted up Mr. Ince during a few spare moments, and he invited me to visit the studios of the New York Motion Picture Corporation with him. I did, and I came away very much impressed with the hugeness of the plant. The visit rather filled me with a desire to try the pictures, and when Mr. Ince, at the termination of my engagement, asked me to join his forces, I consented. My first attempt was in a multiple reel feature, "The Bargain," which Mr. Ince wrote for me. Since then I have appeared in another feature, "On the Night Stage," as well as a number of two-part productions. I am smitten with the work. It is fascinating.

WILLIAM S. HART.

Attracted by the illustration on the cover of a popular magazine, a Kalem director purchased a copy of the publication. A month later, as the direct result of this incident, I became a Motion Picture actress.

Sounds remarkable, doesn't it? But here is how it all came about. I was born in Sweden and came to this country in 1908. A few months after my arrival I was walking along Riverside Drive, New York City, with a friend, when a kindly old gentleman stopped me and, after handing me his card, inquired whether I would care to pose for him.

Of course I was startled and indignant. For some undefined reason, however, I retained the card he had given me and, in relating the incident to a friend that evening, displayed the bit of pasteboard. I was promptly informed that the name it contained, Carol Beckwith, was that of one of the most prominent portrait painters of the day.

Thus reassured, I later accepted Mr. Beckwith's offer and posed for head, shoulder and arm studies. I worked for that dear old man until just before his death. By that time I had grown to love the work, and so I posed for Penrhyn Stanlaws. Did you know that I am the original "Stanlaws Girl"? Well, I am. For

two years I worked for him exclusively.

Later I posed for such famous illustrators and painters as Charles Dana Gibson, F. F. Church, Montgomery Flagg, Harrison Fisher, Ben Ali Haggin and quite a few others. One of my pictures caught the eye of Kenean Buel, a Kalem director, as he was passing a newsstand. He purchased a copy of the magazine, on the cover of which my likeness appeared, and instituted inquiries concerning me. It wasn't very long before I was offered a position with the Kalem Company, and I have been with them ever since.

ANNA NILSSON.

After considerable amateur work, I began my professional stage life in a stock company, playing, for many years, as leading man in the old Albaugh Company, which I consider the best training in the world for making an all-around actor. I played in several other companies and had a complete general experience, when I decided to take a short rest.

I wasn't permitted this respite, however, for I had an offer to go into the Motion Picture work. I had seen the rapid rise in this art and decided

to try it. It was when I was playing in "The Bishop's Carriage," in Philadelphia, that Richard Foster Baker saw my work and asked me to come to the Essanay Company as leading man. I accepted. That was four years ago, and I have been here ever since. There is scarcely any inducement that would tempt me back to the speaking stage. I liked the Motion Picture work and believed that there was a wider field in this work and a better future than on the so-called legitimate stage.

Your audience is far greater and there is infinitely more opportunity to do something for the good of humanity. For I believe that every true artist has behind his work an ideal to aid in the betterment of the world in general, as well as perfecting his art. Anything that has a tendency to give pleasure and strengthen high ideals is worth while.

I believe that the Motion Picture stage has a far greater power in this direction than the speaking stage or even the pulpit. Both the pulpit and the legitimate stage are limited in their scope. Every one, even in the smallest towns, sees the Motion Pictures, and you certainly have to reach the people before you can stimulate them. It remains for the Motion Picture companies to present clean, high-standard plays to bring about a stimulating influence for the better things in life. This is the aim of the Essanay Company and of its actors, and is one of the leading reasons why I prefer the Motion Picture stage to the speaking stage.

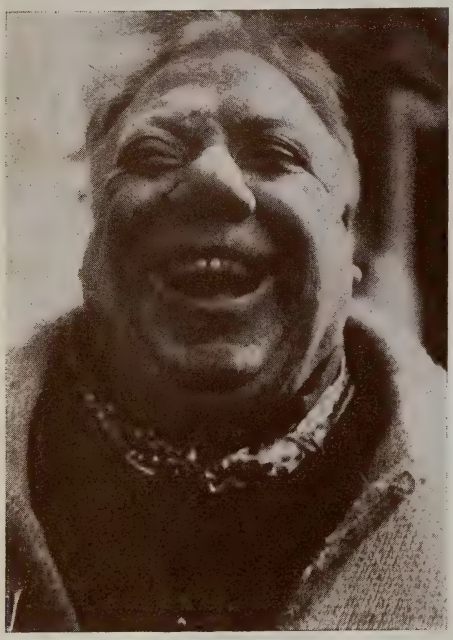
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

Nearly thirty years ago I commenced my professional career, and for twenty-six years I appeared with varying degrees of success. My last several years on the stage were devoted exclusively to creating parts in new productions, which paid me a reasonable salary; but, in spite of my increasing personal reputation as a comedian, my salary did not increase in a corresponding manner. I knew there was a reason for this, so I diligently searched for the cause of my stationary salary for advancing professional values.

In due time I became firmly convinced that the Moving Pictures were to blame for my condition. They were making serious inroads into the theatrical business and were rapidly becoming a great amusement enterprise. Therefore I decided to abandon my old profession in its descent and enter the new, silent picture play, rising, with startling speed, to general favoritism.

For weeks I applied to different

picture concerns, only to be repulsed in every case but the last. This was with the old Vitagraph Company. To them I made application, offering to work in one picture for nothing to prove my value to the Moving Picture screen. My offer was curtly refused,



but it did secure an offer of the usual five dollars a day, in order that the Vitagraph officials could see my screen possibilities. I was to work in but one picture, but before it was finished I was asked to appear in another. Of course I readily assented.

Before the second picture was finished the Vitagraph officials plainly indicated that they were pleased with my work; but, when I broached a permanent engagement, they advised me that it could not be considered. This was because I had been receiving a fair salary in the theaters, a salary far in excess of what the Vitagraph felt they could offer.

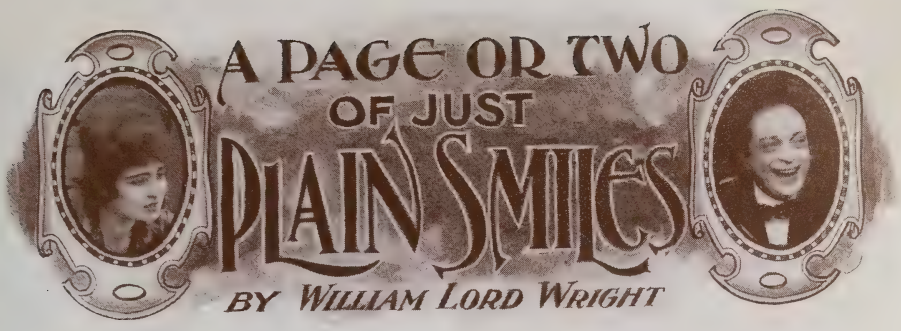
I insisted that they make me their best offer, and, after apologizing for doing so, they offered me forty dollars, about one-fifth of what I had been receiving in the theaters. To their great surprise I readily accepted, for they had assured me that they would pay me any salary if the public wanted my pictures. I started at forty dollars about three years ago. My pictures were liked. My opinion of the diminution of the theater and the rise of the photoplay was correct, and everybody in the civilized world knows the rest.

JOHN BUNNY.

I was divided between two desires. I loved the stage and wanted to go out of Chicago with another repertoire company, and I also loved my home and wanted my own kin around and they wanted me. There was but one thing to do in order to have both of my desires—go into Motion Pictures. I thought it out a long time before deciding, but my people urged it so strongly that I said I would give it a trial. I did, and when I

finally secured a position as light comedy lead I knew I had attained my wishes, for I thoroly enjoy myself and can spend my evenings with the folks. There is one exception, a thrilling adventure such as our Kay-Bee flying trip to the Bear Valley country.

LOUISE GLAUM.



As mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat—not so in the movies! "A man can smile and smile, and be a villain still"—with the sole exception in Filmland! Came Ella Wheeler Wilcox and remarked: "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone." We challenge the truth of that justly famous assertion; once again have the Motion Pictures shattered all accepted adages!

Miss Flora Finch weeps, and all the movie multitude have tears in their eyes; they all laugh until they cry. John Bunny laughs, and there is only a responsive chuckle; he weeps, and there is a roar of merriment. It is true that all the world giggles along with the dimpled smile of Lillian Walker, and it is also true that the villain who smiles frequently in the Motion Picture drama does not travel far in the plot. And there you are—all paradoxes shaken, all accepted rulings topsy-turvy; everything seemingly at sixes and sevens.

Miss Lottie Briscoe weeps, and the world weeps with her; and if Ford Sterling laughs, he laughs alone, for the world is sitting up anticipating that something that is almost certain to happen to him. Then the world laughs!

In Movieland some woe-begone countenances cause us to laugh, and others cause us to cry, and misery never loves company here! It is truly a unique situation and a far cry from any accepted standard.

There are wisdom and sunshine and mental stimulation in the Motion Picture smile. Miss Florence Lawrence's smile is both winning and charming; Mabel Trunnelle's smile is appealing; while the smile of Miss Kate Price is the smile that just wont come off!

NORMA PHILLIPS

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Nothing prettier, nothing more encouraging than the happy smile of a beautiful woman. For this fact, if nothing else, the Motion Pictures deserve a vote of thanks. When the tired business man, so-called; the housewife, worn with the day's work; the pessimist and the poet, the grouch and the end-seat hog—when all of these, and more, are smiled and smiled at from the animated screen—well, it strikes a responsive chord, and they forget everything else and just smile back.

And maybe that involuntary smile

THESE VITAGRAPH PLAYERS WERE SNAPPED UNAWARES, JUST AS THEY WERE GETTING AWAY WITH THEIR CHRISTMAS TURKEYS, HENCE THEIR EXPRESSIONS ARE NATURAL ONES

won from the money-lender there in the back seat will be reflected on the morrow when some unfortunate comes seeking aid; mayhap that smile will thaw out the ice encrusted around the grouch's heart, and he will go home and smile on his little ones; perhaps the smile reflected there from the screen will bring sunshine into the home of the overworked father or the ailing mother, and they will smile together and each one for the other.

Smiles certainly add to the joy of living, and that is why we like the movie actresses whose "weeps" really mean laughs, or the beautiful ladies whose winning smiles in the picture-play coax a responsive grin from our own countenance and bring a sparkle to the eye and sunshine to the soul! There's wisdom in smiles—there are joy and peace and mutual good-will. The smiles of Alice Joyce, of Clara Kimball Young, of Kathryn Williams, of Pearl White, of Mary Pickford, and of others, are well worth the price of admission to any theater in this broad land of ours. Let us all continue smiling in Movieland!

A Head

By DOROTHY HARPUR

Miladi-in-the-seat-ahead,
I cannot see the screen;
Your collar and your hair, instead,
Obstruct each passing scene.

I hope that all the modern maids
Will soon compassion take
And wear their hair in flattened braids—
Then movie necks wont break!

How I Came to Write For The MOTION PICTURES

The Interesting Facts brought to Light for the first time in an Interview with

REX BEACH

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

TRY to recall, for an instant, the biggest, the handsomest and the pleasantest character that Rex Beach has drawn in any of the many popular books he has written, and you will have a fairly good mental picture of—Rex Beach. He has an enviable smile, and he uses it in a way that is a tonic for oversoberness. As a matter of fact, it is infectious—and I caught it.

REX BEACH

Mr. Beach makes his home for about half of each year in New York City, where he can keep in convenient touch with the social and commercial activities that engage a man of his calibre. It was here that I called on him, being admitted to the four-story white stone house by the colored butler. Mr. Beach was engaged at the moment with Adachi Kinosuki, the Japanese writer, and I was obliged to "cool my heels" in the lower reception hall. But this was no irksome task, because it enabled me to get my first view of the diversity of Mr. Beach's accomplishments and tastes. On the walls were several of the original drawings and paintings of well-known fiction. Over the mantel, for instance, was the book-cover picture of "The Ne'er-Do-Well," painted by Harrison Fisher; beyond was a graphic depiction of the big scene from "The Spoilers," also by Fisher, and near the window was the revolt scene from "Flesh," by Sarka. The floors—this is true of all the rooms in the house, by the way—were covered with splendid skins of animals killed by Beach. One might readily picture some thrilling moments garnered from the still vicious-looking puma, panther, hyena, wolf and bear heads scattered about. Here lie the secrets of many dramatic climaxes that could scarcely be put into photoplays. In contrast to these reminders of the forest, there are a splendid Italian table and two benches of richly carved marble representing the most advanced civilization of the Old World two hundred years ago.

My reflective sojourn was interrupted at this period by the appearance of Mr. Beach and his Japanese caller. He hailed me up to the top of the stairs, where he stood with his boyish smile and outstretched hand both welcoming me. We ascended still another staircase and entered a large, high-ceiled room. This was the "workshop."

"I am just finishing my new book, the first instalment of which is to appear in the January *Cosmopolitan*," he said, noticing my glance at the pile of handwritten manuscript on the

great antique mahogany desk which he uses as his literary work-bench.

And I may remark that Mr. Beach is under contract with the Hearst magazines for the exclusive first serial rights of all of his novels at the highest figure ever paid for similar rights—something surely not less than $25,000. This event happens about once a year and does not include book rights, which are bought by Harper & Brothers, with a handsome advance on royalties. We may get some idea of the profit in a successful novel when we know that a famous novelist like Mr. Beach gets never less than twenty cents a copy on every book sold and learn further that two of Mr. Beach's books have passed the 500,000 mark. Beside book and first serial rights, there are second and even third serial rights that bring large sums. The latter usually are used in a syndicate of newspapers. After this there are the foreign rights, which are worth a pretty figure in the long run.

I have particular reason for knowing the value of Mr. Beach's short stories, as I sold his story, "Flesh," in 1912 for $1,000, the highest figure, I believe, paid up to that time for a piece of short fiction by an American author.

Which brings us to the discussion of the great—and little—fiction writers' newest and not least source of income from worth-while fiction material—the photoplay rights.

"I think I can make an unique claim in the matter of Moving Picture rights for the copyrighted works of well-known authors," said Mr. Beach, as soon as I had broached the subject. "I think it was as far back as five years ago that I first touched upon the matter with a reliable producer and manufacturer. I maintained that the day would come when the longer works of fiction would become a photoplay certainty. He laughed at me. They were making nothing but short stuff—one reel or less—at the time. Prices were not discussed, because the whole thing seemed so absurdly out of the question. It was several years before I took up the matter again—this time a manufacturer came to me. I was, at length, asked what I would take outright for all my published novels. I asked the manufacturer to make me an offer. Since my first discussion of the matter years before, longer works of photoplay production—at that time extending over many reels, tho mostly of a spectacular rather than of a dramatic nature—had begun to appear. Works of fiction were still a matter of speculation.

"Well, at length, the manufacturer made me an offer. This was my time to laugh. I politely informed him that in the first place my entire production was not for sale in bulk. In the second place, I intended to sell nothing outright, but on a royalty basis of so much a manufactured foot. He was highly amused at this, and we parted, each with a feeling that the other had eccentric ideas, to say the least.

"After that I met many other manufacturing producers, but we came no nearer to a basis of mutual satisfaction. In the meantime I tried my hand at writing a few special short photoplays—with your collaboration"—(here Mr. Beach indicated the interviewer with a designating smile)—"and derived no little interest and pleasure from seeing the only two scenarios from my pen on the screen—'The Vengeance of Durand' and 'The Barrier That Was Burned.'"

Mr. Beach knocked out the "heel" of his pipe at this juncture and asked me if I wouldn't have a cigar. I took one of those long, fat Havanas that never fail to make a good smoke, from the humidor. He did the same, and we lit up.

"I was both amused and mad over a conversation with a seemingly very wise young lady who called me up a few months ago. She announced that she was the editor of one of the well-known Independent companies and the chosen confidante of writers, and said that she would be glad to tell me something interesting. That's part of

TENNIS AND MOTOR-BOATING, PRINCIPAL RECREATIONS OF MR. BEACH

our business, looking for interesting things, I told her, trying hard not to be discourteous in the face of her condescending tones.

"'I am going to make you an offer for your entire literary product,' she announced, and I tried to show that I was interested—for I *was*.

"She then proceeded to offer me practically half the number of hun-

dreds of dollars for each of my novels that I have since received in thousands from 'The Spoilers,' from my arrangement with the Selig Polyscope Company. I waited respectfully until the lady was finished, when I asked her if she were in earnest. Oh, she had a blank stuck under the telephone receiver, she reassured me.

" 'Well, young lady,' I said, now a trifle hot over the affair, 'either you are trying to flim-flam me, or you are woefully ignorant of your business. In either case you are a discredit to the film industry.'

"The young lady then accused me of 'pumping' her of valuable information, thus virtually acknowledging that my rights were a matter of prey, if I had not been cognizant of actual conditions. In contrast to this experience the Selig Company, or I should say Mr. Selig, has more than done his share, and there are a whole lot of things I have to thank him for that are not down in the contract.

"Most of the big writers have made a mistake by accepting the first offers made them to dispose of all of their valuable rights. They jumped at what was offered them, for it seemed like picking money up that had never before been forthcoming. A few of us have held out, and it shall be my policy in particular never to sell outright, but rather on a royalty basis only. I am in no hurry. In fact, I know that the longer I wait the better I'll be treated. So far I have disposed of only 'The Spoilers' and 'The Ne'er-Do-Well.' The argument that the opposing manufacturing producers use is that I am getting so-and-so much worth of free advertising from the picturization of my books. My contention is that they would be getting so-and-so much worth of profits from my works free by underpaying me as the author of the work. And how about the advertising that an author's books have, with their several hundred thousands of 'constant readers'? They should compensate the author for that."

We dismissed the subject of photodrama at this point, and I began to ask questions about many of the objects about the interesting room, with its hundreds of books and pictures. There was a gun-cabinet that partly explained all of those fine specimens of skins all over the floors. There were guns for every conceivable kind of game, from quail to big game—and Mr. Beach is an expert shot. Then I made another discovery. Mr. Beach is—or was at least—an athlete of no mean ability, as his collection of medals and trophies testified.

At his summer home on Lake Hopatcong, where Hudson Maxim, the inventor and writer, is a near neighbor, Mr. Beach indulges his love for athletics during the vacation months. One of his greatest pastimes is speeding his fast motor-boat over the lake. And so it goes, from tennis to motoring. And we, his audience and readers, get this great big out-of-doors served up to us in his plays and books in a way that makes them a healthy tonic to all of us. For remember, before long we are going to see all of Beach's big, virile fiction on the screen. Those who have seen "The Spoilers" agree that nothing bigger and more stirring has been seen.

The Tonic

By ALDIS DUNBAR

Only a glimpse of light-heart comedy,
That brought a little laugh; or two, or three;
Only a loyal lover's quaint device,
A flash of brave and gallant sacrifice,
Passing before me on the silent screen—
But life took on new worth from what was seen!

What WARREN KERRIGAN Isn't

by Hettie Gray Baker

THREADING the maze of the Universal Film Company's studio at Hollywood, Cal., I came upon Jack Warren Kerrigan. I recognized him at once, in spite of the fact that he isn't red-haired or blue-eyed, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. For the sake of record, let me put it down that he has black hair and gray-hazel eyes. He granted a request for an interview with the air of one trying to conceal his real feelings, but over lukewarm coffee and a ham sandwich, snatched between scenes, he cheered up a little.

You will notice that I am not formally introducing him to you. Not to know, in these days of the ubiquitous Moving Pictures, who Jack Warren Kerrigan is, is to argue oneself unknown.

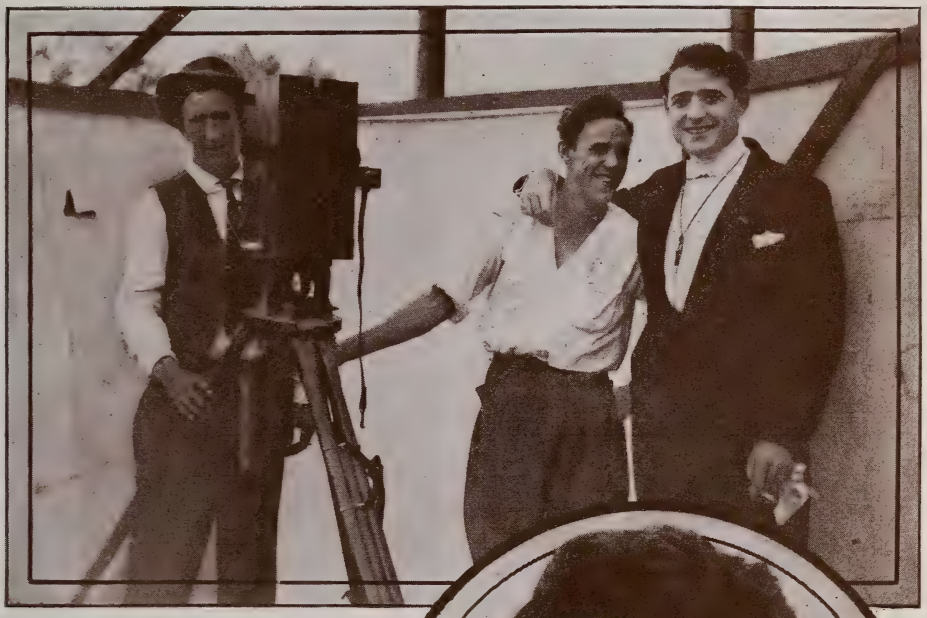
It was a boiling hot day, and he was in full evening dress, which did not add appreciably to his comfort; but Kerrigan has been a star long enough to know that hot weather, uncomfortable clothes, too little food and too much interviewer are all in the day's work.

The talk drifted along smoothly down the usual channel until it got onto the subject of correspondence, when it struck the first snag.

"I get from thirty to sixty letters a day," he was saying, "and answer a large proportion of them. I took six hundred with me to answer during our last trip to San Diego."

I remembered something I had heard—in fact, had never forgotten it, and had always planned to get one for myself. "To think of sending a box of candy to

J. WARREN KERRIGAN AS "SAMSON"



each girl who writes you!" I exclaimed.

Bump! His chair came down on four legs, and the interviewer became the interviewee right away. "That is all nonsense," he said with emphasis. "I wouldn't presume to do such a thing. How that story ever got started I dont know, and I wish you would contradict it."

When a man who can play Samson "wishes" anything done, it is apt to be done, so here is the contradiction. He doesn't return candy for letters, but he does receive a great many letters, and every one that he acknowledges, and that means most of them, he answers personally, in his own hand and without the aid of the imaginary secretary with which he has been credited. But no candy; and girls hoping to the contrary will be disappointed.

Anxious to change the subject and hoping to avoid any more rocks, I said: "Let's begin at the beginning. You were born in New Albany, Indiana, I believe."

Less emphasis this time. "No, but that mistake is more natural, for most of my boyhood was spent there, and several of my family have lived there until recently. But my parents tell me I was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and that should settle the question. I have seven brothers and one sister, so that members of the Kerrigan family have lived in a num-

ber of places, but my birthplace remains in Louisville."

I made a mental note to avoid repeating items to people about themselves and started the ship of conversation again. "Tell me about your stage experience?" I asked.

"My sister, Kathleen, was the wife of the late Clay Clement, and I made my first appearance on the stage in his company. I had several years in the spoken drama and was playing the juvenile lead in 'The Road to

Yesterday' when the Essanay Film Company made me an offer to appear in Moving Pictures. That was a little over four years ago. I played with them a year, nearly three years as leading man with the American Film Company in Santa Barbara and am well into my second year with the Universal. My sister continues her stage career, having appeared in only one picture, 'Samson,' in which I played the title rôle."

"Not any of your seven brothers on the stage; not even Wallace?"

"No, none of them. And here is another thing you can contradict."

More emphasis. "My twin brother is a business man, and a very successful one. He is manager of the Universal ranch and has no desire to be a Moving Picture actor. Will you please make it clear that he is doing the work he wants to do because he wants to do it, and not to oblige me. I am not jealous of him, and I am not paying him half my salary to keep him off the screen because he is better-looking than I am! That's another story I want nailed right away."

With the publication of this, Mr. Kerrigan, please consider it nailed.

"We seem to have embarked on a tributary stream, where I am discovering what you are not. What else are you not?"

"Well"—and this with a flashing smile, whose tinge of gratitude made me appreciate how pleasant it is to be first aid to the misrepresented—"I am not married. I think that covers all the other stories, or most of them. Having no wife and not taking into consideration any natural attributes of common decency I may possess, it follows that I am not a wife-beater. It has also been stated, sometimes by my fellow actors, that I am trying to conceal the existence of a wife and several children, because I think married stars are not so popular. Even if I thought that, which I do not, one has only to look at the popularity of the Costello family to know how absurd such a theory is. If I were so fortunate, I'd want the whole world to know it. But I am not married, and what is more, I never have been; so just contradict anything you have ever heard about a wife of mine."

I took a fresh grip of my pencil, expectantly. Perhaps I could have some bona-fide gossip to write.

"I notice this is all in the present and past tenses. Do you wish to make any statements in the future tense?"

"The scene is ready, sir," came the call from the stage. An expectant look shot into the big player's face. So this interview about the Jack Kerrigan who doesn't exist came to a close with the most interesting question unanswered—and uncontradicted.

Advice to Newcomers in Photoplay

By ROSEMARY THEBY

GRANTING that you have obtained an opening in a studio and have at last been given the opportunity to play a part—and a whole lifetime in experience may have gone before—determine to create, as a first impression, the best that is in you. If you are allowed to read the manuscript—do so. Read every line of every scene, whether you are in it or not. Let the story as a whole sink into your mind. Then think of your own part. Define your character in the photoplay, not only as to dress but as to manners and thoughts. Dress is paramount, however, for nothing is more unsatisfying than to see an adventuress in one scene dress as an ingénue, then later as a flashily dressed society woman.

Go home after you have absorbed your character and, standing before a mirror, try to express, thru your face, the meaning of every scene. The result will be crude, perhaps, but it helps wonderfully to make one's expressions fluent.

Next day, when you are called on the scene—that is, the "stage"—remember this most important bit of advice from an experienced player: *concentrate.* It is the very keynote of success. For if you concentrate before you begin a scene, you will, without knowing it, throw yourself into the character and will live the part. Every action has a thought in back of it, and you cannot make the audience read that thought which is passing thru your mind unless you concentrate. Concentrate! I wish I could make the word big and strong enough! Heed my advice, do, and if you want success, dont shirk, but take your work seriously, for earnestness has never failed to breed success.

SONG OF THE Motion Picture Camera

BY JOSEPH F. POLAND

What do you sing of, camera grim—
You that the world in motion know—
Sad lay or glad, peace or battle-hymn?
Then did the camera answer low:

Sweet and clear is the song I sing,
Large is it writ on every screen;
In every heart its echoes ring,
Bringing a peace and a joy serene.
Glance at the crowd now hasting along,
See in their faces pleasure rife;
At the picture show they have heard my song—
They have heard my song of the Joy of Life.

The Joy of Life is the song I sing;
I chant not the tread of marching feet
Of men to war, but instead I bring
The children's footsteps down the street
To the picture show. Poor little tots!
Acting Life's drama 'mid tenement scenes,
They gaze entranced at the beauteous spots
And wondrous sights on the movie screens.

The weary toiler hears my song;
I sing alike to the good and bad,
For I draw no lines in that motley throng—
My only tasks are to make all glad,
To spread clean thoughts and to banish strife,
To strengthen the weary, cheer the sad;
So I sing my song of the joy of life
To man and woman, lass and lad.

Camera, your speech has truth and worth;
No bauble are you, no childish toy.
Yours is a world task—the whole wide earth
Shall join with you in your song of joy.

Chats with the PLAYERS

EDGAR JONES, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

WHEN I received the assignment to interview Edgar Jones, the famous, fire-eating director-actor of the Lubin Company, I trembled with awe. Being an ardent picture fan, I had never missed an opportunity to see his performances on the screen—those rugged, raw, "man with the bark on" kind that have made his acting with the Western Lubin Company so distinctive.

While trolleying out to Benzwood, the vast Lubin estate on the Schuylkill River, I pictured myself being received by Edgar Jones and his company with a fusillade of pistol shots and perhaps a lariat or two flung around my girlish waist. I was half-tempted to tote along, and to give as a propitiatory offering to my hero, a large plug of chewing-tobacco and a bottle of the raw-looking liquor they appear to drink so thirstily in Western pictures.

Arriving at Benzwood and passing the guard at the gates, my attention was focused upon a company of soldiers making a bivouac in the heavy snow under the trees. A tall, bronze-cheeked man, in a rough, tweed suit, with shoulders as straight as a ship's rigging, was giving them low, quiet commands. A bystander told me that he was none other than Edgar Jones. I blushed at my preconceived impressions of my hero's appearance, and waited, with the agitation of a sweet girl graduate, until my time should come to interview him.

"Mr. Jones, a lady to see you, sir."

I stepped forward determinedly, with ten thousand pent-up blushes struggling to the surface. The distinguished gentleman on whom I charged so recklessly perhaps noticed my embarrassment, or perhaps it was his inborn courtesy toward the sex. At any rate, he immediately placed me at ease by suggesting a stroll down one of the beautiful avenues that make Benzwood such a wonderland.

"The sun effects," he began, "have been very beautiful upon the snow here at sunrise. I have been watching its prismatic effects the past week, and it would make an extraordinary picture in color."

"Heavens!" I thought, "do directors' duties begin at such elfin, unearthly hours?"

"Midnight under the stars, too," he went on, with his powerful brown eyes flashing, "with their violet tints on the snow, is fascinating in the extreme. There is something almost uncanny about taking pictures at such a time."

My ideas of photography went by the board with a crash. "But, Mr. Jones," I gasped, "I thought that daylight or artificial light was absolutely——"

"I see you have not heard of 'Stonewall Jackson's Way,'" he smiled down at me—"my latest picture. Many of the scenes were taken during the blackest part of night. My electricians and photographers have been a great help to me. Stonewall Jackson's memorable raid into the valleys of Virginia and the battle with the Union forces were photographed at exactly 3:30 A. M." He paused to check up his figures. "I think there were something like three thousand flashlight bombs which were strung over the trees and fields, each one numbered and controlled by a sepa-

rate wire to the switchboard. Our ammunition, too, was made with flashlight powder, giving those weird, streaky effects of light that a night picture requires."

"It's wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"Hardly that," he defended, "but it takes a little patience and imagination and a lot of enthusiasm among my players."

I could not help thinking his words were all too modest in so passing over a masterpiece of genius and camera craft.

"But the unearthly hours you have just mentioned — sunrise and the watches in the dead of night, and all that?" I persisted in asking.

"Mostly habit," he said, smiling seriously. "I dont care to pass as an ascetic, but I am always up at break of day, or before, and very often I go four or five days without tasting anything except a little pure water with a dash of lemon juice. I find that this keeps me in the best of trim."

Again, with a sickening splash, my notions of red raw liquor, chewing-tobacco and other aids to Western atmosphere slipped overboard.

"But your strength—your ability to do big physical things," I gasped; "doesn't it affect them?"

"Not in the slightest.

In fact, it is only by rigid discipline of my diet that I can accomplish what I do.

"Do you remember 'The Man of Him,'" he went on rapidly, "in which I was buried in the quicksand? The pictured scene took about fifty seconds, but, as a matter of fact, I was buried in the sands for something over six hours. My nose and ears were stuffed with cotton and my head actually disappeared under the sinking sands for such a length of time — hours, it seemed—that I actually felt all the sensations of a dying man. If I had not been in the pink of condition, well——" And the unspoken words meant volumes.

"It isn't always so much the strain of actually taking pictures requiring physical fitness," he continued; "it is the preparation and the after effects, you know. 'From Out of the Flood' and 'Breed of the North,' two of my favorite photoplays, by the way, were taken in storm, sleet and flood, the passionate moods of nature."

"Tell me something about your past life," I suggested.

"There's not much to say," the big, outdoor man confessed, "unless it be that I have always had a passion for life in the open. Strange, too, because I was born and brought up on a farm in the Middle West.

"I received my stage tuition under Kyrle Bellew and Viola Allen, and perhaps the play that I most enjoyed was 'The Great Divide'; but the stage, after all, is simply a mimic coop as against the oceans of prairie and the billows of divide and silent mountains that the camera has learnt to use for its stage. About two years ago I held counsel with myself, and almost with disgust, I might say, renounced the artificiality of the footlights for the unbroken range and pure air Motion Pictures offer.

"There is no use in asking your preference, then?" I commented.

"Preference!" his big frame expanded with enthusiasm — "the word should not be used. The stage is so different from the newer art and its atmosphere that they cannot be compared. To paraphrase Cæsar: I had rather be a cow-puncher in ten feet of film than five long acts of hero to a leading lady on the stage."

"I suppose you are anxious to go West again and take up your work from where you left off?" I inquired.

"You have hit me there," he laughed just a bit wistfully. "My bones simply ache for the smell of the sage-brush and the choke of the alkali dust."

"Who knows?" I said prayerfully.

"The day has gone by," Edgar Jones flashed out, "for cheap, tawdry imitations of life in the West. I *know* the West, I *feel* it, I *love* it—perhaps I am the man with a mission —who knows?" FLORENCE ROLLINS.

PHILLIPS SMALLEY

(Bosworth)

It is said that there are two classes of men in the world—gentlemen and others. Most obviously, most emphatically does Phillips Smalley rank with that former class. And these are the proofs external: a certain, well-built erectness of bearing; six foot in height; direct, brown eyes; sleek, black hair; his accent is slightly English, and his manner is the extreme of courtesy. One feels immediately at ease in his presence, and that is an atmosphere not every one is able to inspire.

Things began to move very early in life for him, and they will always keep moving, for he is in for the bigness of things—the betterment and the uplift, which is what he is doing today, for Moving Pictures.

"I was born in Brooklyn," began Mr. Smalley, autobiographically, "and at the age of eight days sailed for London. My father accepted the post of editor of the London *Tribune* and that necessitated the rather premature trip. I didn't see America until twenty-six years later."

All his schooling was in England, culminating with Oxford, where he made the famous Oxford rowing crew, and after that he had a bookshop in the Old Curiosity Shop and learnt there to love Dickens first of all the literati.

The recall to America came as abruptly, if not as inopportunely, as the leave-taking. On his way to his home in Yorkshire one evening Mr. Smalley received a telegram from his father, advising him of a newly-accepted post as American representative of the London *Times* and requesting his son to join him en route the following day. Thus the return to the parent shores.

"I took a post-graduate course at Harvard for two years upon my arrival in America," reminisced Mr. Smalley, "studying law. And as the fruits of the course, I took a position with one of the prominent New York firms, where I worked up to the capacity of chief clerk. When I finally left the firm, because of some slight dispute, I branched out for myself and numbered among my clients many from the theatrical profession." And here Mr. Smalley had touched upon the vital point of his interest. Ever since his early Oxford days, he told me, he had been interested in the stage from the delicate point of view—that is, from the standpoint of art, of the big things and the big people. And he numbers among his friends such exponents of the profession as Forbes-Robertson, Beerbohm Tree, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. There was to be one more vicissitude in the business world, however, before the stage claimed him—and that was work with the New York *Herald* under the auspices, indirectly, of his father.

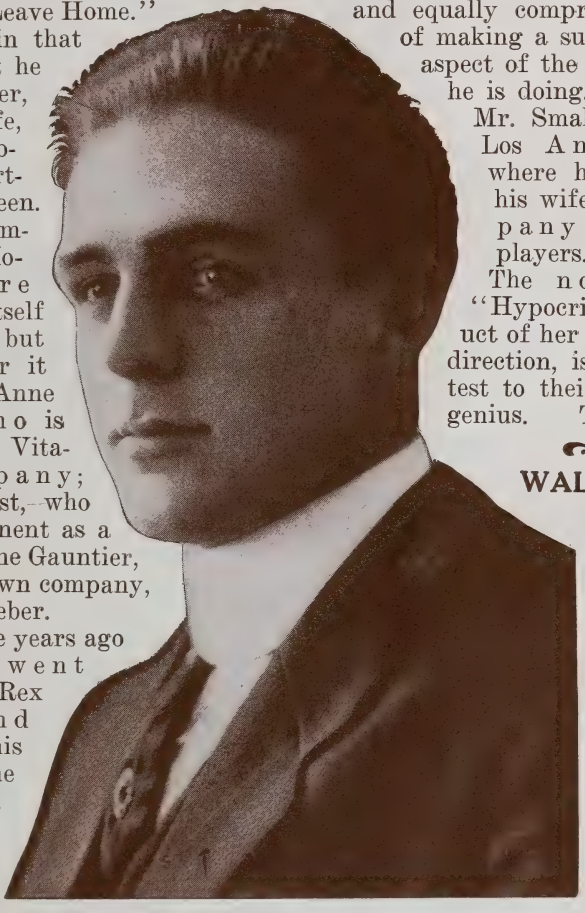
"It was one day on Broadway," Mr. Smalley remembered, "that I met a friend from England who knew of a vacancy in Mrs. Fiske's company

and told me of it. I filled that vacancy and played various rôles under her for two years. It was a very delightful experience. After that I played in melodrama—an experience which I will never regret." Mr. Smalley went on to say that he created the original Joe White in "Why Girls Leave Home." And it was in that company that he met Lois Weber, now his wife, his fellow-producer and partner on the screen. In fact, the company was a Motion Picture company in itself had they but known it, for it included Anne Schaefer, who is now with the Vitagraph Company; Edwin August, who is now prominent as a producer; Gene Gauntier, who has her own company, and—Lois Weber.

About three years ago Mr. Smalley went with the Rex Company, and he, with his wife, are in the work with all their hearts. Their ambition is to produce pictures that will uplift—that will have not merely an amusing but a *moral* effect. Pictures that will go beneath the flesh and touch home. Just at present they are producing pictures along Christian Science lines.

"What do you think of the Board of Censorship?" I asked him.

"Very good—up to a certain point. But I do not care for their way of going about things. They try to assume too much authority.



WALLACE REID

Mr. Smalley's main theory of life is—to leave things alone if you cannot do them well. Which means to devote your energies to what you can do and give up expending unnecessary vitality in vain pursuits. A very sound and comprehensive theory. And his greatest ambition is equally sound and equally comprehensive—that of making a success, in every aspect of the word, of what he is doing.

Mr. Smalley is now in Los Angeles, Cal., where he has joined his wife and his company of Bosworth players.

The now famous "Hypocrites," the product of her pen and of his direction, is the latest attest to their dual artistic genius. THE TATLER.

WALLACE REID

(Mutual)

Mr. Reid was not in when I called at his home in Allison Avenue, so I journeyed down to the studio just in time to meet him as he was hurrying out, watch in hand, "forgotten engagement" written large all over his expressive face.

"An interview?" he said, as we shook hands cordially. "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Courtlandt, but I'm afraid it's impossible now."

"And I'm going East tomorrow," I wailed.

"I have an important engagement in just thirteen minutes. It's impossible today, unless"—and here his eye lighted on a long, low, rakish-looking

automobile standing at the curb—"that is, unless you care to hop into the machine and let me drive you over to town, and perhaps you could get the interview on the way over."

I assented, for I was very anxious to complete my round of interviews before coming East. And from that moment I date my abhorrence of long, low, rakish automobiles. Did you ever try to "chat" a famous actor while seated in that same actor's indecently rapid automobile, while he tries to show you just exactly how fast that same automobile can go? Well, then, my advice to you is that of Punch to people about to marry: Dont! Not that it wasn't a good car. It was a beauty, and its proud owner knew just exactly how to get the last ounce of speed out of "her." But I have always had an unaccountable aversion to trying to hold my hat on, keep my eyes on a soft spot in which to land, should anything happen to the machine, and at the same time keep up a brilliant line of talk calculated to separate Wallace Reid peacefully from the full story of his life. It was something like this:

"I was born in St. Louis," he began. I clutched my hat. "I went to the Peabody School there until I was about seven years of age. Then my parents moved to New York, and, of course, I went along, albeit unwillingly. You see, there was a chap in school with me who was several years older than I, who had a most irritating habit of demonstrating his superior strength by "licking" me regularly. As I recall it now, my greatest ambition was to stay in St. Louis till I had grown large enough to return some of the lickings."

Just here we rounded a curve very prettily on two wheels. A senseless chicken darted across the road, and Mr. Reid swerved daintily almost to the edge of a wicked-looking ditch. I smothered a scream and clutched my hat! Not in the least disturbed, he calmly took up his story just where he had left off.

"In 1909, I think it was, I left New York and went West, to Cody, Wyo. I spent the spring and summer there, engaged in several kinds of work—ranch and hotel. I went back East in the winter and accepted a position on the city staff of the Newark *Morning Star,* where I spent most of the winter. From there I went on the stage with my father—Hal Reid, you know—in 'The Girl and the Ranger.' After a successful tour in this play I 'hired out' with Selig as general utility man, where I did a little of everything, took the good with the bad and learnt a lot of useful things. I stayed with them until November, when I accepted a position as assistant editor for the *Motor Magazine.* Then the lure of pictures grew too strong, and I joined the Vitagraph Company, where I stayed for eleven months, during which time I played about every sort of part imaginable. From Vitagraph I went to Reliance, where I spent four months. Then, as leading man and Otis Turner's assistant, I came to California. I left Universal for American. During the winter of 1912 I wrote and directed all the 'Flying A' second company productions."

At this instant something bade fair to happen. For a very small, very mongrel dog started to cross the road in front of us, barely missing our front wheels; at the same instant a bicycle started to pass, and the dog, with a scared yelp, attempted a quick crossing. Whereupon there was a beautiful mixup of dog, man and bicycle. Seeing that the man was uninjured but very angry, we drove on. Our last glimpse of him showed him sitting in the dust of a California roadway, liberally cursing the tribe of motorists, dogs and bicycle manufacturers. My eye caught the calm, brown eyes of Mr. Reid, and we both shouted with laughter. I clutched my hat as we went on, calmly.

"To continue my travels. In April, 1913, I went back to Universal, and during that summer and winter I played leads and directed my own stories for the Rex and Nestor companies, but I am now with Mutual."

His favorite parts are "Indian Romeo and Juliet." "The Tribal Law," "Before the White Man Came," "The Animal" and "The Cracksman" stories.

He is six feet two inches in height and weighs one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. His eyes are brown and his hair is crisp light brown.

Is he married? We-ell, that's a question that is strictly against the rules (see Answer Man), but just this once I will break it in order to say this much: There is a certain charming little blonde lady to whom he is quite devoted. In fact, this devotion is the talk of his friends, who, when they meet the little lady, can see no reason why he shouldn't be devoted to her. Her name? Why, Mrs. Reid, of course. Before you tell the circle of your friends that Wallace Reid is married, however, please pause to note that the lovely blonde lady is his *mother*. There!

ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

OLIVE JOHNSON BILLY JACOBS VIOLET RADCLIFFE

LUCY LA COSTE, The Diving Photoplayer (Mutual)

THOMAS H. INCE

Troubles of a Motion Picture Producer

By THOMAS H. INCE

A FEW days ago I received a visit from a Japanese, a Chinaman, a negro and a Hindu. Each was obsessed with the idea that his ancestors had delegated him to step in and save the Motion Picture industry. Each ended his petition with a prayer for a job. The Japanese, a well-educated fellow, concluded his with a peroration something like the following:

"Honorable director, my country is beautiful as Nirvana. If your heart beats normal and your mind is pure as the drifting snows of Fujiyama, then, in the language of my shogun ancestors, award me labor and sustenance."

On the strength of that poetic appeal I employed him for a large Oriental cast, and he made good.

Despite the educational delinquencies of the average Chinaman, this particular descendant of Confucius was exceptionally good at language spilling, which rivuleted like this:

"I am educated China gentleman. My father, he viceroy; my gran'-father, he great gen'ral; my gran'-father, he gran' secletary Emperor—all number one man."

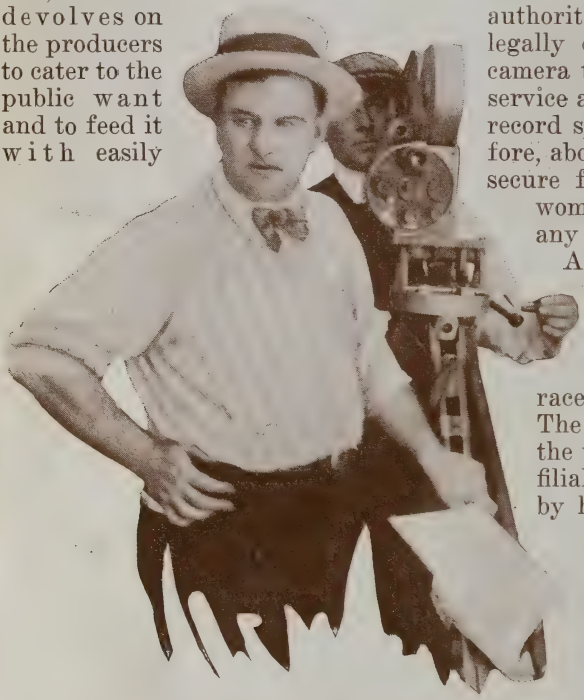
I should have seasoned this reference to his forebears with a liberal quantity of salt, but the fellow produced a lot of papers signed by a Chinese consul which put the stamp of truth on his statements. So I employed a scion of a Chinese noble family who, according to his genealogical chart, has everybody but old Buddha himself included among his ancestors.

The negro, an erstwhile prize-fighter, sought the movies as the logical outlet from a game which is to become banned in California, and the Hindu salaamed his way into the Motion Picture industry after several seasons of cotton picking in the Imperial Valley.

I speak of this quartet, each representing a distinct race, to convey to

the reader some impression of the heterogeneous class of human beings associated with the business of picture producing.

We have the entire world to draw from, and as realism is in demand just now it is necessary that real characters be utilized where it is possible to obtain them. Public preference runs toward real Chinese, or real Japanese, or real Hindus, to the exclusion of the "made-up" brand. The public is the judge in these matters, and it devolves on the producers to cater to the public want and to feed it with easily digested melodrama—if it is melodrama that is wanted.



MR. INCE, DIRECTING A PICTURE

In producing a Japanese play the Nipponese colony in Los Angeles was combed, and over a thousand of the little brown men and women were given employment for a fortnight. As an Oriental can make more money with a Motion Picture concern than in most other pursuits, I might add that our tender for employment was vastly oversubscribed. Altho the play was finished some time ago, the applications have not ceased to come in.

Of the male members of the House of Nippon it may be said that they are thickly planted in Southern California, but of the women the contrary is the rule. They are timid and modest and scarce, and it is necessary to pay them double the amount received by the men before they will step before a camera.

Japanese do not fear to face a camera, but a Chinaman would any time rather face a Gatling gun. Most Chinese resident in California are in constant fear of the government authorities, whether they are here legally or otherwise. Behind every camera they see the ubiquitous secret service agent, and they scamper off at record speed. A Chinaman is, therefore, about the most difficult person to secure for Motion Pictures, and his women folk will not be tempted at any price.

A modern Motion Picture camp certainly comprises a babel of tongues and a contrast of customs. Self-preservation demands that each distinct race be segregated from the other. The Indian scorns every race but the white race, for which he has a filial respect. The Hindu keeps by himself, where the shadow of others than his own caste cant cross his food. The Jap eats his bean curd and drinks his green tea peacefully, contemplating his next door neighbor, the Chinaman, of whose territory he would like to annex. The Chinaman holds aloof from and casts furtive glances at the pepper-heated Mexican, whom he distrusts.

Trouble is bound to occur, for the "parliament of man" has not yet invaded Motion Picture camps any more than it has the world nations, but in the general course of events there is less disturbance, in proportion, than in larger communities.

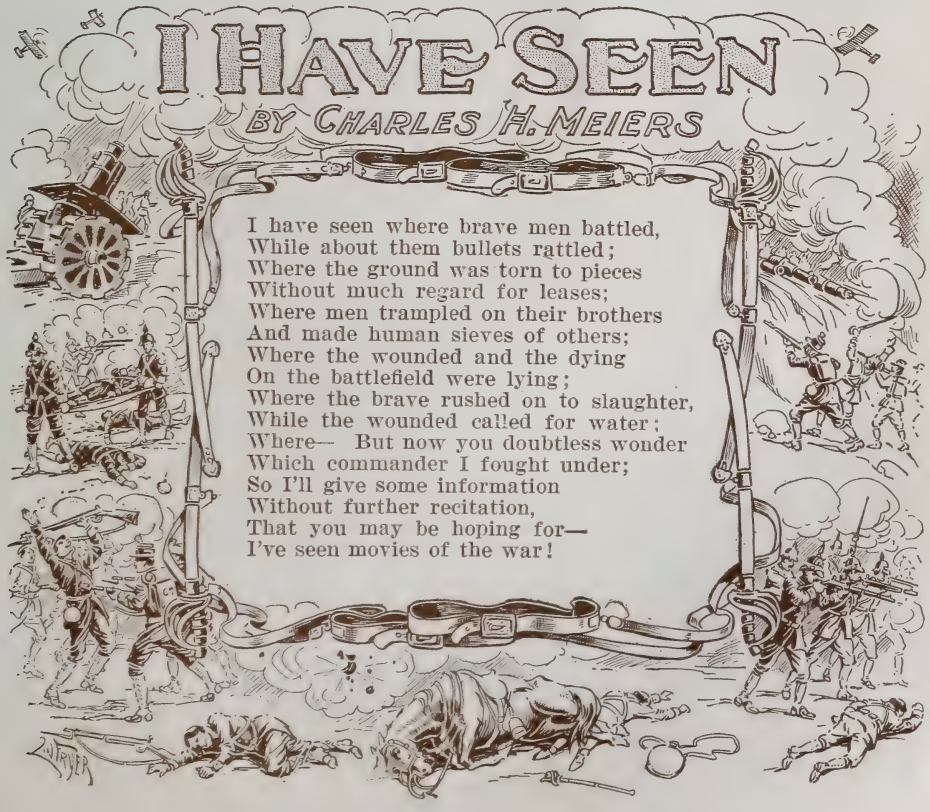
John Barleycorn has a strong following among these Motion Picture "settings," and in consequence it is banned in all picture producing

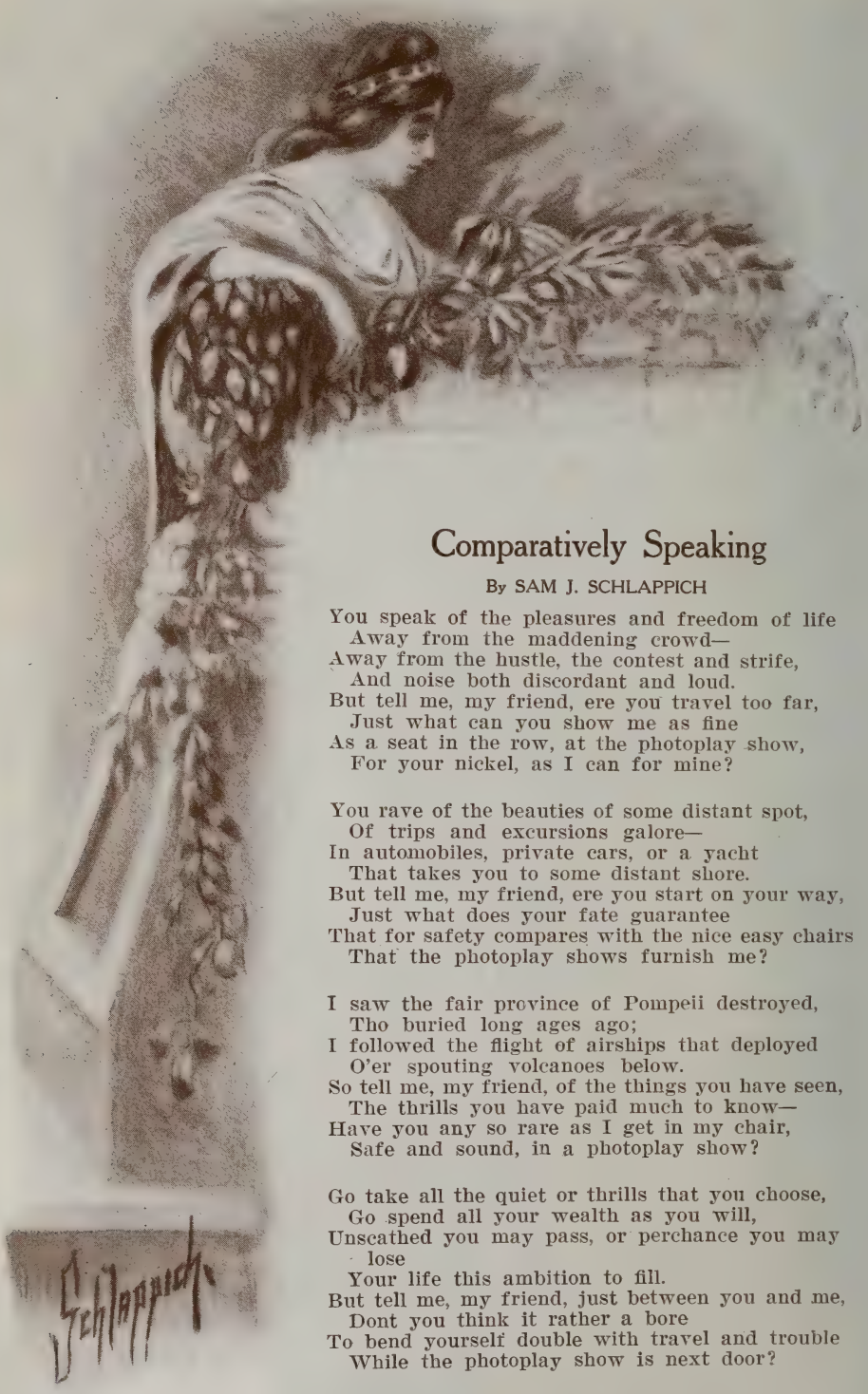
plants. We would have a rather lively turn of affairs if the Mexican were permitted to bring in his mescal, the Chinaman his samshu, the Jap his saki, and the others their various degrees of "red paint."

In the production of an Italian play it was necessary to send a complete company to San Francisco, four hundred miles distant, in order to secure the proper settings in the large Latin quarter of that city. Moreover, the leading man of the cast, together with several of the more important members, were despatched to Italy to secure the proper atmosphere for their particular parts.

In the staging of a large Mexican play recently the big Mexican colony in Los Angeles was visited by several directors, from which were gathered half a thousand typical peons and members of the upper class. Los Angeles is a rendezvous for Mexicans of all classes alike, and particularly hundreds of peons who have fought in the various revolutions. These chaps have smelled powder, have been acclimated to scenes bordering on the melodramatic, and consequently make excellent material for the purpose for which they are used before the screen.

Difficulties by the hundredfold are encountered in the staging of scenes in which aliens are the dominant numbers. Many rehearsals are necessary, and in the handling of large numbers of men having different languages and customs a large corps of directors are indispensable. On the whole, harmony and good feeling prevail between the rank and file, and excellent effects have been gained by showing these foreigners some consideration for their wants, together with a little kindliness.


I HAVE SEEN
BY CHARLES H. MEIERS
I have seen where brave men battled,
While about them bullets rattled;
Where the ground was torn to pieces
Without much regard for leases;
Where men trampled on their brothers
And made human sieves of others;
Where the wounded and the dying
On the battlefield were lying;
Where the brave rushed on to slaughter,
While the wounded called for water;
Where— But now you doubtless wonder
Which commander I fought under;
So I'll give some information
Without further recitation,
That you may be hoping for—
I've seen movies of the war!



Comparatively Speaking

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

You speak of the pleasures and freedom of life
  Away from the maddening crowd—
Away from the hustle, the contest and strife,
  And noise both discordant and loud.
But tell me, my friend, ere you travel too far,
  Just what can you show me as fine
As a seat in the row, at the photoplay show,
  For your nickel, as I can for mine?

You rave of the beauties of some distant spot,
  Of trips and excursions galore—
In automobiles, private cars, or a yacht
  That takes you to some distant shore.
But tell me, my friend, ere you start on your way,
  Just what does your fate guarantee
That for safety compares with the nice easy chairs
  That the photoplay shows furnish me?

I saw the fair province of Pompeii destroyed,
  Tho buried long ages ago;
I followed the flight of airships that deployed
  O'er spouting volcanoes below.
So tell me, my friend, of the things you have seen,
  The thrills you have paid much to know—
Have you any so rare as I get in my chair,
  Safe and sound, in a photoplay show?

Go take all the quiet or thrills that you choose,
  Go spend all your wealth as you will,
Unscathed you may pass, or perchance you may
  lose
  Your life this ambition to fill.
But tell me, my friend, just between you and me,
  Dont you think it rather a bore
To bend yourself double with travel and trouble
  While the photoplay show is next door?

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

LOUISE HUFF

Without the aid of her high-heeled slippers Louise Huff attains only five feet, with an inch added for good measure. She is light and airy and lithesome in proportion, too, but the Lubin Company have found a variety of rôles to suit this pocket-edition artiste.

A year or so ago, before her dresses were lengthened, she wanted to be an artist and specialize on interior decoration, but she answered the call of the stage, and, just as whimsically, suddenly decided to try Motion Pictures. After an engagement with Mary Pickford in "Caprice" and one or two other photoplays, Louise Huff joined the Lubin Company.

She says that she is old-fashioned, caring more for flower-gardens than the dance-floor, and that she would rather portray just one Dickens character than a whole regiment of ordinary girls. She is called the "Kate Greenaway Girl of the Screen" because she loves the quaint little dresses and bonnets of the characters of a generation ago.

Louise Huff plays opposite to, and is directed by, Edgar Jones. Nobody in the least suspected a real romance, but it existed from the first, and wedding bells recently pealed for them, with most of their friends in the Lubin Company serving as bridesmaids and groomsmen.

NORMA TALMADGE

The beauty of most Motion Picture stars is of two kinds—those that are beautiful in real life and photograph plainly; those that are plain and take beautiful pictures. Norma Talmadge is the rare exception that combines both real beauty and ideal portraiture. And she isn't conscious of it at all—at least she is clever enough not to appear so. She was born at Niagara Falls, N. Y., nineteen years ago, and had spent fifteen uneventful years in Brooklyn, until one day she paid a gawkish visit to the Vitagraph studio. That veteran director, Charles Kent, saw at once that this little bundle of vivacity and poignant emotion was a genius in the rough. So he took hold of this fledgling miss and tutored her every move and thought, until at the age of seventeen she became one of the best known and most popular comediennes in picturedom. Her slavey characterizations in the "Belinda" series were miniature gems of comedy characterization.

Miss Talmadge is noted for her mastery of the art of make-up, and her astonishing disguises have been known to deceive even her fellow players.

During the past two years she has played leading rôles opposite Leo Delaney, Antonio Moreno and Donald Hall, directed by Van Dyke Brooke.

Some of her recent successes that call for emotional work of high order are "The Daughter of Israel," "The Barrier of Faith," "Sunshine and Shadows" and "A Daughter's Strange Inheritance."

LOTTIE BRISCOE

Lottie Briscoe is almost as well known, if not quite so, as her opposite, Arthur Johnson, and they were both born and raised in Missouri, too. If it were not for her innate talent and her capacity to develop it, Lottie Briscoe would have succeeded thru her tireless capacity for work alone. When she isn't performing in Moving Pictures, she is thinking about them, writing them, consulting with directors or advising camera-struck girls. Lottie Briscoe says she has never had a spare moment since she was four years old, and that she never expects to have one.

She started her professional career as a very young child actress, and later secured an engagement with the late Richard Mansfield. She played in most of his productions and regards him as her greatest educator in the histrionic art. As a child player, her career was full of excitement. The Gerry Society prevented her playing Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and to soothe her feelings Mr. Gerry presented the youthful Lottie with a ten-dollar gold piece, which she promptly flung back at him. After a tour of England in 1911, she returned to America and joined the Lubin Company, as Arthur Johnson's opposite. A record of her career since then needs no further comment. At present she is enjoying her deserved success as Betty in the fifteen-part photoplay, "The Beloved Adventurer."

In a recent film she wore no less than fourteen different costumes, each one distinctive and carefully thought out.

BRYANT WASHBURN

Bryant Washburn, of the Essanay Company, entered the Motion Picture field because he got tired of cavorting around with a grip. He has been playing to the camera now for four years and says that the stage doesn't hold a candle to photoplaying.

Bryant Washburn did not go to a dramatic school and doesn't believe in them. He thinks that the best possible training for the regular stage or for Motion Picture portrayals is in stock company work, where he received most of his training. His best portrayals were with Percy Haswell in the Royal Alexandra Theater in Toronto, Canada. He also played with George Fawcett in "The Fighter," "The Remittance Man," and took the lead in "The Wolf" before going on the Motion Picture stage.

MARY FULLER

Mary Fuller confesses that she was on her way South to spend an old-fashioned Christmas with her parents when she stranded. In other words, the theatrical troupe of which she was a member broke up, and she could

journey only as far as New York. Then she thought of Moving Pictures and underwent a fearsome try-out at the Edison studio. This was five years ago, and since then, to use her own words, she has played everything, "from eighty-year-old women and Zuleika, the Caliph's daughter, to ugly ducklings and fourteen-year-old girls."

Miss Fuller is known as "temperamental," intense, emotional and even poetical. She has written many of her own photoplays and is an able writer of special articles as well. She is, perhaps, best known for her delightful characterizations in "What Happened to Mary," "Who Will Marry Mary?" and "Dolly of the Dailies" series.

Last year Miss Fuller, with her director, Walter Edwin, and Charles Ogle, her character man, joined the Universal Company, and she is now the leading woman of the Victor players.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

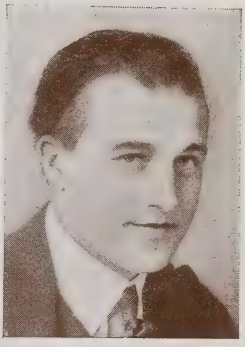
Whenever a star becomes fixed in the photoplay firmament, the result is something like a game of pinochle among the various studios. The word has recently gone forth that Harold Lockwood, Famous Players' six feet of Apolloesque lead, has joined the American Company.

Harold Lockwood was born in New York, and, unlike most actors, started with the firm intention of becoming a prominent merchant. His desires got the better of him, however, and his first stage position was as a humble chorus man in "The Broken Idol." He soon caught the eye of his manager and appeared in a number of musical comedies, where his voice and stage presence gained him rapid advancement.

Harold Lockwood's premier in Motion Pictures was with the Rex Company. Following this, he played as leading man for Nestor, Broncho, Kay-Bee and Selig. The climax of his career came when he joined the Famous Players Company and played opposite Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Hearts Adrift."

Then the figurative pinochle game started, and the American Company bid in the new matinée idol.

WILLIAM GARWOOD



William Garwood, star of the Imp Company, is noted for his "sunny" disposition—perhaps this is the reason that he is such a good photographic subject. He was born at Springfield, Mo., and was educated at Drury College, where he took honors for dramatic reading and oratory and made most of the college athletic teams.

His professional career began at Elitch's Gardens, Denver, playing juvenile leads in stock. After that he played a season with Virginia Harned, followed by an engagement with Frohman in "Mizpah" and "Just Out of College." He has also appeared with Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles" and with Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby."

His Motion Picture career started with the Thanhouser Company, and for three years he was one of their popular leading men. A year ago he joined the Majestic, and recently he has been starring for the Imp Co.

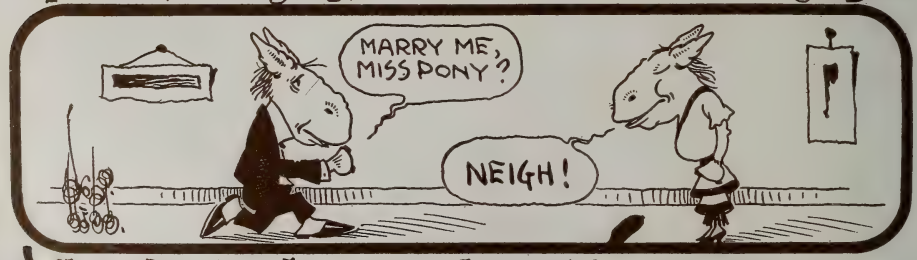
Outside his profession his hobby is farming. He owns a large farm in the San Fernando Valley, given over to fruit and vegetable culture.

ANIMALTOWN MOVIES

BY WALTER WELLMAN

"If I'm to be your leading man,
The manager must change his plan,
And let us skip", said Monk to me,
"The scene where you sit on my knee."

"I'm a real lucky fellow in 'movies'", said Hare,
"To never get injured or killed, I declare."
Said Puppy, "The reason is plain as can be:-
You've always got four rabbits feet with you. See?"



"When I'm in love - (upon the screen) -
I really think it's awful mean
To have my sweetheart answer 'Neigh'.
But that is all she'll ever say."

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

MANY are the reproachful notes that come to me, saying: "Why not publish *mine?* I am sure it is better than some you have published." That may be, and may not be. Each unto his own judgment, but it *is* a fact that I am obliged to leave a great deal of good material unpublished, either because there is too much slang, too much sweetness or too much *length*. More than all else, we want *characteristic* material—brief material—sincere material!

Rheinhart Kleiner, 444 Evergreen Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., has done something very appealing, earnest and rhythmical in his following verse. We think it *prize*-worthy:

TO MARY OF THE MOVIES.

(Mary Pickford.)

You palpitate upon the screen,
A shadowy delusion,
And live your crowded hour between
Beginning and conclusion.
But sometimes I forget that you
Are just a passing flicker,
And wonder if your eyes are blue,
That make my heart beat quicker!

I've seen you as a haughty dame,
Aloof, aristocratic;
Or one who turned, when evening came,
From factory to attic.
I've found that you are just as sweet
A princess as a peasant—
Whatever ways your little feet
Traversed to me were pleasant!

Shy maid, may all the winsome grace,
As pictured on the screen there,
Forever shine upon your face,
And never frown be seen there!
May every ill that mars the day,
Or care that looms above you,
Prove fleeting as a phantom play
At thought of all who love you!

And tho we'll never meet, I know,
Yet when you're most beguiling
I wish 'twere you that thrill me so,
Not just your shadow, smiling.
And still for each remembered time
Your art had power to cheer me
I sing to you this little rhyme,
Tho you may never hear me!

Dorothy Bryant, Parry Sound, Ontario, is an F. F. F.—Francis Ford Fan:

TO MR. FRANCIS FORD.

An Appreciation.

Of all the actors I have seen
Upon the Moving Picture screen,
The one who will not let you dream
Is always Francis Ford.

In "Lucille Love" his part is great;
When all is over I just hate
To wait a week in anxious state
To again see Francis Ford.

Sedate and natural does he act,
With so much nobleness and tact
That every week the house is packed
Just to see Francis Ford.

I wish him all that luck can bring,
Success in every little thing;
Here's to my Moving Picture king,
My hero—Francis Ford.

Nellie Cravey Gillmore, 127 West Gregory Street, Pensacola, Fla., had a most discerning "bride"—an epicure on pastime, as 'twere:

OUR HONEYMOON.

I took her to Caruso, I took her to the Zoo,
Bought tickets for the races and seats for Shakespeare, too.
I likewise hired an auto, at several dollars per;
Two weekly plates at Sherry's—that didn't appeal to *her*.
Engaged the finest motor-boat, spent hours on the lake;
It seemed a hopeless problem; that *certainly* didn't take.
I gave whole days to shopping, spent money by the ton;
I tried the art museums and everything under the sun.
We wandered thru the parkways; I took her driving, too;
We sat thru hours of vaudeville till we were black and blue.
We visited the libraries, the graveyards and the slums,
The fair-grounds and the ball-games, the famous hotel rooms.
I stayed at home of evenings, read poetry by the mile,
And I'll eat my hat and brogans if she ever cracked a smile.
At last I lost my patience—"There's nothing *I* can do!"
"*I want to see the movies.* Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

The following verses are from the pen of John E. Sykes, 105 East Broad Street, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. In this world of quickly closed gaps, it is something to be thus remembered—thus beloved:

TO CHRYSTIE MILLER

We've missed you more than we
can tell,
For plays are incomplete
Unless we see you on the screen—
Your well-known presence greet.
The company for whom you'd play
Could well afford your wage,
If you'd but come within our view
And walk across the stage.

Why, I've heard the people say,
When at the Picture Show,
"That's Chrystie Miller on the
screen;
I always like him so."

And, Chrystie Miller, as I write,
Your face comes into view,
And millions more have, in their
hearts,
These lines inscribed to you.

We think of you, and speak of
you,
And wonder how you fare,
And wish your days so full of cheer
You'd have no time to spare.
And for the pleasures given us
Our thanks are now your due,
And rest assured, as days go by,
We've not forgotten you.

F. M. C., from distant Arizona, sends a variety of verselets, among which we quote as follows:

LOTTIE BRISCOE.

Miss Lottie Briscoe from New York to 'Frisco
With Lubin is very well known;
A capable miss for a company like this,
Her talent in pictures she's shown.
Young, handsome and stately, she smiles so sedately;
What! Trouble? Yes, she's had a-plenty—
The Gerry Society oft in their rage
Have caused her much trouble, while young, on the stage;
But good Mayor Low told Gerry to go
For a ride in the park—and let the kid show.

What's What—and Why

By TARLETON WINCHESTER

THE heights of Motion Picture production and presentation have been reached in D. W. Griffith's masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation." Nothing so elaborate, so thrilling and so stupendous has ever before been made by an American director. As a spectacle, as an historical document and as art it is unequaled.

It has been said that Mr. Griffith as a Southerner has made his scenes in the latter part of the picture more horrible than the facts. This is hardly true. It has also been said that he has made an attack upon the North. This is foolish.

In a cast of such excellence it is difficult to pick those who shine above the others, Henry Walthall comes first; then Mae Marsh, Ralph Lewis, George Seigmann, Lillian Gish and Miriam Cooper. Joseph Henaberry as Abraham Lincoln, Donald Crisp as General U. S. Grant, and Howard Gaye as General Robert E. Lee win individual applause. "The Birth of a Nation" marks an epoch in the history of Motion Pictures.

"The Wood Nymph" is a charming story by Eleanor Talbot. It serves as a vehicle for Ruth Stonehouse and affords her an opportunity to appear in some of the classic dances which she does so well. Able acting is the rule in a cast composed of Richard Travers, Bryant Washburn, John Cossar and Helen Dunbar.

Essanay is also responsible for one of the most amusing comedies produced in many a day. It is "Mr. Buttles," an adaptation of Frederick Arnold Kummer's novelette, under the direction of Joseph Byron Totten.

When it is known that Buttles, who serves in the capacity of butler for the Everdun family and pays the impecunious lord two pounds a week for the privilege, forms a company called Buttles, Ltd., for the purpose of making as much as possible out of the guests, it is not hard to imagine the fun that follows. An American girl, her millionaire father and her mother appear on the scene and disturb the landscape and the lord's peace of mind considerably, but in the end everything turns out right.

There is a great deal of amusing business and clever double exposure in the film. Richard C. Travers plays Lord Everdun and his own chauffeur, whom he leaves in charge of the Towers and who proceeds to fall desperately in love with the American girl, whom his employer wants for himself. Edna Mayo, Helen Dunbar, Thomas Commerford and Mae Edwards give fine support.

In "The Juggernaut," the Vitagraph melodrama for which an entire train was wrecked, Anita Stewart and Earle Williams play the two most important parts and play them well. When the flying express train hurtled thru the air, crashing from the tottering bridge to the lake below, the audience at the Vitagraph Theater trembled with the excitement of the scene.

No character of American literature is more lovable than David Harum, and no character of the American screen is more lovable than the old gentleman as played by William H. Crane in the Famous Players' production of the story. There are weak spots in the filmization, but it is Mr. Crane who chases off every cloud and leaves the spectator with a firm conviction that the world is a pretty good place after all.

It is a pity that Elsie Janis was allowed to write her own scenario for the making of "The Caprices of Kitty." It has its amusing incidents, but the picture is not as mirth-provoking as it might well have been.

"The Radium Thieves" is a Vitagraph-Broadway Star feature which, after a brief introduction, plunges into a series of thrills which has no interruption thru its entire course. The acting could scarcely be im-

(*Continued on page* 169)

If for no other reason, the Great Cast Contest commands your attention thru the amazing size of its figures—over eighteen million votes cast! At the present writing it is by far the largest expression of public opinion ever conducted thru the pages of any publication, or group of publications, at any time on any subject. Think of it! This vote is almost twice as large as the total ballot of the United States cast for President. Nor is the end by any means in sight.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," but when the publishers of the Motion Picture Magazine started the Great Cast Contest seven months ago, they had not the slightest conception of what an uncontrollable storm of approval it would arouse. Even if we cared to, we could not now stop the millions of ballots that are pouring into our offices from every section of the world. It now has become solely our duty to ride out the storm; not to attempt to direct or to check it.

"There are more strange things in heaven and earth than thou hast dreamed of in thy philosophy, Horatio." If our readers recall the far-seeing prophecies of "The Photoplay Philosopher," they will remember that he has foreseen many seemingly impossible things that have since become realities in the wonder-laden field of Motion Pictures. In his columns this month "The Photoplay Philosopher" prophesies the assembling of a wonderful all-star cast and gives his reasons for it. His argument contains a strong and cogent appeal, and we have not the slightest doubt that his dream will be realized.

In the long run, it inevitably rests with the public to make or unmake artists. No matter what the art, if the public does not buy the artist's creations or is not entertained by his performances, the artist loses his vogue. The purpose of the Great Cast Contest is to establish upon a permanent footing Motion Picture players who are entitled to the greatest consideration for their artistic ability. Good looks, effete mannerisms, appealing rôles, may create popularity, but the acid test is *worth*. The names of the great actors of the past have survived only thru sterling worth. Motion Picture audiences are beginning to realize that this is true of the silent theater. The art of the screen stage is no longer a seven-day wonder, and in finding our Mansfields or our Jeffersons, our Forrests or our Coquelins of photodrama, keen judgment will be used.

In selecting an ideal cast it is your opportunity to commend the work of the twelve leading types of photoplayers who most appeal to you. You can show them no finer tribute. When copies of the Motion Picture Magazine reach the hands of the players in the various studios, they eagerly turn to the pages of the Great Cast Contest. Remember that theirs is a solitary art—the applause; the friendly audience; the footlights; the flowers that crown their achievements on the regular stage, are not for the studio performers. The pleasure that you can give your favorites by your selection for a place in the Great Cast Contest is the deepest tribute that you can pay them.

There will be twenty-four prizes awarded, one for each member of the first cast and of the second cast. We purpose spending about $2,500 in pro-

curing suitable prizes for the winners, the nature of which prizes was briefly outlined in our March number and full details of which will shortly be announced. The first prize will go to that player who receives the largest number of votes for any one part. It has been suggested that that player be permitted to make his or her own selection of prizes, and the player having the next largest, second choice, and so on; but this is a mere detail, easy to arrange to the satisfaction of all, as the contest develops.

In voting, the reader should have in mind the idea of forming an imaginary company composed of the very best players in the art. It is, therefore, not a question of who is most popular, but a question of who is best. The *Great Cast* will be the finest that was ever conceived by any manager. It will be so great that money could not buy it. No Motion Picture company in existence has the knowledge, the ability nor the money to get such a company together. You, readers, are the court of last resort. What you decide is law. The Great Cast that you select *must* be the greatest. Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Every ballot must contain the name and address of the voter. The ballot will be found on another page.
2. The name of no player may appear more than twice on the same ballot. For example, the same player may be voted for as comedian and character man, but not for a third part also.
3. It makes no difference in what company they are now playing, for it will be quite improbable that the winning players will ever be brought together into one company.
4. Each person may vote only once a month, but any number of ballots may be enclosed in one envelope.
5. The villain and child may be either male or female.
6. The ages of the players need not be considered. A young man can often play an old-man part as well as can an elderly man.
7. Ballots should be addressed to "Great Cast Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.," but they may be enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine.
8. Ballots need not be entirely filled out.

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO MARCH 13.

THE GREAT CAST

1. Leading Man
   Francis X. Bushman..... 454,045
2. Leading Woman
   Mary Pickford..... 422,120
3. Old Gentleman
   W. Chrystie Miller..... 572,910
4. Old Lady, Mary Maurice.... 809,335
5. Character Man, Harry Morey. 221,530
6. Character woman
   Julia S. Gordon..... 361,305
7. Comedian (Male)
   Charles Chaplin..... 591,695
8. Comedian (Female)
   Mabel Normand..... 545,920
9. Handsome Young Man
   Warren Kerrigan..... 287,065
10. Beautiful Young Woman
    Anita Stewart..... 359,965
11. Villain, Jack Richardson..... 399,405
12. Child, Helen Costello..... 486,740

The following are the leading competitors for the first cast, in the order named, together with their total votes for the various positions, up to March 13th.

LEADING MAN

1. Earle Williams..... 444,145
2. Warren Kerrigan..... 337,085
3. Crane Wilbur..... 242,670
4. Arthur Johnson..... 229,540
5. Carlyle Blackwell..... 203,780
6. Paul Scardon..... 137,480
7. James Cruze..... 125,500
8. Harold Lockwood..... 115,660
9. Thomas Moore..... 98,020
10. King Baggot..... 96,210
11. Maurice Costello..... 90,890
12. William Garwood..... 88,220
13. Romaine Fielding..... 82,560
14. Antonio Moreno..... 80,540

LEADING WOMAN

1. Anita Stewart..... 337,500
2. Alice Joyce..... 285,260
3. Edith Storey..... 268,690
4. Florence LaBadie..... 250,980
5. Beverly Bayne..... 238,490
6. Clara K. Young..... 227,780
7. Mary Fuller..... 178,060
8. Ruth Stonehouse..... 166,540
9. Pearl White..... 129,820
10. Cleo Madison..... 107,430
11. Norma Talmadge..... 100,600
12. Marie Newton..... 98,800
13. Marguerite Snow..... 82,590
14. Lottie Briscoe..... 80,710

OLD GENTLEMAN.

1.	Charles Kent	479,363
2.	Thomas Commerford	334,405
3.	Van Dyke Brooke	257,670
4.	Robert Brower	172,185
5.	Logan Paul	163,470
6.	William West	140,360
7.	Francis Bushman	107,980
8.	Marc MacDermott	101,250
9.	Bigelow Cooper	97,080
10.	Murdock MacQuarrie	94,070
11.	Charles Ogle	67,740
12.	John Bunny	65,220

OLD LADY.

1.	Helen Dunbar	343,220
2.	Julia Stuart	160,440
3.	Helen Relyea	133,470
4.	Louise Lester	124,690
5.	Mrs. Geo. Walters	93,950
6.	Norma Talmadge	93,140
7.	May Hall	84,070
8.	Kate Price	80,650
9.	Flora Finch	79,380
10.	Pauline Bush	59,320
11.	Edith Storey	49,350
12.	Kate Toncray	40,860

CHARACTER MAN.

1.	Warren Kerrigan	211,360
2.	Francis Bushman	181,865
3.	Marc MacDermott	173,345
4.	Romaine Fielding	172,605
5.	Arthur Johnson	168,580
6.	James Cruze	164,930
7.	Nicholas Dunaew	132,730
8.	William Wadsworth	131,120
9.	King Baggot	126,185
10.	G. M. Anderson	111,070
11.	Earle Williams	109,910
12.	Billy Quirk	106,340

CHARACTER WOMAN.

1.	Norma Talmadge	354,185
2.	Edith Storey	211,070
3.	Edwina Robbins	177,610
4.	Ruth Stonehouse	150,330
5.	Clara K. Young	143,565
6.	Cleo Madison	133,415
7.	Mary Pickford	132,370
8.	Mary Fuller	122,875
9.	Louise Lester	121,910
10.	Alice Washburn	117,140
11.	Flora Finch	107,550
12.	Kate Price	105,630

COMEDIAN (MALE)

1.	John Bunny	461,165
2.	Ford Sterling	368,290
3.	Wallie Van	298,120
4.	Wallace Beery	247,590
5.	Sidney Drew	173,500
6.	Donald MacBride	124,880
7.	Billie Quirk	114,280
8.	Roscoe Arbuckle	111,710
9.	Hughie Mack	110,580
10.	William Shea	82,660
11.	Victor Potel	80,415
12.	John Brennan	76,210

COMEDIAN (FEMALE)

1.	Flora Finch	426,860
2.	Margaret Joslin	320,620
3.	Lillian Walker	320,260
4.	Ruth Roland	313,560
5.	Norma Talmadge	259,990
6.	Kate Price	240,000
7.	Constance Talmadge	193,960
8.	Florence Lawrence	175,270
9.	Victoria Forde	127,550
10.	Mary Pickford	110,940
11.	Karin Norman	87,110
12.	Vivian Prescott	74,370

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

1.	Antonio Moreno	271,025
2.	Francis Bushman	269,945
3.	Crane Wilbur	243,440
4.	Carlyle Blackwell	235,330
5.	Earle Williams	216,420
6.	Donald Hall	173,885
7.	Harold Lockwood	169,610
8.	James Morrison	124,880
9.	Bryant Washburn	87,560
10.	Thomas Moore	85,360
11.	George Larkin	83,240
12.	James Cruze	76,940

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

1.	Alice Joyce	334,175
2.	Mary Pickford	304,230
3.	Norma Talmadge	301,735
4.	Mary Anderson	254,420
5.	Clara K. Young	247,140
6.	Pearl White	243,990
7.	Beverly Bayne	214,265
8.	Lillian Walker	192,080
9.	Florence LaBadie	148,280
10.	Marguerite Snow	106,640
11.	Blanche Sweet	96,340
12.	Margarita Fischer	90,950

VILLAIN.

1.	Harry Morey	377,015
2.	Bryant Washburn	360,225
3.	Paul Panzer	302,960
4.	Harry Northrup	220,200
5.	L. Rogers Lytton	169,020
6.	Romaine Fielding	154,420
7.	Ned Finley	118,880
8.	Marc MacDermott	109,350
9.	George Cooper	91,050
10.	King Baggot	88,980
11.	Lester Cuneo	86,760
12.	Frank Farrington	85,880

CHILD.

1.	Bobby Connelly	431,870
2.	Audrey Berry	346,455
3.	Yale Boss	267,960
4.	Andy Clarke	178,450
5.	Helen Badgely	178,310
6.	Billy Jacobs	126,250
7.	Clara Horton	125,680
8.	Matty Roubert	116,100
9.	Dolores Costello	101,820
10.	Marie Eline	97,040
11.	Eleanor Kahn	88,820
12.	Lillian Wade	80,310

HAVING become famous as "Alkali Ike" (Essanay) and then somewhat as "Universal Ike," and lately having been in hiding, Augustus Carney now enlivens the Mutual program with his funny antics.

Crane Wilbur has returned to Shadowland from the Land of Make-believe, and is now a regular, naturalized citizen of Lubinville.

What? Goodness gracious! Another magazine? Yes, the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, and it will be very much like this one, only a little larger, probably 9 x 12 or 10 x 13. Watch out for the announcement in our next issue! It will have the same departments as its mother has.

The Keystone Company have built an immense tank which holds 85,000 gallons of water. Must be for Roscoe Arbuckle to take his bath in.

Among the stage stars captured by the World Film are Margaret Wycherly, John E. Kellerd, Richard Carle, Tom Wise, Jeff de Angelis, Kathryn Osterman, Lulu Glaser, Florence Tempest and Paula Edwardes.

OBITUARY—"Rags," Mary Pickford's pet poodle, departed this life on March 2, 1915. Peace to his ashes.

Enter Edna Mayo as an Essanay leading woman, and Edward Peil and Betty Harte into the front ranks of the Alhambra Company.

Miss Edna Damon, of St. Louis, will now be able to buy herself a new Easter bonnet, having won the mere trifle of $10,000 for having solved "The Million-dollar Mystery."

No; Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood are not on the Mutual pay-roll, but you may see them in the mob scene in Griffith's "The Lost House." They were driving along, and, seeing the excitement in the street, alighted, and then the big eye of the camera caught them.

Not at all surprised that Pearl White is going on the vaudeville stage for her nerves, after her exciting experiences in the "Appallings of Pearline" and in the hair-raising "Escapes of Elaine."

Henry Walthall couldn't seem to stay away from Griffith's Mutual studio, so there he is, back again, fresh with his laurels won in "The Birth of a Nation."

Grace Cunard has won an automobile in a local popularity contest.

Dont overlook the Photoplay Philosopher's Musings this month, and if you approve of the idea, drop us a card. We want to hear from the players, too.

And now they are calling Marie Walcamp (101 Bison) "The Dare-devil of the Movies." William Clifford is now doing "Othello" for this company.

Nitra Frazer (Vitagraph), who has won many medals at skiing, her favorite sport, sighs as the warm months of spring announce the melting of the snow in her home country.

Just as we are going to press, the judges in our $100 Prize Photoplay Contest are ready to announce some of the winners. See page 179. Full details in our June issue.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Earle Williams, Anita Stewart and Paul Scardon are featured in the fifteen episodes of the new Vitagraph serial based on "The Goddess." Hope this serial will be something different from the usual chasing of heroines by villains. Probably not, for it is by Gouverneur Morris.

We have with us this evening: Lilie Leslie (p. 28); William Cohill (p. 29); Ray Gallagher and Edna Maison (p. 30); Maxine Brown (p. 40); Carlton King and Julian Reed (p. 42); Margarita Fischer and Harry Pollard (p. 69); Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno (p. 57); Naomi Childers and Cissy Fitzgerald (p. 60); Charles Brown (p. 61); Evelyn Greeley and John Cossar (p. 81), and Francis Bushman (p. 80).

Claire McDowell and Charles Mailes have changed their minds, and are now Biographers again.

Owen Moore, husband of Mary Pickford, has joined the Keystone Company, and will play opposite Mabel Normand.

The priority of Herbert Prior's popularity as a comedian may be in dispute, but there is no question about his funniness in Edison's "The Newly Rich."

Charles Chaplin is certainly having his inning now. He is probably the most talked about photoplayer of the day, not excepting Mary Pickford, John Bunny, Ford Sterling, Marguerite Clark, Broncho Billy and David Griffith. Every dog has his day, and sometimes it's a very long one.

Lorimer Johnston has enlisted in the Vitagraph army.

Frank Gotch, champion wrestler, is to do a wrestling play for the Selig Company, one every week.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Dust of Egypt" (a comedy for a change); second prize to the author of "The Boston Tea Party," which is an interesting historical episode.

Not satisfied with swimming, riding, driving, golfing, yachting, motorboating, automobiling and tennis, Edith Storey has bought a Bleriot monoplane and will use it for life-saving before the camera.

There are just six big complainers against photoplay schools, but they make enough noise for six hundred. If there are any bad or "fake" schools, we want to know about them, and then there will be seven. Until then, Long live the schools!

Here is a whole lot of it, predigested: Hazel Dawn has returned to Famous Players; Charles Clary has joined the Mutual; Fanny Ward with Lasky; Alfred Paget has left Biograph for Mutual; Bonavita with Horsley; George Larkin will play opposite Dolly Larkin for Ideal; Barney Furey with Biograph; Jennie Nelson with Pathé; Thomas MacEvoy, formerly a Biograph lead, now with Edison; Robyn Adair and Eugenie Forde with Selig; Wm. Ehfe with Biograph; Walter Stull and Robert Burns, formerly Lubin comedians, now with Kalem; Florence Dye with Vitagraph; Lionel Barrymore, Thomas Jefferson, Elmer Booth, John Emerson and Robert Edeson have been engaged for Mutual releases; Irene Wallace with Selig; Paul Panzer back with Pathé, and John Dillon with Nestor. Selah!

Jeff Davis, king of hoboes and proprietor of the famous hostelry in New York, the Hotel de Gink, has been engaged by the Broadway Film Company to appear in "The Bridge of Sighs," which proves that it pays to be a tramp, if you are a good one.

Vera Sisson now has a home all her own—a pretty bungalow. But she hasn't a bird for her cage yet!

Irving Cummings (American) is taking lessons in aviation of De Lloyd Thompson.

"The Birth of a Nation" is being heralded as a second "Cabiria," due, more or less, to the efforts of Arthur James.

Mary Fuller is particularly enthusiastic about her "The Duke and the Dinner."

Ruth Stonehouse has been doing considerable dancing for various charities, her favorite dance being "The Passing of Salome."

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

George Kleine has captured Irene Fenwick, and Donald Brian has surrendered to Jesse Lasky. In return, the Edison Company have released Richard Tucker to the stage.

Arthur Leeds, former editor of *The Photoplay Author*, is now scenario editor of the Edison Company, and yet they say that these photoplay school professors dont know anything!

Francis Bushman in George Barr McCutcheon's "Graustark" is Essanay's latest bid for fame and fortune.

After finishing "The Girl of the Music Hall," Alice Joyce retired for a short vacation and rest.

Vivian Rich has taken up target shooting as a pastime.

Harold Lockwood makes his first American appearance in "The Lure of the Mask." He likes Santa Barbara so well that he is looking for a bungalow. Altogether too many birdless cages in California, says I.

Mrs. Mary Maurice and W. Chrystie Miller were among the recent visitors at this office, and they received a royal welcome. What a wonderful photoplay team they would make! Mr. Miller is living at the Actors' home on Staten Island.

Just as we predicted, Margaret Clayton is back with Essanay. She spends most of her spare time in the saddle.

One hundred thousand dollars of real money will be seen in "Unfaithful to His Trust" (Kalem).

Emmett Campbell Hall, who has written many excellent stories for this magazine, has written a fifteen-part serial, "Road o' Strife," for the Lubin Company.

We have invented a new card game called "Cast," which we hope soon to announce and put on the market.

Ben Wilson was recently detained as an escaped immigrant at Ellis Island. He was doing "Ladder of Fortune."

Arthur Housman, the Edison Chaplin, has a strong rival in little Miss Lou Gorey, who imitates him in "Her Country Cousin" almost as well as he does it himself.

Murdock MacQuarrie has been promoted to the rank of director. He will continue playing, however, with Agnes Vernon in the leading feminine parts.

The Edison Company have just released "The Master Mummer," in which Mary Fuller is featured.

Dorothy Kelly is now able to vote. She celebrated her 21st birthday on February 12th.

Pauline Bush laments the loss of Lou Chaney, her character man, who is to direct Warren Kerrigan. Miss Bush gives a dinner party every week to her girl friends.

Earle Williams asks us to thank the many who so kindly remembered him on his recent birthday. He cannot do so personally, because many presents and cards were unsigned.

Frank Daniels, famous stage comedian, is with the Vitagraph. Wilfred Lucas is directing Reina Valdez in the Fiction Company.

To "Who's Married to Whom" add Stella Razeto and Edward Le Saint.

Earle Metcalfe has bought a racing hydroplane.

The Photoplay Clearing House prize for the best photoplay submitted during the past month is awarded to J. G. Sanderson, 906 Mears Bldg., Scranton, Pa., for his drama, "Peter."

Edwin Arden in "Eagle's Nest" is Lubin's latest trump card, directed by Romaine Fielding.

Those who have seen Edward Earle in the Edison "Olive's Opportunities" series say that he will soon be among the "head-liners."

Francis Bushman has written a waltz ballad. Edna Mayo is a clever sculptress and is now at work on a bust of "The Lady of the Snows," a character she is now playing.

KARR

FIELDING

MORENO

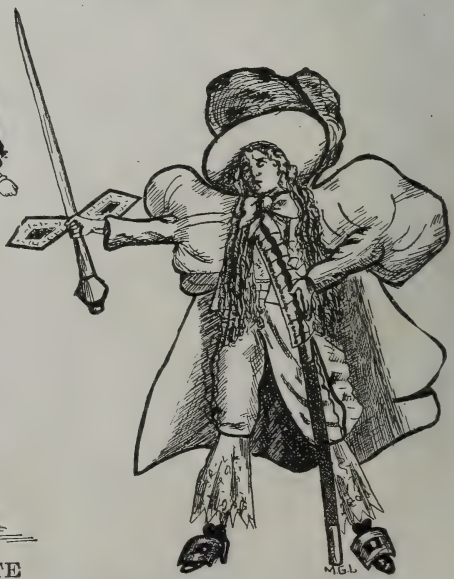
ARNOLD DALY

ANDY CLARK

BECHTEL

CHARLES CHAPLIN

MARGUERITE CLARK



"MISTRESS NELL"

ETHEL GRANDIN

CHESTER CONKLIN

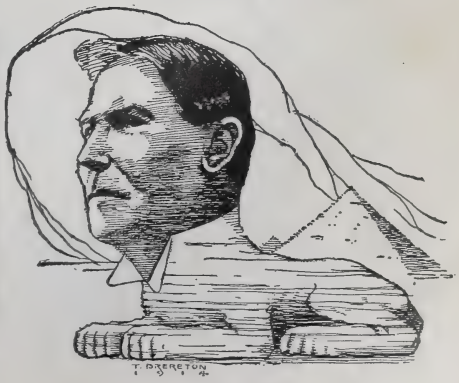
GARWOOD

PHILLIPS

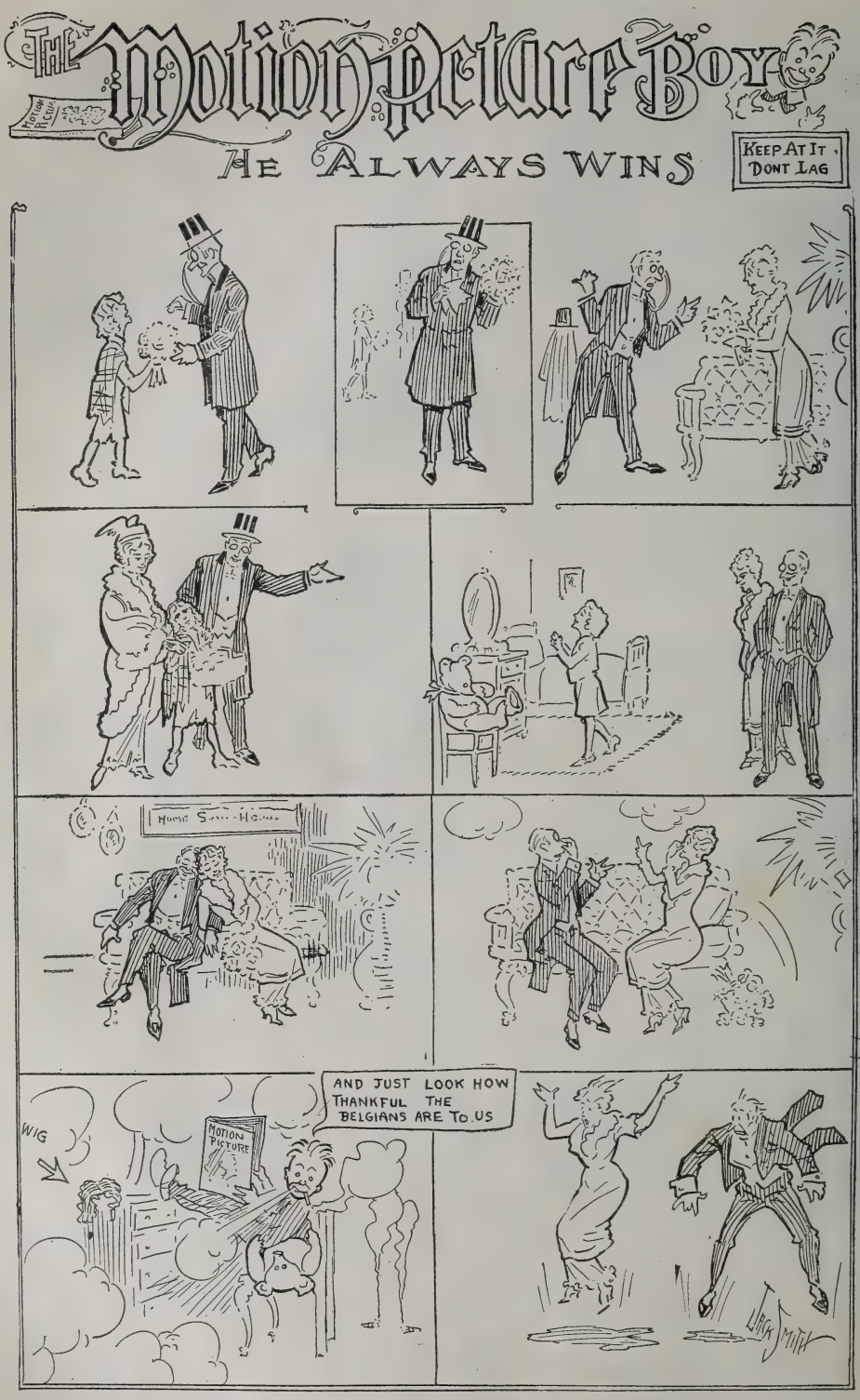
FAN BOURKE

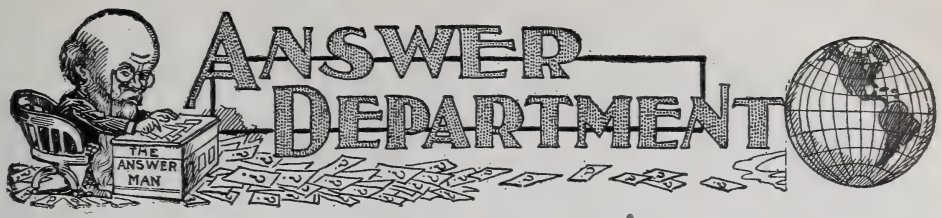
MORRISON

BARRYMORE



SHEA, the Sphynx


The Motion Picture Boy
He Always Wins
Keep At It, Dont Lag
AND JUST LOOK HOW THANKFUL THE BELGIANS ARE TO US
WIG
MOTION PICTURE



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

REDHEAD, DULUTH.—Address the players at the studios. Dot Bernard in "The Female of the Species" (Biograph). Mrs. Anderson in "The Egyptian Mummy."

VIOLA, 15.—So you are still raving about Antonio Moreno. I believe he will answer if you write him, unless his hand is too tired. Players just love to write letters!

W. A. C., AUBURN.—Elizabeth Burbridge was the lead in "A Romance of Old Holland" (Kay-Bee). I am not much on religion, but I am sorry for myself and for all others who are not. It is a great thing for those whose minds are not too stubborn to accept it, and I would sooner die than take it from any person who has it. But let's keep religion out of this department. Let's be strictly neutral.

FRANK, 16.—You refer to the details in a picture. The director cant think of everything. A director once told me that he was directing a scene with about five hundred people in it, and after rehearsing it several times and about to take, the leading woman spoke up and told the director that she didn't have the same dress on that she had worn in a previous scene. The consequences were that the scene was postponed until the leading woman was properly dressed—the following day.

ARTHUR G. S., TOLEDO.—Mildred Heller was the queen in "The Queen of the Popcorn Trust" (Thanhouser). Ernest Joy was Aaron in "Cameo Kirby" (Lasky). James Neill was John. William Jefferson was the lead in the Biograph.

GRACE B. F.—Robert Ellis was the doctor in "The Black Sheep" (Kalem). Harry Benham was the lover in "Craft versus Love" (Thanhouser).

M. B., MT. CLEMENS.—The way to success in any calling is not paved with roses. Those who have arrived have sweltered at the forge of sacrifice. We shall no doubt use a picture of Winnifred Greenwood soon.

MURIEL L. S.—Have referred yours to the Editor. Irene Howley and Jack Mulhall in "The Girl and the Miser" (Biograph). Tomi Mori in "The Oath of the Sword." (Sawyer).

LENORE A. MC.—Viola Dana was Toppy's bride in "Who Goes There?" (Edison). Elizabeth Miller was Julie. Haven't Romona Langley's whereabouts. Thanks for the list.

MRS. WALTER W.—Write to our Circulation Manager. "Under Royal Patronage" was taken on the north shore in Chicago. William S. Hart was Brandon in "The Sagebrush Country" (Kay-Bee), and he was mighty good in it.

BRONCHO KID.—Again! Constance Talmadge was Lily in "Buddy's Downfall" (Vitagraph). Yes; Ruth Roland left Kalem. Viola Smith was the daughter in "Ernest Maltravers" (Biograph).

MAURICE J.—If you are as bad off as that you had better get out of debt or get out of town.

GRACE VAN LOON.—You enclose ten cents and ask me to send you a nine-passenger Ford. Shall I keep the change? Just because I have become a photoplayer star, dont think that I am going to begin sending out photos to my admirers. Your letter reeks with wit and wisdom, but it is too long to print. I dont think that serials like "Master Key" will do the business any good. They are rank melodrama and serve no useful purpose except to appeal to the ancient gallery gods who crave bloodanthunder. Most of the other serials are not much better. Aren't we above such things? Dont they appreciate our intelligence?

R. A. F.—Elizabeth Burbridge was leading woman in "A Lucky Blow-out" (Domino). Louise Glaum was Ruth.

Down East.—So you would beard the Answer Man in his bearded den! Beard away. You cant get my goat-ee! What kind of ties does Wallie Van wear? Neckties. I like Keystone comedies once in a while, but dont forget that they are not all good. See Photoplay Philosopher's department last month, and you will be enlightened. Be a highbrow.

Marjorie E. B.—Yes, we try to answer Biograph questions. George Morgan and Louise Vale in "The Crimson Moth" (Biograph). I must refuse to give advice about love-scenes and love-affairs.

Beatrice B. S.—So you think Donald Hall should go to war. I dont agree with you—we need him here. Robert Conness was the major in "Colonel of the Red Huzzars" (Edison). Ella Hall and Robert Leonard in "The Master Key." A wig.

J. J. McG.—I do not happen to know the average height of the European soldiers, but the average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches; of a Belgian, 5 feet 6½ inches; of a Frenchman, 5 feet 4 inches. James Cruze was born at Ogden, Utah, in 1884; Alice Joyce in Kansas City in 1889, according to the World Almanac.

Madge.—I am quite sure Crane Wilbur reads our magazine. 'Most all do.

Kerrigan Fiend.—Franklin Ritchie was the villain in that Biograph. Vivian Prescott and Hector Sarno in "His Unwitting Conquest" (Biograph). It is according to how the word is used. "Rocks" is slang for money, but in underworld parlance it means diamonds. "Kale" is underworld for money.

Gladys B. C.—Cannot give you the name of that play from your description. Yes; I saw "The Tigress." It was a great play. Elsie Greeson was Helen in "Jungle Samaritan" (Selig).

Tempest.—You want more of Cleo Madison and George Larkin. See story in last issue with Cleo Madison in it. Sorry, but we have no cast for that last play.

L. W. S., Redwood.—Edward Sloman in "The Trey o' Hearts." Mary Fuller did not play in that World Film. Cleo Madison and George Larkin in "Love Victorious" (Gold Seal).

Amicus.—Mary Maurice was the mother in "Hope's Foster-mother" (Vitagraph). The highest point in North America is Mount McKinley, 20,300 feet. You mean Mary Pickford.

Ellen R., Wis.—It was Dorothy Gish that was injured in the automobile accident. The best photoplayers do not always get the best parts. Sometimes a poor player can make good in a great rôle. A part that wins our sympathy is the one that makes a player popular.

Petty, Milford.—For goodness' sake! Another poem? That's fine!

Billy J.—Wallie Van is with Vitagraph. Yours was very interesting. There are many different ways of telling a lie, and all of us lie occasionally—all but George Washington and I.

Gussie.—You are improving. Gus Erdman was the lover in "Dot's Elopement."

Byrl, 18.—Your letter was forwarded to Miss Sweet.

I have a pal who never saw a Moving Picture Show—
He's blind. But gee! he's happy when I tell him that I'll go
And take from off my stand the Motion Picture Magazine
And read to him and tell of all the Movie Shows I've seen.

FANTASMA, 49.—Herbert Rawlinson in "The Sea-Wolf" (Bosworth). Alice Davenport was the girl in "Recreation" (Keystone). Max Swain was the king in "His Prehistoric Past" (Keystone). George Field was Beppo in "Beppo" (American).

CLARE.—Thanks for the verse. I have never tried a fireless cooker, but I have had considerable experience with a cookless fire. Beverly Bayne is playing opposite Warren Kerrigan.

RUTH, OAKLAND.—Glad that you typewrote your letter. Do not take your friend too seriously; apparently only a flirtation. Flirtation is attention without intention.

DOROTHY, AUSTRALIA.—I enjoyed your letter, but you ask no questions.

PORTLAND ROSE.—You say that the library in your town was quarantined because the inspectors found smallpox in the dictionary. Brilliant!

CLAIRE E. R.—Your letter was altogether too long. I like long letters, but I haven't time to read them. Send your long letters to the Editor, especially if you want them printed. Phyllis Grey was Davey in "Mysterious Mr. Davey" (Vitagraph). The others I could not find.

GRACE VAN LOON.—Thanks for the card. W. T. H. is one of my regular correspondents. I believe he still belongs to the club.

LANCELOT.—The two players you mention are about the same age. Vyrgynya lives in New Orleans, and Olga in New York City. Your letter was interesting.

IDA M. W., AUSTRALIA.—Thanks so much. Frank Evans was the new foreman in "The New Road's Mascot" (Biograph). Denton Vane was on the stage before going to Vitagraph. Louis Mortelli was the artist in "The Girl of the Locks" (Lubin). Winnifred Kingston was Molly in "The Virginian" (Lasky). Charles Mailes was with Biograph at that time. He is not playing at present. Milano is a foreign brand. Yes; Robert Gaillord has been with Vitagraph for several years.

GLADYS B. C.—You here again? Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in the Essanay.

MABEL E. W.—Lottie Briscoe and Florence Hackett were the girls in the Lubin. You can obtain pictures of the players by writing to the companies direct. Send here for a list of manufacturers. Lately we have been receiving letters from abroad with postage 6 cents due. Be sure your letters have sufficient postage.

J. C., WINNIPEG.—A. C. Marston was Norah in "The Road to Yesterday."

MRS. C. K., PORTLAND.—Thanks so much for the box of pussy-willow. It was very kind of you to send it so far.

DOROTHY, 17.—James Kirkwood in the Famous Players. Naomi Childers, Darwin Karr and Donald Hall in "Mr. Barnes of New York."

R. D. C.—Yes, that was Roscoe Arbuckle in "The Sky Pilot" (Keystone). Franklin Ritchie, Irene Howley and George Morgan in "The Honor of the Law" (Biograph). I am sorry, but I cannot write to a chauffeurs' school for you.

GUSSIE, TEXAS.—Billy Jacobs in the Sterling. Where do you get so much ink?

AMY D.—I agree with you about "The Man of the Hour." It was fine. I did not see "Lola." Robert Warwick is from the legitimate stage.

ADMIRER OF ANSWER MINE.—Donald Hall was Count Ivan in "Daughter of Israel." Mary Pickford is still with Famous Players. It seems to be the ambition of every player to become a director, principally because there is more money in it for him.

CONSTANCE W.—Max Davidson was Izzy, and Teddy Sampson was the girl in "Izzy the Operator" (Reliance). Walter Hitchcock was the stepfather in "The Secret of the Will" (Kalem).

"'TWAS A CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"

PART I

B. R. M.—You say you have a list of over 650 names of players. We keep a card index of all the players, and a record of when their chats and pictures in the gallery appeared. L. Shumway was Edwin in "When the Blind See" (Lubin).

R. W.—Florence Lawrence is not playing now. You are a regular grasshopper—you do so much harmless kicking.

HAZEL N. W.—Cannot tell you where Zena Keefe is at present. She was in vaudeville in New York last spring. Thanks for the snapshots. No; I am not.

PESKY R.—I did not receive the garters yet. No, we would have to hire a hall if we were to file all letters after they were answered. They have to go into the waste-basket.

PRUNELLA.—Thanks for the clipping. It was interesting. Guy Oliver was the reporter in "The Reporter on the Case" (Selig). Marie Weirman was the mother in "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Vitagraph). Mabel Trunnelle was Polly in "Caste" (Edison). Guy Oliver was Phillip in "The Strange Case of Princess Khan" (Selig). Your letter was very clever.

EDNA, LIMA.—Ruth Hartman was Dolly in "The Man Who Could Not Lose" (Favorite Players). Henry Walthall was Holofernes opposite Blanche Sweet in "Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph). Romaine Fielding was born in the isle of Corsica. "Sins of the Mother" is now on the regular program. Never heard of Carl Moehring.

NANCY B.—No; I have never conducted a column in any newspaper. Your criticisms are good, but too long to print. William Mason was with Pathé last, and Frederick Church with Premier. Charles West is still with Biograph. You might be able to see the Western Universal plant, if you go to the Exposition.

FIFTY-FIFTY.—I really cant give you any encouragement. Letter was interesting.

D. E. MCA.—William West was Stephen Clark in "The Hand of Horror" (Edison). You refer to Charlotte Cushman, who said: "When God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was scripture; He colored it, and that was painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal drama."

PANSY.—Thanks for the card. Frank Clark was William in "The Lady or the Tiger" (Selig). Robert Frazer was with Eclair last. Edward Earle came from the stage. Haven't seen them. You are wrong. There are about 120 copies of every Vitagraph film distributed all over the United States on a certain day. When a play is to be released on the 20th of the month, it is to be had for a first run at San Francisco and in New York City on that day.

MADELEINE DE HALST.—It is not necessary to live in the States to have your plays accepted. Why not send them to the Photoplay Clearing House, since they have been rejected by so many companies? Louise Vale in the Biograph. Very interesting.

JULIUS P. C.—*Modus vivendi.* In other words, we will agree to disagree.

THEODORE C.—Your letter was indeed interesting, but it is too long to be used. I agree with you on most things, but not all.

ANTHONY.—I am praying for the Federals, altho I dont want to see the other big leagues hit too hard. Competition will do the sport good. Isabel Rae was the girl in "Blacksmith Ben" (Biograph).

PAUL C.—Helen Marten is not playing at present. She just finished a tour in

PART II

vaudeville. Leah Baird will remain with Vitagraph.

WALTER E. M.—See elsewhere about the club. The birthstones are: Jan., garnet; Feb., amethyst; March, bloodstone and aquamarine; April, diamond; May, emerald; June, pearl and moonstone; July, ruby; Aug., sardonyx and pearl dot; Sept., sapphire; Oct., opal and tourmaline; Nov., topaz; Dec., turquoise and lapis lazuli.

HAPPYGOLUCKY.—So you want a chat with Wheeler Oakman, of Selig. Kate Bruce and Jack Drumier in "His Mother's Home" (Biograph). Write Alice Hollister in care of Kalem.

MARIE DU FOI.—We shall have a chat with George Larkin soon, the Editor says. You should remember that the moon has no atmosphere and no water.

JUNIATA 2.—Sorry, but you must always give the name of the company. President Wilson's cabinet meets on Tuesdays and Fridays from 11 A. M. until 1 P. M.

MRS. EPSTEIN.—Sorry to read your uncomplimentary letter about Mr. Bushman. I cannot publish it.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Thanks for the drawing—looks just like me. Anita Stewart is Earle Williams' leading woman. All your letter was about was Anita Stewart.

FULLER-KERRIGAN ADMIRER.—Yes, they are. William Bailey was the officer in "The Marked Woman." Thank you ten times for the button with my picture on it.

H. E. S.—Will say a good word for you to Tefft Johnson, but I think you had better not start a correspondence. Sorry Mary Fuller does not number you among her admirers.

ADIRONDACKS.—Yes, it is often like this: Does Mr. Bunny like cats? Are Mary Pickford's curls real? Does Mr. Bushman eat ice-cream? Does Alice Joyce attend church Sundays? What is the population of Boonville? What is good for a sore throat? Typewriters do not seem to bloom in Essex County, but you write charmingly.

GRACE V. L.—I think the Editor will print your clever verses.

SAL S.—Dont try sending me things to get on my good side; I havent any. Tobacco wont buy favors from me. I am higher-priced than that. I think that all this rain we are having is caused by the weather. Now I think I have answered all your difficult questions.

A. E. C.—Robert Ellis was the doctor in Kalem's "Black Sheep." Carlyle Blackwell's present leading woman is Ruth Hartman. Edna Maison and Mildred Bracken are not the same. Miss Bracken was with Broncho last. Thanks for verses. The way to find out my name is to wait and read it on my tombstone.

STELLA A. MORSE.—Your verses on "Vermont Memories" were clever, and I shall put them in my scrap-book. (Printer will please observe that I said book, not basket.) Ah, that's a steed of another hue.

A. MARIONETE.—Your essay on Money is very good, but not so good as the real thing. It may be the root of all evil, but, oh, give us plenty of the root. You say: "Spondulax is an ugly name, mazuma, too, I ween, and kale's a term that means the same, and ditto is long green. Then cartwheels come as divers junk, iron men favors Jones, to Smith a thing costs one round plunk, while Brown says fifteen bones. One maiden fair sure has the rocks, another has the tin, some carry it within their socks, some save, some blow it in. It all means money, true enough, from labor, theft or gain, but aint it awful handy stuff to have in case of rain?" Norma and Constance Talmadge are sisters.

PART III

Passed by the National Board of Censors

TOM SAWYER UP TO DATE

S. E. R.—You call Keystones the Cubists of the movies. Bravo! And you say that we cannot write real comedies with a slapstick, because the point is too dull. Hip, hip! You also add that we sometimes find a morsel of a story in them, hidden somewhere among a mass of grimaces and silly tumbles, but that we dont all carry pruning shears. Hooraw!

DONT SCOLDME.—Certainly not, dear heart. "Dear Old Girl" is an old film that has been revived. "Love's Sunset" has not been revived. You have me down fine, but I am not Edgar Strakosh. My hall room is very comfortable, thank you. Landlady has no trouble with the furnace, but she has some in collecting rents.

MRS. L. D. CHILDERS, 411 S. 7th St., Columbus, Ohio.—I am giving your full name and address because you say you want to get in touch with Naomi Childers. This may do it. As to autographs, the Editor contemplates publishing them. Your favorites are Messrs. Bushman and Moreno, and Misses Gerda Holmes and Norma Talmadge, not to forget Bobby Connelly and Miss Childers.

INGOMAR.—I consider Robert Grau the ablest writer we have, but it would be strange if he did not make a mistake once in a while. Next to Mr. Grau—well, I guess you come next. Edward Dillon was Bunko Bill in Komic's "House Breakers." No, Mr. Grumps. Leona Hotton played Dolly in Broncho's "City of Darkness." I think you are safe in voting for Williams and Stewart. They wont treat Vitagraph as Clara did.

PANSY.—Charles Hutchinson was Belmont in "Lena Rivers." Robert Tabor was Harry. Robert Ellis was the doctor in "The Black Sheep" (Kalem). Enid Markey was the girl in "The Friend."

HELEN FAIRCHILD.—So you have discovered that this magazine is the best and greatest on earth. You shall have a niche among the great discoverers.

A YOUNG FAN.—Leo Delaney is now playing opposite Leah Baird. Klaw & Erlanger entered into picture partnership with Biograph. A pronouncing department? Name them.

LUCILE RIDDELL.—I will do as you say if you give me the material.

EDWIN F.—Will take up the threads of your discussion a little later.

GRACE V. L.—Harold Lockwood in "Tess of the Storm Country." He has just gone to American. You mustn't call me Old Hundred; I am only seventy-three. If you dont like to read the story before seeing the film, why, dont. Read it after. See?

D. M. BARKER.—You thought you had me stuck, didn't you, with your "What does man love more than life, hate more than death or mortal strife; that which contented men desire, which poor men have and rich men require; the miser spends, the spendthrift saves, and all men carry to their graves?" Answer, Nothing.

T. B. A.—The Hall of Fame is in New York University. No, I am not in it yet, and while there's life there's not hope. You refer to Fraunce's Tavern, which is at Broad and Pearl streets, New York City, and where Washington bade farewell to his officers.

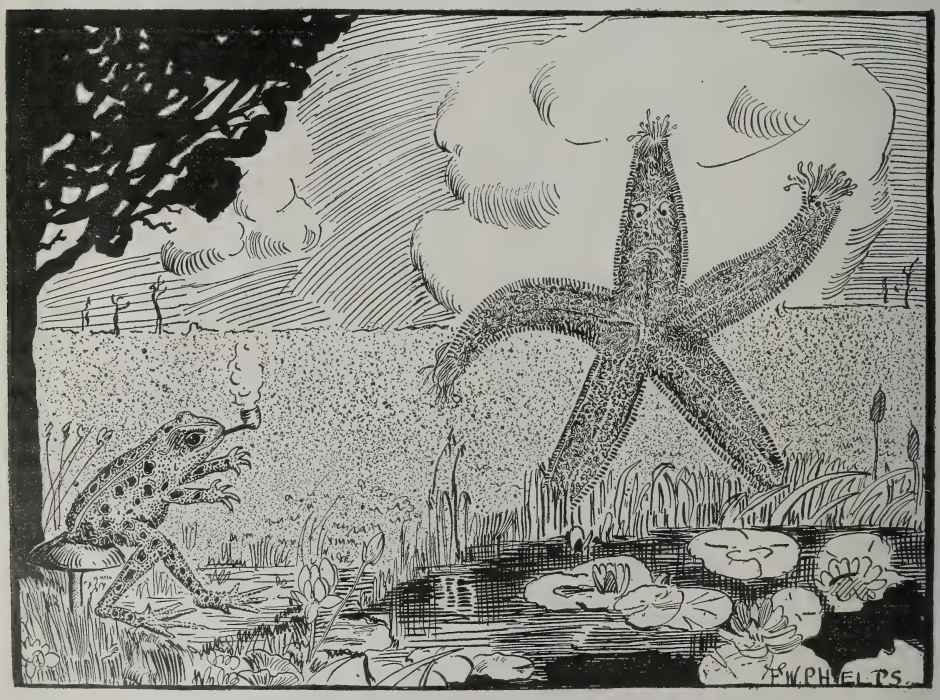
J. H. B., WISC.—Thank you for your kind remembrance.

ABE, 99.—Alan Hale was Prosper in "A Scrap of Paper" Biograph). Herbert Conley was Herbert in "The Black Sheep." Edgar Jones was Dan in "The Shell of Life" (Lubin). Arline Pretty still with Imp. Helen Holmes was the wife in "Near Death's Door" (Kalem). Most of the players you mention are with Thanhouser. There is a Peter Lang with Lubin.

INGOMAR.—Oh, yes, several of my correspondents are in Memphis. Louise Orth was the manicurist in "The Manicurist" (L-Ko). Lucy Parke was Mrs. Fanshaw in "The Crucible" (Famous Players). I am glad you have changed your mind.

EVA, ARKANSAS.—Dont be afraid; come right along. Donald McBride was the office-boy in "Mysterious Mr. Davey."

MISS E. K., WINNIPEG.—Billy Quirk was Jack in "Uncle Bill." Alan Hale was Grandcourt in "Gwendolin" (Biograph).



THE STAR-FISH

By FRED W. PHELPS

"You say you play in Filmdom,
And star there every time;
If this be so, pray let me know,
Just now, sir, what's your line?"

"My line, O Frog, is fish-line,
Pray smoke your pipe with this:
I'm a star, I say, in every way,
And yet my name is Fish."

NAT M., BRONX.—How could a woman write these answers? According to science, a woman's brain averages 2 pounds 11 ounces, while a man's averages 3½ pounds! Rhea Mitchell and Richard Stanton had the leads in "The Master of the House" (Kay-Bee). Dot Bernard is playing with Kalem just now. Florence Lawrence is taking a long vacation.

ALONG CAME RUTH.—I am not sure. but Brunetiers says that the drama and the novel are not the same, and that they are the reverse of each other. You are right about Crane Wilbur.

E. L. D., SUMTER.—Carol Halloway was the girl in "The Violinist" (Eclair). Goldie Colwell was the girl in "Rival Stage Lines" (Selig). Marguerite Courtot in "The Prodigal" (Kalem). You must have Gladys Hulette confused with some Kalem player. Gladys is with Edison.

HELEN K.—You refer to E. K. Lincoln. What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are, as Ruskin says, and therefore you are all right.

MARIE T., JERSEY CITY.—Calm yourself. The two plays you mention were taken in California. I give up. I shall have to designate you The Irrepressible, and I would not suppress you if I could.

LULU C., TULSA.—Creighton Hale was the son in "The Warning." Iva Shepard was Izzy in "The Straight Road" (Famous Players). Thanks for all you say.

W. W. MC.—Pearl White did not play in that Vitagraph. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "One Wonderful Night." Kindly fly away, sweet flatterer.

MISS X. FAN.—You say a better name for me would be Cæsar, and that I keep my legions in better order than any general except Cæsar, and that Olga ought to be called Labienees because she is Cæsar's right-hand man. Arthur Cozine was Achilles in "In the Land of Arcadia" (Vitagraph). Elsie Greeson was the girl "with the little funny pug nose" in "The Jungle Samaritan" (Selig).

BUSHMAN BOOSTER.—Gladys Brockwell was the beautiful girl in "The Worth of a Life" (Broncho). Enid Markey was the girl in "The Friend." Gladys Brockwell in "Destiny's Night" (Broncho).

F. G. S., BRONX.—A fool is known by the questions he asks. I dont know whether it is American Lady or La Resista, and I confess that my corset education has been neglected.

HAZEL D.—Audrey Berry was the child in "The Painted World." Phyllis Grey was Blondy in "A Strand of Blond Hair" (Biograph). Cannot take space here to give you a description of Flatbush. Buy a book. Briefly, Flatbush is where Vitagraph is.

W. G. R.—I do. Mary Pickford has played in "Behind the Scenes," "Such a Little Queen," "The Eagle's Mate" and "Mistress Nell."

JOSEPHINE E.—Any one may ask questions in this department. Alfred Vosburg was Jim in "Brandon's Last Ride" (Vitagraph). Crane Wilbur is not with Pathé. Edward Cecil was the young man in "Romance of a Poor Young Man" (Biograph).

TREGATE, N. Y.—Thanks for the new name you give me—*multum in parvo*. I hope that as time goes on it will be *more* in little, and finally *much* in *more*. Harold Lockwood was Arnold in "Wildflower" (Famous Players). Mabel Van Buren was Mary in "The Circus Man" (Lasky).

CLAIRE.—You should get an emergency brake if you are going to ride your hobby like that. All I can say is to stay at school.

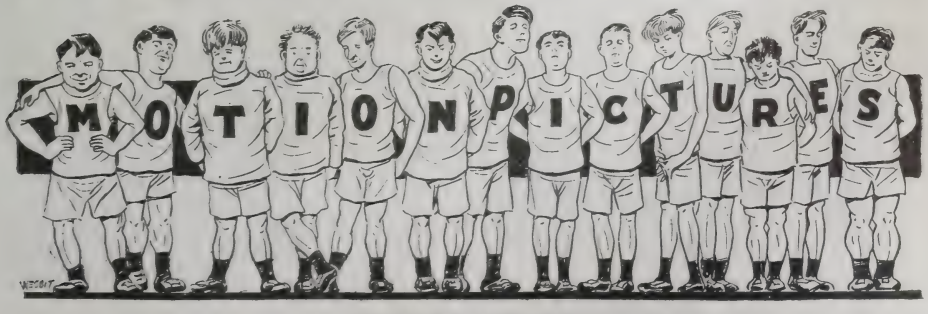
MRS. GUSSIE H.—Daddy Manley was the old gentleman in "Lass o' Killikrankie" (Victor). Charles Bartlett was Jim, and Jack Conway was Jack in "The Struggle" (Bison). Edwin August was David in "The Violet Bride" (Powers). Mary Moore was Marie in "Lola" (World). Your letters are always welcome.

GERTIE.—Thanks for your nice letter. I have not heard of any such player as you mention. As the farmer said when he first saw a giraffe exhibited, "There aint no sech animul."

JOS. E. M.—Be patient and your letter may be published yet. Remember we get thousands, and some must wait. Write again. The Editor reads every letter.

MADGE J.—Ogden Crane was the father in "Caprice." Blanche Sweet in "Strongheart."

TRIXIE C.—Leona Hutton was the wife in "Parson Larkin's Wife." She also played in "The Spark Eternal" (Broncho).



GOOD FOR A LONG RUN

INGOMAR.—What, again? Sheridan Block was Nero in "The Sign of the Cross" (Famous Players). Rosina Henley was Mercia in the above.

THERESA W. K.—Cleo Madison and George Larkin in "The Trey o' Hearts" (Universal). Marguerite Courtot in "The Black Sheep." Violet Mersereau was Peg, and William Shay was Noble in "Peg o' the Wilds" (Imp). Murdock MacQuarrie was the father in "Foundlings of Father Time" (Universal).

CAROLYN, N. Y.—Thanks for your kind remembrances. Let me repeat in large letters, so that he who runs may read, that I am glad to hear from all, but that I must not be asked to write personal letters to my numerous friends. I cannot possibly do this. I enjoy those letters most that do not require a personal answer by mail. Have a heart!

MARGUERITE, CAN.—Grace Cunard is still with Universal. So you think that Maurice Costello is trying to take the curl out of his hair. Dont know those players. To say that every one is talking about him is an eulogy, but to say that every one is talking about *her* is an elegy.

ROSE T.—Walter Miller and Mary Fuller are both with Universal. You certainly have it in for Miss Smith.

ENDYSS A.—No; I do not dance. Edna Maison in "The Heart of a Magdalene."

WM. H.—Daphne Wayne was the way that Blanche Sweet once signed her name for English pictures. That Essanay is too old and is not running now.

THE BRONCHO KID.—That was a high compliment you paid me. I would much rather be exalted in my humility than be brought low by my exaltation. Jere Austin was the theatrical manager in "The Lynbrook Tragedy" (Kalem).

BROWN EYES, 13.—Edna Mayo with Essanay. Yes, we received several hundred beautiful designs in the Missing Letter Contest. They are all hanging up here.

FERN C.—John E. Ince was Jason opposite Frankie Mann in "The Crowning Glory" (Lubin). Gerda Holmes was the girl in "Seeds of Chaos" (Essanay). Mary Charleson in "The Acid Test."

BETTY BELL.—Why dont you complain to Lubin? They might take heed. George Morgan in "Ernest Maltravers."

B. W.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in the "Lucille Love" series. Produced by Gold Seal.

MRS. J. J. C.—Write Marion Leonard, care Warner's Features, N. Y.

MRS. E. S.—Jeanne McPherson is with Lasky now. Dorothy Davenport is with Thistle. Irving Cummings with American. Vivian Prescott was the actress in "His Unwitting Conquest" (Biograph). Gladys Taylor was the wife.

REDHEAD.—Always glad to hear from you. The lowest age at which a valid contract of marriage can be made is twelve years for the girl and fourteen years for the boy, but this holds true in only a few States. In most of the States parental consent is required where the girl is under sixteen years and the boy under twenty-one years.

T. K.—I am sorry you complain. Look up the last two issues.

A. C. F.—Edna Payne was Ellen in "The Jewel of Allah" (Eclair). Marguerite Courtot and Robert Ellis in the Kalem. Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little in "The Big Sister's Christmas" (Rex). Miss Weirman was Belle and Frances Nelson was Marion in "Ambition" (Rex). Arline Pretty in "The Mill Stream" (Imp). Thelma Salter in "No-account Smith's Baby" (Kay-Bee). Fannie Midgely was the mother.

JOYCE MOORE.—I am also sorry for you. You know that when we changed publication date, several letters were left behind.

HAZEL NUT.—No, moonlight scenes are not taken at night. The film is usually tinted blue afterwards.

NOVELTY HAROLD.—You ask what the weight of an American silver dollar is worth in dollar bills. I never had so much money at one time, but I believe that the answer is $20. Vivian Prescott was the actress in "His Unwitting Conquest" (Biograph). Address Ella Hall, Hollywood, Cal.

WOOD VIOLET.—A. Hammond was the agent in "The Lost Mail Sack" (Kalem). Robert Ellis was Mayfield in "His Inspiration" (Kalem). Gertrude Barnes was the actress.

MORNIN A. M.—Why didn't you ask that in the beginning? The play is too old to look up. Over four years is too old.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, PLEASE
WE'RE ALL OUT OF IT LONG AGO, BUT HERE'S ANOTHER ONE JUST AS GOOD
This reel not passed by the Board of Censors.
REASON—
It contains too much "punch"!

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BOYD O. B.—Irene Boyle and Rica Allen in "Old Higginmotso's Daughter" (Kalem). Some theaters pay more than other theaters for their pictures. It is according to the service, whether all first-runs or commercials. First-runs are expensive.

C. R. G., TIFFIN.—Have no fear. Why, in the last issue I had to hold out three galleys of type that was crowded out, and all I can say is that I am sorry. Naomi Childers was Rhoda in "The Price of Vanity" (Vitagraph). You no doubt refer to William Stowell. All films are made of celluloid at present.

INNOCENCE.—Your letter was very interesting, and I would like to see you any time.

MRS. J. M. S.—Alice Joyce played opposite George H. Melford in "The Bolted Door" (Kalem).

CLEON McC. — Gretchen Hartman was the girl in "On the Heights" (Biograph). Mary Keane in "When Conscience Calls."

GUNNER.—Your letter is interesting. The argument in some of our morality photoplays is so dull that we can sit on them without pain.

PROFESSIONAL.—"Three Weeks" has been filmed. Victor Southerland was King in "Dancer and the King" (World). Howard Lang was the father. Glen White was the lover in "Seats of the Mighty."

WESLEY.—It is a short step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Blanche Sweet in "Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph). Your letter was fine.

ANGELA P.—Carl Von Schiller was with Lubin last. Courtlandt Van Dusen was the brother in "Wanted a Nurse" (Vitagraph). Yes, he plays in most of the Sidney Drew pictures.

HERMAN.—I fear I should be a poor judge as to the ten great events in the Old Testament for your proposed scenario, but I suggest the following, which are the same as those represented on the famous Gates of Paradise in Florence, Italy: The creation of Adam; Noah's thank-offering after the Deluge; Abraham's sacrifice on Mount Moriah; Esau's renunciation of his birthright; Joseph and his brethren; Moses in the presence of the Lord of Sinai; Joshua before Jericho; David and Goliath, and the Queen of Sheba at Solomon's court.

ARKANSAS TRAVELER.—Marguerite Clayton has returned to Essanay. Keystone studios are in Los Angeles. I always enjoy your letters.

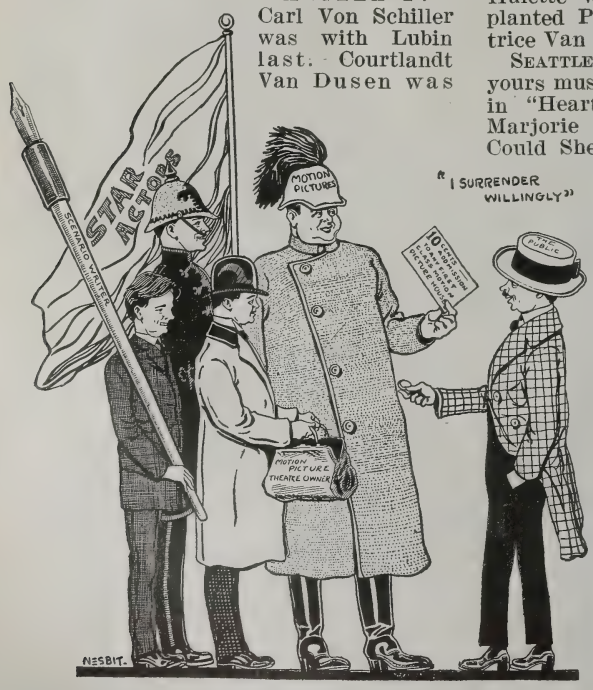
INQUISITIVE.—All right, you need not agree if you dont want to. It is always better to be stubborn than weak. Write to the players in care of the studio; we give no private addresses.

STELLA C.—Absent-mindedness would be a boon if we could forget those things that we wished to forget. Leo Delaney will be chatted soon.

BROWNIE. — James Young and Clara Young in "David Warwick" (Vitagraph). Arthur Housman was the Gilded Kidd in "The Gilded Kidd" (Edison).

L. W. H. PICKFORD.—I hope I shall never be old enough not to be young. Gladys Hulette was leading lady in "A Transplanted Prairie Flower" (Edison). Beatrice Van in "Lights and Shadows" (Rex).

SEATTLE KID.—That Liberty Theater of yours must be some theater. Bert Hadley in "Heart of a Magdalene" (Powers). Marjorie Ellison was Betty in "What Could She Do?" (Edison).



THE CHARGE OF THE MOTION PICTURE BRIGADE

A. W. K.—The usual method of reviving one who has fainted is to place the patient flat on back, allowing plenty of fresh air, and sprinkle with water. Milton Sills was Lake in "The Deep Purple" (World).

EDITOR OF SHOTEK.—I would like to see a copy of your paper.

ABE, 99.—Gertrude McCoy also. You must always give the brand of Universal. William West and Douglas Gerrard in "The Fatal Opal" (Kalem). I hope I shall have more and more friends and need them less and less.

MISS O. M. W., ROSALIND.—Adelaide Lawrence was the daughter in "The Missing Jewels" (Kalem). John Cossar was the husband in "Blind Man's Buff" (Essanay). Irene Howley was the wife in "Honor of the Law" (Biograph).

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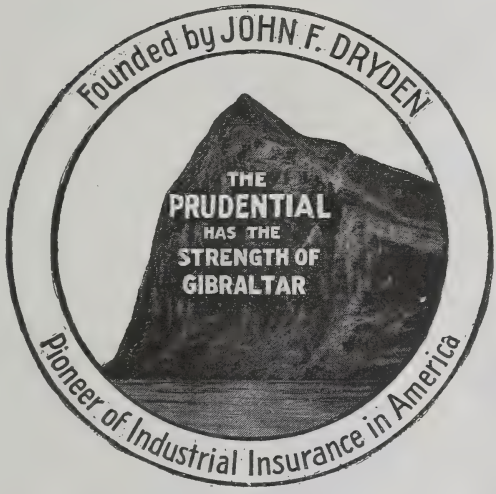

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MARJORIE.—Ormi Hawley was the girl in "The Strength of Family Ties" (Lubin). Paul Kelly and Rose Tapley in "Buddy's First Call" (Lubin).

TOLO, 15, OF SEATTLE.—Mary Pickford hasn't played opposite Thomas Chatterton as yet. There may be hopes. Billy Jacobs and Olive Johnson in "A Beach Romance" (Sterling). The trouble with you as a photoplay writer is that you seem to have tragedy in your head and comedy in your heart.

INGOMAR. — Zthat you again? Percy Winters was the father in "Patsy Bolivar." Thanks for all you say about "The Answer Man." I am not afraid of the new concern.

BARBARA S. — Lionel Barrymore was the husband in "Woman Against Woman." George Cooper was Jack in "Saved from a Life of Crime" (Vitagraph).

IMPERIAL E. W.—You refer to Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton, who gave a "Save-a-home Fund" entertainment at the Vitagraph Theater in February for the homeless. Marie Newton was Little Nell's big sister. Arthur Cozine was Achilles in "Land of Arcadia" (Vitagraph).

PEGGY, 20.—Irene Wallace and Walter Miller in "Simple Faith" (Victor). He is very ambitious, and ambition is merely the hope of success. Nell Craig was Elva in "The Old Fogey" (Eclectic).

ESTELLE D.—Beverly Bayne and Baby Garrity in "Thru the Storm" (Essanay). Write to Essanay for Mr. Bushman's picture. William Shea is still with Vitagraph.

REDHEAD.—Irene Wallace and Walter Miller in "The Girl and the Smuggler" (Victor). Webster Campbell and Virginia Kirtley in "Brass Buttons" (Beauty). The Mona Lisa was painted by Leonardo da Vinci, and it took him the greater part of four years to do it.

EUROPE—Go and show to the rest of the world the horrors that war has brought upon me, so that they may profit by my mistakes.

Z. T. G., NASHVILLE.—Address Norma Phillips, 29 Union Sq., N. Y. Dorothy Kelly will be chatted soon.

NEWARK, N. J.—Douglas MacLean was Rev. S. John, and Walter Fischer was Frank in "As You Sow."

A. H. R.—Thanks. I received a box of chewing tobacco, but I dont know whom it came from. Also two valentines. Some more thanks to some one.

HELEN B. — Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "The Scapegoat" (Selig). Maude Fealy and Helen Badgely in "Was She Right in Forgiving Him?" (Thanhouser).

PETE H.—Dont do it. The best blood purifier is fresh air. Over five hundred and forty pounds of blood passes thru the heart every hour, which is over a hogshead full, and it all passes thru the lungs to get oxygen. Give it a chance. We breathe about twenty times every minute, but few of us breathe half deep enough. There are 175,000,000 cells in the lungs. George Field in "Lure of the Sawdust."

A. J. F., CHICAGO.—Yes; Marshall P. Wilder died some months ago. Chester Conklin was the villain, Minta Durfee was the heroine, and Mack Swain was the hero in "Love, Speed and Thrills" (Keystone).

GEORGE W.—Edward Cecil was the king in "On the Heights" (Biograph). He was the old man in "Cousin Pons" (Biograph) also.

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DON'T make him walk before his little legs are strong. Don't make him sit up while his back is weak. Don't make his little stomach fight the heavy curd in cow's milk that even grown-ups have trouble with.

You know that most cow's milk is 30 hours old before it reaches you. Perhaps you can tell whether it came from a clean dairy; you certainly can't tell if it came from a healthy cow. The New York Milk Committee says one cow in three carries germs of consumption. And even if the cow is healthy and the dairy clean—much has to be done to cow's milk before it is good enough for your baby. And all that is done in

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CAMILLA F.—Charles Ogle had the lead in "The Heart of the Night Wind" (Victor). Olive Johnson and Billy Jacobs in "The Wall Between" (Sterling). Lubin produced "The Ragged Earl."

BLONDE.—Cheer up, better weather coming. Charles Clary in the Kathlyn series. He is now with Mutual. Sidney Bracy in "The Million-Dollar Mystery. Earle Williams and Anita Stewart in "Sins of the Mother" (Vitagraph).

DAFFY OVER MOVIES.—It is not hard to be honest when you have everything you want. Lionel Barrymore was the minister in "The New York Hat" (Biograph). Darwin Karr in "The Wrong Flat" (Vitagraph). Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot in "The Black Sheep."

MRS. C. H. K.—Guy Coombs was Sacholdt in "The Theft of the Crown Jewels" (Kalem). Harris Gordon was the lieutenant in "The Reader of Minds" (Thanhouser). Winnifred Greenwood in "The Trail of the Lost Chord." 'Tis better to regret than to remember with regret.

P. M., NEWBURGH.—The devil must grin when he sees a play like that, but it is one among a thousand good ones. Robert Conness was major in "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars" (Edison). Eulalie Jensen was in "Out of the Past" (Vitagraph). Anna Nilsson was the girl in "The Man in the Vault" (Kalem).

LELAND W.—Looks like a .32-caliber you have there. Thanks for the pictures. Edward Sloman was Seneca in "Trey o' Hearts." Cleo Madison in "Love Victorious" (Gold Seal). Janie Robards was the girl in "Nugget Nell's Ward." Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport in "Passing of the Beasts" (Universal).

UNCLE ABNER (to camera man)—Say, young feller, play "Silver Threads Among th' Gold."

ADELE W.—Murdock MacQuarrie was the old gentleman and Mother Benson the mother in "The Foundlings of Time."

GIRL FROM THE EAST.—Earle Williams and Francis Bushman. Your limerick reminds me of Gilbert's in blank verse:

"There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;
When they asked, "Does it hurt?"
He replied, "No, it doesn't,
But I thought all the while 'twas a hornet!"

ETHEL L.—Rosemary Theby in "The Double Life." Alice Hollister in "The Show-girl's Glove" (Kalem). Enid Markey was Leone in "Not of the Flock" (Domino). Webster Campbell was Mr. Smart in the same. Katherine Horne was Cigaret in "Under Two Flags."

JEAN H., B'KYLN.—Anna Little had the lead in "The Big Sister's Christmas."

FATIMA.—There are sixteen pictures to every foot of film. A full reel contains about 1,000 feet, and it takes about sixteen minutes to exhibit a reel. There are ten Licensed companies. Pathé have dropped out and MinA have come in.

HARLEY F. C.—You ask me how much greater than 3-4 is 4-4. I think I see the catch in this, and my answer is 1-3 (of 3-4). Am I right? I haven't time to do puzzles unless they are easy. Muriel Ostriche was the girl in "Check 130" (Princess). No, they are not.

F. W., ZANESVILLE.—Thanks for the clipping. Franklin Ritchie was the husband, Louise Vale the wife and George Morgan the lead in "The Man of the Past."

MAUDE P.—Maurice and Doel Stewart in "Rip Van Winkle" as the little boy and girl. So you dont like suicides in the pictures. Suicides are the despise of life.

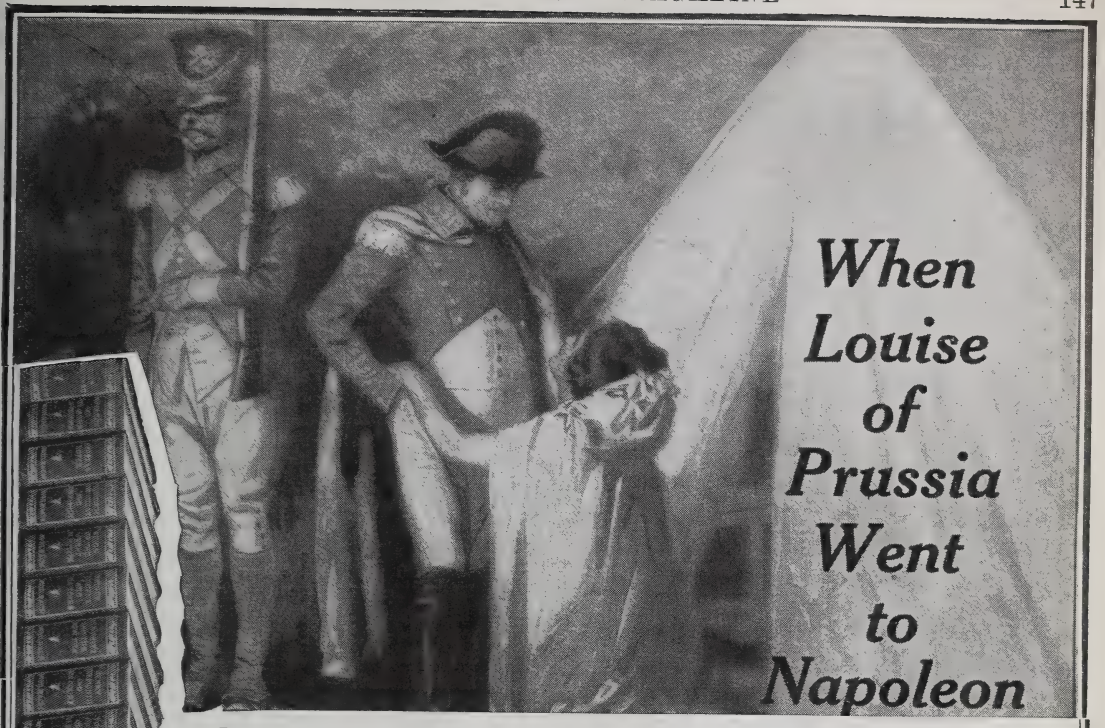
HYACINTH U. N.—George Morgan in the Biograph. Edward Earle was Tom in "The Gilded Kidd" (Edison). Lila Chester was Susan in "The Million-Dollar Mystery."

THOMAS W.—Keats is the name of the poet who wrote as his own epitaph, "Here Lies One Whose Name Was Writ in Water." I am no judge, but it is said that Browning has Keats' color without his melody, while Tennyson has both the color and the melody of Keats. Phyllis Gordon was the girl in "The Raid of the Red Marauders" (Kalem).

LOIS F. C.—Your letter was fine, and I am sorry I cannot print it.

FULLER-KERRIGAN ADMIRER.—Winona Winters was Sally, and Pauline Neff was Clementina in "Man from Mexico" (Famous Players). Elizabeth Burbridge was Elsie, Arthur Meade was Dick in "The Face on the Ceiling."

EDITH W.—All of the "Hazards of Helen" pictures are taken in California. Victor Southerland was the king in "The Dancer and the King" (World).



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HELEN K.—Look up the back issues about censorship, the Great Debate in particular. Your letter was very interesting.

MARY PICKFORD FAN.—I agree with 'most all you say in your long and interesting letter.

ALICE L. B.—Millicent Evans and Walter Miller were man and wife, and Irene Howley was the cousin in "Fatal Wedding" (Biograph). We have never used a picture of Millicent Evans. Franklin Ritchie was Holnicroft, and Vivian Prescott was Grace in "The New Magdalen" (Biograph). George Spencer was Jules in "The Wolf" (Lubin).

OLGALALLA.—That's a new one. E. K. Lincoln and Harry Morey in "A Million Bid" (Vitagraph). Vera Sisson was Meg in "Little Meg and I" (Victor). J. W. Johnston was the American in "Rose of the Rancho" (Lasky).

MARGARETTE K. T.—I am getting sorely afraid, for I have just read from Pythagoras, "Fly from the flatterer as from the worst of enemies." If you speak truth, I shall blow up and burst; if you speak flattery, I must fly. No; I dont think that scene was just proper.

B. R. W., TERRE HAUTE.—Cleo Ridgely was Kate in "The Affair of the Deserted House" (Kalem). Edith Johnson was Ann in "Heart's Desire" (Selig). Virginia Kirtley was the girl in "Robert Thorne Forecloses" (Selig). Marcellina Bianco was Cabiria in that play.

ANNA L.—What you dont like in my writings, be sure to correct in your own. Miss Wallace in "Wild West Love" (Keystone). John Mackin was the guardian in "The False Guardian" (Kalem). Sadie Midgley was the wife in "Magazine Cooking" (Lubin). Betty Gray was Dot in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Biograph).

LITTLE NED.—See above. I enjoyed your letter very much. Come again.

GERTIE.—A lie in time saves nine, but it usually gets you in a peck of trouble in the end. When are you coming over to see me?

STRAWBERRY BLONDE.—Charles Chaplin had the lead in "His Trysting-place" (Keystone). The drawing is out of sight.

N. S., NASHVILLE.—Jere Austin was Dave in "The Weakling's Brother" (Kalem). Pictures of all the players you mention have appeared in the Gallery.

MAE B.—Reading between your lines, I should say that you carry concealed weapons. I agree with some things you say.

LILLIAN S.—William Stowell was Daly in "Between Matinée and Night." Beatrice Van was the blonde in "Helping Mother." Lillian Walker was Lady Katherine in "Hearts and the Highway."

THE POPULAR IDOL

GLADYS L. S.—You are trying to make an epoch out of an episode. Gladys Brockwell was the girl in "The Political Feud" (Domino).

KATHRYN M.—You were right; make your brother buy you a box of candy. Sidney Chaplin did appear in "Among the Mourners."

MARGARITA.—Mary Pickford has golden curls. Marie Hesperia was the duke's wife in "At Cross Purposes" (Cines). William Shay was the king in "Neptune's Daughter" (Universal).

ARNOLD W.—Edna Payne was the girl in "Within an Inch of His Life" (Eclair). It is a question what you enjoy most—attracting praise to yourself, or detracting praise from others.

MRS. OLIVE M. P.—William Worthington was Peter Carson in "A Prince of Bavaria." Gladys Brockwell and Frank Borzage in "The Dip" (Kay-Bee). Japanese players in that Kay-Bee, and not Indians. Some difference!

JUST PETE.—Gertrude Robinson is not with Universal. Bobbie Gould and Gus Erdman in "Dot's Elopement."

DOROTHEA C.—Is your sister Fannie? Harris Gordon was Henry in "Craft *vs.* Love." J. B. Sherry was the hero in "Mother of the Shadows."

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RASTAS: DEY SAY DAT DE COLORED MOVIES ARE NOT A SUCCESS.
SAPHO: DEM PO' WHITE TRASH NEVER DO RECKON A COLORED PUSSON THEIR EQUAL

MARGARET A. K.—The wicked are always ungrateful. Fraunie Fraunholz was the doctor, Claire Whitney his sweetheart and Joseph Levering the husband in "Shadows of the Moulin Rouge."

ELLA S. W.—No, the directors have nothing to do with buying scripts. Every studio has a script department.

ALBERT S.—Aye, aye, sir. Grace Cunard in the "Lucille Love" series. Francelia Billington in "A Woman Scorned."

ANITA C.—Will you do me the kindness to blow away? Edward Cecil in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man."

REETHA H.—As ye sew, so also must ye rip. The Kalem Baby in "Cupid Backs the Winners" (Kalem). Augusta Anderson was the girl in "The Broken Rose" (Biograph). Beth Taylor was the girl in "Ranch-girl's Trial" (Essanay). She was a fine little actress.

MILDRED G.—Tom Mix and Leo Maloney in "The Rival Stage Lines" (Selig). Louise Glaum in "A Lucky Moment" (Broncho). Gertrude Robinson was the girl in "Strongheart." San De Grasse was the detective in "A Woman Scorned." Lois Meredith was Marguerite in "Conspiracy" (Lasky).

JERMAN D.—You refer to Webster Campbell. I am sorry to hear of your trouble. I must have a very weak spot in me somewhere, for I like to get flattering letters like yours, altho I know it cant be true.

MARION H. O.—Where do you get so much ink from? You must own a paper and ink factory. Edwina Robbins was Mrs. Moneybags in "Under False Colors" (Vitagraph). Mary Charleson was the girl in "A Sentimental Burglar" (Vitagraph). William Ehfe in "His Nemesis."

SABE, 18.—Thanks for the dandy program. Ethel Davis was the girl in "The Faith of Two" (Powers).

CERVANTES.—Lawrence Peyton was Martin in "Martin Eden" (Bosworth). Antonio Moreno has been with Biograph and Mutual and is now with Vitagraph.

COUNTESS MADELINE.—Louise Vale was leading woman in "File Number 113" (Biograph). Sorry your letter was not answered sooner. Doing the best I can.

C. H. B.—Rene Farrington was leading woman in "Shep, the Sentinel" (Thanhouser). Miss Williams in "The Deadly Spark" (Kay-Bee). Rosemary Theby in "Reincarnation of Karma" (Vitagraph). Bessie Barriscale in "Rose of the Rancho."

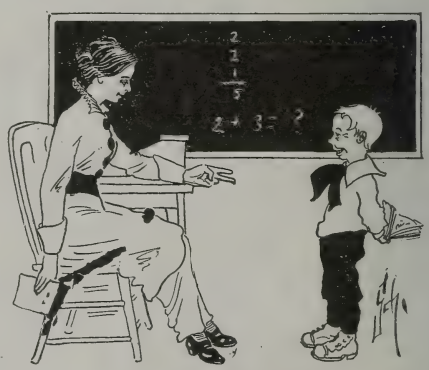
CHARLES H. B.—The total number of blind in the U. S. in 1910 was 57,273. Edith Storey, and not Anita Stewart, had the lead in "The Christian." Donald Hall was Edith's admirer in "The Christian."

WALTER.—Enid Markey was the daughter, Charles Ray was David, and Webster Campbell was Mr. Smart in "Not of the Flock" (Domino). F. Crane and Gertrude Robinson in "Men and Women" (Klaw & Erlanger). Bobbie Gould was Dot in "Dot's Elopement" (Universal). Louise Glaum in "The Panther" (Broncho).

MARGARETTE K. T.—I dont know how to explain what a standard horse-power is, but it is the evaporation of 30 pounds of water per hour from a feed-water temperature of 100 degrees F. into steam at 70 pounds gauge pressure, if that will help you any. I am not worrying about Mrs. MacKenzie's remark about my department. I will probably survive.

CHARLOTTE V.—Kathlyn Williams was Cherry in "The Spoilers" (Selig). Harold Lockwood in that Famous Players. Send for list of manufacturers.

NATHAN C.—The expression *laissez faire* is from the French and means the "to leave alone" system. Phyllis Allen was Mrs. Snuffins in "Getting Acquainted" (Keystone). Charles Chaplin was the waiter in "Caught in a Cabaret" (Keystone).



TEACHER—Johnny, if your father gave you two cents and your mother gave you two more and I gave you one cent, how much would you then have?

JOHNNY—Countin' de nickel me unkel gev me, I'd have enuf to take ye to a Movie Show. (They went.)

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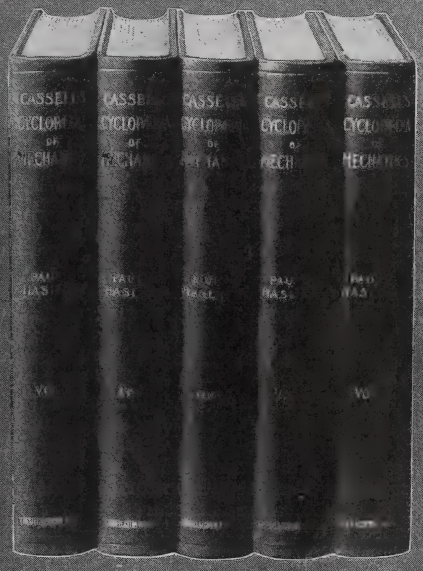

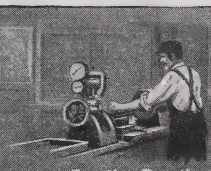

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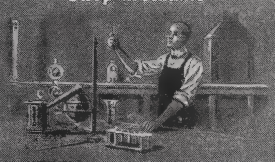

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Send this coupon or copy of it

Mary D.—Bong swoir. Miss Bobbie Gould was the girl in "An Ill Wind" (Sterling). No name for Sammy in "Sammy's Vacation" (Crystal).

Alfred J. W.—E. H. Calvert was Stingall in "One Wonderful Night" (Essanay). Justina Huff in "The Regeneration of Love" (Lubin). I hope you felt better after you got all that wrath out of your system. Your letter was splendid.

Tyllye.—Thanks for the clippings. I hadn't seen them. I am not sure, but at the time Charles Chaplin left Keystone and signed with Essanay it was commonly reported around Los Angeles that his salary was to be $1,000 a week.

Evelyn L. S.—Just wait a minute. Why do most actresses have blonde hair? You will have to ask the editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*. Very clever excuse—a guilty conscience is the mother of invention.

Maurice K. G.—You refer to the Fairbank twins. I agree with you about the cigaret. I never use them.

Abe, 99.—In underworld talk "bull" means a detective, and "harness bull" means a policeman. Edna Payne was the girl in "The Jewel of Allah" (Victor).

Sylvia M., Eugene O.—It is not known just what Mary Pickford's present salary is. Just before she signed her new contract with Famous Players Mr. Kessler announced that he had engaged her at $3,000 a week for the N. Y. M. P. Co. She was then getting $1,000 a week. The next day Famous Players announced that they had re-engaged her. Shortly after that there was incorporated at Albany a new company named the Mary Pickford Famous Players Company, and it is presumed that Little Mary is the principal stockholder therein and that her salary will depend on the earnings of this new company. My guess is that if she gets much more than $52,000 by the end of the year she is a lucky child, and that the lawyers were pretty clever.

Billy Romaine.—That certainly was fine candy you sent. So you didn't care for "The Painted World."

Doris J. H.—Your letter was very interesting, but a trifle long. I dont know who the prodigal was; anyway, a prodigal is usually a bad son suggestive of a calf. Thanks for the information.

Tiger, 3.—Thanks for the papers.

Bertha S.—Ethel Grandin is with the Ethel Grandin Company. Robert Leonard and Ella Hall, Hollywood, Cal. Helen Gardner in "The Leading Lady."

Bob Bunny.—Yes, it is a long, hard journey. The reason art is so long is because it is so broad and deep. If it were narrow and shallow it would rush along more rapidly. Gerda Holmes in "Whatsoever a Woman Soweth" (Essanay). Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot in "The Girl and the Stowaway" (Kalem).

Kentucky Sal.—What we suffer from most is not falsehoods, but the endless and irrepressible repetition of half-truths. Irene Howley was Susan in "The Sufferings of Susan" (Biograph). Blanche Sweet and Lionel Barrymore.

Oscar J. T.—Anders Randolph was the father in "413." Owen Moore is with Bosworth. He believes in moving in pictures.

E. L. D.—Yes, my mistake. "Sea Wolf" was Bosworth and not Selig. Margaret Joslin in the "Sophie" pictures.

Zeloso.—Verna Mersereau was the dancer in "The Dancer" (Kalem). That Biograph was too old. Ormi Hawley and Herbert Fortier in "The Friendship of Lamond" (Lubin).

Lincoln C. P.—Olive Drake was Lily in "The Lily of the Valley" (Selig).

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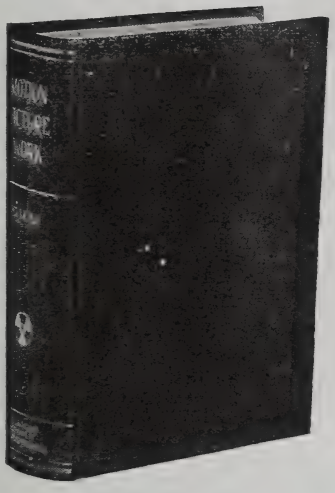

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BEAU BRUMMEL.—Thanks for your kind words. I would hate awfully for my reader ever to meet Mrs. McKenzie. The only way to get acquainted with Olga would be to join the Correspondence Club, but she is no longer a member. Write to Romaine Fielding for particulars. Muriel Ostriche has just left Imp.

LUCILLE MC.—You refer to Roscoe Arbuckle of the Keystone. I do not believe in that virtue that insists on the precaution of locked doors. It is quite easy to be virtuous in jail, but it is an inferior brand of virtue. Pauline Bush.

JAMES M. F.—Address Cleo Madison, Universal Company, Hollywood, Cal. Edwin August is still with Kinetophote.

MADELINE.—Your letter was very interesting. Your comments about my beard remind me of this:

"There was once a man with a beard,
Who said, 'It is just as I feared!
Two owls and a hen,
Four larks and a wren
Have all built their nests in my beard.'"

LITTLE BIT.—Gertrude Robinson is in California. Guy Oliver in "Who Killed George Graves" (Selig). Mabel Van Buren in "The Master Mind" (Lasky).

HARRY C. S.—So you want an interview with Maurice Costello. He directs, too.

SAMPSON.—Books, pictures, drawings, subscriptions, etc., were the prizes in the "Missing Letter Puzzle."

QUIZZER, 666.—Others have thought as you. Write to Miss Clark in care of the Famous Players. Thanks for your criticism; I have passed it along.

JOHN D., 16.—Your letter was very interesting. I will call you my dear gold-plated friend.

MARGARET G. ADMIRER.—There is no Tom in "The Master Key." Very true. A certain player once telephoned me asking me to say something nice about him to the effect that he liked his mother. Needless to say I didn't say it, for it probably would not be true. I wont give his name.

DEINIFI Z.—That no doubt was the fault of the operator. Helen Holmes was the girl in "The Girl at the Throttle."

DELLA R.—Both players you mention are playing right along.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Thanks for the rose. Robert Grey was Harry in "Old Isaacson's Diamonds" (Kalem). Arthur Cozine was Reggie in "Breaking In" (Vitagraph).

BORIUS.—Arthur Allardt was Arthur, and Joe Franz was Joe in "Brother from Brother." Mary Ruby was Helen in "The Sob-sister" (Rex). There will be a chat and picture of Edward Earle along soon.

SISSY S. SISS.—For the first wedding anniversary, cotton; second, paper; third, leather; fourth, fruit and flowers; fifth, wood; sixth, sugar; seventh, woolen; eighth, India rubber; ninth, willow; tenth, tin; eleventh, steel; twelfth silk and fine linen; thirteenth, lace; fourteenth, ivory; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearl; fortieth, ruby; fiftieth, golden; seventy-fifth, diamond. Norma Phillips and J. W. Johnstone in "Runaway June." The Victor "Samson" may be shown in smaller towns yet. Haven't Ruth Hennessey's address.

RAY W. B.—Richard Stanton, Rhea Mitchell, and Arthur Maude as the brother in "The Master of the House" (Kay-Bee). Elvira Weil, Jack Nelson, and Gertrude Claire as the mother in "Thru the Murk" (Domino). Tom Mix was Tom, Sid Jordan was Dick and Goldie Colwell the girl in "Roping a Bride" (Selig).

PHYLLIS REX.—Vitagraph are in Brooklyn. Bessie Eyton was the lead in "Master of the Garden" (Selig). Send for a list of film manufacturers. Your letter was very bright. Sapolio?

DOT, 65.—J. W. Johnstone and Norma Phillips in that Reliance. Louise Glaum in "College Days" (Domino). Herschal Mayall was the father in "A Modern Noble" (Domino). Minna Gale was Mrs. Lorimer the second in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" (Famous Players).

C. WILL BURR.—Yours was a James dandy. Why dont a crowd of your boys get together and go down to Vitagraph? Then you would see Miss Stewart. Sorry, but I cant go with you. The Vitagraph Theater changes its bill every week.

WILLIAM W.—Haven't Howard Compton's present address. Carie Neilan is not on our records. Sorry.

LA MARQUISE.—I would get two or three good rhetorics and study hard. We have several photoplay books for sale.

MARY L. MAC.—Margaret Thompson was Edith in "Not of the Flock" (Kay-Bee). Mayre Hall was the governess in "In the Conservatory" (Princess). Rhea Mitchell in "In the Sage-brush Country."

FRANK F. G.—You wield a sharp pen. Every line cuts like a whip, every word raises a blister. Oh, spare me!

ETHEL A. C., CANADA.—Benjamin Wilson was the actor in "A Man's Temptation" (Rex). Ella Hall, Western Universal, Hollywood, Cal. No player can keep up a regular correspondence, but if you write to Miss Hall I am quite sure she will answer you.

FLOSSIE, 17.—I am indeed sorry your questions were not answered, but I get a great many more letters than I can answer. The Editor has cut down my space, and I am piled up with letters left over.

M. C. D. THE FIRST.—Shorty Hamilton was Shorty in "Shorty's Adventures." Miss Brown was Nell. Write to Kalem for the Kalem Kalendar.

OLGA, 17.—I was so glad to see your letter again. Whence all those words? Thy vocabulary is extensive, miladi. I will hand you to the Editor.

WINNIFRED LEE.—Lucille Carney and Georgia Wilson were the step-sisters in "Cinderella" (Famous Players). Santa Barbara, Cal.

VERGIE R.—Elizabeth Burbridge was Molly in "The Gangsters and the Girl" (Kay-Bee). Margaret Thompson was the pickpocket in the same. Rhea Mitchell in "The First Love's Best" (Kay-Bee). Richard Stanton in "No-account Smith's Baby" (Kay-Bee). Fannie Midgley was the wife, Thelma Salter the little girl. Enid Markey was Grace in "Hateful God" (Kay-Bee). Marvel Stafford was Eva. Harry Keenan was Bronson. Muriel Ostriche was Señorita and Boyd Marshall her lover in "The Little Señorita." Signora Giovanni Terribili in "Cleopatra."

AGNES MC.—I couldn't read all of yours. You are talking about Alan Hale, I believe.

BILLY ROMAINE.—Thank you for the souvenir folder of New Orleans.

RUTH M. B.—Amy Summers was Chick in "The County Chairman" (Famous Players). Lionel Barrymore was Dumble in "Classmates." I'm not mad—are you?

PANSY.—Congratulations on the club. It is getting better every day. Adele Lane had the lead in "Somebody's Sister" (Selig). Yes; Robert Conness, of Edison, has quite a past on the stage. A chat and picture of Edward Earle is on the way.

BELLE.—No; I never send out autographed photos of myself. What a question! Vitagraph publish the Vitagraph Bulletin.

PEGGY.—I believe Florence Turner was Earle Williams' first leading lady.

BETTY OF GA.—Your letter was very interesting, but you ask no questions.

GLADYS B.—No; I am not a bunch of fellows, as you say. I am only one, single, separate, undivided individual. I wish you luck at school.

A. H. M., PHILADELPHIA.—Rosemary Theby was Cora in "The Double Life" (Lubin). Mr. Bunny has no brother in pictures. Why not get in touch with our Clearing House?

KAY D. M.—Your letter was too long to use. Otherwise O. K.

LOUISE S.—Crane Wilbur is to play opposite Mary Charleson for the Lubin Company. Yours was interesting. Sorry you are laid up.

SEASIDE.—Antonio Moreno never posed under name of Ray Gallagher in Méliès. Yes, there is some similarity. Ray Gallagher is with Universal. He was formerly with Méliès.

E. Z. MARK.—The drawing is a failure. Doesn't resemble me in the least. So you are working for Norma Talmadge. Yes, she has wonderful powers of expression. I liked her best in "A Daughter's Strange Inheritance," a dandy piece of work.

AUBURN BETTY.—John Smiley and Justina Huff in "The House of Darkness" (Lubin). Leo Delaney was Billy in "An Elopement at Home" (Vitagraph). Harold Lockwood was Robert.

FARLEYENSE.—William Worthington plays with Warren Kerrigan sometimes. "Baggage Coach Ahead" was an Edison.

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CHAPMAN A. M.—Haven't the name of the director of that Lubin. I really enjoyed yours.

E. Z., EVANSVILLE.—So you want Harold Lockwood and Marguerite Clark to get married. They are not playing together now. You think Famous Players is the best company. You see, they dont produce very many and therefore most of their films ought to be good.

JOHNSON H.—You have not fulfilled every duty until you have fulfilled that of being polite and respectful.

MAD. J. D.—Send for a list of film manufacturers and write to the players direct to the studio.

DORIS G.—The one-reel photoplay is soon ended. Harold Lockwood in the first and Ernest Truex in the second. Florence Turner played for Vitagraph.

V. W. B.—Irene Howley and Jack Mulhall in "For Her People" (Biograph). I will not discuss the Bible nor argue about religion. The Bible is the greatest book we have and it is sure to do everybody good who reads it.

MYRA G. D.—Your letter was long and interesting.

ALICE C. M.—Harriet Notter was Ethel in "The Broken Vase" (Selig). William Jefferson and Irene Howley in "Orange Blossoms" (Biograph). Howard Hickman and Leona Hutton in that Broncho.

MARTHA P.—You can offer to bet me, but that does not prove anything. A wager is a fool's argument. Questions about age are forbidden. Exception—my own.

L. D.—Cleo Madison played both parts in "Trey o' Hearts" (Gold Seal).

IMAFAN.—I agree with you. I read the clipping with much interest.

MARY D.—Sessue Hayakawa was the lead in "The Typhoon." I am neither of the two you mention. I must say your letter was one of the best I have ever received, and I enjoyed it.

REA, PHILADELPHIA.—I dont know what letter you are referring to.

TILLIE S.—Your questions are all out of order. Kindly fix your orbs on the paragraph at the top of page 133.

BELLE, BROOKLYN.—You say in "The Exploits of Elaine" why didn't the Clutching Hand put a stick of dynamite under a penny, and when the bloodhounds stepped on it they would be thrown off the scent? Brilliant! Marvelous! By the way, do you know of any kind of sensational blood-and-thunder that they have neglected to put into that lurid drama?

DOT, 65.—I want to thank you so much for the beautiful valentine. There are over fifteen parts in "The Master Key" so far. Rhea Mitchell. Elvira Weil was the girl in "Thru the Murk." George Elliott was Gordan in "The Scrub" (Domino).

RUTH W.—My dear sinner-friend, your letter was very interesting. "Dear Old Girl" was first released in October, 1913, and lately reissued. Beverly Bayne has been with Essanay over three years now. Thanks for your kind words.

K., VITAGRAPH.—It may be true that chastity is founded on man's property rights in woman, but it has become a moral requirement by all society. Harry Morey in "A Million Bid." Eleanor Kahn was the girl in "Mongrel and Master" (Essanay). G. M. Anderson still lives.

ARDENS, LACONIA.—I enjoyed your long letter, and I will try the solution you gave me. I am sorry, but I know of nothing that will help facial neuralgia.

OLLIE C. H.—Thanks for the fee. You are very discreet and clever.

ANITA S. S.—You refer to the Fairbank twins in Thanhouser pictures. Gladden James in "The Understudy."

THE BRONCHO KID.—Robert Walker in "Her Bitter Lesson" (Kalem). Heap much thanx! Very welcome.

McD.—Eleanor Woodruff was the daughter, Sheldon Lewis the mate and Sam Ryan the captain in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." Anna Luther in "Hounded."

C. WILL BURR.—Ah! you pleased me greatly by your wise comments. You have got it bad for Anita Stewart.

E. R. B., BLACKVILLE.—Thank you muchly for your kind remembrance. Hope we meet some day.

ANN, BUFFALO.—Joseph Byron Totten was John in "The Amateur Prodigal" (Essanay). The other title incorrect. I think the European War will end this year.

MADDIE, 15.—Henry Walthall in "The One She Loved" and also in "Classmates." Write to the studios.

THE BRONCHO KID.—Wrong title on that Lubin. Ernest Evers was Fred in "The Jungle" (All Star). Vivian Prescott was Georgia and Marie Newton was Clara in "Money" (Biograph). Adele De Garde is with Vitagraph. Put not too much faith in the Answer Man. He is getting old and is not infallible.

OLGA, 17.—So you want a picture of Thomas Chatterton on the cover. They pronounce Los Angeles like worms and not like angels out there. Sorry you are moving.

GRACE VAN LOON.—Your letter was very interesting. Come again.

UNEEDA BEARD.—Adele Lane and Edwin Wallock were man and wife in "The Fatal Note" (Selig). Dolores Decker was Helen in "The Leech" (Kalem). Like "read." Dont just know why Eddie Lyons always keeps his hands in his pockets. Maybe because he doesn't know what else to do with them, or perhaps he's afraid if he doesn't keep his hands in, others will get their hands in. Thanks.

AGNES A.—H. Stanley was El Paso Kid in "The Girl Stage Coach Driver" (Eclair). I dont know whether or not it is good form to use powder on the face, but I do know that there is enough powder used in America to lick the Germans and Allies combined.

BERNARD B.—Thanks for the postals. You should have seen "His Musical Career." It was very funny. Thanks for all you have sent.

GEORGE E. G.—Yes, the same man in both plays, Alec B. Francis. Shorty Hamilton in "The Adventure of Shorty" (Broncho). Ernest Van Pelt in "Sophie's Fatal Wedding" (Essanay).

LEONDE C.—Warner's Features never gives information, and very few want it. The first issue of our magazine is out of print. Write to our circulation manager. We have "How Motion Pictures are Made and Worked," by Talbot, which explains the double rôle.

ABE, 99.—G. Williams was Bolton in "The Oil Well Conspirators" (Kalem).

SWASTIKA.—Henry Walthall with Mutual. Carlotta was Mrs. Jefferies in "The Third Degree" (Lubin). I have no favorite company.

MARGARET K. T.—Yes. Glad you liked "The Christian." By all means, consult a doctor. Medicine may be only a series of experiments rather than a science, as some think, yet it is safest to try the experiment.

ALFRED W.—What, again? Rica Allen was the woman in "Convicts, Costumes and Confusion" (Vitagraph). Yes, real negroes in "Cullud Folks." Arthur Macklin was the hero in "His Mother's House" (Biograph). Guy Oliver was Ryan in "The Fates and Ryan" (Selig). Yes; Stella Razetto.

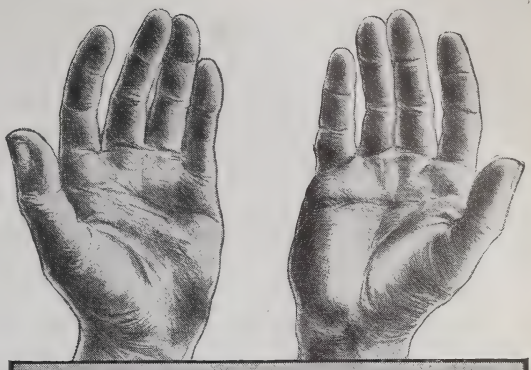
ROY R.—Robert Walker was the negro in "Dear Old Girl." The artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs, as G. K. Chesterton says.

LEONORE K.—Go to the head of the class. Jack Mower was the detective in "The Choice" (Vitagraph). John Mackin was the father in "The Hand of Fate" (Kalem). Gordon Mullen was Squint in "The Face on the Ceiling." Charles Wellesley was Van Alstyne in "Love, Luck and Gasoline" (Vitagraph).

ERMA M. G., TOPSY AND WAR-IN-KERRY.—Your questions have all been answered above. All of your letters interesting.

ROY R.—No; Christy Mathewson is not playing in pictures regularly. The reason I get inquiries about Vitagraph players, in spite of the fact that all Vitagraphs are preceded by a cast, is that people cannot remember. When the cast is first shown people are not interested. If the cast was put at the end of the film, we could then look up any player in whom we were interested. The time will come when they will hand out printed programs containing all of the casts for the evening, and perhaps they will give them out in advance.

ABE, 99.—Charles Hitchcock was Craven in "The Devil's Signature." Alan Fralich and Laura Huntley in "Easy Money" (Kalem). Ruth Hazlette was the girl in "Little Miss Bountiful" (Selig).



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Mubl S.—Marshall Neilan and Warren Kerrigan are not brothers. Sorry I did not answer your last.

Frank D. E.—Edward Brennan was Dunbar in "Our Mutual Girl." The "Runaway June" films are being done in Bermuda. George Fields still with American.

Mary E. R.—Marguerite Snow is not dead. Times are certainly improving, but the almighty dollar is still mighty scarce. I get only seven of them each week.

Olga, 17.—You want Arnold Daly to buy a wig. He might catch cold. You know spring has came. So you will be glad to see Crane Wilbur with Lubin?

A. L., Victoria.—There is no such person as you name in that cast. Glad to answer any questions. Thanks for the fee.

Mildred S. D.—B is right. She was not nude. Photoplayers do not cut their own hair when playing; usually it's a wig. They were divorced. People take great pains to catch each other, but very little pains to hold on to them.

Dearie.—No, you have me wrong. Haven't heard of "Prince of India" being filmed yet. Both Edison and Vitagraph publish a monthly bulletin. Thanks for the large fee.

Rambling Rover.—Ink seeks to be plentiful in your town. It is a great thing if used rightly—the colored slave that waits on thought. Fritz Schade was the proprietor and Miss Page was the wife in "Dough and Dynamite" (Keystone). Norma Phillips was Margaret in "The Mutual Girl."

Katherine R. H.—No, I never saw a chimney draw, nor even sweep, but I have seen people who could ask a whole lot of foolish questions.

Theresa R. H., Springfield. — Edith Johnson was Ann and Charles Wheelock was Guy in "Heart's Desire" (Selig). There is no limit as to the number of scenes in one reel. Usually about 30. Idea fine.

Genevra Fan.—Barney Furey was Jim in "His Fighting Blood" (Selig). You must give the branch of the Universal when asking questions. Irene Warfield is with the Rolfe Company. Irene Howley has not joined another company as yet. Marie Newton and Jack Mulhall and Jack Drumier in "All for a Boy."

Phil H. A.—Harry McCoy was the intoxicated man in "Fatty and Minnie Hee-Haw" (Keystone). You refer to Roscoe Arbuckle.

Myrle McC. E.—Arthur Donaldson was Gilbert and Evelyn Dumo was Marie in "Runaway June." J. W. Johnston was Ned and Billie West was Mary in "Vengeance is Mine." W. E. Lawrence was Edward. Of course we are bothered with mosquitoes. The only place where they are not is in Kentucky, where they all die of delirium tremens.

Gladys H., Andover.—When a photoplay is not a success, it may be the fault of either the writer, director, player or publicity end. So Miss Snow received the flowers you had me send her. You are very welcome.

Beatrice B. — Norma Talmadge and Gladden James in "Shadows and Sunshine" (Vitagraph). May Ruby and George Kunkel in "The Sagebrush Girl."

Stella M. K.—You say that you are in doubt whether to lick your exhibitor or not for not showing more Earle Williams films. I advise you to give the exhibitor the benefit of the doubt. That Imp was too old for records. Guy Coombs in "Her Supreme Sacrifice" (Kalem).

Olga, 17.—You want a chat with Anita Stewart served for breakfast. You will have that wish some day.

Miss E. B., Toronto.—Write Vera Sisson, Western Universal, Hollywood, Cal.

Charles A. W.—I am sorry, but I cannot tell whether her correct name is Winifred Kingston or whether that is her stage name. I am sorry I cannot help you. Write to Lasky.

Glad. G., Ontario.—J. W. Johnston was in "Ransford of Arcadia" (Eclair). He is now with Reliance. Thanks.

C. Will Burr.—Yes, I have heard Billy Sunday. He is the keystone of religion. He may be a clown, but like the Keystone comedies, he is giving comfort to a whole lot of people.

Paul W., Somerville.—No book on that play. That Thanhouser has been discontinued. Haven't Paul Panzer's present whereabouts, but he will soon be back with Pathé.

M. C. D. The First.—Alec B. Francis was the father and Mary Moore was Marie in "Lola" (World).

Ruth H., Hurtsboro.—I have done as you requested.

D. M. B., Sodus.—I have just celebrated my seventy-fourth birthday, but I feel like a two-year-old. John Bunny was playing on the stage in Brooklyn in March. He and I are good friends still.

Vera, 16.—None of the players live at the studios. I know of no Polish players. There are Polish players playing in the Nordisk Film Company in Denmark.

Helen M.—Address Clara K. Young, World Film Company, New York City, and Mary Fuller, 514 East Eleventh Ave., New York City. The magazine you speak of has failed two or three times, and the last I heard the printer had taken it over for debt and is now running it. I hope they succeed. Always room for one more.

Billy Romaine.—Your letter was very interesting. Yes, I understand that after "How Cissy Made Good" ran a week at the Vitagraph Theater they cut me out of the film entirely. You see, all of the Vitagraph stars were in that play, and they got so jealous over my acting that the management had to eliminate my fine work to keep peace in the family.

OUR CHAPTER.—Anne Schaefer, of the Western Vitagraph, Santa Monica, Cal., is very grateful to all those who have sent her canceled postage stamps, and will be glad to receive any that our readers care to send. Blanche Sweet has played only for Biograph and Mutual.

STUDENT.—Enid Markey was Pepita in "The Fortunes of War" (Kay-Bee).

E. B., NASHVILLE.—Your letter was very interesting, but a little long.

GLADYS E. N.—You say you are "absolutely crazy to be a movie actress," but I can give you no encouragement. Write to Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz., about the Correspondence Club. He is secretary. Be sure to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. The club is in good health now, and the *Correspondence News* is their regular publication.

ALFREDA L.—"Wildflower" was taken in California. Harold Lockwood was Arnold, and James Cooley was Jerald. Winifred Kingston was the schoolteacher in "The Virginian" (Lasky). Gaston Bell in "The Fortune Hunter."

RAY C.—Your German was good. Lilie Leslie was the nurse, Earle Metcalfe the doctor and Ann Luther the other girl in "The Changeling" (Lubin). Kempton Greene was opposite Miss Luther.

THE FLAPPER.—Glad to hear of your good work for the Belgians. Your letter was interesting.

ZABE, 18.—James Kirkwood was Lancer, and Harry E. Browne was Fisher in "The Eagle's Mate" (Famous Players). Kempton Greene and Mary Keane in "By Whose Hands?" (Lubin). Harry Millarde and Jere Austin in "The Viper" (Kalem). Thanks for the circular.

ELIZABETH M. B.—Chester Barnett is with Peerless now. So you have to walk two miles in order to see the pictures. You are a true fan.

MARIE T.—You say a man went into a restaurant and asked for coffee, and after tasting the coffee said it didn't look like coffee. The waiter said, "How did you know—did a little bird tell you?" And the man said, "Yes, a swallow." Wonderful! Carlyle Blackwell is in California now. Mr. Bushman's eyes are blue.

LILY MAY C.—Your letters are always welcome. Glad to get the information. Your answer was correct. Helen Martin in "No Show for the Chauffeur" (Eclair). Peggy Pearce in "Love and Luck" (Sterling). Harry Gsell in "Get Out and Get Under" (Crystal).

MRS. G. T.—Edwin Clark in "The Poisoned Bit" (Edison). Charles Murray in "Just Kids" (Biograph). Billy Mason was the reporter in "The Prince of India."

JEANNETTE M.—I cannot help you. You will have to apply to the companies direct. The average number of teeth is 32.

E. C. W.—You refer to Charles Chaplin. Violet MacMillan was the girl. You will have to write Broncho.

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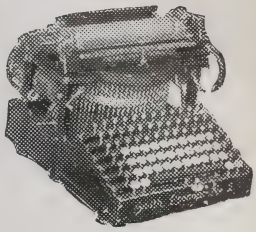

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M. P., Binghamton.—I believe you refer to an old Biograph with Blanche Sweet. She is now with Lasky.

Eleanor S.—Howard Hickman was Dick in "The Circus Man" (Lasky). Sorry, but I cannot tell you from the description you give.

Dorothy A.—Julia S. Gordon had the lead in "Tho Your Sins Be as Scarlet." Thomas Chatterton and Hazel Buckham in "The Open Door" (Domino).

Lu Ella M.—W. Chrystie Miller was formerly with Biograph. I am glad to say that he is fairly well and happy. He was here recently and he is a most charming man. Alec B. Francis was leading man in "Boy" (Eclair).

Catherine Mc.—Stamp is not sufficient. You must send a stamped, addressed envelope. Norma Talmadge in this issue.

Elvenah J.—Yes, that advertisement was of Alice Joyce.

Mrs. W. J. O'B.—Your long letter was very interesting. I enjoyed it. Next time you are in the East call upon us.

Susan C.—I advise you to abandon the idea of leaving home for the pictures. A pretty face is the fortune of some and the ruin of others.

Coral S., Cambridge.—I am sure I dont know why there isn't a company taking pictures in your town. That was indeed a melodrama; it was more than mellow—almost rotten.

Gladys H.—Thanks for all you say, but I aint afraid, 'deed I'm not. Robert Grau was formerly in the theatrical and operatic business. He has devoted the past half dozen years to writing on Motion Picture subjects and is the author of several important works, among them "The Theater of Science."

Brownie T. L. S.—Yes, do write a letter to the Editor. He is always glad to hear from his readers.

Felicia R.—Selig could not give us that information. You neglected to give the name of the company to your second. Sorry.

Olga, 17.—So you have let out. Good! Hooray! Will be glad to see you. Anita Stewart and Ralph Ince live at Brightwaters most of the time, which is a suburb of Bayshore, L. I., N. Y.

Gertie.—This is May, isn't it? Well, this is a peculiarly dangerous month to marry in. The others are June, July, August, September, October, November, December, January, February, March and April.

Princess D.—So you want to see more of Gertrude McCoy and of Leah Baird?

Harold C. B.—Thanks for the snapshots. I have quite a collection. I am sure I dont know what to tell you. The supply is so much greater than the demand that it is mighty hard to get in a company. You might call upon the different studios in person. Letter wont help you a bit.

Ed. M., Manchester.—Charles Chaplin was not killed. He is still with Essanay. I think that was Mr. Anderson himself sitting in the audience in Mr. Chaplin's "The Champion."

Priscilla H.—Conway Tearle was Charles in "The Nightingale" (All Star). Jeannette Trimble was Calphurnia in "Julius Cæsar" (Cines).

Mary Jane.—That Selig was taken in California. Augustus Phillips opposite Miriam Nesbit in "Leah" (Edison).

C. F., Racine.—This magazine does not pay for verses written in praise of players, but it does pay for all other verses that it uses. All drawings are also paid for. All of our stories are written to order by our writers, so there is no chance for you in that line. Harry Myers in "Fathers Three" (Victor). Eddie Lyons in "An Outlaw's Honor" (Powers). Howard Crampton was lead in "A Gentleman of Art" (Imp).

Olga, 17.—And now you are whooping for Beverly Bayne. Good taste! You think that other player is too kittenish. Well, it's better kittenish than cattish.

Marguerite H.—James Cooley and Jane Gray in "The Little Gray Lady" (Famous Players). Yes, James Cruze and Maude Fealy in "Little Dorrit" (Thanhouser).

Abe, 99.—Gertrude McCoy was lead in "Her Husband's Son" (Edison).

Margarette K. T.—So you, too, like Marguerite Clark. You mustn't say that you'll have all of Mary's friends down on you. A chat with her will be along soon. Arthur Bauer was Graves in "The Jury Room" (Thanhouser).

Ervin L.—Marguerite Loveridge is with Thanhouser now. Mintra Durfee in "Love, Speed and Thrills" (Keystone). Dot Gould was the girl in "The Race for a Bride" (Sterling).

M. H., Freeport.—Charles Manley was Tom in "Master Key" (Universal). Mayme Kelso was the aunt.

Lula C., Tulsa.—Jackie Saunders was the girl in "Saved from Himself" (Balboa). I thank you and shall give the Editor your message.

Harold M. K.—I am sorry, but Essanay could not obtain the information.

Ethel C. W., Newton.—Thanks and embraces for the dandy box of home-made fudge.

L., Box 32.—How charming of you to remember me.

Napier.—In English money, $2.50 is about 10s. 6d. Glad to get your subscription any time.

Herman.—You ask what Adam and Eve's telephone number was. It was 2-8-1 Apple, and if Eve had a private wire, her number was 8-1-2 Green. You see I am right up to date, even if I am 74.

Blonde.—George Fisher was Dale in "College Days" (Kay-Bee). Louise Glaum was leading woman. Wallace Reid was Will in "Three Brothers" (Reliance).

E. Z. Mark.—You here again? Vivian Rich was the mother in "Sweet and Low" (American). Eiffel Tower, Paris, is the highest, I believe, about 985 feet high.

Faith, Helena.—Robert Ellis in that Kalem. Edwin Carewe is with Photo-drama Company now. George Reehm was directing for Biograph last.

Abe F.—Harry McCoy was the male lead in "Mabel's Nerve" (Keystone). George Field was Longwood in "Sheltering an Ingrate" (American).

Edna B. C.—Alfred Vosburgh and Miss Raamussed had the leads in "Lost in Mid-ocean" (Vitagraph). Harry Millarde and Alice Hollister in "The Mystery of the Yellow Sunbonnet" (Kalem). Anna Luther was the girl in "The Man from the Sea" (Lubin). Harry Schumm in "The Unsigned Agreement" (Gold Seal).

Along Came Ruth.—Garry McGarry and William Garwood are very different people; the former with Vitagraph and the latter with Universal. Edwin Wallock was John in "The Mystery of the Seven Chests" (Selig). Tom Moore in "The Family Black Sheep" (Kalem). You're welcome.

Marion S.—Your verse is so good that I must use it: "O Answer Man, dear Answer Man! why do you treat us so? Your face is young, your movements lithe, yet whiskers white as snow. We've pined to see beneath your mask, we know 'twould fetch a thrill; yet must confess, O Erudite! with all your *false*, we love you still."

Little Mary.—No cast given on "How Cissy Made Good." All the Vitagraph stars are in it. Your verse was very good. Robert Gray is still playing for Kalem.

Florence C.—Elizabeth Burbridge was the girl in "The Face on the Ceiling" (Broncho). Vera Sisson was the girl in "Ten of Spades" (Majestic). Hazel Buckham in "The Open Door" (Kay-Bee). William Garwood in "Carmen."

E. H. F.—Glad you liked that play. Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley have left Bosworth, and it is rumored they will return to Universal.

Gladys M. B.—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw played in only one film for Lubin. Joseph Smiley was Ivan, and Jack Clifford was Fedor in "Threads of Destiny" (Lubin). Lasky produced "The Virginian."

Peggy Billy.—Biograph are releasing five a week now. It is not necessary to describe the handkerchief, nor to say "business of sobbing soulfully into a hand-embroidered handkerchief." Leave it to the director.

Virginia B. H.—I shall preserve your clever letter. William Ehfe is playing in "The Deputy's Duty" (Biograph).

Grace Van Loon.—Your letters are about as bright as any I receive. You ought to join our Correspondence Club.

Frances Smith.—James Kirkwood had the lead in "Behind the Scenes."

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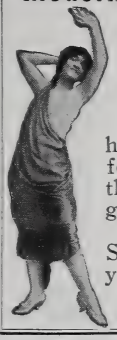

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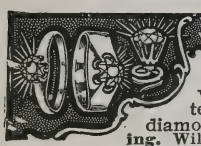

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ARKANSAS TRAVELER.—Evelyn Selbie is no longer with Essanay. "Neptune's Daughter" was taken last summer in Bermuda.

C. WILBUR FAN.—Thanks for the picture. Very pretty. Alfred Vosburgh and Marguerite Gibson in "Brandon's Last Ride" (Vitagraph).

ESSIE L. T.—No, my name is not Camp. J. P. McGowan in "Winning a Widow" (Kalem). Ernest Shields was the butler in "Lucille Love" (Gold Seal).

PAULINE C.—The 23d and last series of "The Million-Dollar Mystery" was released February 23d. Marguerite Courtot in "The Girl and the Stowaway" (Kalem).

NINA E. C.—Judging from your experience, you should next time provide a chaperon for your chaperon. Carlyle Blackwell in that old Kalem.

BILLY, M. P. F.—Charles Ray was David, and Enid Markey in "Not of the Flock" (Domino). Webster Campbell was Mr. Smart in the above. Warren Kerrigan in "The King of Man." Hershal Mayall in "Fortunes of War" (Kay-Bee).

VIE C., LATROBE.—You refer to Isabelle Rae in the Biograph. Irene Hunt and Mary Alden in "The Wrong Prescription" (Reliance). May Thompson was Ruth in "The Golden Goose" (Broncho). Anita Stewart in "Shadows of the Past" (Vitagraph). E. K. Lincoln. Alfred Paget was the son in "By Man's Law" (Biograph).

BILLIE, 17.—According to the last census taken, Cuba had a population of 2,500,000, and the salary of her President is $25,000, which is about half that of Mary Pickford. You may pick from Earle Williams and Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge and Donald Hall, Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey, Dorothy Kelly and James Morrison, Maurice Costello and Estelle Mardo, Leah Baird and Leo Delaney, and Constance Talmadge and Billy Quirk.

PITTSBURGH INQUIRER.—Leona Hutton and Gertrude Claire in "Desperado" (Broncho). That was the artist's name. Foos is the artist. That clipping was not about Mary Pickford.

DOROTHY H. S.—Address Marguerite Clark in care of Famous Players. Harold Lockwood is with American, Santa Barbara, Cal. He will play opposite Elsie Jane Wilson, who formerly played in "Everywoman."

SANADA.—Perhaps you refer to Tom Moore. Give the name of the play he has played in and I can help locate him. Be kind to the twins.

ABE, 99.—Edith Hayes was Belle in "Polished Up" (Vitagraph). Phyllis Grey was the other girl. Marin Sais was Nora in "The Bond Eternal" (Kalem). William Brunton was the boy, and William West the doctor.

ERWIN L.—Thanks for the clippings. Sidney Smith and Elsie Greeson in "Jimmie, the Porter" (Selig). Florence Crawford was the girl in "The High-grader."

TOPSY R.—I agree with 'most everything you say. Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in "Like Father, Like Son" (American). George Field was the son. Lamar Johnstone was the lead in "The Lackey."

PETER PAN.—I am inspired to answer you in verse: "Oh, tell me, doctor, is it true, as some physicians claim, that bleaching of the hair leads to softening of the brain?" "I'm not so sure of that," he said, "but you should have a care, for softening of the brain leads to bleaching of the hair!" Peroxide, I believe.

NORMAN H.—Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton in "The Lily of the Valley" (Selig). The line you refer to is from Gray's Elegy, "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way," and the same words can be written over twenty different ways, such as, "Homeward, weary, the ploughman plods his way."

IMPERIAL E. W.—Ethel Lee was Sophrona in "The Professor's Romance" (Vitagraph). Paul Scardon was the Frenchman in "The Sins of the Mothers."

VIOLET B.—Your letter was very interesting, and I hope you will continue reading the magazine.

PANSY.—Thanks for that cast. "St. Elmo" has been done. You say you would like to see Warren Kerrigan as St. Elmo.

TYLLYE.—You want an interview with Andy Clark, and you approve of the Sidney Drew comedies and think they are high-class in every way. He directs them himself, Mr. Drew does.

MT. BEACON.—That Imp was too old. Your letter was very interesting. Sorry, but I haven't the information on hand. Write again.

MADELINE J.—And now comes the news that Henry Walthall is back with the Mutual. He apparently is in the same boat with Edwin August, only it is a different boat. Your father and mother show good taste.

CLAIRE M.—Send a letter to Mr. Schulberg, Famous Players, 213 W. 26th Street, New York, and ask him about it.

R. M. L.—So you like to see G. M. Anderson in the pictures. No one would blame you for that. Your letter was fine.

GERTIE.—Half the time I dont know whether you are raving about Thomas Chatterton or Crane Wilbur. I wish all the inquirers when naming a play would please give the branch of the Universal, and not just Universal. Greetings!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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Dorothy C. Dodd, 5625 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Ill., hopes that we may be able to accept gracefully the bitter with the sweet. Just to prove our good sportsmanship, we thank her for criticism and laudation, and print:

Since other people write and tell you of their likes and dislikes, may I do the same? First I am going to tell you what I *dont* like, and then what I *do*, so please be like the little boy and swallow the pill for the sake of the jam afterward, wont you?

Well, I *dont* like to open my MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and find the photo studies of the players done in vivid violet or glaring green! Dont you think that a sepia study is far more artistic? I am sure no one could wish for a more beautiful picture than the soft sepia photogravure of Miss Lottie Briscoe in the February number, and I'm looking forward to the day when they will all be printed in the same tone. I am sure even the most rabid "fan" could not go very crazy over a purple Antonio Moreno or an emerald green Alice Joyce!

And, oh, what a sacrilege—I do not care for the average cover! Would you call a young lady in a pink and lavender gown, with a coppery skin, red lips, blue-grey eyes, and a pink bandeau against a chaplet of green leaves in her coppery hair, placed beneath scarlet lettering against a blue background, artistic? Neither do I! The March cover of Mabel Trunnelle is very pleasing, tho, because the gypsy coloring looks well against the neutral background of white.

The things I like your magazine for are many, however. Some of them are the Chats with Players, Brief Biographies, How I Became a Photoplayer, and especially the Greenroom Jottings. I, like others of your readers, have missed "Junius," and his "Spirit of the Play," and hope his is only a temporary absence. I also enjoy the special articles, such as

the visits to the different studios, and the very interesting "Story of Your Story," of which I hope we shall hear more.

I agree with Mr. Cruz, of Spokane, that there are too many "mushroom" companies producing so-called feature plays, but do not include Famous Players, Lasky, Paramount Pictures or any of the reputable companies in this list.

I need not add eulogies of Mary Pickford, Mary Fuller, Edith Storey, or Alice Joyce, and other bright stars of the screen, to this lengthy letter, as others have expressed my thoughts as well as or better than I, but before I close I want to ask if we may not look forward to an article concerning David Griffiths, that "Wonder Man" of Motion Pictures, who has trained so many of its stars?

N. C. Eaton, Nashville, Tenn., thinks that the "lesser lights" deserve a greater chance to glow before all eyes and that the public deserves the tribute of steadfastness from its pampered favorites, the players. His telling us so is interesting:

Much has been written and published from time to time in praise and admiration of many stars, but I see the glimmer of the lesser lights has obscured the brilliancy of the greater ones. Why do we not see and hear more of Mr. House Peters, whose refined appearance, apparent culture and excellent work make him the equal, if not the superior, of any actor on the screen?

Perhaps the masses cannot appreciate him, but the intelligent and cultured public, those who appreciate the best in art, clasp him close to their warm-throbbing hearts.

The public is fickle and ever clamoring for new idols, but we have enthroned him in our hearts and he has come to stay. His coming has not been as the brilliancy of the immortal Pickwick, which "shone for a moment, then went out altogether," but slowly, steadily he has grown in public favor till his place can be usurped by no one.

One thing more. Why do many talented players make the mistake of switching something? I could mention a few players when connected with companies that afford so many fine opportunities?

Why do they not realize, like dear little Mary Pickford, that they owe the public something. I could mention a few players who were public idols a few months past, but they have made this mistake, and the "star of their glory has certainly set."

For instance, who could contemplate such a thing as the three Vitagraph stars —dear Father Kent, charming Maurice Costello, or the superb Julia Swayne Gordon—doing a rough-and-tumble comedy?

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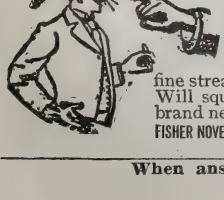

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The public is a great warm-hearted friend, whose arms encircle the globe. They are indebted to the many fine players for hours of rest, pleasure and entertainment, and they in turn certainly owe the public something.

Mrs. Hazel E. Burns, 86 Goodwin Avenue, Detroit, Mich., has versatile suggestions and opinions, a few of which we are able to print. How are they received?

I think Kalem could improve their pictures a great deal by giving the names of their players, the same as Vitagraph and others do, instead of the same old chestnut, "Featuring Alice Joyce." They could also improve by having Tom Moore the leading man again with Alice Joyce.

I agree with Miss Grace Falrey in her opinion of Mary Pickford.

Marguerite Clark is a much better actress than Mary Pickford.

Harold Lockwood is a better leading man for Marguerite Clark than Munroe Salisbury, because Harold Lockwood is the younger, as in "The Goose-girl." Munroe Salisbury was very good as Mr. Ives in "Ready Money," with Edward Abeles.

Why dont they quit raving about Alice Joyce, Mary Pickford, Mary Fuller and others who have had their share, and more than their share, of publicity, and give others who are just as good, if not better, than those I mentioned, a chance? For instance, Robert Herron, Donald Crisp and Owen Moore could not be beat in their work in "The Escape" and "The Single Standard."

Is Irving Cummings out of the running as a popular actor?

Mae Marsh is not only a beautiful girl, but is a wonderful actress. As the unfit sister in "The Escape" there has never been any work to beat hers in that play. As the girl in "For the Son of the House" and "The Girl Across the Way" she was great.

Here is a supplement to L. Case Russell's famous little book, "Here Lies," which grants a decent burial to stale and overworked plots. Susan E. Renwick, Summit, N. J., is the assistant sexton:

I have been a reader of your department for some time and have been pleased to note the growing numbers who share my feelings about the alleged Keystone comedies. To my mind, they are the cubists of the movies. One cannot paint portraits with a whitewash brush, tho I grant that certain investigating bodies have tried it; and by the same token one cannot write comedies (real

ones with a capital C) with a slapstick —the point is too dull. It seems to me that Keystone fares even worse than their more august brethren of the whitewash brush. Occasionally one can dig out a story that has possibilities of humor, but they are so buried beneath a mass of grimaces and silly tumbles, that they are hard to find. Why compel the public to carry pruning shears to the movies?

There is another situation that patrons of the pictures have long endured. I have heard many verbal complaints, but have seen none in print. It is the eternal pair of brothers, sisters and bosom friends who fall in love with the same man and woman, or desire the same job, mine, ranch, etc. One brother, sister or friend then becomes an unspeakable villain, commits some reprehensible act, the blame for which he fastens, in a more or less plausible manner, on the other brother, sister or friend. He or she then carries off in triumph the girl, man, job, mine, ranch, etc., and enjoys the same until the hero or heroine discovers the base deceit, exposes the villain or villainess, and all ends just as the spectator knew it would in the beginning.

I was surprised, in reading Miss Russell's "Here Lies," not to find the foregoing theme among those "verboten." Couldn't you "bury" it in your department?

John V. Loeffler, of 1317 West Indiana Street, Evansville, Ind., holds a lance for the Keystone type of comedy:

Having read of late many articles and letters in your magazine bearing on the comedy question, and as many of these expressed opinions oppose the Keystone type of comedy, I, as a regular patron of the movies, wish to, or rather feel impelled to, state my views.

Many critics, under assumed titles and otherwise, object to this brand of comedy and, at the same time, try to expound the merits of their own favorite brand, such as Vitagraph, Edison, Essanay, which are called quite convincing comedies.

Now, I believe these comedies are too slow and mild, and a picture play should be judged by the degree it amuses and entertains an audience. I note that the best class of people are regularly entertained by Keystone comedies, and, judging by the effect they make on an audience, they certainly are more appreciated than the refined comedies or even drama, for that matter. Dramas or refined comedy do not appeal to small children, and right here I wish to relate what I heard a little tot say, seated behind me in a theater with its mother: "Mamma, I am going to sleep; will you wake me when they show Keystone?"

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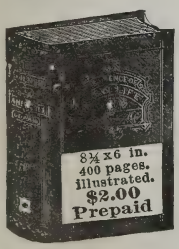

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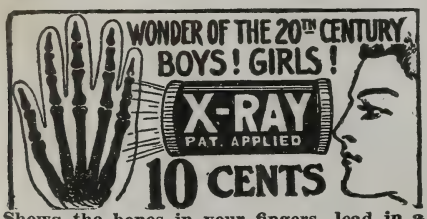

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I prefer a well done one-reel farce-comedy to a drama or refined comedy for my part, and I believe, if judged by the choice a movie fan takes, the public does also.

Some things are shown in slapstick comedies (seemingly termed so for want of a worse or more degrading name) which should be discouraged, but simply because these things occur is no reason that these comedies should be condemned. We may as well, or rather, condemn dramas. There was one which I have witnessed (I regret that I cannot recall the name of film), where a brutal knockdown was followed by repeated kicks; and how much more objectionable must such an incident be in a serious picture!

I note that the critic, "Junius," takes a rap at the Keystone films upon every occasion, but, as stated before, his objections are not borne out by the attendance which these films draw, and if the great majority are to judge instead of a few wiseacres.

Farce-comedy must be well done to win great favor, or it will be regarded with disdain; unlike drama, which if inferior we will let pass. Keystones take the lead, and, I believe, deserve all the patronage given them.

I would be glad to see critics regard the plays with more fairness, instead of letting their judgment be guided by personal dislikes. Farce-comedies have earned their allotted sphere in filmdom, and, I believe, will hold their own against the stir critics are trying to make.

Ada Clarke Carmichiel, of 4200 South Aldrich Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., discusses several matters, with unusual intelligence:

Every film should furnish immediate inspiration for constructive thought, action or relaxation, and sufficient time of exposure should be allowed for absorption and comprehension of detail.

When cast of characters, leaders consisting of letters, remarks or quotations, or any reading matter, etc., are shown, their value is lost in proportion to the degree of failure to be understood or sensed in their application.

Plays which reflect the old, yellow-backed novel should be eliminated, regardless of the character of the play.

The vital touch of the Motion Picture is in the response it calls forth from the human heart to the human situation shown on the screen. *Make them more human.*

The note to be sounded continually is "Higher Ideals."

Motion plays produced in colors should be the next big step forward toward perfection. The author's name should appear on every film.

Mary Carey, Nashville, Tenn., drives home a telling dagger when she brings up the age question in photoplay. Perhaps it's a weakness of the sex in other walks of life as well:

This is absolutely my first offense and I hope will not be too long, but when I enter a Motion Picture theater my brain becomes a huge question mark. Why, why, why is constantly singing in it. Why do sane directors put women in leading parts where every one is impressed with their beauty and who are not even passably good-looking? Carlyle Blackwell has never had a leading woman worthy of him since Alice Joyce, and it certainly detracts from his productions.

And why is it that Harold Lockwood, to my mind (and to many others who never write their opinions) the hand-

WHAT'S WHAT—AND WHY

(*Continued from page* 123)

proved. The work of Charles Kent, Leah Baird and Gladden James is responsible for the statement.

"The Quest" is the first of the Mutual master-pictures so long expected. Its scenes are beautiful, and, by a clever twist at the end, the theatergoer who prides himself on being able to foretell the story is neatly fooled. Margarita Fischer and Harry Pollard are the stars, with Nan Christy, Joseph E. Singleton, Robyn Adair and William Carol among the other important players.

"The Kreutzer Sonata" ably upholds the high standard set by recent Fox productions. Nance O'Neill makes her first film appearance and it is a personal triumph. "The Blessed Miracle" is a Lubin three-reeler of more than ordinary worth. Ethel Clayton, Joseph Kaufman and Rosette Brice form the eternal triangle, which in this case lends itself to a thoughtful and interesting piece of work. "The Jarr Family" is infinitely funnier on the screen than in the newspapers. "The Champion" means Charles Chaplin at his best. "The Master Mummer" (Edison) and "Mary's Duke" (Universal) are Mary Fuller pictures, both of which are worth seeing.

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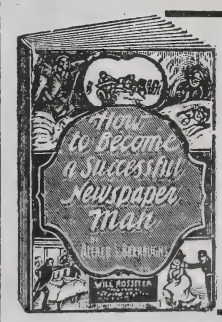

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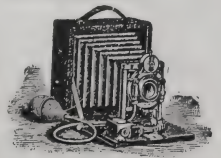

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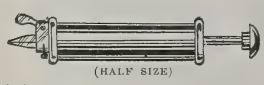
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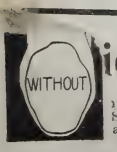

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Sales-Producing Medium
Room 205

somest and best leading man, never gets any credit for his good work? And frequently I have seen him pushed to the background for some stage star who cannot compare with him. Why, just his name outside will fill a house down here. His work with Marguerite Clarke in "Wildflower" and "The Crucible" was delightful, and Miss Clarke, while charming herself, can thank Mr. Lockwood for a large part of the success of these two productions. I would like to see him get his just deserts always. He is certainly handsome, versatile, clever and a perfect type of clean, upright American manhood.

"WHO'S TO BLAME?"

(*Continued from page* 79)

ground, and it is upon the author's work that the actor, with his personality, charm and experience, builds his popularity. Yet the author will have to remain content with that knowledge. However the firm may advertise him, or however he may advertise himself, he will never achieve the popularity of, or be the draw, a successful actor or actress is, either in films or the drama. This I do not think will ever alter. It will be the same one hundred years from now as it was with Garrick, Sarah Siddons, Kean, Kemble, Booth, Irving and Mansfield. Nat Goodwin, in his lately published book, puts it much better than I can, but with it I thoroly agree, and upon such an authority I am perfectly willing to rest my case. Goodwin says:

"The average author and manager of today are prone to advertise themselves as conspicuously as the play (as if the public cared a snap who wrote the play or who 'presents'). I doubt if five per cent. of the public knows who wrote 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' 'In Mizzoura' or 'Richelieu,' but they know their stage favorites.

"I wonder how many mantels are adorned with pictures of the successful dramatist and those who 'present,' and how many there are on which appear Maude Adams, Dave Warfield, Billie Burke, John Drew, Bernhardt, Duse, and hundreds of other distinguished players."

And so say I.

Of course we all like a good play well produced; still, these two essential things can easily be marred by a fat, unattractive leading man and a homely leading woman, no matter how well they can act.

According to your magazine, no matter how many birthdays they have, Motion Picture actresses never pass twenty years of age. You know the old saying, "You can fool all the people some of the time," etc. Well!!!

Most of them think if they have a few curls hanging down with a ribbon in their hair, they look like sweet sixteen. But where will you find a girl of sixteen in these modern times who would think of wearing her hair down? Why, curls are pinned up on top of their heads before they ever enter high school.

However, Mary Pickford's curls are quite a part of her, and I would hate to see her pin them up. She is always delightful.

And so also is Anita Stewart. Miss Stewart owes a great deal to Ralph Ince, who takes so much pains with her pictures. He always produces a finished picture in which the interest never lags. I think he is the best director of all.

I would like to see Norma Talmadge and Gladden James play together and given better opportunities, for they certainly deserve it. Any one who saw their clever work in "Sunshine and Shadows" would certainly agree with me. She is one of the cleverest little actresses in the business, and certainly young and pretty. Mr. James is so boyish-looking that it is a pleasure to watch him. I have seen him play a variety of parts and all of them well. I hope their clever work will be appreciated and that they will be given better opportunities some day. I always enjoy a picture with William Humphrey in it. He is a finished actor in every sense. Miss Gardner is clever in some parts, but Mr. James is entirely too young-looking to play opposite her as he did in "Underneath the Paint."

The most beautifully cast picture I ever saw was "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," which fact contributed largely to its success. Henrietta Crosman was charming and, I was glad to see, was too wise to attempt to play the young wife. Every one looked his part without the aid of makeup. Harold Lockwood and Harry Brown (who is a personal friend) certainly did some good work and added much to the success of the picture.

I would like also to see Alice Joyce in some better plays. Her recent plays must have been written in the studio, for they are all so much alike, and give her so little opportunity. I like her with Guy Coombs, but do not like to see him play mean parts as in "The Leech." It detracts from the popularity of a leading man.

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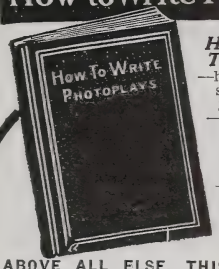

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I received a year's subscription to your magazine for a Christmas gift, and appreciate it more than anything.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

(*Continued from page* 56)

didn't think he had any gun, 'cause he had won it off him by cheating at poker in my place. So he pulled *his* gun, thinking he was safe. When he mounted his horse to go, the greaser pulled Mr. Jack's gun that he had traded for his sombrero and plugged the foreman. Here comes Sheriff Joe now with the greaser."

The girl's incoherent explanation was substantiated, and the palpably guilty greaser was led under the tree. Then a higher Justice than that of the posse leaned down from heaven, and the greaser crumpled up in death before the noose touched his scrawny throat.

When the posse rode off, Jack turned to Carlotta and held out his arms.

"You've saved me, little pard," he whispered, "and from a lot more than death. I only wanted to stay—for you——"

Joe came over and took his brother's hand. His face was grave, but very kind. "Sometimes, boy," he said, "a glimpse of death will show us how much there is in life—how much that we have left undone—how very much we can do. Be worthy of her—and be happy."

Grace was waiting for him, and they walked home together. When they arrived, she looked at him shyly. "I've got to feed the chickens now," she said.

He joined her there, and he came very close. Love was in his voice as it had been before, but pain was there, too, and strained anxiety. "Do you—Grace?" he asked.

"Yes, Joe." We are finished.

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Motion Picture Magazine
A Sales-Producing Medium

(*Continued from page* 29)

thruout the apartment. Victor, strangely like a young pagan god in his beautifully-tailored clothes, returned from seeing his sweetheart to her carriage and planted himself determinedly in front of his mother.

"Now, what's the matter, mater?" he asked cheerfully—"'fess up! You've been looking as tho you'd seen a ghost for the last two hours."

IN AN INSTANT THEY WERE STRUGGLING

"I have seen a ghost, Victor, two of them," said Mrs. Dean, wearily—"ghosts of my past. There, there, I'm not raving, dear. Did you see those two men whom Mrs. Blake brought? They are the ghosts I mean."

"You used to know them in Paris?"

"No, in Belgium, at the Court of Leopold. You were a little boy, then, and wouldn't remember——" Her voice trailed, then stiffened with decision. "Victor, I'm going to tell you something. I never intended to, but I see I've got to. Did—did you ever hear of the White Mask?"

"She was a dancer, wasn't she?" asked the boy, puzzled. "Say, mater, what are you driving at, anyhow?"

"Only this, dear"—her face grew white, but her eyes met his steadily—"I was the White Mask, Victor. I had to earn the money for your sake."

The boy whistled. He gazed at his mother with a queer drawing back. "You a public dancer? Whew! Better not let Emerson know. He's a crank on family pride, you know——"

"Dont look at me like that, Victor!" his mother almost screamed. "You've no right to look down on me nor the work that kept you in clothes and food and school—the work that's made you a match for Frances Baily! I wont have it! My God! have I made a prig out of you?"

"Hush, mother!" Victor put his arm around her soothingly. "You took my breath away, that's all! Dont you worry a minute over the dancing business. I'm proud of you, you spunky little mater, you!"

"But—John Emerson wouldn't be proud," said Mrs. Dean, heavily. "You were right, Victor—if John heard of it he would break the engagement. And those men—threaten to tell——"

"Blackmail?" Victor's tone was grim.

"Why, not exactly, and yet that's what it comes to, after all," she groaned. "They wanted me to interest him in some business scheme of theirs."

"*Wanted?* Then you're not going to——"

(*Continued on page* 176)

Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

(*Continued from page* 86)

adaptation. Most of the larger concerns have regularly organized corps of staff writers who supply them with material. Not many of them bear names that have been previously known in the literary world; but, because of a knack they have to visualize certain ideas, they are pioneers of a new craft and classified as photoplaywrights. The work and methods of these are yet too green for analysis. Works of art and permanence are seldom hammered out on a typewriter between meals.

No doubt many, if not all, of our studio editors will take exception to this, but, nevertheless, the charge and the statement are not without foundation in fact.

$100 PRIZE PHOTOPLAY CONTEST

A prize of $50.00 has been awarded for the Photoplay, "Commandeered," by Anne Scannell O'Neill, 604A Veronica Avenue, East St. Louis, Ill. The Essanay Company will feature Francis Bushman in "Commandeered," which is a story of very high merit, and it will be published in the Motion Picture Magazine as a short story at the same time as it is released by the Essanay Company in Photoplay form.

A decision has also been made by the Universal Company, who have awarded a prize of $50.00 for the Photoplay "Old Steve," by Margaret T. Cronin, 79 Beacon Street, Sommerville, Mass. This beautiful and appealing play will be used to feature King Baggot of the Universal Company, and will also be published in short story form in the Motion Picture Magazine.

It is with deep regret that we must announce that a decision has not yet been made by the Vitagraph Company on the One Hundred Dollar Prize Photoplay for Anita Stewart and Earle Williams, nor by the other companies. It should be borne in mind that over two thousand plays were submitted and they were first carefully read by the editors of the Photoplay Clearing House and have since been read by the Photoplay editors of the various studios. Some of them are now in the hands of the producers and the studio heads.

The Vitagraph Company have narrowed their selection down to sixteen plays from over six hundred submitted to them. At the last moment, the Edison and Kalem companies render us practically the same report. We, therefore, ask our readers to bear with us and to look for the full announcement of winners in the Prize Photoplay Contest in the June number.

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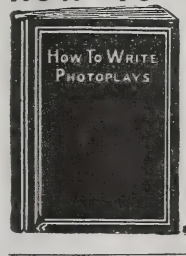

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THE WHITE MASK

(*Continued from page* 178)

tion. Pictures of the dead millionaire, his fiancée—dead, too—and the self-accused son stared from every front page, smiling, in ironical contradiction to the tragedy that had befallen them. Victor was acquitted, after a short trial, on the grounds of self-defense, and presently the papers let the case drop into the merciful, dusty archives of oblivion. A new sensation demanded their front pages. The largest hotel in the city was burned

DEATH OF THE WHITE MASK

to the ground and several people perished in the flame. "Among Them," so the scare heads read, "Was Prince Nordoff of Russia, Visiting America on Business Matters."

Man's law had freed Victor to the sad comforting of his young bride. God's law, working silently and surely, had punished Nordoff, the real criminal.

Motion Picture Magazine

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CALDER JOHNSTONE,
Universal Film Manufacturing Co.,
Pacific Coast Studios.

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LOUELLA I. PARSONS,
Editor of Scenarios, Essanay Film Manufacturing Co.

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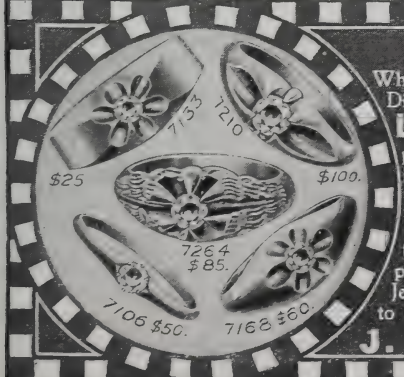

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>
> Through the New York Evening Sun, the Vitagraph Company of America conducted a prize photoplay contest. The first prize is one thousand dollars; the second, two hundred and fifty dollars; and there are consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each. These prize contests have greatly encouraged and stimulated the amateur photoplay writers throughout the country.

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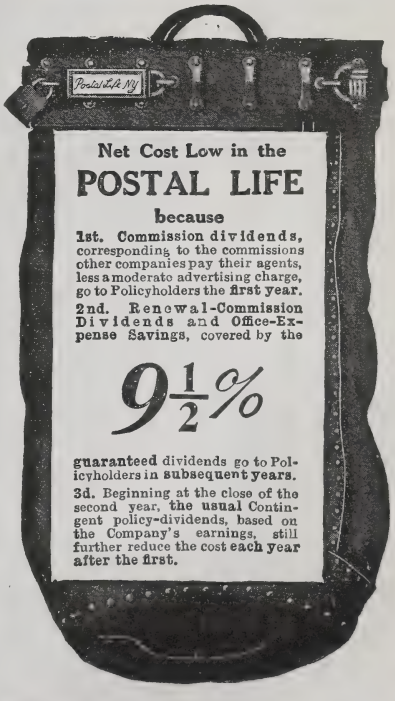
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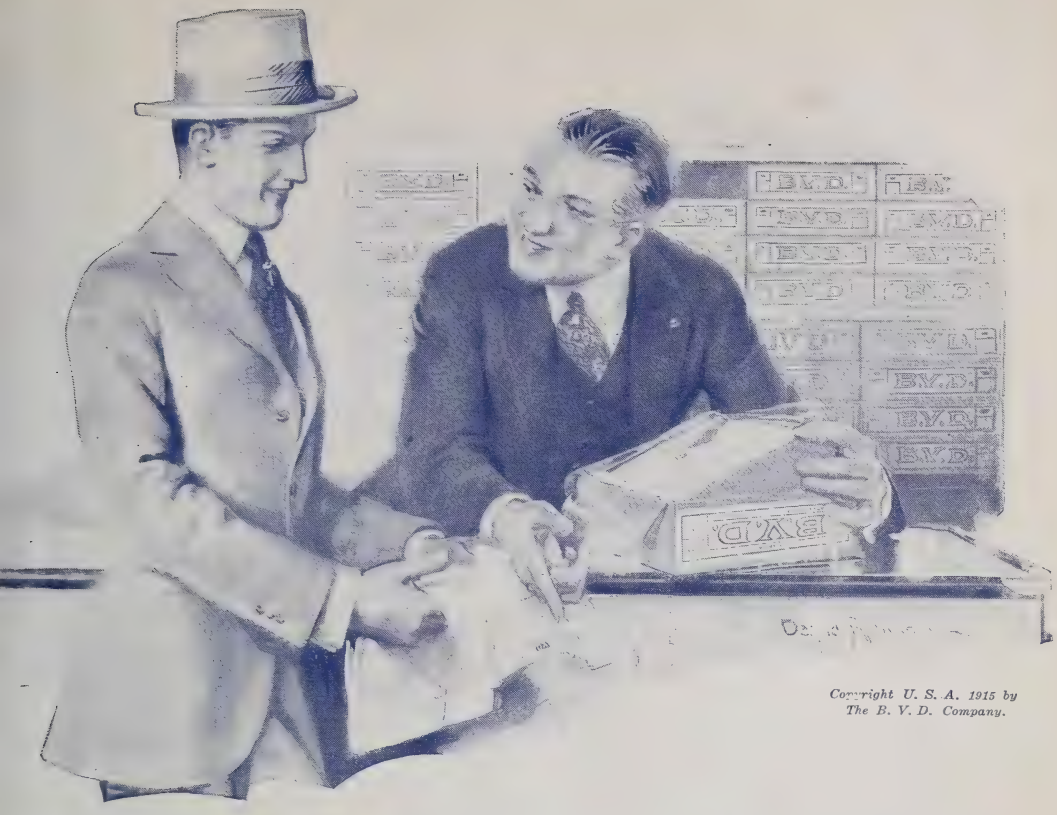

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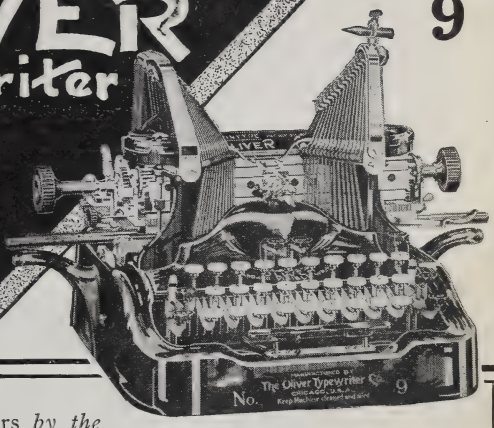

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Editorial Announcements

JUDGING from the comments made by hundreds of our readers, we are still living up to the motto given us by the public—"The Best Yet!" We shall always try to make each number of the magazine a little better than the last. If the pictures are not better, nor the printing, nor the materials used (and they probably will be), you may be sure that the literary merit of the material used will be better. And just look at the list of some of the good things awaiting you:

WHILE THE LEOPARD WENT BY, by Albert Marple. In which some of the daredevil experiences of Marie Walcamp are related.

EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS (Laughter), by Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins). Illustrated from photos of Virginia Kirtley, Dot Farley, Bud Duncan, Rose Tapley, Roscoe Arbuckle and Signe Auen.

EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS (Teeth), by Albert Levin Roat, A. M., D. D. S. Showing how important the teeth are to expression, and how to take care of them.

INSIDE THE CAMERA LINES, by Alan Crosland. Those who read Mr. Crosland's amusing article on "A Moment of Madness" will not want to miss this one, which is even more humorous and interesting.

WHAT THE BEASTS OF THE FIELD HAVE DONE, by William Lord Wright. Showing how animals have added to the interest of films.

COLUMBIA MOVIES, by J. Voorhies. Which tells how Motion Pictures are utilized in Columbia University.

ANALYSIS OF A MOTION PICTURE, by Hector Ames. Describing the points that make a picture a success or failure, with "Judith of Bethulia" as a model.

THE TERRIBLE TEN, by James Devoe. Being the ludicrous efforts of some young men who started a feature film company and how they made good.

MOTION IN PICTURES, by Dorothy Donnell. An able article by an able writer.

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE MOVIES, by Homer Dunne. An interesting narrative of a visit to a Moving Picture show in the early days.

REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN ACTOR, by William Shea.

WOMAN'S CONQUEST IN FILMDOM, by Robert Grau, the greatest living authority on film history.

MOVING PICTURE ETIQUETTE AS IT WERE, by Thekla D. Harrison. Or advice to a young man and to a young lady upon entering a picture show.

INTERVIEWS WITH PROMINENT DIRECTORS, by Roberta Courtlandt, including David W. Griffith, Robert Vignola and others.

PRESERVING THE GREAT WAR FOR POSTERITY, by Ernest A. Dench.

And they are only a few of the good things we have in store for our readers. And then there are chats with Marguerite Clark, Tom Moore, Rankin Drew, Grace Cunard, Francis Ford, Thomas Santschi, Marie Wierman, Marguerite Courtot, Anna Q. Nilsson, William Garwood, Mae Marsh, Mary Maurice, Earle Williams and many others, besides the usual departments, including "For the Young Folks," "Greenroom Jottings," "Brief Biographies," "How I Became a Photoplayer" and our inimitable Answer Man's department, of which there are many imitators but no rivals.

Our cover design for the July issue will be a beautiful picture of Viola Dana, of the Edison Company, who is rapidly rising in popular favor.

For the last four months, within ten days after our magazine was placed on sale, "Sold Out!" was heard all along the line, from coast to coast. Many theaters and newsstands tried in vain to get another supply, but every branch of the American News Company had to announce "Sold Out," and even at the home office we were unable to fill a single re-order. Moral: Place your order early for the next number! To make doubly sure, subscribe!

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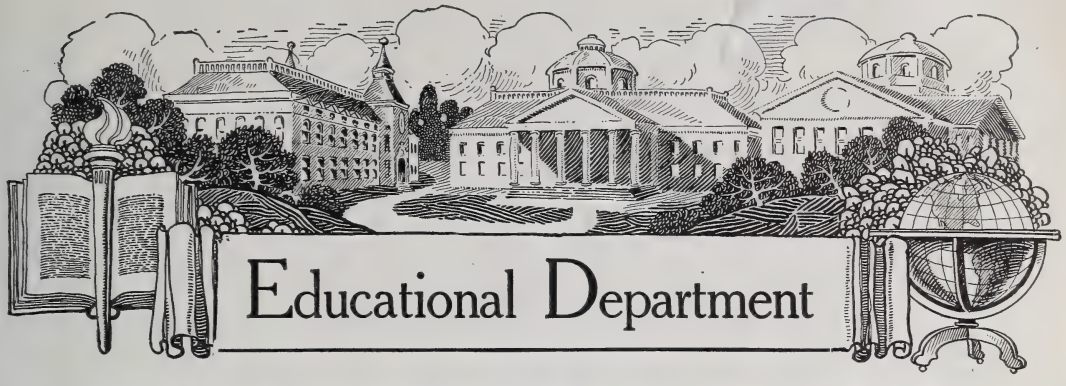

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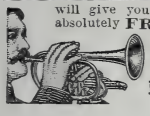

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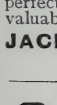

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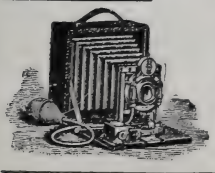

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VOL. IX NO. 5

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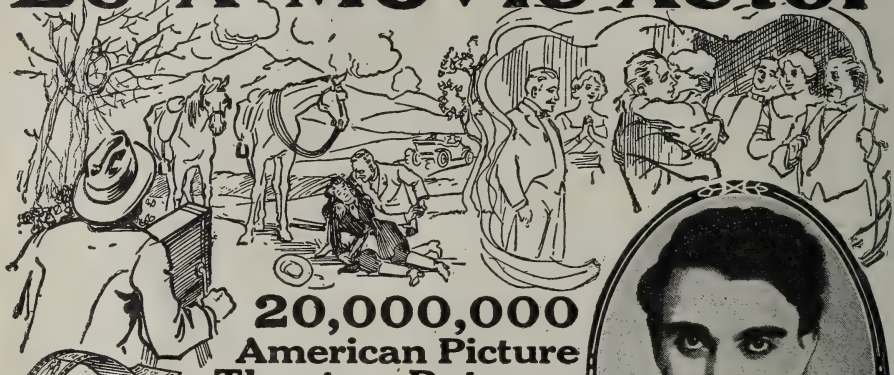

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(Universal)

MIGNON ANDERSON
(Thanhouser)

BESSIE LEARN
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LILIE LESLIE
(Lubin)

RICHARD STANTON (N. Y. M. P. Co.)

MARGUERITE CLARK (Famous Players)

CRANE WILBUR (Lubin)

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LOIS WEBER
(Universal)

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The STOOL—

This story was written from the Photoplay of H. G. STAFFORD

"BEASTLY poor comedy, old chap." The laconic remark struck Walter Jason's death-attuned ear with much the effect of a stinging blow. He straightened up from his somewhat precarious position on the uttermost edge of the dock and faced the cursory, interrupting one with a wry smile. He had come to this forsaken dock to face death, instead of which he was called upon to face a smug, well-clad, full-faced gentleman deeply engrossed in the lighting of a cigaret. When the fragrant weed was emitting dainty rings in the most approved fashion, the smug one looked down at the man whose final act he had checked.

"So you were going to chuck it, were you?" he queried.

"Yes; why, yes—you see——"

"I see," broke in his intrusive acquaintance, "that you are six feet some—young, strong, handsome—despairful—and you're an ass to want to give up the game."

"Really, sir, I cant imagine why——"

"This is no time to be imagining, my son, and no place, neither. 'Tis abominably damp and chilly. On such a spot even I might ponder on the River Styx. Therefore, I suggest that we adjoin to some snug spot, café or grill, where we may talk the matter over in some bodily comfort. I may prove to be as good a little oarsman for your purpose as old Charon. And, anyway, there's no call for you to be such a bally quitter until we thresh it out."

Walter shrugged weary shoulders. Then he turned on his heel and kept pace with his companion. "I'm down to my uppers," he confessed, shamefacedly, "and I didn't want to die; but there's no room in life for a down-and-outer. I've tried everything that was honest, and then I decided that the honestest thing left was to die. I've no one to fret over it, so why not?"

"Lots of reasons why not. Come on in here; we'll have a meal and a drink, and life'll look pretty spicy after that."

Across the table the chance acquaintance proffered his rescued companion a card bearing the inscription, "Oswald Trumble."

"I dabble in stocks, bonds and all that," he vouchsafed, "and for the rest I play society—four hundred, Newport, Narragansett and all that. I can do a lot for you, and you can do a lot for me. You've got the looks and the manner that take. Rather mother's angel-childy, but we'll fix that. Now suppose we have your autobiography before we settle things and proceed to my quarters."

Walter Jason's clear, boy-sweet eyes regarded his benefactor's troublously. His clean, fresh mouth trembled a bit with the emotion that was still poignant and uncontrolled.

"Why, I guess it's an old story right enough," he began, awkwardly, "but I think most of the big things are old. I was brought up out in Three Meadows, Iowa. It was pretty rural. I always wanted to cut away and make a name and a fortune for myself in the city. Somehow, I never could see living the old life. I felt stifled and all pent up. I did cut after mother's death—sold the old place for a song and lived on the proceeds while I chased a job. I suppose I have 'Three Meadows' and 'No experience' written all over me, for no one seemed to want me, and it's gone from bad to worse for three months. I couldn't stand it any more—the loneliness, the cold shoulders, and the rebuffs. So I thought I'd slip out; no one would miss me."

Oswald Trumble regarded his vis-à-vis with an eye grown shrewd and keen.

"Young man," he said, "the human race isn't so godlike as a whole, and when some one comes along with a frame of steel, and a smile that makes one think of moonshine and débutantes and Robert Chambers' latest best seller, and eyes that were made for star-gazing, well, that some one is a darn good investment to Oswald Trumble, stock and society dabbler. You can help me a lot in placing stocks and securities, and all you'll be required to do for the present is to dress like the Plaza at tea-

time and play pretty on élite occasions. You'll find it easy to acquire the little earmarks of the social hive. God knows there is no task easier. Simply a veneer, my boy, more or less amateurishly applied. A scratch, and pouf! the coarse-grained wood is there. Simple, very simple. A mere matter of imitation to the initiated."

HE HAD COME TO THIS FORSAKEN DOCK TO FACE DEATH

It was even as Trumble had said. A few minor functions, a grand affair or so, and the agreeable, kingly-looking young man was accepted enthusiastically by Trumble's set, and had attached unto himself enough of society's airs and graces to make himself thoroly plausible.

If the life of dependence and apparent idleness irked and troubled him, he allowed himself to be put at ease by Trumble's repeated assurances that he was well worth the wage he was earning, and that he would be given active work in due time.

To one who has dwelt with the image of death for many days, life seems like unto a mother's arms, sheltering, drowsing and infinitely soothing. One feels, instinctively, that one has earned, from the hard comradeship of death, a right to the caresses of life.

And then Walter Jason met the instrument who held the power to scratch the veneer away and disclose the stuff beneath—a mere slip of a girl; a slim, potential being, with wistful, ever-dreaming eyes and the tenderness of a June dawn.

Walter Jason was newly come from Three Meadows. He had not learnt by rote the many and manifold masquerades of Gotham. He did not know, and if he knew he did not perceive the sense in toying with elementals. He did not know "the game." Therefore, he was badly hurt, and sore of heart, and very much ashamed. He decided that he would not meet this half-woman, this adorable child, until he could meet her on his own footing.

He was skilled enough to know that if he continued to meet her she would succeed in giving him the fatal scratch. Then the veneer would be rubbed away and the man from Three Meadows would stand nakedly forth—Three Meadows, with its toil on the sod, and its spring-tides and harvests and matings; all as natural and as sweet as the flowers that bloomed again and yet again, just

because they answered Nature's most wondrous law.

He was skilled enough to know, too, that he would be stoned out of Gotham should this thing come to pass. And he decided not to accept any future invitations where he might chance to meet Mildred Moore.

This decision was the scratch to Oswald Trumble's triple-applied varnish. It seemed to enrage him in a most disproportionate manner. He glared at Walter and brandished an engraved invitation that fairly shouted the house of Tiffany from its glossy surface.

"That's gratitude!" he expostulately, loudly and unrefinedly; "that's the way—the loutish way—I might have expected you to act. Here I've put up for you without a murmur, telling you you could pay me back, and, at the very first opportunity, what do you do? You renig—you turn turtle! 'Pon my honor, I believe you're running away from a girl. You're a fine figure of a man, you are—a beaut! You take to the obituary column at the first uppercut, and you hie you to the everglades at the sight of a pussy-willow taffeta. Lord!"

"You dont quite understand," interrupted Walter, miserably, feeling the irony of his equivocal position keenly; "I merely feel that it isn't square on my part to pay attention to this young woman under existing circumstances."

"And what, pray, are existing circumstances?"

"Why, my supposed status as a society man and a man of means. I should prefer that she know me as—as—coming from Three Meadows."

Oswald Trumble lit an habitual cigaret and placed his trim, spat-adorned ankles on a settee. "I guess you'll go to this function," he remarked, quietly. "Then, if you say so, we'll quit or work on a new basis. But, on the level, Jason, you can do a lot for me going there—meet new people, and all that. As for this Moore girl, dont be a fool. If she has fallen for you, and there's no obvious reason why she shouldn't, she wont hold Three Meadows against you. There's worse than that in life."

Jason looked indignant. "I should hope not," he declared; "if I should ever be so unbelievably blest as to win Miss Moore, I should certainly take her back to Three Meadows to live."

Trumble smiled. Mrs. Pat Van Rensselaer Moore was one of Gotham's society leaders. The veneer upon her osteopathic person was six feet deep. A scratch had never been heard of. To her slender, star-eyed, only daughter she had bequeathed the habits, if not the instinct, of her own pedestaled estate. A Moore, a Pat Van Rensselaer Moore, in Three Meadows was enough to make the humblest reader of the society notes grin.

Oswald Trumble roared. Then he handed over the august summons to a fancy dress ball to be given at the Moore residence on the Avenue.

"If you weren't such a hayseed," he remarked, jocularly, "you'd know that half the young eligibles in town are angling for just this little fish, and most of them without the handicap of Three Meadows at that."

"I'll go, of course," Jason said, quietly, "if it means a chance to honestly repay you. But somehow I cant feel right about it. And I know that I shouldn't be trotting about with Miss Moore under present conditions."

"Well, go to the ball this once," advised Trumble, a bit wearily, "and perhaps something mightier than convention, more insidious than poison, and more primitive than Three Meadows will rise to your undoing. Let's hope so. Good-night."

With the pink-gingham sentiment of Three Meadows, Jason decided to attend the ball as the much abused "Romeo." Like all young ardents, he saw himself the counterpart of the immortal hero. To be sure, the little, rickety East River dock had lost its charm since last he stood thereon. And the potion quaffed by the amorous Montague was not to be considered too literally; but, all things

"AS FOR THIS MOORE GIRL, DONT BE A FOOL!"

considered, he made a very personable and a very convincing "Romeo." Trumble had seen to it that his costume was costly, and correct to a detail, and Jason's own love-inspired youth did the rest. Trumble reflected complacently that Mildred Moore would not long be invulnerable to such godlike manhood. He felt that none of Gotham's Hymen-inclined sons were to be compared to this innocent from Three Meadows. He had that about him which could not be gainsaid.

By some strange coincidence—or was it strange?—Mildred appeared, masked and gowned as the fair "Juliet." And, by a still stranger coincidence, each knew the other during the very first dance. Heart speaks to

heart, 'tis said, thru all disguises and past all doubt.

"I want you to walk in the gardens with me," the young "Romeo" was pleading, under cover of the music; "will you?"

"I'd—love to——" the answer came tremulously, as if afraid of a piercing sweetness that seemed to throb in them both. She took his arm and they strolled out into a beautiful Grecian garden, where a shimmering marble bench seemed to await their coming. Outside, the moon shone honily on the formal gardens, the paths with their man-made precision, the abortive flowers, and the gleaming statuary. Down shallow, marble steps, a miniature lake reflected the Seven Sisters, lofty daughters of Atlas and Pleoine, like some highly polished mirror. Swift shadows darting now and again betrayed the being of gold and silver fish. Benches of a chaste simplicity bordered its rim, while egotistic Narcissi bent slim, boy faces to their own reflections.

On such a night, in such a spot, with such a maid, e'en the clay of Three Meadows must rise to godlike heights, and Jason was of the gods in all but the mere accident of birthplace. Words crowded to his lips and trembled there, confused between his own overmounting desire and his conscience. The girl looked up at him with an evident pleasure that seemed to hold a shade of pain, as if in realization that something divided them—this tall, wonderful stranger and herself.

"Do you know how I knew you for certain?"

"No——"

"By this tiny mole on the whiteness of your arm," he breathed, bending over and pressing lips to it.

"Oh-h, don't!"

"Ah, but I must. I shouldn't, but it is done. I'm 'Romeo' tonight, and you are 'Juliet.' There is a lovers' moon above us, and the air is like your breath; dont you feel it, too?"

"Yes; you know that I do."

"I think I came to the city just for this. I think I must have been born just for this. I've never really lived before; I've never known myself until tonight."

The girl smiled up at him, tenderly. "I pity that poor 'Juliet' of the long ago," she said, whimsically; "I fear she had yet to meet the perfect 'Romeo.'"

The story of his life trembled on his lips jointly with the story of his aspiring love, when a liveried servant touched his arm and whispered that "Mr. Trumble was calling you, sir, on the 'phone, sir, in the den to the right of the grand stairway, sir."

Mildred, captive under this potent charm, decided to wait for him there, and he hurried to the house closely attended by the correct servant.

The message was unimportant, and Trumble had been hoarse with a sudden cold and very much hurried. Jason didn't see why he had to call him just when he had. He thought Trumble was doing very peculiar things, anyway. He decided that he and Trumble would dissolve partnership tomorrow. He was weary of being a tailor's dummy for no other object than humiliating board and keep. He felt that the righteous toil of the sod back home would be preferable. And with Mildred all things were desirable. He hurried back.

She was sitting on the bench where he had left her, and his pulses pounded with the hope and the fear—the delicious fear—of the moment.

"First of all," he said, a bit breathlessly, as he dropped by her side, "I am going to tell that adorable beauty-spot how much I love it, and then I am going to tell y—— Oh!"

"What is it?" the girl whispered sharply.

"Nothing at all," he said, "except that I was speaking of a beauty-spot on the arm of my masked partner. I do not find it on your arm." He paused a moment, then took the girl by the arm. "Oh, I guess I must have been mistaken," he said carelessly.

They walked back to the house in silence. The witchery of the night

seemed to have died an instantaneous death. The intrusion of the commonplace had thrown a chill on romance.

In the mansion Jason excused himself on the plea of a waiting partner, and whispered that he would see her anon. Then he threaded his way straight to the side of Mrs. Pat Van Rensselaer Moore.

A minute later the girl, sans the beauty-spot, was standing at bay in the den at the right of the grand stairway. Facing her were two keen-eyed men and a white-faced Mrs. Pat V. R. M.

"Take your choice, miss," Jason said sternly; "confess the truth, or go to the lock-up to think it over."

The girl, sullen at first, then brazen in her denials, refused to explain.

Reasoning was tried; then pleadings and bribes; then, as she remained obdurate, the keen-eyed men began a rapid-fire of questioning, with much drama and gusto. Under the ordeal the girl finally wilted and admitted a conspiracy in which Miss Moore was to be abducted, Mrs. Moore made captive and her jewels confiscated. She also declared that she supposed the theft had not been committed as yet, and that she would divulge to the two interrogative gentlemen the whereabouts of Mildred.

"Out with it — quick — where is she?" cried Jason.

"She's—at Oswald Trumble's," muttered the girl.

"Trumble's? Good God! The wretch!" cried Jason, and then, giving orders that the girl be kept in close custody, he rushed from the room.

Accompanied by another guest who volunteered his services, and two officers, Jason burst into Trumble's room.

The master crook sprang to his feet and took in the situation at a glance.

"Well, my bonny stool-pigeon," he said coolly, "so you are going to bite the hand that fed you?"

"You—— Oh, you hound! Where is she?—quick—out with it!" Jason cried threateningly.

"Not at all the way to talk," Trumble said reproachfully, "to one who has been your meal-ticket for a month."

"Cut that!" broke in the law, ungraciously; "come across with where you've got Miss Moore."

Jason came close to Trumble, and his face was ominous. "Look here," he said, "I'm from Three Meadows, and I've got brawn, if not your kind of brain. Where is she? Out with it, man, or, by God, I'll choke the breath out of you!"

Oswald Trumble lit another cigaret, but the lean fingers trembled at their task. Then he took the measure of his man.

"She's in that room," he said laconically, "and quite safe." Jason sprang to the door. It was locked. He turned a black look at Trumble, but did not wait for a key. He drew back, and with one mighty lunge forward sent the door crashing open.

"My poor darling!" he cried, as he rushed to the far corner of the room where Mildred sat tied and gagged. Without waiting to release her, she was in his arms, and her tired head nestled uncomplainingly on his shoulder.

"If you dont mind, young man, suppose we let the lady loose before you start any of that!" came the voice of an officer, as the party entered the room.

A minute later, as they emerged into the adjoining room, where Trumble sat as if entirely unconcerned with the proceedings, an officer pointed to him and asked Mildred if that was the man who had brought her there.

"I cannot tell," she said; "there were two of them and they were masked. I cant——"

"Trumble," interrupted Jason, "you think we cant prove this on you, but——"

"Aw, beat it, you young loafer," growled Trumble; "you got the girl now, and her money—what more do you want? You cant get me—I know

WORDS CROWDED TO HIS LIPS AND TREMBLED THERE

nothing about it. The girl'll marry you now, and she's no better than you are—and you're a stool-pigeon."

Jason's face turned livid with rage as Trumble spoke, and, before the last words were out of his mouth, Jason's fingers were clutched around the man's throat and cutting into the flesh. But for the intervention of the officer and Mildred's pleading arm on his shoulder, Jason would have been unable to control himself. He released his hold, and then a thought flashed thru his brain. Why should

he punish this man? Had not this creature, rascal tho he was, been the means of saving his life? Had he not raised him from a position of helplessness into one of influence, if not of affluence? And was it not thru him that this beautiful creature at his side came to him? His features softened.

JASON CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS AS SHE REELED

"Trumble," he said, "bad as were your motives, I have just enough gratitude in me to overlook almost anything you might do or say. I leave you in the hands of the law. As for this young lady, I trust that her friend here will escort her home. Her mother will be anxious."

A look of resignation came into his eyes. Turning, he bowed low to the girl, who stood just behind him, pale and still.

"Good-by, Miss Moore," he said, simply; "I know that I am not worthy of you, and I had no right to come into your life. Good-by."

Without looking up, Jason turned to leave the room, when he heard a low cry. The excitement had been all too much for Mildred. Thru it all, her nerve had not deserted her; but now there was something about it that unnerved her. The events of the past hour flashed thru her brain in quick succession, and then she thought of her mother, of the guests, of the morrow, the newspapers, courts and prisons, but more than all this was the handsome young man who was about to go out of her life forever, and then everything became a blank.

Jason caught her in his arms as she reeled, and her head sank onto his arm.

"My beautiful girl," he sobbed; "how thoughtless of me! I should not have allowed you to remain here in this vile place. I——"

The girl opened her eyes. "Please take me home," she murmured; "I want only you."

It was a happy mother who greeted the "Romeo" and "Juliet" who burst into the Moore library a few minutes later. Mrs. Moore's anxiety and fears were now turned to joy, and, after learning the details of the strange happenings of the evening, she seized Jason's hand and thanked him warmly.

"I can never repay you, Mr. Jason," she said.

"Oh, yes, you can, mother," broke in the daughter. "I owe him as much as you, but I have already paid my debt."

The mother opened her eyes wide with amazement.

"Mrs. Moore," spoke up "Romeo," taking his "Juliet" by the hand, "I

(*Continued on page* 174)

Adam Bede

by

Janet Reid

This story was written from the Biograph Photoplay of GEORGE ELIOT'S Novel

ADAM BEDE sat at his carpenter's bench, his usually busy hands idle, his honest eyes saddened, save when they rested on his mother, knitting monotonously in her corner. From the window of his tiny shop he could see the flirting of a gay, merino skirt and catch a note of happy laughter. He shook his head, and something akin to tears glistened for the space of a moment in his kindly eyes.

"Now, if 'twas *me,* Adam," came his mother's placid tones from the corner, "I'd take Dinah Morris. She thinks a vast lot of you; she's economic, God-fearing and law-abiding; and you cant deny she'd make a good daughter to me."

Adam's eyes smiled again. His love for his mother had been a very deep one. In fact, it had been the only love he had needed until that gay, merino skirt, now vanished, had rustled its joyous way into his dingy shop. Then a new love had come to being in his heart. A strange love, half pain, half bliss—more pain than bliss, as he recalled in the after-years.

"She's pretty enough for any man," argued his mother, "and her cooking's excellent. The Morrises always were high livers, at table, anyway. And as for Hetty Sorrel—well,

she's well-appearing enough, sakes knows. But she's too well-appearing, Adam darling. She's the kind that starts an unrest in a man, and keeps adding fuel to the fire. I believe she'd be exciting even as a *wife.*"

"I believe she would, too, mother,

"I LOVE YOU—I LOVE YOU"

but I love her, dear, and I want you to love her, too—for my sake."

Adam bent over his carpentering again, and the pain that had touched his eyes returned. For the eyes of Hetty Sorrel had held no answering light for him. The fire that burned in his own breast had been incapable of igniting a similar flame in hers.

When the gay, merino skirt had flipped its way from Adam's yearning gaze, it had not accompanied Uncle Martin decorously home. Instead, it had skirted the ground lightly, while slippered feet ran to a certain trysting tree outside the town. A tall, young man stood underneath the tree, with the air of one who has waited thus before. He was expensively clad and bore about him the earmarks of gentle lineage. Hetty rushed to him impulsively.

"My dearest!" she exclaimed, "I am so sorry to have kept you, but uncle was so tedious, and I dared not seem to hurry too much. He does not —not countenance our friendship, you know."

Arthur Donnithorne looked down indulgently on the dark, eager head against his heart. He had stooped for a flirtation along the way, and he had tarried with a bond that was more precious to him than he had recked. There was that in this girl that he had not seemed to find before. She was beneath him in station, and yet he knew that she was an aristocrat in love. She was giving to him gladly, sweetly, withal illicitly, the fine trust of her mind, the blood of her maiden heart, and the pulsing of her lips. She was giving him her soul, too, the essence of her trusting spirit. He knew that soon he would be going on his way, thus burdened. And she would stay behind—— How burdened? Ah well, women were ever the ones to pay. It was their reward for their ultimate giving.

"I love you," he was muttering against her hair, feeling each fiber a separate, electrical thing, stinging his lips to excess—"I love you—I love you."

She had not answered him in words, but in the pools of her trusting eyes he had read that all she had ever been, all that she then was, all that she would ever be, was his, supremely.

When Arthur Donnithorne left Hetty, he marched to his inn with winged feet and singing pulse. And he walked straight into Adam Bede —an Adam who blocked his way

with grim, troubled countenance and piercing accusative eyes. Once before those grim hands had sought his throat.

"Are you following me?" demanded Arthur, haughtily.

"No, squire," Adam said gently, the simple, honest carpenter, who held lucre as a necessity, nothing more.

"You're right, Mr. Bede," he said frankly; "I had better move on, perhaps. I am fond of Hetty, but marriage between us—well, you know, that is a little out of the question."

THE UNCLE LOOKS ON DISAPPROVINGLY

"and if I were 'twould be for your own good, and the good of Hetty."

"How so—if she—loves me?"

"Just so—if she loves you."

"Is love, then, an injustice?"

" 'Twixt you and Hetty—yes. To what end are you leading her? How can you crown her at last?"

How, indeed? The young squire looked distinctly abashed. He thought of his wealth, then knew that the mention of it would be discordant to

"Quite so. When do you go?"

"Tonight."

"The sooner the better, squire."

'Tis said that a heart may be caught on the rebound. Many there are who have had their youth and happiness wrested from them, bloodily, bit by bit, and have turned at last to the balm of one who has stood near thru all the stress and storm.

A few days after the young squire

Donnithorne left the quiet English hamlet, Hetty Sorrel was betrothed to Adam Bede. He had all but abandoned his shop for the swift and ardent wooing. At last she had capitulated, a bit wearily, a bit timorously, with many pleas for care and protection, and many promises to be devoted, and, oh, so true. She was a different Hetty to the spirited one of Adam's dreams. She had been so zestful, so saucily independent, so naïve. Now, when he had won her at last, a veil had descended upon her youth. The ancient heritage of a woman's tears seemed to have quenched the flaming of her eyes, and her lips drooped pitifully.

ADAM RESENTS ARTHUR'S ATTENTIONS TO HETTY

"She sorrows for the young squire," Adam reassured himself; "it is calf-love, and she will be the better for it when she awakes, the more truly mine. I will be patient with her, and tender, and all will be well."

Only Dinah and his mother, the two who loved him most, feared for his happiness. They knew more truly the blight that had bruised the girl's sensitive spirit, changing her from inconsequent youth to weariful womanhood overnight.

Only they were unsurprised when the morning after the betrothal found her gone, and her distraught uncle puzzling helplessly over a crumpled note. It was Adam who read it, and knew. The few words had broken two hearts, sent one wandering, and left another destitute. It was Arthur's farewell message:

DEAR HETTY—The difference in our stations in life makes it impossible for me to keep my promise to marry you. If you should ever need a friend, send for me.

Regretfully,
ARTHUR.

Red Lion Inn,
London.

What dramatist has not staged, what novelist has not novelized, what poet has not versified the tragedy of a forsaken woman, standing, with bruised, torn feet, at the vague, terror-fraught portal of a New Being? And who of them has ever vitalized the poignancy of that most solitary state? Who of them has ever pictured, as it is in truth, the awful, abysmal loneliness of the woman, mateless, unprotected, outcast?

Walking the streets of London, after learning that Arthur was no longer at the Red Lion Inn, Hetty bade farewell to youth, to hope and even to life itself. She had loved not wisely but too well, and this was the price of loving. She could but pay it. And she did.

She paid it fully when Arthur Donnithorne's son was born in a tiny cottage on the outskirts of London. "I am paying," she gasped thru her twisted lips, and her contorted face lit for an instant with a luminosity not of this earth. So must the Magdalene have looked when out of her pain the Savior leaned, with His divine forgiveness.

When the torture chamber had become the neat, formal little bed-

chamber again to Hetty's glazed eyes, and the world had ceased to be a thing of fearful, searing atoms that bade fair to wrench the breath from her agonized body, she found her landlady inspecting her from the foot of the bed with a somehow unpleasant curiosity. The curiosity seemed to be directed mainly toward the hands that lay on the coverlet, weak and ringless.

"So!"—that example of British respectability said to herself—"so!" Then she left Hetty to a sleep that was peopled with large, black-clad ladies with popping, accusative eyes.

Two days later the accusative one reappeared, with the inspecting gaze intensified. She hemmed and hawed laboriously, and finally queried, oversweetly: "Your good man, now, dearie, aint he anxious to see the little one?"

"I have no husband, Mrs. Hedges," the girl made answer, dully; "I am not married."

Mrs. Hedges thereupon concentrated into her portly person all the respectability, the virtue, the affronted righteousness that was to be found in the four kingdoms.

She pursed up her thin lips, and spat out her words: "A minister is what you need, young woman, coming to a decent woman's 'ouse with such a shame at your 'eels. You might 'a' known I only take in *ladies.* Virtuous people 'as to work 'ard and live scrimpy, and the streets for such as you, say I. We'll see what the good man 'as to say, that's what."

As once Hetty had fled from virtue, so she fled again. She felt in the hysteria of the moment that she could not bear the ministerial eye. It would be the straw too much. The cottage of the worthy Hedges was surrounded by fields, bordered on their extremities by concealing woods. Hetty thought of these woods, and beyond their shelter she did not go. She knew afterward that her poor wandering mind had been unseated by her body's abusage.

The chill air stung her still tender flesh, and the little one at her thin breast shivered and emitted a high, piercing wail. After that it was very still, and Hetty stumbled on her way, until the realization came to her that the baby must be feeling very cold indeed, so icy was he becoming. She drew aside the shawl and looked at him, when she broke into shrill laughter.

ADAM INDUCES ARTHUR TO GO AWAY

"Why, he's dead!" she called to the skies; "he's dead! Hush, my baby, hush-a-by! Mothers do not sing that to dead babies, tho. What do they do with little, dead babies?

Dear, pitiful Christ, what is it they do?"

The girl's white, crazed face besought the placid heavens, as if expecting a compassionate one to bend to her. Then she looked at the barren fields. Her lips moved dumbly: "They bury them," she whispered; "that is what they do. 'Dust ye are' —what do they say?—'to dust ye shall return.' Ah well, poor, little nameless one—it is better so——"

They found her there, the virtuous Mrs. Hedges, the unmistakably clerical gentleman, two officers of the law, and a farmer who had seen the bereft mother clawing at the earth, with the tragic bundle beside her, and had spread the alarm. They looked upon her, dry-eyed, and fertile of scorn. For were they not looking upon the wages of sin? And who among us takes sin unto our breasts —the scarlet sins of our fellow-men?

They arrested her, the law being just.

Out home, they read of it, and each took it according to his lights. But Adam Bede had no lights on the subject. She was the woman he loved, and she was in dire need. He knew that Hetty—laughing, tender-hearted Hetty, who had wept over the bruised foot of a tiny rabbit, and cherished every lost bird in the neighborhood—could never have harmed a hair of her baby's head. With the sure intuition of the simple of heart, he sensed things just as they had been, and he went to her in her shame as eagerly and as reverently as he had gone in her prosperity.

The sight of him seemed to soften the dreadful ice about her heart and the pressure on her poor brain. Thru the bars she seized his hand and wept over it with the hopeless abandon of her lot.

"Dont despair, Hetty," he said to her, his own eyes brimming; "your friends are here, and all will yet come right. Remember, I love you, dear, and I wish you had let me help you."

"I wish I had, Adam—oh, I wish I had! But I did not dare—with—with my baby—coming. Oh, Adam, the baby, the baby—if I could only go to it!"

"In God's good time," Adam told her comfortingly; "we are going to see that you have many happy years, Hetty, before you go, my love."

"You are so good—so good! Why couldn't I have loved you, Adam? The *good* in me did. But something caught me, Adam, and I had to answer. It was a madness—but, oh, so sweet!"

Adam and Dinah were there at the trial, and their hearts bled for the girl facing the coldness, the awful matter-of-factness of the law. The old Hetty seemed gone forever as she faced the jury on that dread day. A mother accused of murder stood in the dock—a wronged mother, with arms that ached for the pressure of a little head—a mother who would have given her slender body to the torture rather than harm her little one. They wondered that the jury did not see it. They wondered that the judge did not see it. They wondered why Almighty God, seeing the pity of it, did not reach down His helping hand.

"Guilty!" the sentence came. The day of execution was set, and the case was over. In the prisoner's pen the sound of shrill laughter was heard, and something about a baby, and dust, and fields.

Amid the crowds, a tall, young man rushed up to Adam Bede where he sat immovable. It was Arthur Donnithorne.

"Bede!" he rasped, "I am going to the king—— For the love of heaven, man, dont look like that! Tell —her—I am going—to the king!"

Vast crowds followed the death-cart on the day of Hetty Sorrel's execution. Fragments of words came to the occupants of the cart—hisses, and prayers, and voluble comments. The hysteria of cannibalism possessed them. They were following a fellow-creature to the death, to taste of, and glory in, her death-agonies. Their nostrils were dilated with the mad-

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M. Nickola Dupree

by

Alexander Lowell

LARRY O'NEILL was an artist, with an artist's soul and an artist's purse. One is full of idealism; the other is full of air. He was also a bit—quite a bit—of a dreamer.

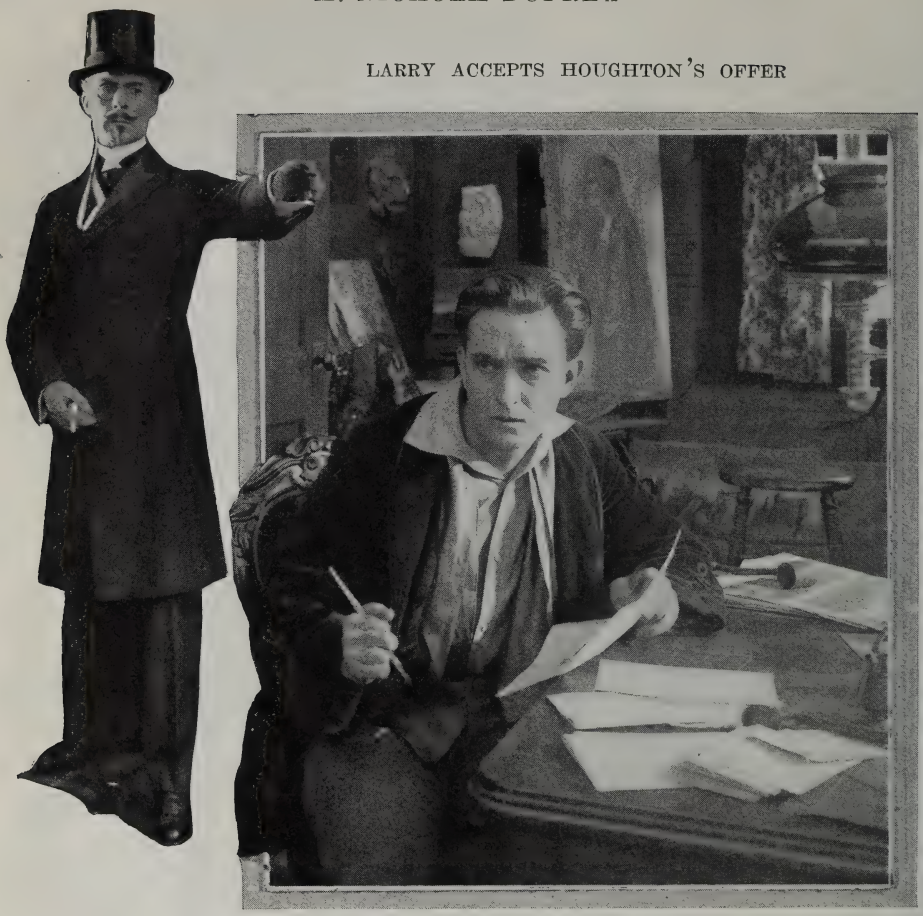
Therefore, when on the eve of a momentous decision, sitting in his chill studio with one eminently artistic candle lighting the gloom, he felt the air grow decidedly chillier, he felt—felt in his genius-wise sixth sense—that something momentous was going to happen.

He turned to face his Satanic Majesty, drest correctly in frock coat, silk hat, and long, pointed, expensive shoes. It was the shoes that gave him away to Larry—the shoes, the pointed beard, and the general tonsorial impression. It took the prince of evil to achieve that peculiar and copyrighted effect. While Larry gazed, an inartistic sweat beading his forehead, the unearthly visitant smiled, sardonically 'twould seem, and sank from view.

"Phew!" breathed Larry, "back to the furnace for him! Now what on earth does he want with *me?* I am not lucrative enough, nor important enough, for him to tote along some flowery path to ruin. Perhaps he grinned because I decided to take Houghton's offer, instead of going home with mother as she asks. Well——"

The following day Larry O'Neill arrived at the Houghton estate, a baronial, old place in Westchester, with the earmark of the almighty dol-

LARRY ACCEPTS HOUGHTON'S OFFER



lar plainly visible from humble cowshed to gilded turret.

He found his host, employer, and pupil, a well-appearing chap of his own age, and the task of teaching the young millionaire the mysteries of art bade fair to be an agreeable one.

They roamed the country by day, in motor or on foot, for bits of scenery. They studied the effects of light on every given subject, by day as well as by night.

And then it befell that master and pupil encountered a fairer mistress than Art.

It was on their rambles afoot. They had stumbled upon a bridle-path, cutting, bosky, dank and sweet-smelling, thru some silent wood. Adown it, like some fair spirit of the trees, a maid was walking. Her hair was more golden than the insufficient sunshine; her eyes were the rare blue of the sky that was barred out; her lips were the vivid red of passion-flowers that suddenly bloomed in the hearts of the stilled onlookers. And her ingenuous smile—ah! that was the innocence to be expected of a woodland nymph.

"Were you sketching?" she asked sweetly, as she came near them, "and did I spoil your—your—perspective?"

Was there the elusive challenge of coquetry in that query? The young millionaire responded gallantly. The artist preserved silence, only looking at her with brooding eyes until her cheeks made flaming answer.

And so it was that the chaste goddess of art was forsaken for a warmer, dearer, more potential deity, without which she, herself, never would have been.

They rambled in a threesome now

ENCOUNTERED A FAIRER MISTRESS THAN ART

for several days—the girl artlessly frank, the men moody, hilarious, or glum as the disease progressed. The millionaire fancied that the smiles she gave Larry held the tenderest intimacy. Larry fancied that she was giving Houghton the same, and yet he knew that she quivered under his touch, that he was able to call the roses to her cheek at will, and that her eyes sought his with a tremulous, eager need. Then Houghton announced his engagement.

When Larry went alone to congratulate her the next day, she looked at him gravely.

"Do you believe in love?" she asked him, irrelevantly.

"Why do you ask?"

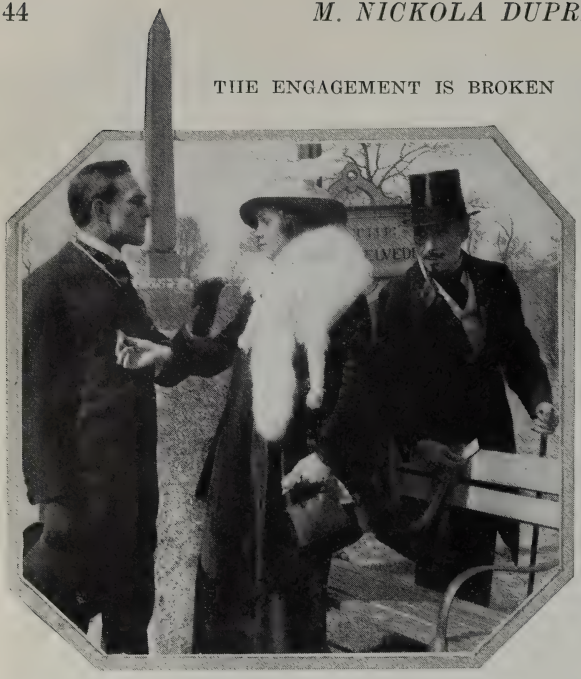
"Because—because—— I mean, do you believe that love can persist under all conditions? Do you believe —being—poor—would kill it?"

Then Larry understood. Something closed across his throat, and the hot sting of tears seared his eyes.

Home in the suite he was to forsake on the morrow, the uncanny chill he had felt back in town touched him again. He turned to face the evil one, standing in the doorway, smiling —smiling. Larry shivered with the dread of the supernatural. Then he rose as if to turn on the unwelcome one. He had gone!

"Well, here's a rum go! What does he want of me? Why does he come when I am in perplexity or sorrow? Am I to be devil's sport? Who is he? Why is he? D—n him!"

The season at Monte Carlo was at



THE ENGAGEMENT IS BROKEN

its height. Each night found the Casino thronged. Faces bent fatuously over the various money-traps—faces youthful and pleasure-seeking—faces haggard with the fear of the desperate—faces bored and ennuied and sated. Into this throng, eyes prematurely saddened, lips set, deportment grave, strolled Larry O'Neill. There was nothing of the gambler in him; he had come to play for what there was in it. Back home there was a mother whose only prayer was for his return, and a girl who had said him nay for the lack of the god of gold.

He played with Houghton's money—the money he had earned for the portrait he and Houghton had painted of—*her*. How well he remembered each delicate tint, each tender curve, each virginal, slim line! He had done the painting, and Houghton had posed the coveted model, and offered impractical suggestions the while. He played feverishly, and—because his heart and his anguished soul were on the red—he lost.

"I beg pardon"—a suave voice at his elbow sent a thrill of fear thru him. He turned and met the sardonic grin, the deep-set, gleaming eyes, the sartorial perfection of the gentleman lower down.

"What is it you want?" he asked sharply, the loss seeming coincident with the ill-fated appearance.

"To help you, dear sir; to give you aid, if you will. I feel—I know that if you play again—you will win. I beg of you to try."

"What with, pray—an English tuppence?"

"Calmly, young sir; this is a gamble thruout. I—I, Mr. Nick, will advance the gold. Come, come, the red—the red again."

"I'll try it," Larry said; "put up, if you will."

Mr. Nick smiled that hateful smile and stacked his gold on the number. Breathless, they watched the wheel—then Larry sank back in his seat. The red—the red had won. The croupier was raking in the heap of gold and shoving it toward him; Mr. Nick was hissing in his ear that another try would treble the luck—that when the tide turned it turned full flood—but Larry shook his head.

"No," he said firmly; "no, thanks. I could easily get the fever, for God knows I need the money, but—— Here is your loan, Mr. Nick, and good-night."

The sardonic smile illumined the fantastic countenance for an instant; then Mr. Nick seemed to sink, until he had vanished from Larry's gaze.

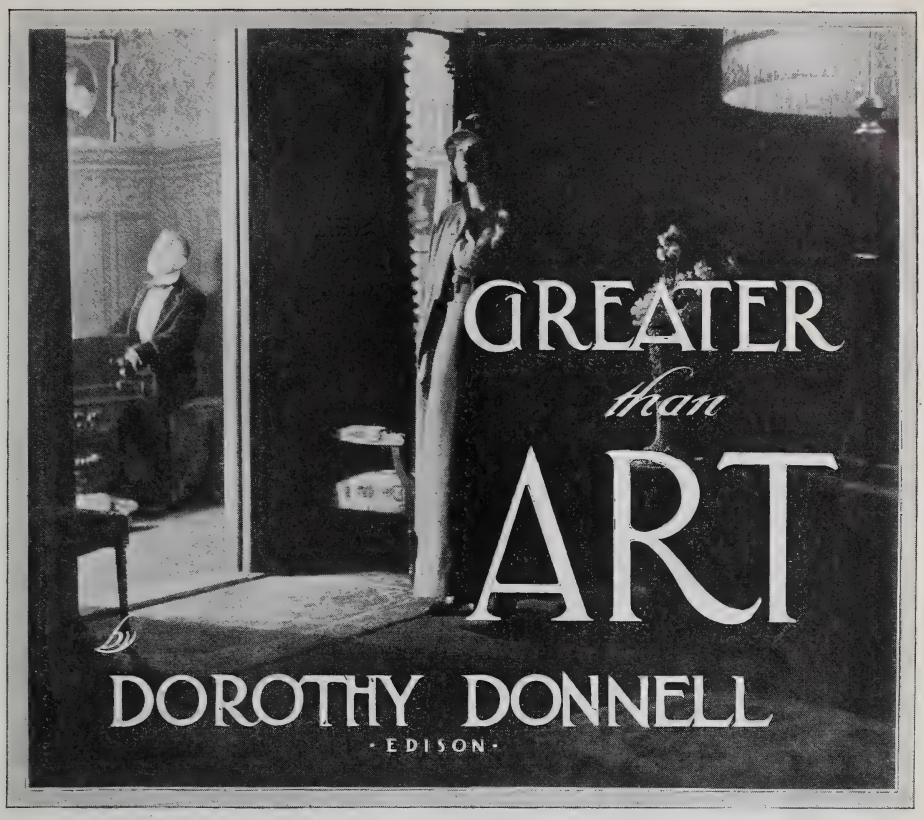
"Hope he returned my soul," the youth muttered, as he pushed his way from the crowded rooms and out into the night.

Sometimes, in the weeks that followed the return home, Larry wished that he had left his soul back there in Monte Carlo and taken instead the dream-making pile of glittering gold.

Buyers came aplenty. They smiled at the pale, artistic-looking young artist, and frowned at his canvases.

"Very good," they would mutter, "perspective, and all that; yes, very

(*Continued on page* 178)



This story was written from the Photoplay of LEE ARTHUR

"DONT ask it of me, daddy. I dont want to refuse you," the girl begged, "but I cant become a social do-nothing, even to please you. Look at my hands—were they made to twirl a fan? Look at my face—would it be satisfied to be just pretty and sleek and admired, do you think? Look at me, daddy, and see for yourself why I cant do as Aunt Georgia asks!"

Robert Santell stared down at the vivid young rebel with the humorous dismay of a parent confronted by the strange personality he has fathered and does not know. What he saw made him proud, yet oddly afraid. The firm line of the jaw that was hinted beneath the soft girl-curves of her cheeks; the level, thick brows; the lips that were made for kisses, and the straight, stern young eyes, tragic with youth and a little empty as yet of life's experiences.

"I—I am rather—sorry, Lavinia," the father sighed, looking away at some vague distance. "Your mother and I have hoped that we would live to see you happily married—and your mother and I are getting old, my dear."

It was an odd fancy of his to speak thus of the mother that had been dead for twenty years. But the girl flung aside his words, as youth ever flings aside the withered counsels of age.

"Happily married! You old-fashioned dear!" she mocked. "You sound like Pepys' Diary! Today we women aren't 'females'—we're feminists! Married! I'm tired of hearing about love! love! love! as tho a woman didn't have a mind and a soul as well as a sex! Men fall in love, too, occasionally, but that doesn't prevent them from being doctors and lawyers and—and—*bartenders,* if they have a talent that way, does it? I wouldn't give up my art for a dozen husbands!"

It was the old, old tragedy of the present and the past shouting across

seas of misunderstanding. The father knew that he was beaten. At the moment of her birth he had been beaten. Yet he wished vaguely that she might not have been so very pretty, since she must follow a Career with a capital C.

"I suppose you'll have to have your way," he told her wearily. "But we think you're wrong, your mother and I. *She* never seemed to want a career, or maybe *I* was her career."

"Then I'm going? I'm going to Paris to study? Oh, *father!*" Lavinia burrowed ecstatically in his waistcoat, showering impersonal hugs and kisses. "I'll succeed—see if I dont! Just wait and *see!* I'll make pictures—such pictures! I know I can—I feel it in the tips of my fingers. It's like something shut up in them, tingling and aching to get out!"

A month later Lavinia Santell sat before an easel in the atelier of Pierre Penchanteau. About her sat others,

"THEN I'M GOING? I'M GOING TO PARIS TO STUDY? OH, *FATHER!*"

tense, fiercely earnest, silently hostile. She was too pretty, too well-dressed, too skilful with her brush. *Assurement* she would try for the Prix de Paris. *Chut!* these *Americaines,* why did not they remain on their side of the water?

"Bien, mademoiselle!" said old Pierre, peering over his critical, iron-rimmed spectacles. *"Allons!"*

"Nom d'un chien!" swore the others, listening. "This is the last straw! It's always encouragement for this rank outsider; but for us French, nothing!"

Art! Paris! The world seemed a wonderfully kind place to Lavinia those days. Yet once she caught a glimpse of another side.

It was one night when she was the last to leave the studio. As she passed the model-room, a dry sob from within made her pause at the door. On the floor lay the model of the afternoon, head pillowed on outflung arm. Lavinia's artist-eye noted the tense muscles of the heaving body even before she comprehended the thing in the clenched hand. Then, with a gasp of horror, she ran to her.

"Give it to me! You shant use it! You must be crazy to think of such a thing!"

The girl raised her head, showing flesh sodden with weeping. Passively she let Lavinia take the pistol. She was quite spent with her despair.

"It's no use," she muttered. "If I dont now, I will some time. There isn't anything else I *can* do."

"Why, you're an American!" Lavinia marveled. She tossed the pistol energetically into one corner and sat down on the floor.

"Now tell me!" she commanded briskly.

A squalid tale stumbled from the model's lips: the desire for an art career; Paris, failure and discouragement; the empty purse that forced her to become a model; the tortures of shame at her work—"their eyes *hurt*"—then long staring at the Seine; the revolver——

"If I could only get home!" wept the girl, but quite hopelessly. "Vermont—it's apple-blossom time, and the hills are clean and green. There was a boy said he'd wait——"

Pity and scorn lurked in Lavinia's eyes. Surely no one who couldn't suffer for the sake of art was worthy of success. A conviction that she could and would endure everything, if need be, swept over her.

"I will give you the money to go back home," she said coldly. "I am sorry for you, but it's not because you've had to do something you dont like, or because you've been hungry or lonesome. I'm sorry for you because you're too much of a coward to face things for your art. Why, I'd beg in the streets if I had to—I'd commit a *crime* rather than fail! Failure is the worst sin in the world!"

Her valiant words came back to her like mocking echoes two weeks later, as she read and re-read the cablegram Pierre handed her. Her father was dead, and there were no funds—she must come home.

"Go home!" She sprang up wildly from her easel and flung up her arms. "Leave everything! Leave my chance! Leave one's best picture unpainted! Go back, and get a position as a shop-girl! I wont! I cant! No—no, it isn't true!"

The class regarded her stupidly. In Paris one learns to wonder at nothing. The *belle Americaine* had had bad news—what was that to them, pray? But the next day they discussed the matter in eager whispers. She would go home then, perhaps? *Tiens!* It was well. There were too many artists in Paris already. *Dieu sait!*

"But the directors of the Academy talk of letting her stay for nothing!" said one sallow youth sourly. "The Count La Fleur admires her. Have you not seen how he regards her when he comes?"

"For nothing?" His neighbor shrugged significant shoulders. "Nobody is giving things away for nothing. She'll pay—somehow—the beautiful American."

Lavinia faced the situation without hysterics. The Count made it quite plain. He was an adept at well-chosen expressions. When he had left her she walked steadily back home to the *pension,* and sat all the afternoon staring out of the window at three sparrows quarreling in a lime-tree in the courtyard. She had not faced the possibility of this thing that had happened to her, but that was no reason for not facing it now.

Was her art, as she had thought it and proclaimed it a thousand times, the most important thing in the world to her, or wasn't it? The end of the afternoon brought the answer. Still steadily she went out into the streets and to the address he had given her. There was frozen resolve in the face she turned to his suave greetings.

"Monsieur Le Count," she said briefly, "I have decided to accept your offer—of tuition."

Guy Crosby looked away from his easel for the twentieth time to where, in the far corner of the atelier, a golden head bent over a canvas. If he could get just that living shade of yellow into his picture, his fortune would be made—it seemed to darken and brighten in ripples like a field of grain. And that misty violet under the eyes—peach-black was the nearest; but, hang it! peach-black wouldn't do it, either! No paints were ever made that would paint a portrait of that girl! For a month—ever since he had come to Pierre Penchanteau's atelier to complete his picture for the Prix de Paris, Guy Crosby had found his thoughts wandering more and more often to that far golden corner of the studio. And now, today, he could not paint at all. It seemed such a tinsel effort, this putting of colors on a canvas, when there were *real* things in the world—things as real as the girl with the golden hair across the room—things as real as himself.

He had never, in all his thirty unwomaned years, felt so *real* himself, such a living, breathing, thinking being, as he did today. Perhaps he never had been—before. The ultramarine dried into stiff points on his brush. The brass clang of the closing bell found him still staring absently.

Lavinia put the last touches on her picture, and drew a cloth about it with the tenderness of a mother tucking a child to sleep. She did not glance up when footsteps paused beside her chair, but a little bright flush ran to her soft hair-line, and her fingers blundered among her tubes and brushes.

"Time for a walk before dinner?" asked Guy. His tone was a confession of what he had been thinking about that afternoon.

"Oh!" Lavinia was elaborately surprised to see him. "No, I'm afraid I cant; I'm dining—out; I'm —sorry."

"So am I."

He waited till she had pinned on her hat, and they went out of the building together, silent with a wordlessness that was eloquent. On the curb they hesitated.

"I'm—sorry," repeated Lavinia. Her round cheeks had grown curiously pale. In the blue depths of her eyes one moment a Terror reared, then her lashes swept down. "I—I must go—good-night!"

"Wait!" Guy put out a determined hand. "What makes you act so queer, as tho you were afraid of me? You wont ever go walking—you wont let me call. I want to get things straight. If I bother you, I'll go away."

Her ungloved hands fluttered upward to her breast.

"No," said Lavinia brokenly, "no —you dont—bother me."

"Dear!" cried the man gladly, unmindful of staring faces turned toward them from the passing crowd. "Dear! Darling! Sweetheart!"

She wrenched her hand away and began to cry softly. Her features did not distort nor quiver, but great, swift tears rolled down her cheeks from her open eyes. Paris stopped, stared and strolled on knowingly.

"I must see you tonight," said Guy desperately. "I cant say it here—in a Paris street. It ought to be said in a meadow, or an apple-orchard, or a little spot I know in the Bois. But I cant even wait for that. I've *been* waiting for you thirty years!"

"You waited a month too long!" The words came harshly, as tho wrung from her. On the edge of flight she turned.

"Tonight at nine, then," she said. "I shall leave a letter for you on my desk. If you want to stay after you have read it—stay——"

He had been sitting over the single sheet of paper an hour, staring down at it, while a muscle in his forehead twanged like a heart. When he moved it seemed to him that he had aged forty years since he entered her empty sitting-room. His first action was to cross the room and fling the miserable scrap of paper into the fire. Later, he found himself kneeling on the hearth, laughing wildly as he stared down at his smoky cuff and blistered hands holding a scorched letter.

"If it would make it a lie to burn it, I'd burn it!" he said—he seemed to have been saying it for some time—"but it's true! Nothing will change it. I read it, and that made it true. My God! It's written on my brain, every black word. Well, it's a pretty good joke on me! Here I was, thinking her almost too good to be loved, and all the time——"

He leapt to his feet, jarring a filigree vase on the mantel-shelf. The tawdry green-and-gold toy infuriated him. With a curse, he threw it on the hearth, where it jarred into a thousand pieces.

"I suppose *he* gave it to her!" he thought, and clutched the mantelpiece to keep himself steady in the sudden-sick whirl of the world. A glimpse of his face in the glass horrified him—white, sweat-beaded, lined with primitive rage.

"Hold on, old man—keep a grip on yourself!" he muttered. "No use going to pieces. Pretty tough, but got to stand it. Oh, *d—n life,* anyhow!" He poured himself a glass of water from the cooler and sat down by the table. A sentence here and there on the blackened paper met his eyes:

"I thought it was wrong to give up my art for selfish reasons, when perhaps I might paint a picture that would live a thousand years."

"I didn't understand, at first, how utterly horrible a thing it is to be *ashamed.*"

"I thought art was worthy *any* sac-

CHALLENGED TO A DUEL

rifice—I would have died if I could have left one Picture by doing so."

"I hate him—if you *knew!* And I hate myself. And now you will hate me——"

"I shall never see you again——"

The words were smeared and blurred as tho by tears. And suddenly the tension of his mood snapped. Poor, unwise, misguided little artist! Into what a bottomless pit her ambition had led her! Unless he stood by to help, she would go on, deeper and deeper.

She stood in the doorway, as tho his thought of her had been given body, and he saw she was trembling, could hardly stand.

"You—stayed!"

She ran, stumbling, to him across the room, with shaking laughter.

"You read it, and you stayed! Then you can forgive me—you can love me still?"

But he did not move. And in a moment she saw it and drew herself up in piteous dignity.

"I beg your pardon. Of course you were just going. How foolish I am! My words are mere chatter! It's—it's a beautiful night, isnt it?"

He thought he had never in his life seen anything sadder nor braver than her white, quivering smile. It beat upon the locked door of his heart, and suddenly his arms were round her, with a great, tender cry.

"Lavinia! You poor little girl—*my* poor little girl!"

A sarcastic voice in the doorway fell across her answering sobs. Hat in hand, fury in every line, the Count La Fleur advanced into the room.

"How fortunate I chanced to follow you!" he said to Lavinia, bowing ironically. "So this is how you spend your time when I am not present. And this—this gentleman?'

"My name is Guy Crosby," said Guy furiously, "and you will have the goodness to be careful how you speak to my promised wife, if you please!"

"Your *wife?* Ha! ha! *Pardon.* I do not understand the English so well. By 'wife' you mean——"

"For you, I mean—this!" Guy stepped forward deliberately and struck the Count full across his sneering smile. The mark of the blow reddened the smile, but it did not change otherwise. The Count fumbled in his pocket, drew out a card and handed it to Guy, with a low bow.

"I will be more than honored to meet you tomorrow morning, monsieur." he said, still smiling. "Till then, *mes compliments.*"

"Good-night, dear—I must follow him," said Guy abruptly. "There are arrangements—dont worry. I'm a pretty good shot, *sweetheart.*"

THE COUNT SQUARES ACCOUNTS

She stood alone, his kiss crushed on her lips, and in her heart a terrible fear and a terrible joy.

"The Count is the best shot in Paris!" she moaned. "Tomorrow morning! Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

She paced the room for a few moments, then went to her desk and wrote a few rapid words:

> Do not fight. I will leave Paris with you tomorrow morning. LAVINIA.

She read the note aloud, tenderly, as tho it were her death sentence. Then she folded it, addressed it to the Count's lodgings, and rang for the *concierge.*

"I have hurt him enough—I will not have him killed," she told herself, with a long, hard breath. "As for me, what does it matter? If his love was strong enough to forgive, mine ought to be strong enough to sacrifice."

She pulled a long, dark cloak about her and slipped into the hall. Along the gay, laughing streets she slid like a shadow, and paused before the studio building. The old *concierge* who answered her ring started back in amazement at sight of her white face.

"I—left my purse in the studio, Henri. I will be down at once."

The atelier was almost as light as day with white moonshine. She crossed to her easel and drew the covering from around her picture. A sad pride touched her glance — it was good! It was *good*—better than any others she had seen that were to be entered for the Prix de Paris—better, even, she thought, than Guy's.

Her hand sought a palette-knife blindly.

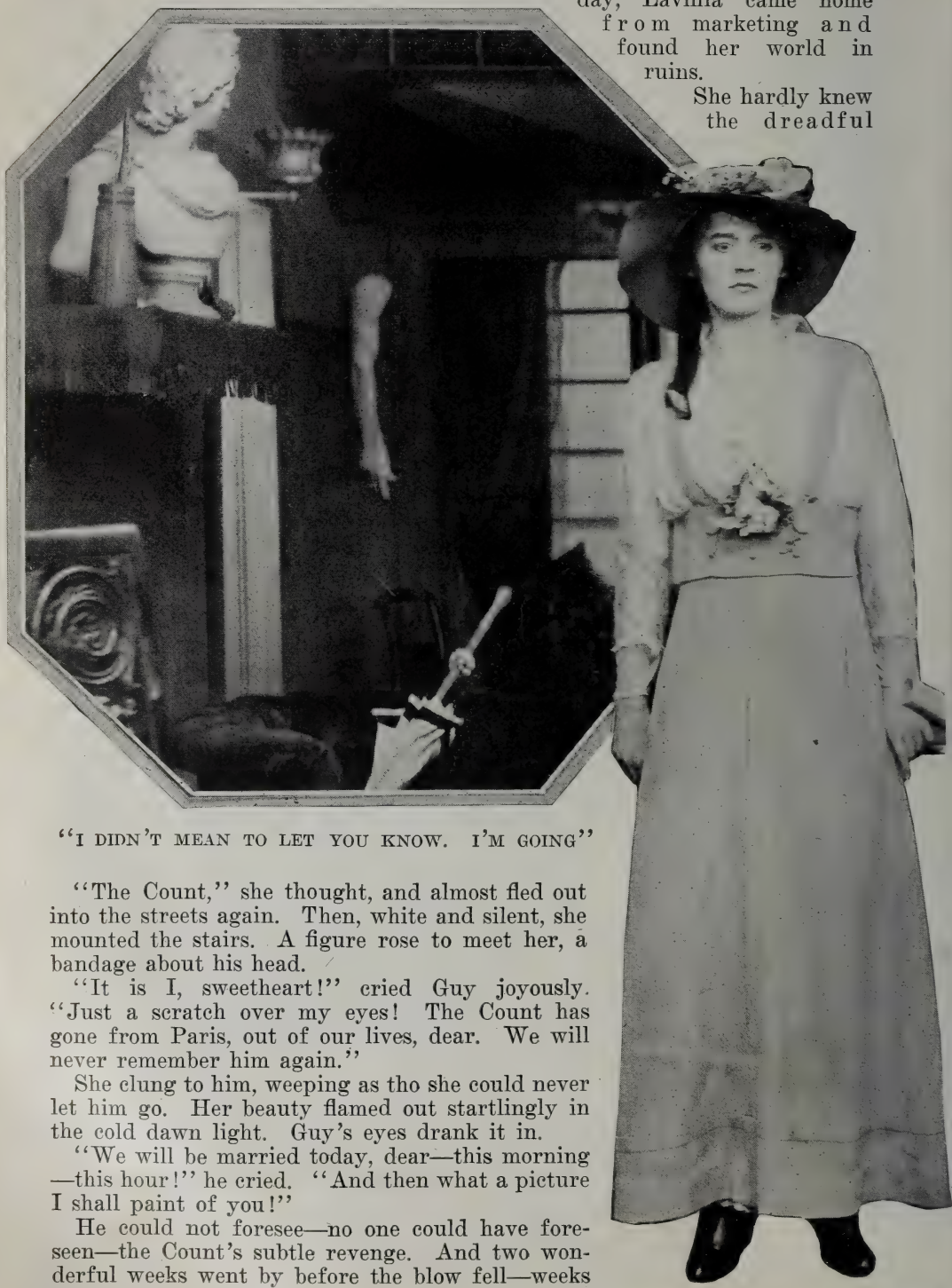
"I paid a big price for that picture," she said mournfully, "but love is greater than art. And so, I do this—for you—and this—and this!"

It was as tho she had killed her child. She bent above the ruined canvas and kist it. "I shall never paint again," she whispered. The girl crouched on the floor and gave herself up to her pain-driven thoughts.

It was daylight when she returned home.

"A man came to see madame," said

the *concierge* discreetly. "He waits above." For an instant she hesitated.



"I DIDN'T MEAN TO LET YOU KNOW. I'M GOING"

"The Count," she thought, and almost fled out into the streets again. Then, white and silent, she mounted the stairs. A figure rose to meet her, a bandage about his head.

"It is I, sweetheart!" cried Guy joyously. "Just a scratch over my eyes! The Count has gone from Paris, out of our lives, dear. We will never remember him again."

She clung to him, weeping as tho she could never let him go. Her beauty flamed out startlingly in the cold dawn light. Guy's eyes drank it in.

"We will be married today, dear—this morning—this hour!" he cried. "And then what a picture I shall paint of you!"

He could not foresee—no one could have foreseen—the Count's subtle revenge. And two wonderful weeks went by before the blow fell—weeks in which Guy's picture grew steadily into a beautiful thing. Then, one day, Lavinia came home from marketing and found her world in ruins.

She hardly knew the dreadful

figure that turned its ravaged face toward her footsteps.

"So there you are!" said Guy thickly. "Well, I've got the letter—the one you wrote your fine lover. Look at it! Look at it!" His voice rose to a shrill animal scream. But it was not that that made her shrink back with wide eyes of horror.

He was holding out the paper, but *away* from her. He could not see her! The wound over his eyes—the doctor had warned him against excitement—he was blind!

The days that followed were slow periods of torture to Lavinia. Guy would have nothing of her services, and installed a slatternly maid-servant to care for the rooms. But she stole in from her exile every afternoon. The Prix de Paris was to be awarded in two weeks, and Guy's picture was still unfinished.

"Afterwards I will go away and never come back," she told herself drearily. "But he *must* get the prize! That's all I can do for him."

And at last the great day came.

"Annie! Annie! Dont you hear the bell ringing? Go see what's wanted."

A letter was laid in Guy's hand.

"Open it and read it," he directed.

There was a rustle of papers, then a sudden, wild, glad cry:

"You've got the prize! Guy! Guy!"

The man started violently.

"Lavinia! You here!"

"I—didn't mean to let you know. I'm going."

He clutched her sleeve and broke into harsh, uncouth man-sobs. His hands wandered over her face, her hair, as tho they could not let her go.

"Lavinia! I've been so lonely—I've wanted you so! I thought I'd lost you! Oh, Lavinia!"

"That letter," she whispered brokenly—"oh, my dear, it was to save you. But I never meant to let you know. I came to finish the picture."

A silence hovered over the room. In it the two broken souls crept nearer—clung.

It is out of the wreckage of lives, oftentimes, that the Great Builder fashions the most perfect happiness.

Other BILL HA

by KARL

This story was written from the Photoplay

UXTRY! Uxtry! All 'bout Detectuff Bill Harrison an' de Dope King Furies! Uxtry—here's yer latest uxtry!

Say, mister, did youse pipe dat skoit wot just give me a nickel f'r de *Heruld?* Some baby doll, b'lieve muh! I'll bet when she grows up she'll make all de odder swell dames on Michigan Av'noo look like a sale o' imitation brass jew'lry marked-down t' thoity cents! An' den some rich Johnnie wit' a gen-u-ine Panama jammed over a dome where dere's nobuddy home 'll marry her. Say, mister, dere aint no chanct f'r us hones' woikin' guys wit' de goils, is dere? A house on Jackson Boulevard

wise
RRISON
S CHILLER
Essanay

of JOSEPH BYRON TOTTEN

an' a 'lectric lim-o-sine listens better'n a two-room flat an' a cycle-car, no matter *wot* kind o' a mutt goes wit' 'em. De guy dat little peacherino Mendelssohns t' de altar wit' will look like de kind dat comes free wit' a pound o' coffee, but as long's he's right dere wit' de mazuma——

Aw, gee, ain't it hell t' be poor?

Now, if I was dat detectuff in de poiper—Bill Harrison—if I was him, d'youse know wot I'd do? I'd pull in de rocks so fast I'd have t' pay *two* income taxes an' wear a real-for-sure Havana in me face t'ree times a day. I'd keep a Japanee valley t' shine me shoes, like de swell guys in de Astorbilt, an' w'enever I

bought a poiper off some newsie, I'd han' him a quarter, 'n say, "Keep de change"—just like dat—"Keep de change." An' if dat baby doll was a poor woikin' goil—mebbe a sob-sister on some poiper, get me?—Ethel Elaine, wot writes "Advice to Lovers"—why, I'd marry her. I guess she wouldn't t'row me down f'r one o' dem Av'noo Johnnies, *den!*

Dis here Bill Harrison in de poiper, he ain't no shucks of a detectuff, anyways—been readin' 'bout him, mister? Youse see, it's dis way. A guy named Furies gits t' sellin' dope on de quiet—coke, youse know, an' opium pills. But, say, he's a wise one, he is—he dont leave no tracks, an' de p'lice is up a tree. So dey sends an S. O. S. to Wash'nton, an' de Presi-dunt, he beats it f'r de 'phone.

"Ting-a-ling," says Woodie, "give muh me fren', Bill Harrison, de detectuff," says he, "an' dont be all day."

"De boss wants youse, Bill," says de op'rator. "Some one has stole de Phil-i-pines, by de tone of him, an' he's yellin' f'r youse t' nab de thief."

Now, just supposin' I'm Bill Harrison.

I puts on me hat an' taxis to de White House, leavin' fragments of de speed record along de way.

"Howdy, Bill?" says de Presi-dunt. "I want youse to go to old Chi' an' arrest de Dope King Furies—get him wit' de goods, unnerstan'?"

"Sure!" says I; "I'm your man f'r dat job!"

I goes to me hotel an' calls me valley.

"Oyura," says I, "t'row a couple o' celluloid collars in a Saratoga, put in two pairs o' bracelets an' a sandbag or so, an' lay out me best revolver an' me impen-e-trable disguise of an hones' woikin' guy. I mustn't be mistook for a member of de p'lice force," says I. "We're goin' to take de next Pullman f'r old Chi' t' nab de Coke King Furies."

"Soonly at once, Hon'rable Bill," says Oyura, an' de next mornin' we're in Chi'. I sit down an' do an imi-tashun of a guy thinkin'.

"If Furies gets an earful we're here, he'll put one over on us," I dope it out. "We gotter beat him to it. Me f'r de underwoild an' a speshul mat'nee pufformance o' 'Lured to an Opium Den.'"

Oyura ties on a pigtail an' becomes a Chink, whilest I puts on a wrist watch, an' a t'ree-f'r-five cigar wot no hones' detectuff would be foun' dead smokin'. An' we sets out f'r de bigges' dive in town. Say! it looked real enough t' be a movin' picter scene! I knocks out de dope-pill w'en de keeper aint lookin' an' puts in a fake one. Den Oyura an' me gits busy an' does our snoozin'-stunt in de corner. But I got me eye peeled, youse kin bet.

Bime-by t'ree guys come in an' sets down at de table. Dey looks 'round de loft an' sees us all sleepin', an' den dey begins to spiel.

"Looker here, Jim," says one, "I got a straight tip de p'lice are lookin' f'r us. If dey caught us here, it's de cooler f'r yours truly. De game is up."

"Youse has got cold feet, Ed—put on de chains, your brains is skiddin!" says Jim Furies. "We'll croak any guy wot dont mind his business. P'lice!" he grunts, scornfully, "dey eats outer me han'!"

"Wot's dat!" says de t'ird man, jumpin' up. "Dere's some one at de door!"

Furies sneaks over an takes a squint t'roo a peep-hole. "It's a skoit!" he says, chucklin', "an' she ain't hard t' look at, neither. Come in, Little Brighteyes!"

Say, mister, de prettiest dame youse ever lamped stood in de doorway o' dat dive—Lillian Russell didn't have nothin' on *her* f'r looks, an' she could give five yards start t' Anna Held an' get away wit' it. I aint any hand at de Robert Chambers stuff, but dat gal could have *me* any time she wanted! She looked 'round at de t'ree, cool as youse please.

"I'm Ethel Elaine of de *Heruld,*" she says, "an' I've come t' give youse

de once-over f'r my poiper. I'm to get raised if I get a good story, an' fired if I dont," she says, "so I hopes youse gentlemen will give me a square deal."

O' course, y'know, she didn't say just dose woids, but you can git her meanin'.

"Well, wot do youse know about dat?" says Furies, admiringly. "Does she get your goat, or doesn't she?"

"You've got a noive big enough to an' beats it t'roo de winder. We didn't stop t' send picter postal cards t' our fren's, either, b'lieve muh—it was *some* marathon! But de goil was game. Most skoits would-of fainted, or sumpin, but not her.

"How can I thank youse?" she says, w'en we stopped t' breathe, finally, "an' what was youse doin' in a tough hop-joint like dat, f'r de love of Mike?"

"I'm a detectuff," says I, wit' a bow, "odderwise Bill Harrison, an'

"I'M ETHEL ELAINE OF DE *HERULD*," SHE SAYS

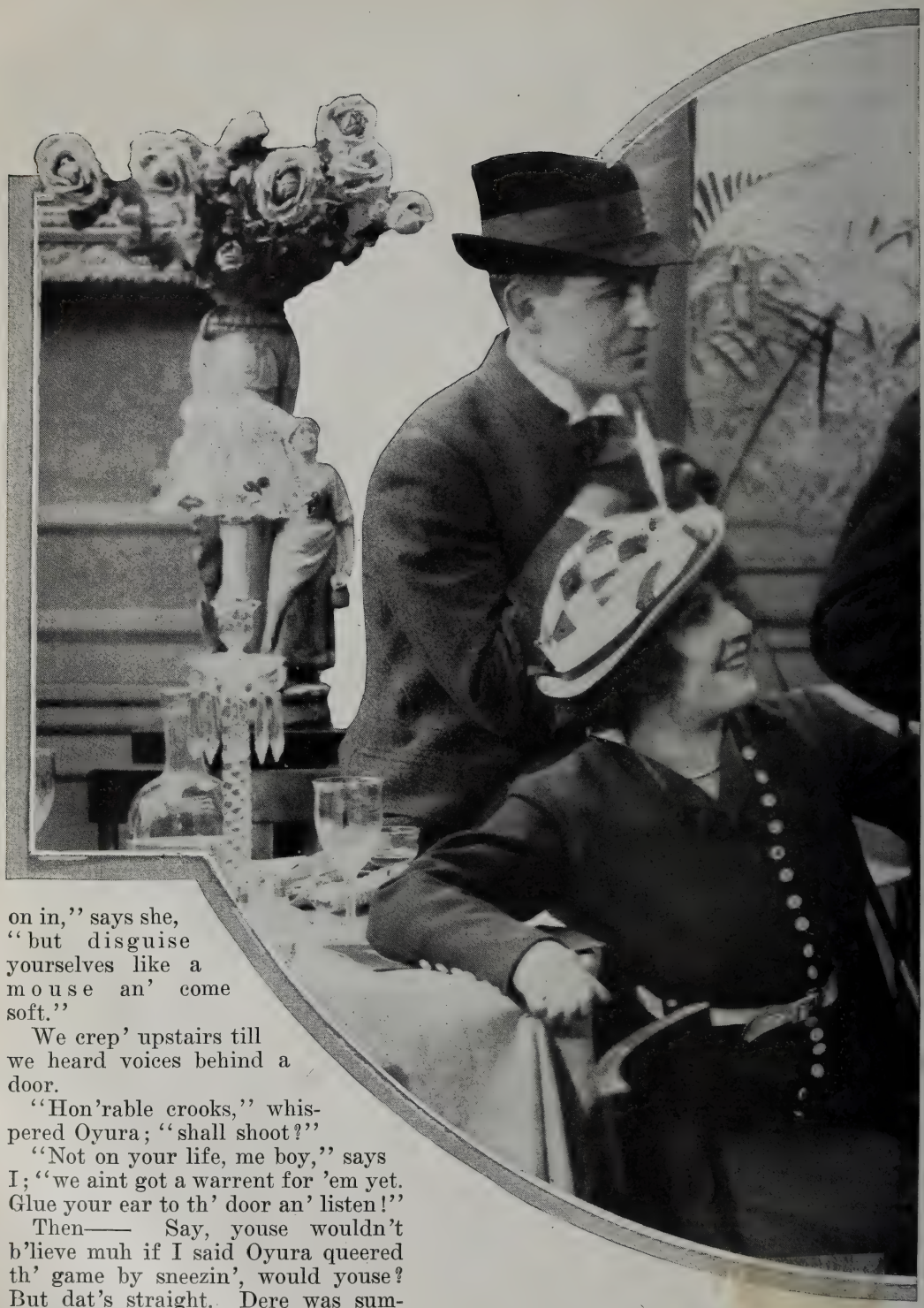
tight-rope on," says de guy named Ed, edging up clost, "but youse is right dere wid de goods f'r looks, too, dearie, so just give us a kiss and let's be fren's."

De goil lets out a yell, but de bloke jams his dirty fist over her mouth. I put it up to youse: Could a feller stay still an' watch a lady rough-housed, even if it did put de blink on de detectuff scheme? I jump up wid a howl an' knocks de lamp over. I knew dere'd be gun-pullin', so I stuck de lighted pill in de wall, an' de crooks blazed away at dat instead o' me. An' Oyura an' me gits de goil I was detectuffin' w'en you came in. Now, if dat's straight about t'ankin' us, I'll let youse in on a way t' arrest Jim Furies. Is it a go?" says I.

"It is," says she, an' gives me her hand on it.

T'ree hours later Oyura an' me sneaks 'roun' t' de Furies' back door an' knocks. Ethel Elaine herself, in a maid's disguise, opens de door.

" 'Twas a cinch!" says she, in a whisper; "like takin' candy from a kid. I done the goil a good turn onct w'en she was out o' a job, an' she was glad to do the same to me. Come



on in,'' says she, ''but disguise yourselves like a mouse an' come soft.''

We crep' upstairs till we heard voices behind a door.

''Hon'rable crooks,'' whispered Oyura; ''shall shoot?''

''Not on your life, me boy,'' says I; ''we aint got a warrent for 'em yet. Glue your ear to th' door an' listen!''

Then—— Say, youse wouldn't b'lieve muh if I said Oyura queered th' game by sneezin', would youse? But dat's straight. Dere was sumpin doin' dere, all right, all right! ''We'd better beat it while the beatin's good,'' says I, an' we did. I sent Oyura t' de p'lice station f'r a warrent an' a hurry-up wagon, an' got behind de veranda t' watch de

''DEN I SEE 'TWAS A PLANT,

N' I WAS DE GOAT FOR FAIR''

house. Pretty quick I saw Furies an' his pals sneakin' out, an' I follered along, keepin' out o' sight. It was up t' me t' make good on dis job, but I wasn't plannin' on makin' a beautiful remains of myself f'r me fren's t' send a white carnation anchor to.

''One—t'—t'ree youse cant,'' said I to myself, rememberin' me arithmetic learnin'; ''but dey cant make no get-away while I'm on de job!''

After we'd been hittin' de dust ten minutes, or so, de crooks toined in t' one of dem swell joints w'ere dey serves hash an' cawfee t' ragtime. An' I went an' set down in front o' a mirror, w'ere I could lamp 'em without bein' seen. Dey was spielin' wit' a swell doll—de kind who puts her

"AN' DERE STOOD ETHEL WIT' A REVOLVER"

looks on in de mornin'—not in Ethel's class by a long shot. Bime-by dey all four gits up an' comes over my way. But dey doesn't glim me, an' just goes by into a little room marked "Privut Dinin' Room."

"What in de woild——" says I, but afore I could make up me t'inker wot to do I hears a scuffle an' a squealin' inside.

"Dis is gittin' on me noives," t'inks I, peevish, "dis movie-hero stunt of rescuin' dames, but here goes!"

An' in I went at de door o' de privut dinin'-room. Den I see 'twas a plant, an' I was de goat for fair. De t'ree crooks had dheir shootin'-irons out, an' de goil was laffin' fit t' kill.

"So we got youse, Mr. Butt-in!" says Furies, grinnin'. "Pretty soft, eh? A gran' detectuff youse makes! Ha! ha!"

"Youse is Jim Furies, wanted f'r dope-sellin'," says I. "An' dis skoit here is Chicago Cora—I'd ought to 'a' recognized her doll-baby mug. Well, youse has got me f'r de presunt!"

"F'r de presunt!" snickers Furies. "Dat's a good un! D'youse reckon we're goin' t' toin you loose t' gab, you A Number One fool, you!"

An' afore I could let out a peep dey had a gag in me mout' an' bracelets 'round me wrists. Dere was a back door to de room, an' out o' dis we went, down some stairs an' into a court, w'ere a closed auto was waitin'.

"Git in, an' git in pretty darn quick!" says Furies, an', dere bein' no argymint I could t'ink of at de moment, I got in. De odders follered, an' de auto hit de dust.

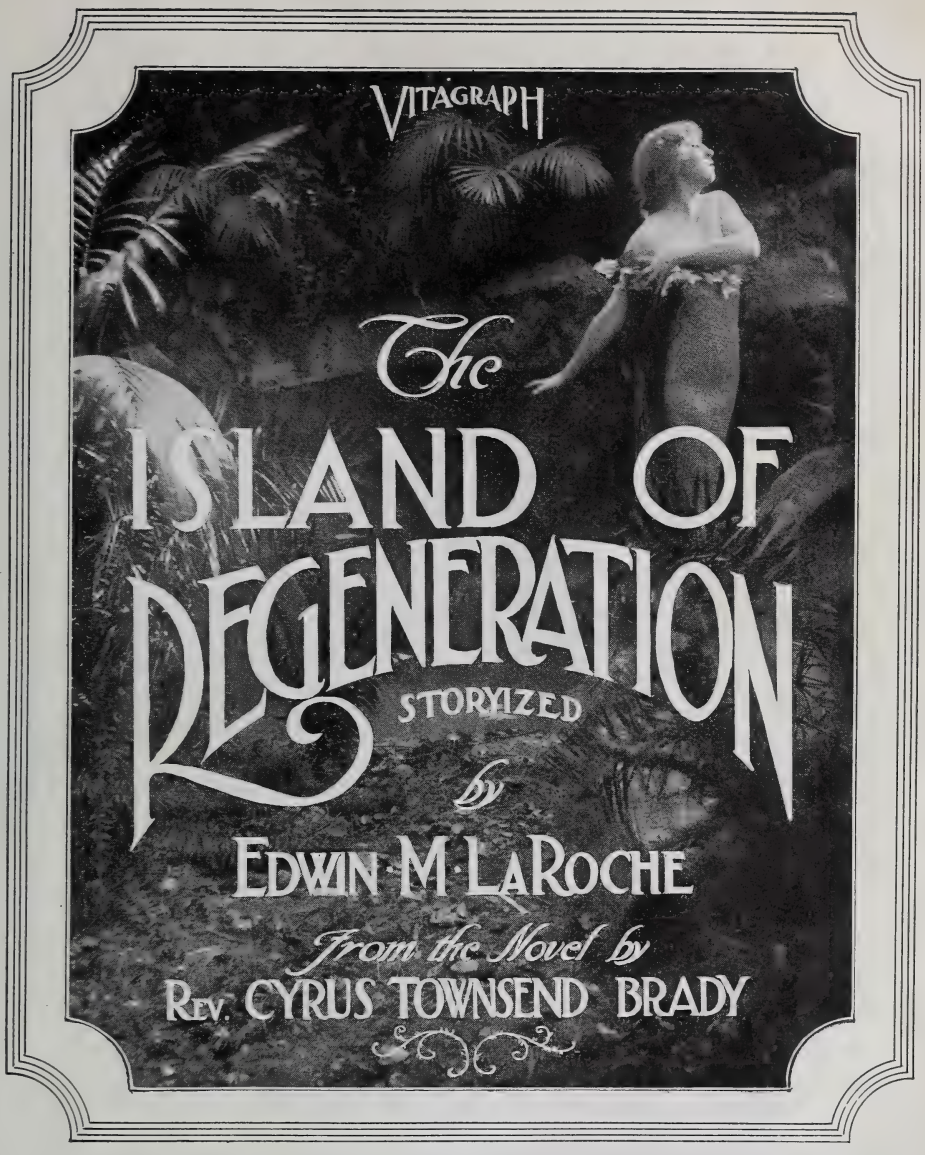
Say, but dat waren't no joy-ride f'r me. I was sure up against it, an' if I'd been an insurance agent I wouldn't have took out a very large policy on me life, not wit' de gang's artillery pokin' me ribs so persuasive-like. An' somehow de onliest t'ing I could t'ink of was dat goil's face—Ethel Elaine.

De moider-car pulls up in front of Furies' house, an' we piled out an' into de hall.

"Take him upstairs, Ed," says Furies, "an' keep your eyes peeled. If he tries t' make a get-away, croak him. We'll go get de goil an' de Jap."

At de cannon's mout', I was

(*Continued on page* 176)



A CAPTAIN'S glass, conning the horizon of the Pacific at a point some two hundred miles due west of the Solomons, would have held itself focused on a strange vessel ducking her rail to the brisk press of the trade-winds. She was neither island schooner, "lime-juicer," nor Japanese fisherman—an unfamiliar and inconsistent craft, from her gleaming, yacht-like rails and snowy canvas to her heavy bows and square-rigged foremast.

She had been out of port a long while. There was rust in her hawse-holes, salt incrustations on the anchor-flukes, and when she showed a flash of her copper a crust of veteran barnacles peopled her sides.

On the after-deck, with her face very white in the sun, a handsome woman reclined in a steamer-chair. Darting about her with the playfulness of porpoises, a chubby boy and a large, shaggy, collie dog scampered in ceaseless abandon. With a protecting arm flung over the invalid's chair-back, a tall, serious-faced gentleman watched the pretty scene.

"Six months ago, to a day," he re-

marked, "the *Nansemond* sailed thru the Virginia capes—it might have been years or ages."

"Yes," she said; "see how John and his dog have grown. And I, too, feel so much stronger."

" 'Tis a wonderful adventure," said the gentleman, reverently, "and surely Doctor Clayton has never prescribed like this—the breath of the sea and the kiss of the sun in place of pills and boluses."

"Fairacres," she replied, with filming eyes—"its fields in tobacco bloom; its stately trees; its rose-trellised door; white-haired Ephraim; your brother David; even the tick of the sentinel clock in the hall, are dear ghosts of the past."

"They live!" he exclaimed, taking her hand in his; "your presence bespeaks them all. And as they live, so will you return to health and to the sight of dear Fairacres again."

As he spoke, the sun sank naked into the sea, robing the clouds in its royal garments of deep purple and gold.

"There has never been such a sunset as this," she said.

"There are thousands more glorious to come," he promised.

Hand held in hand, they watched in silence the marvelous recessional of sun and sky.

Night fell upon the mighty Pacific, and as the stars mounted guard the health-seeker descended to the cabin and undressed the sleepy boy. Kneeling upon his berth with his eyes fixed upon the patch of stars that twinkled thru a port-hole, the boy chanted his "Now I lay me down to sleep," then sprang nimbly up for his mother's kiss.

In a moment he slept, and she turned away smiling. The long westward cruise had been a succession of just such calm Arabian nights.

It must have been near dawn, in the last half-hour of the middle watch, when a sharp blow, followed by a sudden trembling, shook the *Nansemond* from stem to stern.

A command rang out overhead, there was a sharp veer in the vessel's course, and then a silence as of the tomb.

Presently the captain ran down the companionway and fronted the huddled family of three.

"We've just smashed into something, sir—a derelict, I think, and the *Nansemond's* filling fast."

"We're prepared," said the father, quietly.

"All right—get Mrs. Charnock and the boy into the starboard boat and we'll lower you and follow in a jiffy."

It seemed incomprehensible that the staunch brigantine was doomed, but Mr. Charnock lost no time in lifting his family into the ship's-boat and in being lowered over the side. A black shape poised on the rail and sprang in a sprawling mess after them. It was the dog, Rover.

The *Nansemond* began to list sharply to starboard and Mr. Charnock cut loose the tackle and rowed the boat a few lengths away.

To make matters worse a heavy seamist had risen and the sinking vessel was soon shrouded from view. The halloos from the *Nansemond* became fainter and fainter, then hushed altogether. The three were utterly alone.

As the sun dipped across the Pacific, a wind sprang up and slowly dispelled the mist. They strained their eyes in every direction. The brigantine was gone; the sea was tenantless of even the other ship's-boat.

Then a horrible thing happened. Mr. Charnock crept to the boat's bow to step its little mast, and as he did so in lubberly fashion, the wind whipped under the loose sail and flung him overboard, mast in hand.

Under the silent canopy of sodden sail his life passed out, with no outward sign to those left. But it was merciful at least not to have seen the look on the drowning man's face.

For two days and two nights the boat drifted at the beck of the currents and winds. Thirst fell on them, so that the mother's eyes glazed and the dog's maddened. The boy whimpered ceaselessly in her arms.

With the dawn of a third day, they

ALONE ON THE ISLAND

made out the low coast of a small island, quite near at hand, and the dying mother pulled with slow oars toward it. Somehow the three dragged themselves upon the velvet beach. Just beyond them lay a belt of tropical foliage, rich in pendant fruits and nuts, but the mother cared not. Her sun was set.

As she lay faintly breathing, she drew the boy to her and thrust a worn Bible into his hands.

"Pray for me," she whispered.

Then the child knelt on the sands, and to the simple words of "Now I lay me down to sleep" the mother passed away.

And the dog, thrusting his muzzle

feebly against her side, felt the cold of her body, but there was no life left to comfort or to grieve.

Twenty years passed, and the loss of the *Nansemond* became one of the many unsolved tragedies of the sea.

In the suburbs of San Francisco are many costly villas, each set in ornate gardens, and in one of the most pretentious of these lived Katherine Brenton, an orphan, rich, cultured, and some said beautiful.

This young lady, with nothing else to do, became a champion of her sex and in time set herself up as the high priestess of her ideas. She doubted God and scorned his creature, man. Laws, marital and otherwise, were man-made things and, as such, were covenants to be despised.

Such beliefs, or lack of beliefs, were all very well to preach to her inmost circle of worshipers, but presently there came a man, rich, cultured, unprincipled, who learnt to cast more longing eyes on the flesh of the priestess than on the soul of her ideas.

Valentine Langford coveted her, masking his desire behind a devout allegiance to her ideals. He followed her everywhere, apparently thirsting for the wisdom, not the taste, of her lips.

"Marriage," she preached to him from a Grecian bench in her gardens, "is one of the most absurd of man-made laws. The obligations of the wedding-ring could better be fashioned into a pair of handcuffs and be done with it. For the man that I could love I would trample upon such childish conventions."

The enthusiasm of a convert shone from Langford's eyes. "Will you put your theories to the test?" he cried eagerly, and the priestess, quite carried away, agreed to his well-planned scheme.

It was nothing more nor less than that she would take a trip with him on the *Southern Cross*, his palatial yacht. He believed and she knew that they were both pure at heart—the conventions alone would be held up to ridicule.

The exalted girl agreed to such an unbelievable thing, and in a week's time, greatly to the dismay of her following, she walked jauntily up the yacht's gangplank and stood by Langford's side.

They cruised for a month—the illusion being perfect for her and his delusion being excellently well played.

One night the *Southern Cross* dropped anchor in the lee of a group of uncharted coral islands—their cool foliage waved invitation from the shore—and Langford had the launch lowered in expectancy of a trip of exploration in the morning.

They sat down to dinner. Langford drank more freely than usual and she felt that his eyes burned into hers.

He leaned forward and reached for her hand. For the first time a shudder of repulsion passed thru her and she avoided him. He arose and she saw that he was unsteady on his feet.

Then his arms shot out and grappled at her waist. With his body blocking the way to her stateroom the girl sprang toward the nearest door. It flung open inward, and she followed it, whirling it shut back of her and turning the key swiftly.

She heard the intake of his breath thru two inches of oak and switched on the light in open defiance. From a dressing-table a woman's face smiled at her and she picked the photograph up mechanically, holding it close.

"Your Devoted Wife—Audrey." The inscription seared her scared eyes. Her brain swam in liquid fire. So the lecherous beast rattling the door-knob was married and she had never known! The heathenishness of wedding-rings dropped suddenly from the list of the priestess' dogmas, leaving a staring, white fury in its stead. To the tune of the rattling door-knob she spun round the key and faced the double-dealing seducer of hearts.

"Who's this?" she demanded, the photograph held like a shield.

"Oh," sneered Langford, "that's my wife. I *had* to marry her—I wanted to—but I've got *you* without all that tommyrot of——"

"Have you—you beast!" she pant-

ed, and struck out with both arms full in his face.

Langford staggered back, tripped in the carpet and struck his head on the edge of the heavy table. He lay still and a thin stream of blood coursed thru his hair and down his white shirt-front.

The girl shivered at the sight and the cabin reeled before her like storm-tossed wreckage, but she gathered herself together, stepped across him, seized a handbag from her stateroom and found her way on deck.

There lay the launch, nosing against its boom in the moonlight. She lowered herself over the yacht's side, sprang into the launch and set it adrift.

No hail came from the deck of the *Southern Cross* as the launch drifted clear, but from the cabin below a babel of confused shouts came out to her.

In a trice the desperate girl spun the launch's fly-wheel and threw in the clutch. The engine started and a little ripple of waves danced from under the launch's sharp bow. Before those below had discovered her escape, she had rounded the point of the nearest island and was speeding down its stretch of moon-bathed beach into the maze of the tiny archipelago.

It was close to that still, ineffable hour when dawn is near, that the exhausted girl felt the launch's bottom grate on the shallow sands. She sprang up and, kirtling her dress, waded to the dry beach beyond. Freed of her weight, the launch cleared itself, swung undecidedly on its heel and started off at full speed. The ungoverned thing finally ran its nose high on a rock, where it slowly battered itself to pieces.

She didn't care, but flung her exhausted self down on the saving sands and, cupping her knees in blistered hands, dropped off into sleep.

As the sun rose from the sea, a man with long, matted hair and dressed in a girdle of woven palm-leaves sprang from his bed in a cave and sought the sparkling beach. As he half-walked, half-sprang forward on the velvety smoothness of coral sand, no sounds came from under his naked feet.

Suddenly he stopped short, his mouth dropped, his breath held. A creature with longer, heavier hair than his and skin strangely white, like the sands, lay before him. The hands and neck of this creature were much smaller than his and his hands could almost span its middle.

"YOU BEAST!" SHE PANTED

The cave-man drank in every detail of the sleeper: the golden ornament around its throat; the pink, pointed finger-nails; the clinging, lustrous skirt and the rounded, impracticable knees that shaped themselves

1. THE CAVE-MAN SEES HIMSELF IN A MIRROR. 2. PREPARING FOR THE MORNING BATH. 3. THE FIRST MEETING

against it—all wondrous mystery to the simple islander.

He walked guardedly around it, shaking his head as further marvels unfolded. Why were its ankles shimmering, silken green and its face undeniably white? What were those queer little gourd-like things on its feet for?

Pondering these things, and many more, he crouched and cautiously touched the coil of shining hair. Something sharp bit into his fingers, and he dropped his spear to emit a cry of pain.

The creature's large eyes opened and it sat bolt upright. The cave-man seized his spear. For the space of a full minute the two stared full at each other, wondering, trembling, afraid. Then the man sprang up and fled. But a low, musical voice came to his ears, and he turned. The creature was smiling and beckoning him to approach.

The cave-man came back and stood trembling before his discovery. Would it kill him? Then noticing that its eyes were shining with kindness, he suddenly broke a banana from its stalk and offered one to the stranger.

The creature ate hungrily, and the cave-man showed his pleasure in sundry smiles. Then words, queer staccato noises like the scoldings of parrots, broke about his startled ears, and he noticed that the strange sounds were coming from the creature's mouth.

But he could only stand and smile broadly in answer.

"Come," said the wondrous person, "show me around the island," and forthwith set off walking down the beach.

The man did not understand, but he followed, slavelike. They had gone but a few paces, when his companion stopped and scraped the sand away from a crumpled shape of boards. It was the stern of an embedded boat, and its scarcely discernible lettering spelled out: NANSEMOND—VIRGINIA. A bit farther on, under the roots of a palm, Kate came across two gruesome mementos of the past.

HE BRINGS HER PRESENTS

They were skeletons, that of a human being and a dog, and on a hand of the former was a wedding-ring.

She studied the face of her companion hard. No recognition dawned there; instead, a puzzled, awesome look that struggled with the wall around his memory.

Kate turned away softly and struck out again for the edge of the water. The ebb tide had left the

wreck of the launch high and dry, and she knew that it housed a woman's priceless treasure — her handbag.

She pointed and gestured, and when at last her companion understood, he obediently turned on his heel, walked out and brought it to her. She smiled her thanks and then dumped the contents of the bag into her lap.

As she steadied her hand-glass in front of her and did up her hair, the cave-man showed unmistakable symptoms of alarm, but when she held the glass up to him and he caught the fierce reflection of his own staring visage not a foot away from him, he cried out in alarm and bolted helter-skelter up the beach.

By dint of deft pantomime, pressing her hands on the glass and flattening her nose against it, she finally coaxed him back again; but for days afterward the sight of the magic glass made his muscles twitch.

With the canvas awning, a sailor's knife, a large tin of matches and a coil of rope gathered up from the wrecked launch, Kate thought it high time for the islander to disclose to her his dwelling-place.

She pantomimed hunger — thirst, until the poor fellow started ahead on a run, so anxious was he to play the host to this miracle-making creature.

At last he led her into his cave—a simple place with palm straw for a bed and a row of calabash gourds as household utensils.

On a ledge lay a dusty Bible, and as Kate picked it up a look of suspicion flashed from her eyes. In the faded ink of bygone days the fly-leaf was inscribed: "John Charnock —From His Mother."

The girl could have cried with the shame of her unworthy thoughts. Those naked bones out there and this dusty book were all that bound this degenerate man to the civilized world! There was herself, too, she thought, and she meant to uplift him if the power lay within her.

Their frugal meal of nuts and fruits having been shared, she crouched in front of him, and leveling her finger at him, slowly pronounced: "Man."

"Man," he repeated with the delight of a child.

She slowly swung her finger until it pointed at herself and said: "Woman."

"Woman," he repeated with equal, if impartial, enjoyment.

"That's an awful lot to learn all at once," she mused. "I'll have to let it sink in."

That afternoon they explored the island, and Kate selected an exposed spot, where she directed him to heap up brush, to be lit as a beacon fire in case a vessel should sight the island.

With night coming on apace, they hastened back to the front of the cave. Kate was dreadfully worn out and sleepy from her night and day of adventure, and could have slept where she sat. She decided to retire to the privacy of the cave, however, and to take down her hair and make herself comfortable.

Kate had no sooner entered the cave than its owner followed. In some embarrassment she pointed to herself, at the floor, made gestures as tho disrobing and other delicate hints, but the cave-man was either dreadfully dense or angelically innocent.

At last in gentle rebuke she took him by the arm and led him out.

"Man; woman," said her enterprising host, and she left him to fathom the conventions as best he could.

Some time later, when she had lain down, gentle, suppliant words drifted in to her and she heard the astonishing and long-forgotten nursery prayer of "Now I lay me down to sleep" recited by the man on his knees outside.

Suspicions again crowded around her, then the unutterable pathos of the creature's plight bore down on her and she wept in pure pity for this man who was so close to his God, yet so far from his fellow-men.

On the first wings of morning

Kate arose, determined on a dip in a rock-ribbed pool of the sea. Bathing-suit she had not; change of clothes none at all; and the keen-eyed man squatted outside awaited her coming!

Kate stepped out jauntily; her bright-eyed host followed. The situation was embarrassing, but she was determined to have her bath. A bright idea came to her. Unconcernedly, Kate knotted one end of the launch's rope to a tree. The cave-man watched her every movement. Then, as if performing some sacerdotal duty, she made a slip-noose and placed it over his head.

The cave-man stood tied to the tree, like any gentle cow. He could have left and followed her, but surely the rope had some significance, and she had placed it there!

So the girl dove, swam like a seafowl and buffeted her skin into a roseate pink. Her toilet she made in a secret cavern cunningly cloistered among the rocks.

When she returned, fully dressed, the cave-man still stood with the noose around his neck. If it had been galling he did not show it, for he sprang off and brought her food with every sign of enjoyment.

Then the woman's duty came upon her tenfold—this man in every move and thought was ministering to her bodily comfort; she in turn must be the handmaiden to his soul.

She fetched the Bible from the cave, and, seated under the waving palms, like those that clothed the feet of His coming into Jerusalem, Kate, the unbeliever and scoffer at marriage vows, the doubter of God and man made in His image, opened the Book and set herself out slowly and painfully to lead the poor unfortunate cave-man back to the light.

DAILY THEY KNELT IN DEVOUT PRAYER

Three uneventful years passed on the island, yet in that time the regeneration of its dwellers was complete. The springs of John Charnock's knowledge once opened, he thirsted for all she gave, until she had taught him all she knew. All

save her doubt of God and her hideous defiance of the marriage covenant. These things she buried from him—they lay shattered as false idols at her feet. In their stead a God-fearing, principled woman stood, that a good, tho simple man, might bow down and worship. Yet, strange to say, in all these months no look nor word of love had passed between them.

One placid day followed its mate on the island, until Kate and John Charnock had given up all hope of rescue. She still slept in his cave, took her morning plunge, and taught him from the dust-worn holy schoolbook.

They were clothed alike now in matting garments woven from palm-leaves, and even her hairpins had been fashioned by him from bits of polished shell.

One day a great change came. John was some distance from the cave forlornly adding fuel to their beacon, and Kate busied herself weaving a fresh mat in the cave.

All day long a heavy, uncanny smoke had drifted across the island, like the rift from some far-distant volcano that had suddenly let loose its hell-fire. Slowly and surely a sickly haze settled on the island and festooned the foliage with a kind of gray soot.

At first it started with a gentle cradle-like swaying that annoyed the man with its nausea. Then a sudden violent rocking flung him on his back, and a wind with the force of hell-furies flung itself across the unprotected island.

Lordly palms bent double, then snapped short in the teeth of the typhoon. The island seemed to rock dizzily on its foundations.

The prostrate man had only one thought uppermost: to reach his woman in the cave.

Across the heaving, whirling rifts of sand he sped, with uprooted and falling trees barring his path. Choked, blinded, smarting with open wounds, he reached the cave. *It no longer existed!* The place where its entrance had been was a jumbled mass of huge rocks.

Crying out in the agony of his longing, the cave-man desperately attacked the ruin of his former habitation. If the fallen rocks were as big as sugar-barrels, he put his chest beneath them and forced them from his way. If they lay buried in the sand, he tor and wrenched them from their foothold.

Nothing daunted the man; nothing could stay the play of his splendid muscles. Samson, with his strength pitted against the pillars of the temple, was not more beautiful than John Charnock in his struggle to reach his woman.

And in the end he conquered, and bore the insensible girl thru the embrasure he had made.

As he carried her to the beach, the typhoon had spent its fury and the sun smiled down serenely again.

A hovering second after her eyes opened their lips met. "My mate, my mate!" she breathed, "even unto the tomb!"

"My mate! My mate! Thank God!" he cried.

No stranger love than this was ever born to grow. For with the surrender of her lips to his an ecstasy seized upon him—an overpowering gratitude to the Maker who had delivered his woman safe into his arms.

Charnock pressed Kate gently from him and, hand locked in hand, they knelt upon the sands, offering up their fervid souls to the Creator who had spared them, one for another.

In the great world beyond the seas three years had accomplished much. Valentine Langford's wife had died and the roué set his thoughts again on the girl he had lost in the South Pacific. He had never been quite convinced that she had lost her life in fleeing from him—there were so many turns and twists of the islands' coast that they had left unexplored, and, besides, the launch of the *Southern Cross* had never been found.

There was plenty of sustenance on

the islands; and if she lived he could come to her now with clean hands. The decision to affirm or disprove Kate's existence fastened on him, and at the end of three years the *Southern Cross* was suddenly fitted up again for a cruise in unknown waters.

Langford's yacht found the island on the same day that an American gunboat dropped anchor off its shores.

With staring, uncomprehending eyes, Charnock and Kate watched the yacht's small boat lower and put rapidly toward shore. Langford landed and came upon them—a pretty picture, with the man's arm flung in husbandry around his mate.

The interloper was dumbfounded, then enraged, to find his long-lost priestess in the arms of a savage dressed in mats.

"Kate," said Langford, without further greeting, "my wife is dead—I have come for you."

"Go away!" cried Charnock. "This woman is mine."

Langford lost his temper.

"You palm-thatched fool!" he sneered. "She gave herself to me years ago on the *Southern Cross* —the body and the soul of her."

"You lie!" And Charnock sprang at him, twisting Langford's neck with destroying hands.

"Mercy—ask *her!*" the blue-faced, choking man spat out.

Charnock turned to Kate. His eyes formed the great question. But she would not have him this way. And a gust of angry grief at the unspoken question shook out her answer:

"When he tells me of his own free will that he believes in me, I will leave the island—with him—not before!"

But the cave-man must needs sulk when he heard that she, the unattainable, had been desired by any one else. He hesitated; dumfounded; his simple faith tortured. She saw his black doubts, and in a moment she had turned and fled.

She played the ruse that she had drowned herself, and hid in the secret cavern. Her clothes by the side of her bathing-pool bore silent witness,

A SHIP! A SHIP!

and a thoro search of the island failed to reveal any trace of her.

Charnock, in consequence, was inconsolable, and it took the combined strength of three navy officers to break him of his frenzy and lead him on board the warship. He sailed away, back to his estates in Virginia, where the incontestable proof of the loss of the *Nansemond* and his mother's Bible and wedding-

ring claimed the rich manor of Fairacres for the former cave-man.

But Valentine Langford, the fox, had suspected the ruse of the island girl, and resolved never to lose her so easily a second time. When the gunboat had steamed away Kate came out from hiding and straight into the waiting hands of Langford.

Of course she hated him all the more, and face to face with him in her island demesne she shamed him into promising that he would never disclose her secret nor her whereabouts to John Charnock.

"He will come back," she said, "but he must come of his own accord, with simple faith in me."

Langford left her a store of provisions and sailed away out of her sight for his final exit. He very well meant to take her at her word, to leave her to rot upon the island.

The hardest and the most flippant hearts are prone to illness, and, in time, Langford succumbed to heart disease. The first attack left him but half spent, but he knew it was the bow-scraping to the final nocturne, the great recessional.

"YOU LIE!" CRIED CHARNOCK

He hurried East and at Fairacres hobbled from his carriage to meet John Charnock bent over a dust-worn Bible on a garden bench.

"She lives!" cried the stricken man; "it is my final irony in telling you. Hasten back to the island—she is innocent—trust her, my man; go — she awaits you with seeking arms."

face, her arms outstretched, a tender eagerness in her eyes.

"My love!" he cried, springing to her side. "Can you forgive me for my doubts?"

"God has given you back to me," she said, reverently.

"Ah," he said, taking her face between his hands and kissing her lips, "God

"I KNEW YOU WOULD COME BACK," SHE SAID

They parted, each to his separate way. And on the day that the pain-riven Langford closed his tortured eyes in final sleep, the master of Fairacres set foot again upon the shores of the island.

She was in hiding, but stepped forth at the dear look of pain in his

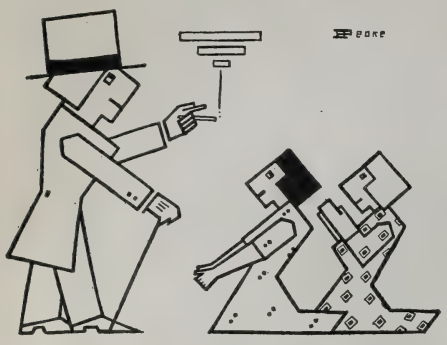
is so good to me! How could I ever have doubted, and even so, how could I ever enjoy one moment of happiness without you? And did you not miss me, my sweet?"

The girl turned shyly away.

"I knew you would come back," she said.

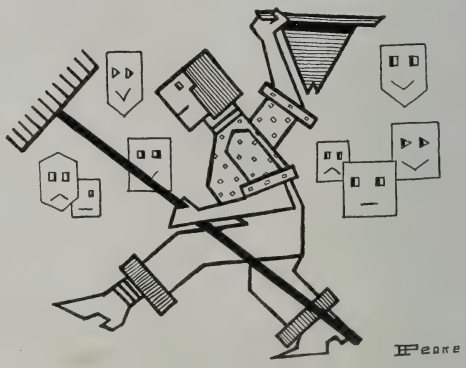
A Motion Play Primer That Is on the Square

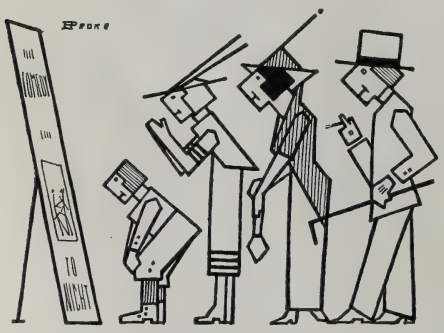
By HARVEY PEAKE



A is the Actor of splendid physique,
Who poses for pictures six days in the week;
Wherever his picture is shown on the screen,
Troops of adoring young women are seen;
But the truth is, he's married and has a young wife,
And seems to be fixed for the rest of his life.

B is the Beautiful Background you know,
Against which the actors and actresses show;
It varies according to what's being played,
It may be a castle or glen in the shade;
Then, too, there are pictures where, strange tho it be,
Backgrounds of faces—assorted—we see.





C is the Comedy most people like,
Which fact is proven, because they all hike
Straight for the Picture Show, in troops and hordes,
When they see one advertised on the boards;
The laughter which follows is good for their health,
For health and economy lead up to wealth.

D 's the Director who stages the plays,
And whose every order the Actor obeys;
He shouts his commands and the camera-man
Grinds out the celluloid, fast as he can;
And should a mistake have been made anywhere,
It sends the Director straight up in the air!

The Helping Hand

(Essanay)

By PETER WADE

"Is he right?"

The girl flung her slim length upon the damask-covered couch and studied the dimpled cupids on the ceiling. The events of the evening swam before her eyes, and in spite of the bitterness, the hurt pride of her, she tried to arraign herself justly before the tribunal of self-criticism.

Her life, from satin-lined crib to silk-corded motor, had been one long, undenied pleasure-jaunt. John Ashworth, her father, was reckoned one of the wealthiest men on the Exchange; her birthright was luxury, and she took it serenely as her due.

Then had come her engagement to Danvers Cartwright, a scion of Chicago's inner circle, and the doors of the elect were thrown open to her pulsing, satin slippers. She sped down the royal road — the road of nocturnal frolic and paling cheeks—decked with exotic plumes and echoing sensuous music.

ADELE'S FATHER REBUKES HER IDLENESS

Was her father right? Were the gospels of society a sham? Adele, the pleasure-seeker, led herself before Adele, the daughter of those sober words, and stood face to face with herself. Had her education at an ultra-fashionable finishing school a substantial merit — broad-bosomed motherhood and the knowledge of earthy, gripping things—or had it simply moulded her to suit her pleasures? She meant to find out.

Her father's words had pricked her deeper than she cared to admit. The sum of her accomplishments was laughably weak: A smattering of French; an accompaniment or two to songs of the day; exquisite deportment; a highly cultivated taste for the luxuries; taut dancing muscles; excellent taste in gowns — truly these were things that the low-bred woman could not hope to acquire!

But—supposing her suddenly brushed off the pedestal of affluence — moneyless —what could she do? Adele, at least, could reason sanely: her education had made of her a superfluous woman, a hopeless bit of driftwood if the time should ever come.

Adele made up her mind that she could not hold herself open to such a possible calamity.

To make up her mind was to act with Adele, and while the household

still slumbered on the following morning, she arose with a fixed purpose in mind. Putting on her plainest street-dress and brushing her thick hair back in workaday fashion, she slipped out of the house and joined the stream of early risers making toward factory, shop and office.

On the corner of Dearborn and Randolph streets she stopped in front of a wide-fronted office building. It was a cheerful-looking place, with five stories of wide plate-glass windows gleaming in the early morning sun. Adele walked slowly in front of the show-windows, with alert eyes on the countless display of machines. She had never before looked at the business end of a typewriter, but now her pliant fingers itched to master one.

As she entered the big ground-floor office, a steady drumming as of an army of woodpeckers arose from the fingers of a row of typists.

Adele marched up determinedly to the desk of an official. "Can you suggest—can you tell me," she asked, her courage ebbing, "where I can learn to typewrite?"

"You have come to the right place, miss—we maintain a college department, and if you really want to learn——"

"I want to begin at once," she urged.

"Ah! very well——" he rapidly dated an application—"here is your enrollment blank to our college."

Adele had given her name and address, received her enrollment and hurried toward the street in wide-eyed bewilderment. It was all so sudden, so different, this plunge into the business world, and the coming to grips with the strange army of workers thrilled her with a curious elation.

John Ashworth's nimble wits were a fortunate part of Adele's inheritance, the training she received at the business college was painstaking and thoro, and in four months of close application she had mastered the mystery of pot-hooks and could take her good hundred words to the minute. In comparison, too, with her fellow pupils, her deft manipulation of the typewriter was becoming quite professional.

Adele's mind was too full of the thing to notice the daily change in her father. He scarcely took note of her comings and goings, nor the fact that her bills had shrunk to the vanishing point.

A morning newspaper in the street-cars first told Adele the cause of the broker's reticence. John Ashworth had made an assignment in favor of his creditors! He was staying on as a clerk in his former offices!

The newspaper type swam before Adele's eyes, but she steadied herself and thought quickly. Evidently they owned nothing—owed much. Her father was broken—down and out; his sense of honesty alone keeping him in his place.

That night she faced him, and in bowed shame he confessed their utter ruin. Adele's eyes flashed battle-strong.

"Tomorrow I'll find a cute little flat, daddy dear," she comforted, "and I strongly suspect it wont be cumbered up with a fashionable lover."

True to her word, Adele became the one reality to which her helpless parents could cling. They moved, taking only the simplest furnishings with them, and Adele busied herself making things cosy in the tiny quarters.

Cartwright called, shook her hand limply and offered assistance. But the girl, hard-bitten by experience, had appraised his worth and released him from a now burdensome engagement.

It was difficult to realize that overnight they had become of an entirely different world and that Adele's pliant fingers were now the sole slender barriers between them and the absolute necessities of life.

Thru the half-open door of a miniature office in a shabby-genteel building the despondent and irregular stroke of typewriter keys clicked out into the corridor.

Adele pushed the door open and entered. A shock-headed young man sat executioner-like before his instrument and with two prodding fingers savagely struck its keys. His labor was so absorbing that her apologetic cough failed to reach him.

Suddenly he wheeled about and stared hard at the intruder.

"I guess you need a typist," she essayed. "Your touch must be fatiguing."

"Very," he confessed, smiling—"I'd rather run a pile-driver, but needs must. The fact is," he went on, noting her keen interest, "I'm a man of letters with exactly seventeen unsold works to my credit. I plot, I compose with superhuman rapidity, but when it comes to typing my brain-children——" A savage forefinger swooped at the keyboard and struck down three random typebars.

Adele picked up a loose sheet. "Excuse me," she said, "is this one of your carbons, or were you trying to cut a stencil?"

"Rub it in," he said ruefully; "that's what the publishers chorus. I really believe I can write enchanting fiction, but they cant read it, so what's the use?"

Adele sat down and typed a few quick words. "It isn't you," she pronounced; "it's this old rattletrap of a machine. Look at the type—they're flat as ducks' feet and aligned like drunken soldiers."

The young man was wrapped in deep study. "Say," he burst out, inspired, "suppose you read one of my stories, and if you like it, I'll engage you at a perfectly stunning salary."

Adele could not help smiling at his whimsical self-assurance, and proceeded to humor him by reading the jumbled pages. As she dipped into the story her interest quickened. It held her with avid eyes, from a poetic, appealing start, thru swift, well-ordered action and up to a gripping climax.

CONFIRMING THE ENGAGEMENT

With flushed cheeks she laid it down.

"There! I knew you'd like it," he said, "and now for the princely salary. I offer you exactly nothing—you're here on tick like everything else." His gesture included the office and the antiquated typewriter. "But—here's the nub of my argument: for every story that I sell, you are my full and equal partner."

Adele's bright eyes challenged the

strange adventure. "Agreed," she said, "but dont let's start in with a lame duck—I'll phone for a business-like typewriter."

"Go the limit," he agreed.

The steady touch of thirsty type to hungry platen kept up for the space of a week. The rapid, even drum of the new machine was martial music to the routed author. The last of the seventeen ill-starred stories was typed, as clear and clean as a well-printed book.

"As the business end of this concern," said Adele, "I decide that we submit to the same publishers who threw out your masterpieces."

"You are the Roland to my Oliver, but it's suicide," moaned the author —"rank suicide and a drunkard's grave——"

"They weren't even read before," she interrupted gravely—" 'amateurish' was headlined all over the manuscripts."

"I bow to expert dictation," he said weakly; "pop them into their coffins—the envelopes."

A fortnight passed with no let up of activity in the little office, but credit was strained to the breaking-point, and not a word had been heard from the reincarnated stories. But another story was weaving under their very noses—the old story with a beginning of mutual attraction and young eyes at close quarters—a something that the undiscovered man of letters dared not put into speech.

Adele saw it first. Her fingers trembled as she tore open the thin envelope with the publisher's magic name on its face. A pink slip fluttered fatefully to the floor. Both partners reached for it, and their hands met.

"If it's a check, I'll scream," she promised herself.

"If it's a check, I'll tell her what I think of her," he communed, inspired.

"Five hundred dollars!" Her voice rose shrilly.

He still held her hand.

"We'll both endorse it, partner," he said, "and after that I'm going to ask you—well, to change your name."

A JOY-LADEN CHECK COMES TO THE UNKNOWN WRITER

MOTIONS *In* LONDON

By JOHN E SYKES

Now w'at's 'e doin' way up there betwixt the earth and sky?
'Ang me if 'e's not goin' to jump; 'e's that same bloomin' guy.
And once I saw 'im give a dive right off a liner, see?
At first, I thought it was a trick; that it just couldn't be,

And then I saw 'im swim along as fast as 'e could come,
Then I yelled out, so all could 'ear: "By Jove! that's goin' some!"
Y'know they seem to know just 'ow, does Yankee actor folks;
They turn the trick right off the reel in all their plays and jokes.

And once w'en I was sittin' 'ere they 'ad a cowboy play;
Each actor wore a monocle—By Jove! I wouldn't stay.
These cowboys never wear a glass; they're Indians dont y'know,
And ride their 'orses standin' up, to make a bloomin' show.

But some one thought 'e'd cut a dash, and show the Yankees up;
Our film people missed it then, just as we lost the cup.
By Jove! I think Tom Lipton's game, but, they are over there—
It makes a fellow 'old is 'ead; 'e almost wants to swear.

But w'at's the people leavin' for?—By Jove! they're starin' 'igh.
Let's take a look, then we'll come back, there's somethin' in the sky.
By Jove! 'e's droppin' shells y'know, and droppin' with a vim;
'E's mighty careless w'at 'e does, I wonder if it's 'im?

But, 'e's in there, it cant be 'im; 'e cant be there and 'ere.
But, that's the way the duffer does, 'ang me but 'e is queer.
By Jove! I think I'd rather see 'im finish out that play,
For they know 'ow to set 'em up 'way out in U. S. A.

VITAGRAPH
PLAYERS

WILLIAM HUMPHREY

CHARLES KENT
DONALD HALL

The Old-Time Actor in Moving Picturedom

By ROBERT GRAU

It is a remarkable fact that while not a few men and women have acquired fame in picturedom without stage experience, the majority of the permanent members of the various stock companies in the studios are, after all, time-tried players, some of whom have enjoyed prosperity in the newer field for the first time in their long careers.

Van Dyke Brooke, of the Vitagraph Company, has been a star, and he has played every type of rôle. If he has never played prima donna rôles, it is about the only achievement he may not be credited with. Thirty years ago the writer saw Mr. Brooke play Armand Duval in "Camille." Robert Brower, of the Edison Company, tho appearing on the stage constantly for more than thirty-five years, refound himself in the film studio, where his realistic portrayals have made him one of the pillars of the Edison organization.

VAN DYKE BROOKE

Dan Mason, also of the Edisons, has played in opera, drama and vaudeville. He has been a star of musical comedy, and his name was one to conjure with as far back as one can recall. Yet Mason never scored in all his career a bigger hit than the one he "put over" in the Edison film production, "Why Girls Leave Home." Here was a character drawing in which the effort to "play up" to the ensemble was the basic cause for the sensational vogue of a production that will have many revivals in the future.

Harry Eytinge, of the Edisons, comes down from a notable theatrical ancestry. He is the exact image of his father, with whom the writer was affiliated in Dayton, Ohio, two generations ago. It is not to be wondered at that such photoplayers as I have already named remain in one organization for years, for they know what flitting about means in the precarious field from whence they came. Russell Bassett, of Famous Players Company, can boast of a half-century as an entertainer. On the stage his greatest hits were as the Jew in "The World" and in the "Black Flag."

Charles Kent (Vitagraph) has been with that organization longer than any of his colleagues. He was one of the first of the stage calling to direct for the screen. The writer paid

LOUISE BEAUDET

Mr. Kent and Eleanor Barry $500 a week jointly in vaudeville a decade and a half ago. The name of William Humphrey, now a Vitagraph leading player and director, was known to the stage a few years ago even better than it is known on the screen today. Donald Hall also had a successful stage career. Edgar L. Davenport, who has been with many film companies, is the son of one of the greatest actors of the nineteenth century, whom he greatly resembles. The father was also E. L. Davenport. Yet Edgar has not seemingly benefited thru his heritage of the name and personality of his distinguished sire. Edgar is a brother of the great Fanny Davenport, and also of Harry Davenport, who plays in Vitagraph productions directed by Sydney Drew. Harry Davenport and Sydney Drew married the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, thus interlocking three famous stage families. The Barrymores are also related to the Drews; the mother of Ethel, Jack and Lionel Barrymore was a sister of John and Sydney Drew.

Louise Beaudet (Vitagraph) was a comic opera queen in the '80s. Louise created the rôle of "The Little Duke" in French and English. Later she appeared with the tragedian, Daniel Bandmann, achieving fame in rôles like Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, Desdemona and Juliet. Still later, the versatile Miss Beaudet drew all New York to see her play "Madame Fifi," in which she gave a portrayal so daring that many critics stated that in any other hands the performance would have been impossible.

William Hermann West (Kalem) in his stage career of more than thirty years never indicated that he would score as he has in Western and even in Indian characters on the screen. Mr. West was for a quarter of a century one of the best baritones of comic opera. In the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire he was without a peer.

Paul Panzer (Pathé) was also identified with light opera and musical comedy thruout his stage career. For a long period he was in the musical section of Augustin Daly's stock company, and he has this schooling to thank for the naturalness that he brought to his film portrayals.

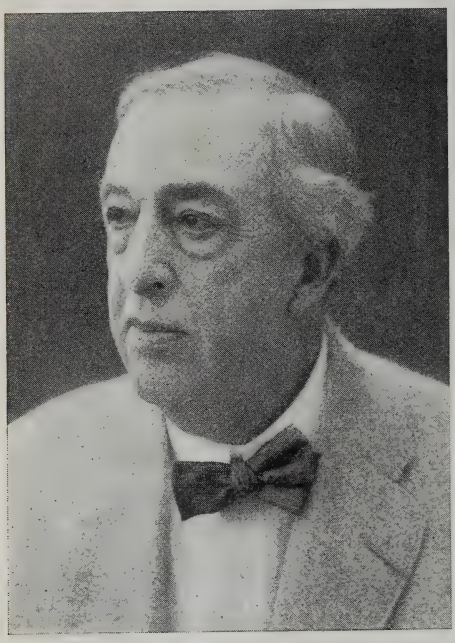
Thomas Ricketts, tho always a splendid stage director, never was regarded as a distinctly dramatic figure. For more than twenty years Ricketts played the comedy leads in light opera. He had his own operatic organization for a long period, yet almost from the instant that he entered the film studio he revealed creative talent of no mean order. Today Mr. Ricketts is the artistic head of the American Film Company, and in this capacity he has lifted the quality and nature of that brand of films to a high standard, completely eliminating its Western character. Few indeed of the directors for the screen have introduced more innovations, among which the production of a 1,000-foot release without a change of scene is not the least important.

Herbert Brenon, who has just left the Universal to produce for himself and two associates, is a striking illustration of what the infant art of the photoplay will do for those who go to the work seriously. I recall Brenon when he came hither from England, his native land. For a period he held a clerical position in the offices of a vaudeville agent by the name of Joseph F. Vion. At night he was an usher in Weber and Fields' Bijou playhouse, when these two comedians had all New York at their feet.

Frank Couvier (Vitagraph) was for more than a quarter of a century associated with the highest grade stage stars. No matter how disastrous the conditions were, this actor, noted for his clear-cut character drawings and for his unfailing reliability, was always in some important cast. Much of his career was spent with Julia Marlowe, and, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Couvier is related to her.

Every patron of the photoplay house knows Arthur Mackley—if not by name at least by sight. The historian who undertakes to recite the

amazing story of Motion Pictures in the twentieth century will not ignore the influence of Mackley, who surely did immortalize "The Sheriff" on the screen. I recall Mackley as a modest, earnest and virile player whose forte just forty years ago was the portrayal of "villains," but there is not a trace of the Mackley of the early '80s in the typical "sheriff" of today.



ROBERT BROWER

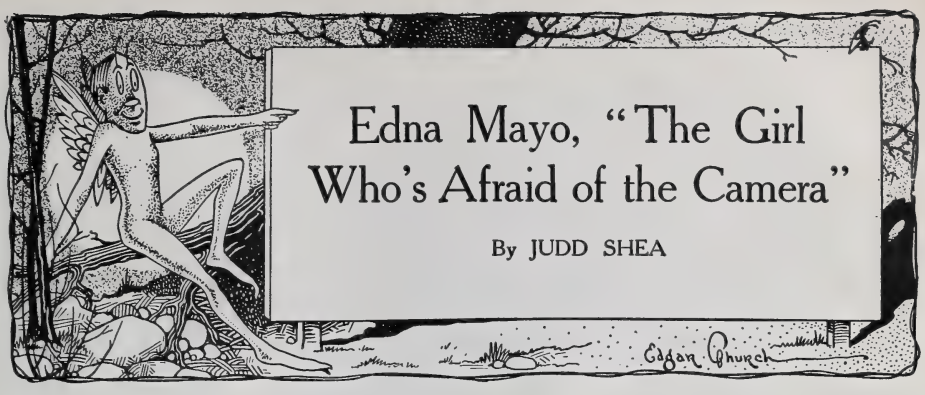
An old-timer indeed is "Master" Martin, long with the Imp brand of films; yet on the screen he does not look a day older than when he was really "Master" Martin and one of the original "Big Four," of which quartet he is the sole survivor. There are not a few old-time minstrels in filmdom, and still more performers of the ancient "variety show" era. Sam J. Ryan, who scored a hit in "The Stain," never in all his stage career had such an opportunity as in this Pathé-Eclectic production. Ryan was wont to do monologs in the "two a day" until he joined Tom Lewis in a sketch. Ryan's best work on the stage was in George Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones."

N. S. Wood (Thanhouser) is still called "the boy actor"; moreover, he can yet present the illusion of youth when the rôle requires it. Wood began his career under the writer's management forty-one years ago. Strangely enough, "Hamlet" was his first effort. Advertised as "the boy Hamlet," Wood gave a remarkable performance. What his career would have been had he not capitulated to the lure of melodrama one may only conjecture.

But of all the old-time actors who have found a new vogue in filmdom, the name of George Middleton stands out prominently. Here we have one of

DAN MASON

the real patriarchs of the stage who, in the evening of life, found a new outlet for his artistry in the film studio. If Middleton would himself recite the story of his amazing career, theatrical history would indeed be enriched. In all picturedom one may not gaze upon a more inspiring spectacle than that which these survivors of a precarious stage era present in the drama of silence.



YESTERDAY I was nosing around the Essanay Company's big Argyle Street studio, with my pencil pointed like a setter dog and my ears flapping in their thirst to take in some "copy." To be honest, I needed the job, but in all this place of a thousand wonders, with its ten mimic stages all working overtime, each with its little cast of stars and support, I could not find a new peg on which to hang a news article.

Over there was Francis Bushman, with Beverly Bayne flung prostrate back of him, poised like a splendid panther as his "heavy" man heaped staggering blows on the locked door of the Countess' boudoir.

I was told that the ferocious gentleman on the inhospitable side of the door was an anarchist and that the Countess had betrayed his secrets, hence his anxiety to enter. How Bushman settled the matter to the satisfaction of both parties was reserved for a reloading of the camera, but I could see with half an eye that Beverly Bayne was violently in love with him, and, of course, that insured her safety.

In front of a near-by set a crowd of extras, helpers, newspaper men and visitors were crowding the camera lines, watching Charles Chaplin go thru his side-splitting antics in his first Essanay release, "His New Job." As far as I could see, his antics were entirely spontaneous combustion. He was his own director, giving him free rein—the greatest compliment possible to a Motion Picture actor.

But all this atmosphere is a thousand miles from how I got my inspiration and rushed home, hands clinched, to dash off this article before its fervor could spill on the way.

At one end of the studio a parcel of disused sets were nailed together in the form of a high barricade. I walked around this fortress several times, hazarding a hundred crafty guesses as to what it could contain. Then several batteries of arc lights switched on, and a clear, direct, thrilling, alto voice throbbed out to me. I have heard the pangs of the soul expressed thru a thousand voices, and I swear that if the soul, screened off from me, did not really-truly suffer, it *felt* that it suffered—was writhing itself in self-pity with the tortures of the damned.

"You have found out that I love him; that he cannot see me nor you, for he is blind, and so you would drive him out broken and set yourself up as a god to be worshiped in his place. You beast in man's image! you do not know him nor even me. If you met a soul you would pass it by like a tattered waif. We see each other with the eyes of the soul, my true mate and I, and such things has God done to give the sightless radiant vision!"

A sob caught up with the vibrant voice and smothered it into short breath-catches. A door in the set opened, and I stood face to face, I guessed, with the gentleman who had just been excoriated.

"I beg your pardon," I said, quite carried away with enthusiasm, "will you tell me who is the owner of that remarkable voice?"

"Edna Mayo, our very latest lead,"

he informed me. "Isn't she a hummer and a beauty?"

"I think her not only beautiful, but she has the voice of a genius," I said.

"She's temperamental — awfully so," he went on, when I had disclosed my identity, "and cant act with the crowd around giving her the 'once over.' In fact," he added, "I believe if she stopped to think that she was facing the camera, she would dry right up and wilt."

I thanked him. In my strictly private conversation, with which I entertained myself, I communed: "Great artists may be sensitive; they *should* be. Those delicate tendrils called nerves are electric wires that make them live and feel the rôle they are creating. Art is the embodiment of personality; ergo, the actress without deep personality is merely a clothes-horse, plus make-up and stock gestures."

The door of the set opened again, and I stood at sword's point with a pair of remarkably deep blue eyes, on a slightly lower level than my own.

"This is Miss Mayo," said the erstwhile rejected suitor, and cruelly left me to my fate.

"I would like to interview you for the press," I managed to gasp out. "Your personality is so different, so——"

Edna Mayo cut off my words with a quick smile. "You think I am whimsical," she said, in a low-pitched, tired voice, so different from the heart-throbbing words of her part — "everybody does. I have always been that way, from 'way

back in the long-ago, when I used to sit in the dark and prattle wise mother-things to my doll, to only a few years ago in my art-school days. I *have* to be self-centered," she explained, her lake-blue eyes flashing latent inspiration, "and I used to get off in a corner while the other art students crowded in a noisy group close to the model. I am afraid," she confessed, "that sometimes my charcoals were out of drawing, but every line of them was me. When we made trips to the Metropolitan Museum to sketch there, I used to tote home a blank sketching-block. I just couldn't be a copyist—I wanted to *create,* to put my real self into the work all the time.

"I dont know how I first came to go on the stage," she confessed. "The desire gripped me and would give me no rest. It was after being cast in 'Madame X,' and shortly afterwards in 'Excuse Me' and 'Help Wanted,' that the Famous Players Company sought my services to appear before the camera. I did not understand the limitation of the lens, nor the mimic stage, and the silent appeal that stifled rather than inspired me."

"'Let me have my own way,' I pleaded with the director; 'let me say what my feelings tell me to, and my action will amount to something—otherwise never.'

"I was humored, my whim was granted, and I threw my whole soul into the new and wondrous art of camera acting."

"Your voice—your words—thrilled me," I said. "Do they have an effect upon you?"

"Yes," Miss Mayo naïvely confessed; "I am quite carried away. There is a conflagration in my brain and a trembling in my limbs that awes me. It isn't fear of anything; it's——"

"Yes, I know," I said; "it's just a gift, the grip of the power to feel."

Miss Mayo blushed, and her downcast lashes curtained further essays at a well-meant compliment.

So I rushed home and imprisoned in cold print just a mild little exposition of the genius that before many moons is going to make her famous.

MADELINE AND MARION FAIRBANKS (THE THANHOUSER TWINS)

MARC MACDERMOTT, VERSATILE LEADING MAN OF THE EDISON COMPANY, WHO IS EQUALLY AT HOME AS OLD MAN, YOUNG MAN, COMEDIAN OR CHARACTER MAN

Motion Pictures in Foreign Countries

TESTIFYING TO THEIR UNIVERSAL POPULARITY

BY ERNEST A. DENCH

THE popularity of the versatile Motion Pictures is confined to no particular race or class. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any other form of entertainment can outrival this sturdy youngster in popularity.

I will start off my "tour" with Canada. In this colony it is reckoned that there are over 2,000 picture theaters, and these are attended by over 600,000 people daily. The entire revenue derived from these folk exceeds $20,000,000 annually. As showing the lack of enterprise on the part of the British manufacturers, the United States controls ninety per cent. of the business in Canada. Naturally, this being a British colony, the inhabitants are very partial to English pictures, and some of the patriotic American films are only tolerated because there are no others to be had. This delicate matter has been the subject of wide debate. Were you to find patriotic British films predominating in the States, you would feel the same as do your Canadian cousins.

Most of the theaters change their program every day, but some do so only three times a week. Altho only a four-reel show is given, ten cents is the usual admission price.

The theaters open at ten in the morning and close at eleven at night. There is no mistaking the loyalty of Canadians; they flock to the movies just the same in the height of summer as they do in winter. Variety turns are seldom sandwiched between the reels.

Canadian audiences do not appreciate scenics nor educationals, neither do they enjoy costume plays. They like drama served up with plenty of excitement, as well as good comedies. None of the theaters open on the Sabbath—they are not allowed to, as a matter of fact. There is a censor board in every province, and they see that crime and immorality do not offend picturegoers. All the theaters are visited weekly by inspectors, who take an account of all the films exhibited.

Proceeding south brings me to Central America. These hot-blooded people revel in blood-and-thunder stories, but the knife is better liked than the revolver. On the lighter side, slapstick comedies—preferably Keystones—go down as a treat. Latin historical plays are also appreciated.

The theaters are not elaborate, whilst flickering is of common occurrence. But the managers get the natives in and that seems to be their only worry. In most of the Banana Republics, American pictures share popularity with European films, and

the business is equally divided. In South America, American films seldom get a look in. This is because of the difference in languages, and as there are no American trade journals published in Spanish, they (the showmen) do not trouble about the American producers. On the whole, there are some really splendid theaters in these republics—especially in Brazil. The average program is four reels, mostly French and Italian pictures, specializing on pictures of Australian life, and their work takes pride of place in the hearts of Australians.

In the antipodes, there is a weekly publication issued jointly in the interests of the trade and movie fans.

Every little town in New Zealand has its cinema show, and all are worked on the continuous principle. That is to say, the theaters open in the evenings, and altho a two-hour entertainment is given, spectators

SCENE FROM "THE FALL OF MONTEZUMA" (ESSANAY)

such as would not be produced by any reputable American producer.

Australians are enthusiastic picture fans, for one-eighth of the entire population makes a point of patronizing the cinema every Saturday. This is to say nothing of other days. Photoplays by American producers are well liked, whilst a fair proportion of European pictures are shown. It is estimated that there are $5,000,000 invested in the Australian film business. Topicals from the homeland (England) enjoy a great popularity. There are also several native producers may, if they like, see the program repeated without further charge.

Vitagraph films are the most popular of any, and strong drama is the vogue, with comedy a bad second.

Japan, like New Zealand, can boast of movie theaters all over the country, and all the enterprise is in the hands of the Japanese. Some of the theaters are imposing like ours, but the majority of them are crudely built places. American pictures find favor here also, and generally share the bill with European subjects. There are also long Japanese photoplays, acted

and produced by natives. Instead of explanatory matter being thrown upon the screen, a male and female orator speak the dialog of the film characters before the audience. The effect is very realistic.

The censorship, however, is exceedingly strict. If any persons holding an official capacity, such as a policeman or postman, are ridiculed, the manager will be heavily fined in addition to losing his license. Thru derstandable to Chinese audiences. All the actors are men, women not being allowed to pose before the camera. These pictures would be like Greek to an American who knows nothing of their language or pantomime.

The picture theater proprietors in India have no light task in catering for their patrons, inasmuch as there are many different castes of natives as well as the European population to study, all having their likes and dis-

SCENE FROM "THE RIVAL SCULPTORS" (EDISON)

Western eyes, it appears funny to see the spectators take off their footwear on entering. They hand their sandals to the attendant and wear a peculiar footglove made of silk. Some of the patrons squat in their characteristic fashion. The prices of admission range from a nickel to fifty cents.

China, its next-door neighbor, is not so progressive, but slowly and surely the principal towns are being provided with cinema theaters. Again, the films shown are of American and European makes, but there is now a Chinese producing company who turn out pictures that are thoroly unlikes. For instance, what may prove a success in Bombay may be a failure in Calcutta.

Most of the natives prefer quantity to quality, and it is the theater having the longest program that gets the most business. Variety turns are frequently given. Even the rich native nearly always declines to pay more than four to eight cents for a two-hour show, despite his driving to the theater in a smart pair-horse brougham.

In the summer, when the heat is sometimes 110 in the shade, the attendances fall off tremendously.

The rule thruout the country is

for the theaters to change their programs once weekly. The police in India impose severe restrictions, and they pass on all pictures before they are shown. Their ideas of censorship are certainly queer, for they turned down such splendid films as Kalem's "From the Manger to the Cross" and Vitagraph's "The French Spy."

South Africa has a trifle more than three hundred Motion Picture theaters. Every little township can boast of one, tho it be of the make-shift order. The Boers show a liking for lurid melodrama, but do not like comedy.

The natives are not allowed to attend the same theaters as the whites. This is because all photoplays show up members of the white race in a villainous or ludicrous light. In the opinion of the authorities, this would lower the dignity possessed by the white race there, so there are special theaters to cater for the blacks.

There is one performance nightly, and American films reign supreme.

Even West Africa has its movie shows. One in Lagos is as good as the average American theater. It costs anything from a quarter to a dollar to witness a performance. The leading American brands, especially Vitagraph and Selig, are much appreciated by the spectators.

In Egypt, the pictures flourish, despite the keen competition that exists. The proprietors aim at suiting all pockets, for the prices vary from a nickel to thirty cents. The audiences here have no special preference for any particular kind of film, tho French productions are preferred.

SCENE FROM A BIOGRAPH GYPSY STORY

The development of the cinema in Turkey has been considerably hampered thru the great prejudice that existed. All this has now been overcome, with the result that the industry is in a flourishing condition. Cowboy pictures are enjoyed best of any, and the inhabitants like the villain to be brought to book in the end. All screen messages have to be shown in three languages, they being Arabic, Hebrew and French. The Turks speak the latter.

Siam is none the less behind. Picture palaces are springing up all over the country, and, like our movie fans,

the Siamese have their own particular film favorites, Max Linder and Whiffles being the most popular. It is surprising the amount of intelligence the Asiatic audiences display in understanding American and European films, considering that all explanations are in English.

As to Belgium, this small country possesses more cinema theaters than any other country, if its size is taken into account. The war has closed them.

SCENE FROM EDISON'S "THE VILLAGE WEDDING"

In Germany, Motion Pictures are crippled thru taxation and strict censorship. Just imagine having to pay a contribution to the government every time you visited your "pet" theater, for that is what it means. Then again, censorship is a rank farce. The authorities so handicap the picture theaters that it is a wonder they are able to show anything outside of educational films. To this must be added the fact that the legitimate theaters have risen in protest and have succeeded in getting the authorities on their side. This means that no film adaptations of stage plays are permissible, and no stage actors are allowed to play before the camera. Yet, in spite of these obstacles, there are nearly 3,000 regular cinemas, which are attended by over 1,392,000 persons daily.

The Germans revel in death-bed scenes and sickly sentiment, and the home-producers cater accordingly. All the producing companies of the world get a look in here, but America tops the list.

Italy's seventeen-hundred-odd cinema theaters have been compelled by the state to contribute a share of their revenue. From the millionaire to the laborer, all classes are picturegoers, and there is no mistaking the beneficial effect.

The Italians like villainy to be glorified, and vengeance must be swift and sure. The native producers supply this want, but the films have to be edited considerably before they are shown in other countries. Frequently scenes have to be deleted and new ones taken in order to pass muster.

There are only about 170 movie theaters in the whole of Denmark. This is thru the police limiting the num-

ber of shows to accord with their ideas of the population basis. Long films are all the vogue, but short comedies also go well, especially those featuring John Bunny. The "Great Northern" productions are produced in this country under their original name—Nordisk. There is a great demand for their plays here.

In Paris alone there are 200 cinemas, and all the other big towns in France can produce them in healthy numbers. But, as yet, many of the outlying parts of the country have been neglected. The French like quick-action films, and for this reason the American and English makers do house for American films, which are exported in large quantities to other European countries and Asia.

There are far more American pictures shown in the theaters than English or Continental ones. No two tastes are alike, and exhibitors have to use the utmost discrimination in selecting their programs. For instance, one audience prefers sensational dramas and slapstick comedies, whilst another enjoys the reverse.

In a popularity contest conducted by the "Pictures" here, Maurice Costello and Florence Turner were easy favorites. Such artists as Jane Gail, Florence Turner, Edna Flugrath,

SCENE FROM A LUBIN WAR FILM

good business. The peculiar thing, however, is that pictures depicting crimes are coldly received. German films cannot get any hold, for the French cant be tempted to see them.

Despite its huge size, Russia is only provided with about 2,000 picture halls. The Russians are fond of their screen favorites. Programs lasting about two hours are given, but no one can gain admission after a performance has commenced.

The prices vary from fifteen cents to $2.30, and some of the theaters insist upon evening dress. In Russia, the villain gets all the applause, and more so if he finally evades justice.

Great Britain runs the United States a good second. As figures go, there are over 6,500 cinemas. Over 2,600,000 persons attend them daily. What is more, London is the clearing

"Jean," Tom Powers and Arthur Finn are now playing before the camera in England. Most theaters favor the continuous show, the programs averaging two hours. Six cents and twelve cents are the popular prices here. Many of the theaters are opened on Sundays in aid of charity.

America produces the best films, but England has more elaborate theaters than the United States.

The intrepid Motion Pictures have penetrated as far north as Iceland, there being a theater in the capital of that country. Even amongst the natives of the Pacific Isles film shows have been given. All this goes to prove that Motion Pictures know no class or race. This is the greatest test an entertainment could be put to, and to come out triumphantly is a glorious victory for the movies.

How I Became A Photoplayer

I BECAME a photoplayer mostly thru curiosity. I had signed to play a stock engagement in a Southern city and was awaiting the date of departure, when I met a friend at that time playing at the Vitagraph. He induced me to accompany him to the studio one day, and I was given a small part in a picture. I became enthused with the work, and decided it held a future for me.

I played the engagement in the stock company, and, upon returning to New York, I secured an engagement with the Edison Company, where I have remained for three years.

My interest in the pictures has continued to grow from the first day. I have written a number of comedies, some of which I have had the pleasure of playing in.

It was thru curiosity that I came into the pictures, but it will take a great deal more than that to make me leave them. HARRY BEAUMONT.

I think curiosity had a great deal to do with it. Did you ever want to see the back of your neck? Sure you did. So does everybody when they're young, and then they find that all they have to do is to hold a mirror at the right angle with another mirror, and there you are—the back of your neck is just as plain to you as the dimple in your chin.

Well, that's one of the reasons I became a photoplayer—oh, not to see the back of my neck, but to see myself *act!* You see, I had been playing in stock companies for several years, and in a general sort of way I knew how I acted; but, of course, I never *saw myself.* Neither did any one else who has played exclusively on the stage. For a long time I had been a "movie" fan. And I always thought how perfectly wonderful it would be to see one's self on the screen. It sort of gave me the creeps to think of it, because it *really* is uncanny—I think every picture player will agree with me—to suddenly see your very ownie, ownie self walk right out to the foreground and say "Hello!" to you. I've never gotten over it, and I daresay I never will fail to feel that little thrill that comes when I see myself on the screen.

Seriously, I had thought of screen work for several years before I sought an engagement with Lubin. Stock work demanded so much and gave so little—long hours spent between the

four walls of a theater; little or no outdoor life, except on short vacations —and I think perhaps it was the call of the outdoor life as much as anything.

So I called on Mr. Lowry, the general manager of the Lubin Company, fresh from a ten-week engagement with the Orpheum Stock Company in Philadelphia, was tried out by Colonel Joseph Smiley at Betzwood, and began playing leads, my first rôle being in "The Price of Victory," a Lubin special in which I blew up a bridge and was crushed beneath the falling timbers! Which was considerable of a try-out!

Since then I have played in many of the Lubin features under the direction of Barry O'Neil, the chief rôles being the "heavy" in support of Rose Coghlan in "The Sporting Duchess"; Flora Wiggins, a splendid comedy character part in "The College Widow," "The District Attorney," "The Evangelist," and others.

ROSETTA BRICE.

I was telephoned into the Moving Pictures. After closing my engage-

ment in New York, I had come home to California for the summer. One

day Mr. Lasky called me up and made me an offer to play the title rôle in "The Rose of the Rancho" for him. The idea appealed to me, as I had played the same part about two hundred times on the legitimate stage. So I accepted his offer with the understanding that he was to put me in another picture first, in order that I might acquaint myself with the ways of the camera—to become "camera-wise," as they say. That proved to be a master move, for by the time I had finished that first picture, I felt as tho I had been working in the film-field all my life. Still, as with the speaking stage, I find there is something new to learn every day. It is very interesting to me, and Managing Director Thomas H. Ince, of the N. Y. Motion Picture Company—in view of the long contract he has made with me—evidently has faith in my ability to make a success of the work. Mr. Ince also engaged me by telephone, so long live the telephone!

BESSIE BARRISCALE.

Goodness only knows—it just sort of came about. I guess I wanted a change, or some change, or something. I had a nice engagement on the stage, and had always been successful at this, my chosen profession; but was persuaded to try the new game out, and it appealed in some way; something seemed to tell me I might make good at it, so I made a start with the Biograph, and the more I acted for the screen the more I liked it. Now I dont think there is anything to touch it, and would not do anything else if I could. Road shows and stock companies are all right, and it is good for any artist to get his or her experience that way; but when a man can follow the calling he loves and yet be able to make appointments for the evening and have a place to put his clothes—to say nothing of the tailor's bills—he is lucky even if he does not know it. I like comedies better than anything else, and, in fact, I like just what I am doing and the people I am with and working for. I am now with the Nestor Company, and, as far as I know, that is where I shall remain. EDDIE LYONS.

Have you ever been wrapped up in an occupation and become sick and had the doctor tell you that you must *not* go back to it, and that if you do you will be a consumptive, or something equally as nice?

I had that after years of acting, and I thought that the whole delight of living was lost to me—there was nothing else I could do. Fortune steered me against David Miles, one

day, and he told me lots about the *other* stage—the silent one—and he moreover offered to let me try it out in one of the two Majestic companies.

Like most people of the regular stage, in those days, I did not have a very exalted opinion of the photoplay; but that was because I did not know anything about it. Some of us then thought that the screen was only for broken-down actors who had lost their voices. Dear me, how foolish the thought and how short-sighted the view! Well, I decided to try the new profession. I did so, and acted with Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunnelle, whilst the other company was composed of Mary Pickford and Owen Moore, and others. At that time Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunnelle had just left the Edison Company and were then playing for the Majestic; since then they have returned to the Edison. I stayed nine months, and learnt to love my newly found profession, and now I think there is nothing like it. I afterwards acted with the Kinemacolor for ten months, and have been with Selig for well over a year now.

STELLA RAZETO.

Five Minutes at the "Essanay Western"

By CHARLES R. HOLMES

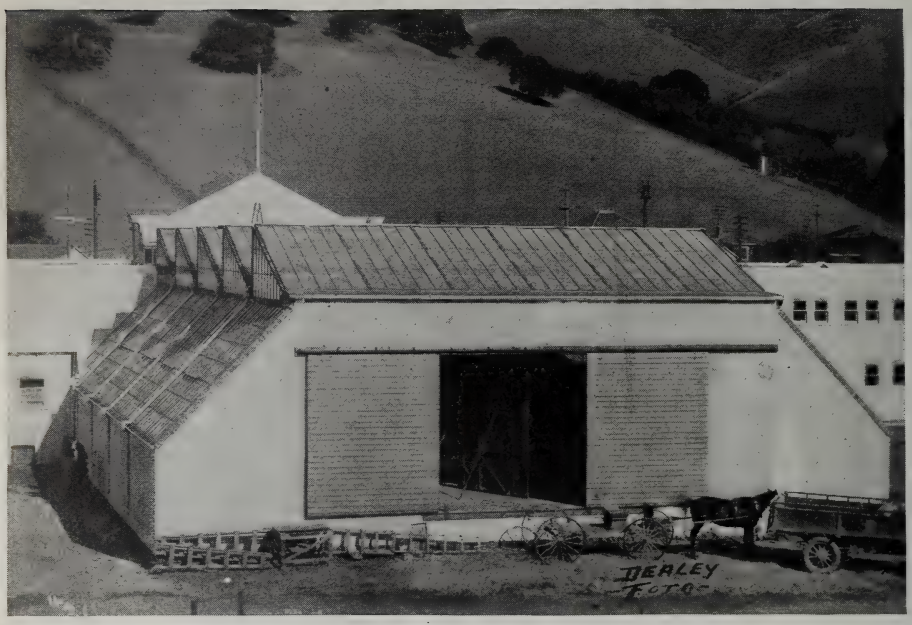
THE FAMOUS "BRONCHO BILLY"

"THE next station is Niles," yelled the brakeman.

Looking out of the car window, your eye catches sight of a large, imposing-looking corrugated iron building. Upon inquiry, it proves to be the home of the Western division of the well-known Essanay Film Manufacturing Company.

Thru the kindness of Mr. G. M. Anderson, I was shown thru the plant, which covers one square block. First, we passed three well appointed offices, then thru a complete mechanical and scenic department; next thru a thoroly up-to-date projecting-room, past some splendidly appointed dressing-rooms; then thru the wardrobe department, until finally we stood in the center of the big stage, where the calcium lights enable the taking of scenes at any time and in any kind of weather. Connecting with the above stage and projecting from the back of the building is another stage, enclosed in glass, which is probably two hundred feet wide by three hundred long.

Adjoining the calcium stage are the film-producing, developing and printing departments, each of these being fitted up with every convenience and all the latest improvements. The property department is also situated here, and contains everything, from a toothpick and a thimble to a bank safe and a picture of Abraham Lincoln. In the basement is a splendid heating system which not only



BACK VIEW OF THE ESSANAY WESTERN STUDIO

keeps the studio comfortable in cold weather, but also heats the ten cottages situated around it.

The space between the cottages and studio is devoted to several typical Western street scenes, consisting of a town hall, store, saloon, etc., all of which are used in many of the pictures produced at this studio.

Another point of interest is the stable, which holds about thirty horses all in the pink of condition and of good range stock.

Just outside the main entrance to the stable stands the familiar old stage-coach so often seen on the screen. This old coach has a history, it being one of a few remaining of its kind used in the days of '49.

One of the very pleasing features of this complete plant is the beautiful luxuriant growth of flowers and grass which surround the studio and also abound in front of each little cottage. Toot-toot! There's my train! "Good-by, 'Broncho Billy,' and thank you."

The Shadows of Night

By C. LEON KELLEY

At the end of the day, at the set of the sun,
When our worry is over, our toiling is done;
When the waters are calmed, and each bird seeks its nest,
When the last crimson cloudlet melts out of the west;
When the great city's voice turns from strife-notes to songs,
When we all drop our troubles to join in its throngs,
Then the shadows of night, darting out from the dim
Picture fancy's bright realms, fascinate ev'ry whim:
They glide over the canvas in brilliant array
And paint shadowy pictures that sternly portray
All the battles, the pleasures, the spices of life;
Spin out tales of how man climbs on upward thru strife.
What a wonderful lure these soft shadows possess!
How their silent maneuvers and capers caress!
What delights are concealed in the shadows of night,
Cast in black on the screen, the screen of a pure white!

Chats with the PLAYERS

FRANCIS FORD, OF THE GOLD SEAL COMPANY

"I THINK he is a dreadful man," said a lady fair, after watching Francis Ford direct a big war-scene. She met him later, and her opinion altered to "I think he is one of the best-hearted men I ever talked to."

It is no wonder the lady fair expressed such an opinion regarding Ford in the first place, for this is probably what she heard as she watched the scene being taken: "Now, boys, remember you are not in a drawing-room; dont bow to each other or apologize if you should happen to take a piece of skin away from the man you are fighting. This is to be the real thing—go to it. Who will roll down that bank? Who will fall off a horse? I dont believe one of you dare—huh! you will?—and you will? Good! I thought there might be one or two who did not want a cushion to fall on—no, I dont want any more. Listen, boys, *a dollar for a bloody nose and two for a black eye.*" This is Ford's way, and his boys understand him, and he gets the results. When the scene is over, he will compliment good work and mercilessly score what is bad, and woe betide a man who purposely avoids anything. Such a man has no place in the company of Francis Ford.

It is also no wonder that the lady fair liked Ford when she met him in private life. He has not much to say to strangers, but he has a ready smile

FRANCIS FORD AS LINCOLN

and a soft voice, and he speaks of the people who work with him as tho he loved them. He never boasts; in fact, he is inclined to speak of his work with levity, and he gives a wrong impression to those who do not know him well. To get a good estimate of his worth and character, one must talk to his artists and co-

GRACE CUNARD FRANCIS FORD

workers, and they speak of him and his work with enthusiasm.

I know Ford, and can sift the raillery from the earnestness. Talk to him about his impersonations of Lincoln, and he is at his best.

"There is nothing I like better than to play the part of Lincoln," he said to me. "I have a big library devoted to this great man, and I have studied every phase of his remarkable character, and when I am acting the part, I can *feel* the man as I judge him. I have taken the part in six or seven photoplays now, and every one of them has given a different side of his personality. I have shown his youth, his joys and sorrows, his rail-splitting days, his tragic death, his awkward ways and his capacity for loving. I have not done yet, and I hope to take the part of Lincoln one of these days and show a résumé of his life in a twelve-part picture, or more, if necessary, and when I do, it will be drawn to as near the truth as I can make it, and done with due reverence."

Francis Ford has been credited with being one of the best Lincolns on the screen, his only rival being Ralph

Ince, and be this as it may, no actor has shown the martyred President with greater fidelity or affectionate respect.

Ford refused to talk of his legitimate stage career. "It always makes me sick to read of people's careers on the legitimate stage, so why should I be responsible for any one else calling in a doctor?" he said. "Talk of the pictures and I am with you, for that is my profession, and that is what pays my gasoline and grocery bills. I have been in the game for a long time now, and in the first picture I ever had a part in, Milton H. Fahrney and Al E. Christie, both directors like myself, were in the cast. We were none of us prize beauties, but we had lots of fun in the old Nestor days. I put in a lot of time and got lots of experience with the Méliès Company, but the best work I have attempted has been done with the Universal Company, with whom I have directed and acted since it started."

FRANCIS FORD

Francis Ford has been called the mystery director, which is a tribute to the masterly manner in which he produces mystery photoplays, and he is never happier than when devising new mysteries and in meeting new

ways to present them. "I like photoplays with a mysterious base, both from a directing and an acting point of view. One is not hedged in with convention, and, besides, I believe that the public like to see Grace Cunard and myself in this form of picture. It is not easy to tell you just which I consider my best pictures from an acting standpoint. I suppose I have had more letters mentioning my part in 'Lucille Love' than any other, but I have had epistles from people who count, regarding my Lincoln characterizations, which delight me, and I think that when 'The Campbells Are Coming' is released it will attract instant attention, for we did some of the biggest and most intense stuff in it that I have ever put on."

It takes a man who *knows* Francis Ford to write of him, otherwise all one gets is the story of his shoveling snow in boyhood, his lack of beauty and his failures and tummy-aches. He delights in leading the writer astray, and if his friends point out that they do not think it wisdom, he will laugh and say, "It will look awfully funny in print."

Under the quiet, almost sarcastic manner there is deep seriousness, and below the veil of indifference there is one of the warmest hearts imaginable. "Fordie" would be far better off today if he collected a quarter of the money he has loaned, and he could raise a tidy little sum of money if all the presents he has given away were returned to him. He frequently offers prizes to his "extras" for doing some stunt particularly well. For instance, every man who jumped from the walls of the Lucknow gate, in "The Campbells Are Coming," received a dollar in addition to his day's pay.

Francis Ford excels in heavy parts, and he is a past master when it comes to putting on big spectacular scenes or showing action over a vast distance.

"Fordie" has many friends—some of them carry canes and some of them carry lunch-buckets—but he is the same to them all, and they are the same to him. He is a good mixer without trying to mix, a good fellow without essaying to be particularly good; he is always natural and always himself. RICHARD WILLIS.

EDWARD EARLE, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

"No, no, not at all," reassured Edward Earle, energetically, "I've got all kinds of time, and some to spare. Come in, and I'll try to find you a chair."

I followed the Edison Company's handsome new lead thru the rehearsal of a barn-dance—led by Gertrude McCoy—into a comparatively quiet corner of the immense studio. Mr. Earle produced from somewhere an ornate, gold Ritz-Carlton chair for me, and disposed his six-foot self in a similar one by my side.

"I am about to be a starving artist in a garret, but they haven't built the garret yet," said Mr. Earle, with a wave of his hand toward several stage carpenters at work in one corner. "So I can tell you the sad story of my life while I wait."

"You are much too prosperous-looking for an artist," I remarked.

"On the contrary," said he, "I have been one for two years—worked with Penrhyn Stanlaws and in a lot of studios. Oh, no—mostly for my own amusement. Of course I've sold drawings now and then."

"But I thought," said I, puzzled, "that you had been on the stage and the screen for a number of years. I dont see——"

"Fourteen," nodded the starving artist, "but I began early. What companies? Oh, that's a long tale. I dont think I have time to remember them all. Let's see! I played with Mary Mannering, Henrietta Crosman, James Powers, De Wolf Hopper, Marie Cahill—stock companies and musical comedies. Then two years

ago I started in working before the camera—Famous Players first; then Pathé; then, eighteen months ago, Edison, and here I be!"

I stared at Mr. Earle in bewilderment. How *had* he got it all in? As you know, he looks precisely like a college senior, and not a day over twenty-eight years. But there is an air of energy, confidence and poise about him that shows how he has done so much in so short a time. His reply to my question, "How many days a week do you work?" is characteristic.

"Seven always—sometimes eight or nine or ten days a week," he smiled. "I like this work. It's so much more inspiring than the stage.

Oh, I know there are people that dont agree, but it works that way with *me*. Every Wednesday we Edisons have a private showing of the week's work, you know, and, I tell you, the criticisms fly! Then I go to picture shows and watch the audience watch me—tell you, it keeps a man keyed up to his highest pitch. And that's the only way good work can be done. But the first time I ever saw myself"—he shook his head with a wry face—"it was certainly weird, and I found out one thing then and there."

"Which was?" I prompted.

"You see, I'd always supposed I was a comedian," chuckled Mr. Earle, "and when I saw myself on the screen, I found I wasn't one at all. I've preferred emotional parts since."

Remembering his splendid acting in such strong dramas as "The Hand of Horror" and "The Unopened Letter," I was inclined to agree with him that dramatic work was his forte. I murmured something complimentary anent the naturalness and ease of his acting.

"Queer thing, that," said he. "You see, I never plan out what I'm going to do beforehand. I have a theory. In a nutshell it's this: If a man thinks himself into his part he needn't worry about what he does—it's the psychological attitude that counts, not the gestures. I get my scenarios two or three days before they're put on and think them over; then I just go on and do as I naturally would under the circumstances."

"A most interesting and unusual theory," I agreed, making a note of it. "Now, wont you tell the admiring public a little about *yourself?*"

"A man's *self* is his work," said Mr. Earle, epigrammatically; "the rest is unimportant. However, here goes. I'm a Scotchman by ancestry; a Canadian by birth, and an American by preference—long may she wave! I was born in Toronto, and I hope to live and die in the Bronx. That's another thing about the screen I like—the stationary part of it. Why, I've been a wanderer and lived in a wardrobe trunk most of my life, and now I can walk along the street and feel like a taxpayer and a voter and a real citizen."

"As a voter," began I, hopefully, "how do you stand on woman suf—"

"I am a Watchful Waiter," he parried, "and silent on that question by advice of counsel."

"Do you golf," said I, referring to my notes, "or tennis, or swim, or auto, or shoot?"

"Yes," said this astonishing man, "a little of each—tho I haven't swum much since a picture we took last fall. It was a cold day, and we were nearly frozen getting to the scene of the picture. The water didn't look particularly inviting, but I set my teeth and popped in. Br-r-r! I splashed about for what seemed like an hour and was just about all in when I happened to look up and saw that the camera man hadn't begun to turn the crank yet and was eyeing me with amusement."

"That was hard luck," I sympathized.

"It was"—Mr. Earle's tone was bitter—"and it was still harder when the scene came to be thrown on the screen at our Wednesday meeting. I had risen from a bed of grippe and bronchitis just to attend the meeting and gloat over my brilliant aquatics. And, lo and behold! when the scene was run off I wasn't in the picture at all! It was taken over the next week. Since then I haven't been doing the Annette Kellermann much."

"And now," said I, "would you mind sitting very still and looking pleasant while I jot down your photograph? Thank you—m-m-m! hazel eyes, chestnut hair, six foot tall and weighs about——"

"One hundred and sixty, and hoping for more," he supplemented; "and—no, I'm not married. My work is my wife."

"It's a pleasure," I said, tucking my notebook in my muff and rising, "to meet and talk to some one who *believes in* his work, Mr. Earle."

"This is th' life!" he smiled, shaking hands. "I think my garret is ready for me. Good-by, and come again."

"I will," I promised. "For at the rate you do things, this interview will soon be out of date."

DOROTHY DONNELL.

HARRY MOREY, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

"WHAT'S the use of anyfink? Why, nofink!" sings Chevalier, and Harry Morey, of the Vitagraph, seconds the motion.

"I dont mind being interviewed, but I would hate to be held up to the public doing that ingénue stuff about loving the dear pictures—and, incidentally, my heroic figure in them—and winding up with a flowery tribute to the possibilities of the screen as an educator."

"Never fear," I assured my victim, "I'll dip my pen in truth and give you a character delineation that will fairly reek with realism. Since we're going in for this Absolute Accuracy stuff, let us get down to facts. You were born——?"

"In Michigan—date unknown."

Educated at Ann Arbor, Mr. Morey took up the study of medicine, but gradually drifted to the footlights.

After playing stock all over the country, Mr. Morey reached Broadway. Here he made good with several of the big successes, notably in "The Wizard of Oz," with Montgomery and Stone; with Anna Held in "The Little Duchess," and later with George

Cohan. All these were distinctly comedy parts, yet on the screen Mr. Morey is usually cast for the heavy.

"Having learnt nothing of your early life and still less of your age, suppose we query, 'Why did you choose the screen as the medium for your talent?' "

"I didn't choose it—it chose me. To paraphrase one William Shakespeare—'Some are born screen stars, some achieve stardom, and some have screen stardom thrust upon them.' Of that latter class, barring the star"—here Absolute Accuracy smiled faintly—"am I. I was standing in front of the Astor one day, when a stranger addressed me. He asked if I had ever been in the pictures. I promptly answered 'Not yet,' and it required all my will power to refrain from demanding an apology. Queer, what perverted ideas we often have regarding things we know nothing about, isn't it? The stranger then explained that he was with a producing company over in Jersey and that they needed a man of my type for a certain picture. My first unreasonable indignation over, I decided to take the plunge. Daily I went to Jersey, where I told my inquiring friends I was operating in 'real estate.' This false attitude rapidly changed as I came to know the real aim and possibilities of the photoplay, and today I am as staunch a champion as the silent drama can boast."

"Were you cast for comedy or drama at first?"

"Well, to be truthful, I was cast for neither. The first rôle I was given was that of a policeman. Indignant? Well, rather! However, I swallowed my righteous anger and loftily informed the director he would find I was the one best little policeman he had ever had the pleasure of watching perform. We were taking an outdoor scene in a quiet park. As we searched for a suitable location, Mr. Director's eye chanced upon a sleeping son of rest. Inspiration seized him. Calling to me, he said, 'Morey, I believe you set quite a bit of atmosphere in motion this morning, explaining your superlative recommendations as a truthful imitator of one of the finest? Well, here's your chance to prove it. Yon sleeper is in range. As a prelude to our scene suppose you give a lifelike imitation of a cop chasing a hobo.'

HARRY MOREY

"A bit heated by the raillery and responsive laughs, I gripped my billy firmly and approached the sleeping beauty. I hauled off and landed a swing that a golf champion might envy. The dull thud of wood meeting resisting sole leather seemed simultaneous with that hobo's amazing display of agility. With one bound he cleared the back of the bench and was off. He kept in the camera range like a veteran. I never saw a man run with such singleness of purpose and utter lack of curiosity. Did I make a *hit* with my first rôle? Ask the hobo."

"It seems difficult to associate you with light opera comedy parts, Mr. Morey," I remarked, "having been so fortunate as to have seen your big work in some of the Vitagraph Broadway Star Feature releases. Do you prefer drama to comedy?"

"I love to be a villain and with the villains stand,
A Fedora on my forehead, a cig'ret in my hand,"

returned he. As it was a first offense, I had to stand for it.

As the millionaire in the famous "Million Bid," as Brandon in "Shadows of the Past," and as the secret service man in "413"—all Broadway Star Features—Mr. Morey is seen to excellent advantage.

He also did splendid work in "His Official Wife," an exceptionally well-done play.

Epigrammatically inclined, a clever student of human nature, with an all-embracing dislike for any form of affectation, possessed of a keen and rather satirical sense of humor, Mr. Morey gives a surface impression of sophistication and cynicism which is immediately dispelled when he smiles. It is then the "boy grown tall" looks out, and you feel sure the Harry Morey as he is known to his intimates is even more likable and interesting than the screen star whose finished art has pleased thousands of Moving Picture enthusiasts.

THE TATTLER.

DOLORES COSTELLO MRS. MAURICE COSTELLO HELEN COSTELLO

A POPULAR GROUP OF VITAGRAPH PLAYERS

DOROTHY GISH

BY

W. E. KEEFE

DOROTHY GISH, the youngest star of the Griffith-Mutual organization, was industriously engaged in the very undramatic task of painting the exterior of her dressing-room at the Mutual Hollywood studios, where I found her.

She wore an old gray dress, considerably the worse for wear, the front of which was streaked and spotted with fresh, dark brown paint spots. An old, half-filled paint-bucket reposed on the ground at her feet. Her hands were stained the color of walnut from coming into too close a contact with the contents of the paint-bucket. Several smudges of brown paint showed prominently on her nose and cheeks, but this seemed to pass entirely unnoticed by Miss Dorothy.

When the average healthy American girl of sixteen starts out to do something, you generally find enthusiasm galore—for a while. And Dorothy was the very embodiment of youth and enthusiasm as she diligently plied her paint-brush back and forth on the door, endeavoring to distribute the paint evenly.

Being the youngest and one of the most popular film stars on the Motion Picture screen now seemed to be farthest from this young woman's thoughts.

Dorothy Gish is a natural comedienne. It shows in every action. Several members of the Mutual companies were standing nearby offering all sorts of advice to the amateur painter, but Dorothy showed herself fully equal to the occasion. She kept up a rapid-fire of repartee that would have done credit to any well-known after-dinner speaker, while using the paint-brush.

Finally she stopped, stepped back and eyed her work critically. "I hope you wont ask the same question that the others are asking me today," said Dorothy, when she espied me. "What is that?" I inquired. "Every one who comes near me wishes to know if I am getting as much paint on the door as I am putting on my face." I readily promised not to make any such remark.

Miss Dorothy then carefully deposited the paint-brush in the bucket and wiped the worst of the paint stains from her face and hands with a pocket-handkerchief. We then sat on the edge of the studio stage and talked.

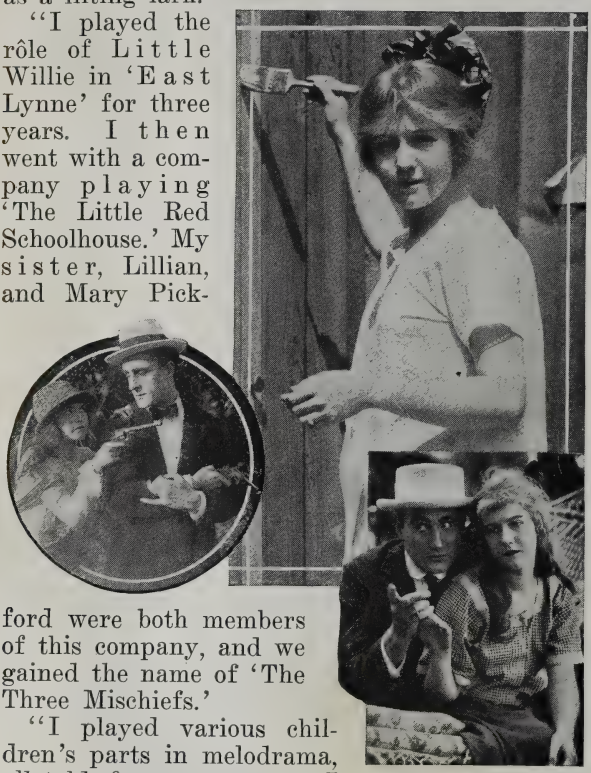
I learnt that she was born in Dayton, Ohio, March 11, 1898—which makes her seventeen years old.

"I had my first taste of stage life when I was four years old," she continued. "A theatrical company was formed in Dayton, Ohio, to put on 'East Lynne.' My aunt was a member of the company. Two days before the opening performance was sched-

uled to take place the little girl who played the part of Little Willie became sick. I was given the part. My mother did not fancy me going on the stage, but she finally gave in.

"I dont remember much about it, but mother says I was very proud and wanted to be on the stage all the time. When I was off the stage, I cried, so they tell me; but when I was before the footlights I was as happy as a lilting lark.

"I played the rôle of Little Willie in 'East Lynne' for three years. I then went with a company playing 'The Little Red Schoolhouse.' My sister, Lillian, and Mary Pickford were both members of this company, and we gained the name of 'The Three Mischiefs.'



"I played various children's parts in melodrama, all told, for seven years. I then left the stage and went to Virginia, where I went to school. Lillian and I went to school together. We remained in Virginia until two years ago, when we moved to New York. I had heard and read about Mary Pickford becoming famous as a Motion Picture actress.

"Just as soon as we reached New York, Lillian and I went to the Biograph studios, where Mary was working. We checked our baggage at the railway station and went out to see her before we had even selected an apartment. We found her at the studios, and she was awfully glad to see us. She looked just the same to us and hadn't changed much.

"Mr. Griffith was director at the Biograph. Thru Mary Pickford we met Mr. Griffith, and the day following our arrival in New York, Lillian and I worked in our first picture. We played the parts of the sisters in 'The Unseen Enemy.'

"When Mr. Griffith left the Biograph to become chief director for the Reliance and Majestic companies of the Mutual Film Corporation, Lillian and I went to California to appear in the reorganized companies.

"One of my first pictures with the Mutual was in 'The Mountain Rat.' I was also featured in 'The Mysterious Shot' and 'The Floor Above' soon after coming to California."

At this point Miss Dorothy stopped her conversation and inspected the paint by touching her forefinger gingerly on the door. "I think the paint will be dry by tomorrow," she continued. "I am going to get down early in the morning and give it another coat.

"You see, I didn't work today. I wanted the dressing-room painted. The studio painters were all busy and wouldn't be able to paint it until next week. I concluded to do the job myself, as I didn't wish to wait. I had some paint mixed and secured a paintbrush from the head painter. I'll have this dressing-room all nicely painted so that you wont know it, within the next few days."

"Dont you have some fad or fondness for athletics that I could write about?" I asked. "No, I dont believe I do," was the reply. "Really, I never do anything exciting that is worth while writing about. I guess I am a poor subject.

"Some time ago I was reading Mark Twain's 'Tom Sawyer,' or was it 'Huckleberry Finn'? It was about a schoolboy's diary for Sunday. It read, 'Got up—washed and went to bed.' My diary would be similar to this. I arise in the morning, eat breakfast hurriedly, rush down to the studio, work all day, come home, take a cold shower, eat dinner, go to a Motion Picture show, read awhile and then retire. On Sunday I go to church. So you see there is not much excitement in my life.

"I love to go to Motion Picture shows. Mary Pickford and Blanche Sweet are my favorites on the screen. I enjoy seeing some of my own pictures, and I like to criticise myself. Whenever I see myself on the screen, I always think if I could do it over again I would make some little change. I always try to remember some slight expression or movement that I could improve upon, and when I have a similar part I try to make the best out of it that I can.

"This is one advantage of being in pictures. You can see yourself as others see you, and if you are a conscientious critic you can always see room for improvement.

"I love to be in comedy, and whenever I am cast in a comedy or a comedy-drama I am happy. I like to dress up for old-fashioned parts. I take a special delight in making up for a grotesque character. It is quite a relief when I can stop playing the heavy dramatic parts and play a comedy rôle."

Talking to Dorothy Gish is a refreshing occupation. She is literally a dynamic force and bubbles over with humor. The so-called artistic temperament is unknown to the young girl. The fact that at the age of sixteen she is one of the leading lights in the film drama has not spoiled her in the least. Naturalness of manner is one of her chief assets. She is just merging from the girl into the woman. She is fond of hard work. She is always trying to do her best, with the result that she has succeeded.

A year ago she was known as Lillian's little sister. A year's growth has changed this. Today she is taller and weighs more than her "big" sister, and is known as Dorothy Gish without always being identified as "Lillian's sister."

The GRAND LITTLE ARMY

by Joseph F. Poland

Hark to the tread of the swift-marching feet of them!
Here is an army that none can withstand;
Easy 'tis seen there can be no defeat of them,
Marching unhindered thruout the whole land.
No end is there to the cunning and wiles of them;
Well does each small lad and gay lassie know
That we will yield to the sweet, winning smiles of them,
And march, willing captives, to some Picture Show.

Hear the gay laughter and see the bright joy of them!
Only the Movies such gladness can give;
Only the Movies, to each girl and boy of them,
Lessons can teach that forever will live—
Lessons that dusty books never can teach to them;
Speak to them, Tongue of the Magical Screen,
Language more vivid than our human speech to them!
Booklore's forgotten, but not what they've seen!

Think what the Picture Show means to each one of them
As they sit watching each new photoplay,
Each interesting tale that, harming none of them,
Gives them some lesson to carry away!
The world of tomorrow will have to be made by them,
Made by these children who sit here today;
The future's foundations are now being laid by them,
And by the pictures which o'er them hold sway.

Grand little army, we'll show our respect for you,
Off go our hats to you as you pass by;
Good deeds and great works are what we expect of you,
The world and its future on you must rely.
Learn from the Movies of virtue's great worth to you,
Learn to shun wrong—and when these things you know,
Open will be all the treasures of earth to you;
This is the work of the Picture Show.

For The Young Folks

Conducted by Ernest A Dench

Dear Girls and Boys—I have just spent two pleasant evenings reading the letters sent in for the Movie Games competition. The efforts you sent in were quite good, only some of you children made the mistake of describing a game which you had not learnt at the Motion Picture theaters.

I find that the letter containing particulars of the best game I have received is from Helen Friday, age eleven, 7037 Pernord Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. This is what she has to say about it:

Our favorite game is playing picture shows. First of all, we live in the suburbs of St. Louis and at a little station called Lindenwood. We have beautiful scenery, and there are many beautiful places in which to play pictures.

I play the part of Mary Pickford, for I have long curls like Mary. I often wonder if Mary cries when her mother combs her hair. Brother plays he is Francis Bushman, and sister Elsa Lou is Ruth Stonehouse, while my little cousin is Bryant Washburn. We have all the kidlets on Saturday, and we go to the prettiest places to play pictures.

HELEN FRIDAY, PRIZE-WINNER, AND HER BROTHER AND SISTERS

I hope you will be pleased with your prize, Helen. I liked your photograph very much and was also very interested in the other things you mentioned in your letter.

Last night I was so worried about what I was going to write for this page today that I had a very wonderful dream. I dreamt that all the child-players took the places of the grown-ups. There was Maurice Costello in short pants, while Leland Benham wore long trousers and acted just like a man. Then came Audrey Berry wearing long skirts and acting instead of Mary Fuller. I then saw Beverly Bayne, in short frocks, as if she was a schoolgirl. After this I woke up and discovered it to be only a dream. What a pity, eh?

While we are on the subject of such unreal things as dreams, we will take a side trip to Fairyland. I want you to imagine that the best child-players are fairy characters. We have the good fairy, wicked old witch, the bad goblin, the mischievous elf and the little girl from earth. The photoplayers are picked for their parts, and some can play the hero better than the villain, and so forth. I want you to test the information you have obtained from the Motion Picture screen. Pick out from the child-players the ones most suited to play each fairy part—such as Bobby Connelly as the mischievous elf.

If any of you would like to draw in pencil a fairyland picture of the players you have selected, then I can promise to print the most excellent one on this page. As before, a prize will be offered for the best contribution. Here is a chance to show your talent. Be sure, however, to favor me with your efforts by May 20th. Please address your envelopes to me at the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

After saying all sorts of nice things about this department, Ethel R. Seely wants me to print something about Runa Hodges, who Ethel considers to be the prettiest and sweetest of all the child-players. This is the first time I have heard of the player Ethel mentions, so I would be glad if she would tell me in whose photoplays she appears.

My fourteen-year-old sister, Gladys, is such an enthusiastic movie fan that after each visit to the Motion Picture theater she writes down in her notebook the descriptions of the pictures she has seen. On looking over her book for 1914 she finds that she has been to the movies no less than one hundred and forty-nine (149) times, and has seen eight hundred and five (805) different photoplays altogether. The money she paid for admission amounted to six dollars and sixty-six cents ($6.66). Can you beat this record?

My mail-bag has contained some very interesting letters. One of these is from Barry McGuigan, who is thirteen years, and nicknames himself "Keystone Barry," because he likes Keystone comedies. He tells me that he has a three-dollar projection machine and is fond of giving Moving Picture shows. Now, Barry, let me know how you run these shows, for the benefit of your companion readers. Barry also sends a make-up penograph of himself and asks if I can use it. I am sorry, Barry, but I shall not be able to oblige you. You will see that there is a drawing competition this month.

Doris Cooper is full of sympathy for the risks run by the grown-up players and dreads to think of her favorite actress having an accident. It would be most unfortunate, Doris, but fortunately all precautions are taken to guard against such a happening occurring. Doris also is fond of Clara Horton, who, she says, looks like her, only her curls are light brown, while Doris's are black. Doris is also one of the many to be pleased with the introduction of this department.

Eric Hanrahan would like to see some benevolent gentlemen co-operate with some Moving Picture director and form a juvenile photoplayers company. He thinks that children would understand the plays better. Well, Eric, the Sterling, Edison, Eclair and Keystone companies have all tried photoplays with only children acting in them, but none of them are producing such pictures now. All the youngsters are at present acting in company with the grown-ups. You see, the engaging ways of children and the appealing things that they do stand out stronger if they act with grown-up players.

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

CHESTER C. CONKLIN

Chester C. Conklin, the Keystone comedy acrobat and laugh-producer, is so funny that even the pianists giggle and make discords when he chuckles down from the screen. His greatest ambition in life is to drive away grouches.

After making himself dear to every mother's son in Oskaloosa, Iowa, his natal town, he branched out with the Majestic Comedy Company, and thence to Keystone, portraying and characterizing the "home folks," including the Germans of his town.

"Conk" believes that big photoplays from big books and big novels have taken a grip upon us, and that big comedy will come into its own, too.

ARTHUR HOUSMAN

Arthur Housman was born in New York several years ago, but is coy about divulging the date, asserting that he is too young to remember such things. His earliest successes were on the regular stage in musical comedy and in a pantomime act in vaudeville. For the past four years he has been an Edison laugh-raiser, with occasionally a serious lead.

This young comedian's clever interpretations have raised him above the rank of an ordinary stock member, and he now has the distinction to be featured as a Moving Picture headliner in the "William Wadsworth-Housman Comedies." His "funny business" is never the same and flows from a well of spontaneous humor.

CLEO MADISON

It pays to put one's heart and soul even into an unattractive part. Cleo Madison did a bit of "heavy" business for Phillips Smalley, and there was that indefinable something in her performance which commanded immediate attention. This was her first performance on the camera stage. Since then, and with dizzy rapidity, she has played opposite Warren Kerrigan, Otis Turner and David Hartford, and now heads her own company with Wilfred Lucas in the "Trey o' Hearts."

Cleo Madison was born at Ermington, Illinois, and her first stage experience was gained in stock at Santa Barbara, California, where she played the character part of the mother in "Captain Swift." Since then she has

played in various stock companies, and in long engagements with Oliver Morosco and James K. Hackett. Soon afterwards a company was organized to star her, and she played in such well-known successes as "The Bishop's Carriage," "Paid in Full," "The Great Divide" and "Wildfire." Then came the call to Motion Pictures, inspired by an invalided younger sister, whom Cleo Madison is devoted to and wants always near her.

MARY MAURICE

Mary Maurice has been called the "Perfect Mother of the Screen" and the "Grand Old Lady of the Films." She deserves both of these endearing compliments, and many more, too. She was born in Ohio, educated in Philadelphia, and her career goes back to the famous stars of the stage of years ago—Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Modjeska, Davenport, Rankin and Robert Mantell are numbered among her co-players.

The sun has set forever upon the careers and lives of most of Mary Maurice's friends of yesteryear, but for her a newer and perhaps greater career is in its zenith. She is the best beloved character in Motion Pictures —without critic, rival or peer in the delineation of mother parts. She has been with the Vitagraph Company for three years and has played in over one hundred pictures.

Her motherliness is not at all confined to screen limitations, but extends to all her fellow players who confide their troubles and their aspirations to "dear old Mary Maurice."

Her best-known recent pictures are "The Seventh Son" and "The Awakening of Barbara Dare."

MARGUERITE COURTOT

Marguerite Gabrielle Courtot, one of the youngest leading women on the screen, was born in Summit, N. J., educated mostly in Lucerne, Switzerland, and at the ripe age of sixteen was prepared to settle down for an uneventful existence in Cliffside, N. J.

The Kalem Company has a studio there, however, and it wasn't long before the keen director had heard of Miss Courtot's exceptional good-looks. This little miss had had no theatrical experience whatsoever, altho she had done some posing for Harrison Fisher and other artists. Would her facial lines suit the exacting camera? She underwent the photographic ordeal in the Kalem studio, passed the test, and in a few short months was doing leads. Lately she has been playing opposite Tom Moore.

Some of her best-remembered rôles are in "A Celebrated Case," "The "Octoroon," Kathlyn in "The Green Rose," and "Fate's Midnight Hour."

JACK STANDING

Jack Standing was born in England in 1887. He comes of a family of stage folks, his father being Henry Standing, a well-known actor of the old school, and his brother, Guy Standing, who is at present riding securely on a wave of popular approbation. The family talent was also inherited by

Jack, the youngest of nine children, for he played with such famous actors as Sir Henry Irving and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and at the age of twenty his work in "Sherlock Holmes" attracted the attention of Daniel Frohman, who brought Mr. Standing with him to America, and under Frohman's direction the Pathé-

ite was leading man with Leslie Carter, Margaret Anglin and Olga Nethersole.

Mr. Standing is possessed of a highly trained voice, which he used professionally for five years in grand opera, when an offer by David Belasco lured him to "The Drums of Oudh," and he was playing in this latter production when Pathé Frères secured him. Mr. Standing has played in a number of productions for the Lubin Company, and has just returned again to that company.

HELEN BADGELY

Was born in New Rochelle, N. Y. She is now just four years old and is the youngest vaudeville "head-liner" in the world. She was the head-line attraction last year for the Loewe theaters. She is known the world over as the Thanhouser Kidlet. Baby Helen has a private tutor with her all the time, and it is really remarkable the things she knows for her years. She has played all her short life for Thanhouser and is idolized by all who know her. She is a protégée of Eva Tanguay, having won the heart of the cyclonic comedienne by her clever impersonation of her.

What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

By DOROTHY GWYNN

In November, 1909, Gladys Hulette (Edison) supported Henry Miller in "The Faith Healer"; in 1912 she played in "Little Women."

Franklin Ritchie (Biograph) was cast in "The Marriage of a Star," presented at the Hackett Theater, New York, in 1910.

William Wadsworth (Edison) took one of his last stage flings as Bill Clarke, in "The Gay Life," at Daly's Theater in April, 1910.

At the Hackett Theater in April, 1910, Edwin August (Kinetophote) was a fixed star for several weeks, playing the rôle of Mr. Ashurst in "Mrs. and Mr. Daventry."

Of the Vitagraph Players, Albert Roccardi and Louise Beaudet both appeared in the cast of "The Man from Home," in April, 1909.

In October, 1907, Leo Delaney (Vitagraph) made his bow as Shorty in "The Virginian." At the same time David Thompson was playing with Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Bridge," and Templar Saxe was the insidious Ki-Yen in "Yama."

J. Gordon Edwards (Box Office) played the lead opposite Amelia Bingham in "The Climbers," the hit of the theatrical season of 1908. Angela McCaull played Clara Hunter in the same company, and Francis J. Ford took an important rôle.

Wilfred Lucas (Universal) was with Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady" at the same time that Owen Moore (Keystone) played Fabio with Mildred Holland in "A Paradise of Lies." This was in March, 1908.

In 1909 Miriam Nesbitt (Edison) played the lead in a road company of "A Traveling Salesman"; Florence Hackett (Lubin) played in another company of the same play.

Marie Cahill engaged Flora Finch (Vitagraph) for "The Boys and Betty" in 1909. Ethel Lloyd (Vitagraph) was playing at the same time with Florence Gear in "Fluffy Ruffles," and Peggy O'Neil (stage) was in "The Parisian Model."

Thomas Ince (N. Y. M. P.) was in "big time" vaudeville for the season of 1909, appearing in a one-act sketch with Marie Falls as leading woman.

Lionel Belmore (Vitagraph) supported William Faversham in his production of "The World and His Wife" in 1909.

At the Herald Square Theater in November, 1909, Lew Fields (Box Office) appeared in "Old Dutch," recently revived by him in photoplay. John Bunny (Vitagraph) was in "Old Dutch," playing the part of Franz von Bomberg.

"The Fires of Fate" was produced at the Liberty Theater, New York, in December, 1909, and its cast included Thomas Mills (Vitagraph), who played Cecil Brown, and Courtenay Foote (Bosworth), who played Captain Jack Archer.

Ethel Clayton (Lubin) played the rôle of Helen Jarvis in "His Name on the Door," produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, November, 1909.

Ned Finley (Vitagraph) played the part of Jimmy in "Paid in Full," one of the big money-makers of the theatrical season of 1909. At the same time Rose Tapley (Vitagraph) played in stock in Brooklyn in "The Lion and the Mouse."

E. M. Holland, a stage favorite of a decade ago, produced "The House of a Thousand Candles" in 1909. In his support at that time was E. H. Calvert (Essanay) and Louise Glaum (Universal), who played the lead.

E. H. Sothern opened at the Lyric Theater, New York, in March, 1908, for a long run of "The Fool Hath Said There Is No God." In it Paul Scardon (Vitagraph) played the part of Milkolka.

Lottie Briscoe (Lubin) was the leading lady for the season of 1908 in the Chestnut Street Theater Stock Company in Philadelphia.

In August, 1907, William Humphrey (Vitagraph) played Jabez Vennamy in "The Other House" at the Majestic Theater, New York.

In August, 1907, Robert Conness (Edison) played Dr. Sterling in "The Movers." Gus Pixley (Biograph) was playing at the same time in "The Gingerbread Man," and Jane Salisbury (stage) was with Eddie Foy in "The Orchid."

Marguerite Loveridge (Reliance) interpreted the rôle of Gabrini in "The Mascot" which starred Raymond Hitchcock at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, in April, 1909.

In 1909 many now famous players were playing in stock. True Boardman (Liberty) was with the Russell and Drew Stock Company in Seattle; Sydney Ayres (Universal) performed with the Bishop Players in Oakland, and Bessie Sankey (stage) was in the same company; Herschel Mayall was then playing the leads in the Forepaugh Stock Company in Cincinnati.

Lillian Russell starred in the stage performance of "Wildfire" at the Liberty Theater in September, 1908.

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

COME, come, all ye who would appear in print! Spring is here; let it awaken a truer poesy. Contributions remain as ever in quantity; but quality—alas! Some few there are—but they are as wheat among the chaff. I shall look for better things.

N. B. O. will be glad to let us hear from her when she learns that her gracefully swinging verse to Florence Lawrence is the prize-winning one:

Florence Lawrence, dainty, clever,
Fascinating, tiresome never,
You're the dearest little lady in the land of Photoplay;
And tho I think that Little Mary
Is as charming as a fairy,
I know you're the princess airy of America today.

Florence Lawrence, summer sunshine's
In your bright smile, and the moonshine
Sprinkles fairy, flowery pollen on your tumbled, tomboy curls;
While your eyes, arch, tantalizing,
Render you so hypnotizing
And so sweetly mesmerizing—well, you're not like other girls!

Florence Lawrence, sunshine grafter,
Little queen of wholesome laughter,
You're the idol of the public, and it's joy to tell you so;
With that smile so aggravating,
And those eyes so fascinating,
Girl of Films, you're captivating, little Summer Sunshine Flo!

Alma E. Hilton, 226 Main Street, Melrose, Mass., has contributed an interesting letter and an appealing verse to Crane Wilbur. We print the latter:

THE GLOOM CURE.

When you're feeling just as hopeful as a murderer at trial,
With an achey, homesick feeling at your heart-strings all the while;
When the gloom is drawing closer, and the blues stretch for a mile,
How it breaks the awful tension—just that crooked little smile.

First the laugh-lights come a-twinkling till his eyes are all agleam,
And the laugh-lines 'round them wrinkling, till his whole face seems to beam;
And his teeth show white and flashing—he is laughing now, for true,
A laughter sympathetic, and he's laughing right towards *you!*

And there's something just so friendly, and so kindly and so true,
And so cockily appealing that you quite forget you're blue;
And you're grinning as you watch him, in the very shortest while,
'Neath the spell that he is weaving with his crooked little smile.

You may rave about your hero with his dreaming, soulful eyes,
You may sing your fervid praises to wherein his beauty lies;
But if you're feeling dreadful in your own peculiar way,
And you're out of sorts with all the world, go see Crane Wilbur play;
And all the dimples, all the eyes, nor a romantic style,
Can be compared to Wilbur and his friendly, crooked smile.

Miss Marjorie Lachmund, 230 Valentine Lane, Yonkers, N. Y., writes, "Here's to the loved ones on the screen, many and different tho they be." And, incidentally, Miss Lachmund addresses to all fans a very pointed inquiry. Figuratively, she throws a boomerang into your midst. "Which does it mean to *you?*" Let us know:

She dimples when she smiles,
Her laughter e'er beguiles;
She laughs—but not alone.
Her laugh is so contagious
It's really quite outrageous;
We laugh until we groan.

She melts us when she's weeping,
Our tears are in her keeping;
She weeps—but not alone.
Her sobs are so heartbreaking
We find our shoulders shaking;
We weep—'twould move a stone.

Her acting's more like living,
A lifelike touch she's giving;
I praise—but not alone.
Her work is sympathetic,
Her manner so magnetic
She's loved where'er she's known.

And would you like to know her name,
This maiden loved so well?
I'd like to be obliging,
But i' faith I cannot tell.

She may be "Little Mary,"
Or Clara Kimball Young,
Pearl White or Norma Talmadge—
All have their praises sung.

And then there's Mary Fuller,
Anita Stewart, too,
And Alice Joyce—but tell me
Which does it mean to *you?*

TO RUTH STONEHOUSE.

When first I gazed upon sweet Little Mary's lovely charms
My heart went pitter-pat—I longed to hold her in my arms;
When Clara of the Wondrous Eyes gazed 'pon me from the screen
My heart jumped in my throat—I thought I'd surely have to scream;
And then Sweet Alice slowly turned and smiled at me until
My heart just turned a somersault—I couldn't keep it still.
But calmly now I gaze upon these beauties night and day,
And my heart does nevermore these foolish pranks upon me play,
"For along came Ruth, and to tell the truth, she stole my heart away."

56 Linden St., Hackensack, N. J. ALFRED J. WEISS.

Comes an unsigned verse to Marguerite Clark. It followeth:

There's a little, dark-eyed girl upon the Motion Picture screen
Who has captured many an aching, breaking heart;
With antics gay like children's play, and curls o' ruddy gleam—
'Tis Marguerite, of varied play and part.

There are many on the screen who play with artistry and grace,
But there's no one quite so fair or quite so small;
As a "Wildflower" or a "Goose Girl" she is found right in her place—
'Tis Marguerite, the wonder girl of all.

Out a-camping in the forests, in the cities small and great,
There's a some one who to every one is dear;
Poor or rich ones, big or small ones, all alike to her do take—
'Tis Marguerite, the fairy o' good cheer.

$100 Prize Photoplay Contest

$375 Distributed to Prize-Winners, with More to Follow

THE awarding of seven prizes (aggregating three hundred and seventy-five dollars) for photoplays written by our readers will be, no doubt, a surprise to many friends of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. We trust, also, that the prize-money, with the honor of authorship that accompanies it, will delight and encourage its recipients. We offer encouragement to the two thousand or more contestants whose work did not draw its reward in cash. We feel, as many of them do, that the dedication of their photoplays to the great artists of Motion Pictures was a tribute in which the labor of love and admiration bore its part, and our only regret is that all of these offerings could not be purchased and produced.

The $100.00 Prize Photoplay Contest was inspired by the Great Artist Contest, which ran for eight months in our pages last year and in which our readers cast over three million votes for the most artistic players of the silent stage. We deemed it a fitting climax that these great artists should appear in prize photoplays written by the vast audience who has both supported and admired them. Hence the inauguration of the $100.00 Prize Photoplay Contest.

We have still to hear from several companies as to their final selections, and we expect to award additional prizes. A further announcement will be made in the July issue.

The judges of the contest, who consisted of the editors of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the editors of the Photoplay Clearing House and the scenario editors of the various studios, take great pleasure in announcing their decision and in awarding the following prizes:

$100.00 is awarded to "The Prize Story," by John S. Kelly, Post Hospital, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. The Vitagraph Company has accepted "The Prize Story" and will soon announce its cast. Its appealing story will be published in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

$100.00 is awarded to "The Moth and the Candle," by Mrs. Edward Pels, Windsor Hills, Baltimore, Md. The Edison Company has purchased this photoplay, which will feature Gertrude McCoy and Augustus Phillips. It has an unusual and gripping story which we will publish in our pages.

$50.00 is awarded to "Commandeered," by Anne Scannell O'Neill, 604A Veronica Avenue, East St. Louis, Ill. This powerful play is now being produced by the Essanay Company, under the title of "The Awakening Heart."

$50.00 is awarded to "The Danse de Abandon," by Ida M. Sharp, 211 West Sixtieth Street, Los Angeles, Cal. The Vitagraph Company has purchased this photoplay, in which Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno will appear as co-stars. The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will publish its story.

$25.00 is awarded to "Old Steve," by Margaret T. Cronin, 79 Beacon Street, Sommerville, Mass. King Baggot, of the Universal Company, will play the leading rôle. As this will be produced as a one-reel play, the announcement of last month is amended in accordance. Watch for its story in our pages.

$25.00 is awarded "The Awakening of Doris Morgan," by H. Allen Farnum, 706 Classon Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mary Fuller, of the Universal Company, will assume the title rôle, and we will publish its charming story.

$25.00 is awarded to "The Stolen Will," by W. Y. Allen, 534 N. Washington Avenue, Marshall, Texas. Ethel Grandin, of the Smallwood Company, will star in this novel comedy-drama.

THE greatest contest ever conducted by any publication—the Great Cast Contest—is drawing to a close. Never before, to our knowledge, was there a contest in which so many people were so intensely interested and which involved the names of so many persons of national—even international—fame. To hundreds of thousands, it is fascinating and exciting; to all, it is interesting. Furthermore, it is useful. Not only does it tend to draw attention to the individual work of the photoplayers, but it gives opportunity for the public to show its appreciation of these players in a substantial way. On the speaking stage, the players are compensated by hearing and seeing the effect of their work, as their audiences weep or smile, laugh or applaud; but the players of the screen have no such inspiration to work before them, and this contest is the nearest approach to applause and appreciation possible.

In asking the Motion Picture public to select the twelve greatest living players to fill the twelve places in the *greatest cast* possible, we had no idea that such a cast would actually play together, but at this writing it seems not impossible, judging from the letters we are getting in answer to the suggestion made by the Photoplay Philosopher in our May issue.

We wish here to encourage the suggestion of the Photoplay Philosopher, and to strive to get together an all-star cast who will appear in an especially written photodrama, which should pack to the doors every theater in the country. It is further proposed that the entire proceeds go toward an endowment fund for indigent and aged photoplayers.

Furthermore, another venture of ours has a slight bearing on the subject, namely, our new card game, called "Cast." This game is now being prepared and will be on the market in the fall. The game consists of cards on which are printed the names and portraits of famous photoplayers, and the contestants are required to make up a complete cast from among these cards. There are buying, selling, trading and bidding for players, and the winner cries "Cast" when he has accomplished his purpose and won. The Editor of this magazine spent six months perfecting the game, and it is now complete, save the making of the portraits, which have not all been decided on. Full particulars will be announced later, and in the next issue of this magazine we shall make final announcements regarding the Great Cast Contest, including the prizes and date of closing. Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Every ballot must contain the name and address of the voter. The ballot will be found on another page.

2. The name of no player may appear more than twice on the same ballot. For example, the same player may be voted for as comedian and character man, but not for a third part also.

3. It makes no difference in what company they are now playing. They may be in different companies.

4. Each person may vote only once a month, but any number of ballots may be enclosed in one envelope.

5. The villain and child may be either male or female.

6. The ages of the players need not be considered. A young man can often play an old-man part as well as can an elderly man.

7. Ballots should be addressed to "Great Cast Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.," but they may be enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine.

8. Ballots need not be entirely filled out.

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO APRIL 13.

THE GREAT CAST

1. Leading Man
   Francis X. Bushman.... 609,905
2. Leading Woman
   Mary Pickford..... 580,750
3. Old Gentleman
   W. Chrystie Miller..... 724,830
4. Old Lady, Mary Maurice.....1,010,755
5. Character Man, Harry Morey. 350,000
6. Character Woman
   Julia S. Gordon..... 495,605
7. Comedian (Male)
   Charles Chaplin..... 767,955
8. Comedian (Female)
   Mabel Normand..... 701,530
9. Handsome Young Man
   Warren Kerrigan..... 422,765
10. Beautiful Young Woman
    Anita Stewart..... 494,705
11. Villain, Jack Richardson..... 540,235
12. Child, Helen Costello..... 634,380

The following are the leading competitors for the first cast, in the order named, together with their total votes for the various positions, up to April 13th.

LEADING MAN

1. Earle Williams..... 580,915
2. Warren Kerrigan..... 463,275
3. Crane Wilbur..... 348,620
4. Arthur Johnson..... 332,430
5. Carlyle Blackwell..... 307,900
6. Paul Scardon..... 249,400
7. James Cruze..... 233,250
8. Harold Lockwood..... 225,780
9. King Baggot..... 174,610
10. Tom Moore..... 174,040
11. Maurice Costello..... 166,860
12. William Garwood..... 163,450
13. Antonio Moreno..... 160,490
14. Romaine Fielding..... 159,080

LEADING WOMAN

1. Anita Stewart..... 473,730
2. Alice Joyce..... 398,170
3. Beverly Bayne..... 382,000
4. Edith Storey..... 378,460
5. Florence LaBadie..... 359,470
6. Clara K. Young..... 336,990
7. Mary Fuller..... 282,410
8. Ruth Stonehouse..... 276,840
9. Pearl White..... 234,700
10. Cleo Madison..... 213,300
11. Norma Talmadge..... 204,880
12. Marie Newton..... 174,110
13. Marguerite Snow..... 160,900
14. Lottie Briscoe..... 157,130

OLD GENTLEMAN

1. Charles Kent..... 624,005
2. Thomas Commerford..... 456,585
3. Van Dyke Brooke..... 371,270
4. Robert Brower..... 275,815
5. Logan Paul..... 275,500
6. William West..... 246,340
7. Francis Bushman..... 214,200
8. Marc MacDermott..... 205,360
9. Murdock MacQuarrie..... 173,330
10. Bigelow Cooper..... 172,400
11. Charles Ogle..... 137,420
12. John Bunny..... 120,120

OLD LADY

1. Helen Dunbar..... 468,740
2. Julia Stuart..... 265,650
3. Helen Relyea..... 246,370
4. Louise Lester..... 232,310
5. Norma Talmadge..... 173,990
6. Mrs. Geo. Walters..... 170,900
7. May Hall..... 162,030
8. Flora Finch..... 157,510
9. Kate Price..... 157,390
10. Pauline Bush..... 122,620
11. Edith Storey..... 102,110
12. Kate Toncray..... 81,360

CHARACTER MAN

1. Warren Kerrigan..... 336,060
2. Francis Bushman..... 297,805
3. Romaine Fielding..... 284,000
4. Marc MacDermott..... 279,985
5. James Cruze..... 276,250
6. Arthur Johnson..... 276,090
7. Nicholas Dunaew..... 244,910
8. William Wadsworth..... 234,440
9. King Baggot..... 233,910
10. G. M. Anderson..... 217,810
11. Earle Williams..... 217,300
12. Billy Quirk..... 210,850

CHARACTER WOMAN

1. Norma Talmadge..... 494,035
2. Edith Storey..... 321,905
3. Edwina Robbins..... 292,630
4. Ruth Stonehouse..... 264,720
5. Clara K. Young..... 249,705
6. Cleo Madison..... 245,255
7. Mary Pickford..... 242,220
8. Mary Fuller..... 232,625
9. Louise Lester..... 227,270
10. Alice Washburn..... 217,160
11. Flora Finch..... 208,780
12. Kate Price..... 206,710

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

1.	Antonio Moreno	398,345
2.	Francis Bushman	391,995
3.	Crane Wilbur	362,020
4.	Carlyle Blackwell	341,460
5.	Earle Williams	325,890
6.	Donald Hall	297,415
7.	Harold Lockwood	283,690
8.	James Morrison	231,670
9.	Bryant Washburn	166,510
10.	Tom Moore	162,480
11.	George Larkin	160,140
12.	James Cruze	130,260

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

1.	Alice Joyce	459,735
2.	Mary Pickford	433,380
3.	Norma Talmadge	423,935
4.	Mary Anderson	378,120
5.	Pearl White	354,400
6.	Clara Young	353,030
7.	Beverly Bayne	325,405
8.	Lillian Walker	299,510
9.	Florence LaBadie	255,420
10.	Marguerite Snow	209,030
11.	Blanche Sweet	176,480
12.	Margarita Fischer	171,660

COMEDIAN (MALE)

1.	John Bunny	595,805
2.	Ford Sterling	476,420
3.	Wallie Van	415,860
4.	Wallace Beery	350,630
5.	Sidney Drew	282,580
6.	Douglas McBride	231,490
7.	Billy Quirk	218,840
8.	Roscoe Arbuckle	215,080
9.	Hughie Mack	211,080
10.	William Shea	161,570
11.	Victor Potel	158,045
12.	John Brennan	151,320

COMEDIAN (FEMALE)

1.	Flora Finch	561,730
2.	Lillian Walker	441,870
3.	Margaret Joslin	425,870
4.	Ruth Roland	425,840
5.	Norma Talmadge	366,960
6.	Kate Price	342,240
7.	Constance Talmadge	305,890
8.	Florence Lawrence	278,440
9.	Victoria Forde	232,680
10.	Mary Pickford	213,350
11.	Karin Norman	172,760
12.	Vivian Prescott	149,730

VILLAIN

1.	Bryant Washburn	500,215
2.	Harry Morey	497,995
3.	Paul Panzer	413,050
4.	Harry Northrup	329,160
5.	Rogers Lytton	281,050
6.	Romaine Fielding	259,810
7.	Ned Finley	223,180
8.	Marc MacDermott	212,480
9.	George Cooper	167,280
10.	Frank Farrington	166,410
11.	King Baggot	164,850
12.	Lester Cuneo	163,000

CHILD

1.	Bobby Connelly	605,400
2.	Audrey Berry	459,935
3.	Yale Boss	373,550
4.	Helen Badgely	290,120
5.	Andy Clarke	286,850
6.	Billy Jacobs	238,980
7.	Clara Horton	229,160
8.	Billie Roubert	217,210
9.	Dolores Costello	207,230
10.	Marie Eline	173,200
11.	Eleanor Kahn	164,420
12.	Lillian Wade	158,490

GREAT CAST CONTEST

Conducted by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

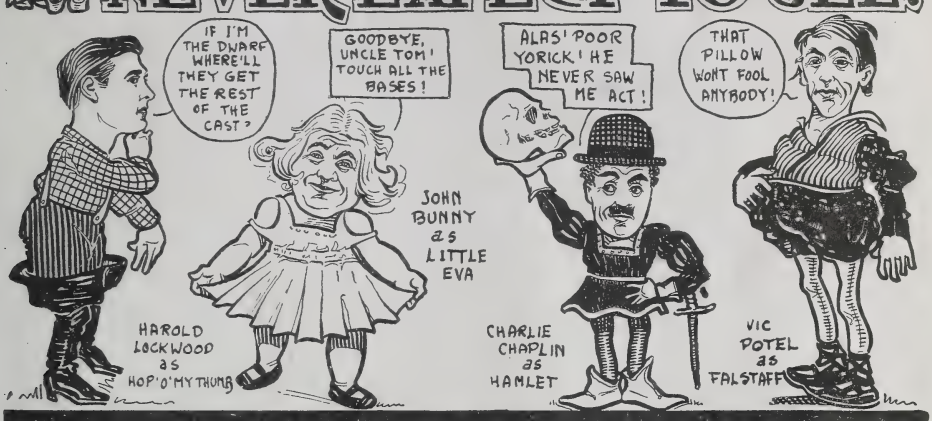
I, the undersigned, desire to cast ten votes each for the following players for the parts indicated:

1. Leading Man _____
2. Leading Woman _____
3. Old Gentleman _____
4. Old Lady _____
5. Character Man _____
6. Character Woman _____
7. Comedian (Male) _____
8. Comedian (Female) _____
9. Handsome Young Man _____
10. Beautiful Young Woman _____
11. Villain _____
12. Child _____

Name of Voter _____

Address of Voter _____

A FEW THINGS THAT WE NEVER EXPECT TO SEE!


IF I'M THE DWARF WHERE'LL THEY GET THE REST OF THE CAST?
GOODBYE, UNCLE TOM! TOUCH ALL THE BASES!
ALAS! POOR YORICK! HE NEVER SAW ME ACT!
THAT PILLOW WON'T FOOL ANYBODY!
HAROLD LOCKWOOD AS HOP O' MY THUMB
JOHN BUNNY AS LITTLE EVA
CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS HAMLET
VIC POTEL AS FALSTAFF

ART? BAH! IT'S THAT WEEKLY "SCRAP OF PAPER" THAT KEEPS ME IN THE GAME!
A PHOTO-PLAYER WHO DOES NOT LOVE HIS ART
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
PRICE 15 CTS.
A PERSON WHO DOES NOT LIKE TO READ THE — BUT WHAT'S THE USE?
HE'S NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING
OH, YAWSS! THE MOTION PICTURE'S A MERE WHIM! IT WILL SOON DIE OUT!
A THEATER MAGNATE WITH NERVE ENOUGH TO SAY THIS —
A Real Photo of The ANSWER MAN!
A BOY WHO DOESN'T LOVE "MOVIES"
NO, MOTHER I PREFER TO STAY AT HOME AND READ MY "LAURA JEAN"
ARE YOU COMING TO THE PICTURES, RUDOLF?
WISH SHE'D ASK ME
I KNEW THE SHOCK WOULD BE TOO GREAT IF I DID FIND ONE!
A MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE ON SALE AFTER the FIFTEENTH!
COMMITTEE of CHICAGOANS COMMENDING THE FINE(?) WORK of THEIR CENSOR, MAJOR FUNKHAUSER

What's What—and Why

By TARLETON WINCHESTER

It has been my good fortune to see the two Barrymores, Jack and Lionel, in the same week, the one in an amusing comedy produced by the Famous Players Company, and the other in a drama of no mean worth, by far the best thing the Life Photo Corporation has yet given us.

"Are You a Mason?" is side-splittingly funny. Droll as are the opening scenes, in which Jack Barrymore as Frank Perry is disclosed to view when that gentleman is in no condition to be seen, too much space is devoted to his inebriate antics. The burden of the work falls upon Mr. Barrymore and Charles Dixon, who in their scenes together are irresistible.

"The Curious Conduct of Judge Legarde" deals with the subject of dual personality in a manner that is apparently scientifically correct. The double life of the judge, at times the polished administrator of the law, and at others the clever leader of an underworld gang, cannot fail to hold the attention of the spectator.

An unusual phase of army life is depicted in the three-part Vitagraph film, "Lifting the Ban of Coventry." The Ban of Coventry, it might be well to explain, is imposed on officers and their wives who offend in a moral sense, and it amounts to social ostracism. The tragedy that follows upon the imposing of the ban on a young officer and on the girl who caused his disgrace is admirably told. Darwin Karr, Lillian Walker and Julia S. Gordon form the triangle and share the honors. The success of many of the scenes is due in no small part to the work of Ned Finley. Little Helen Costello and Rose Tapley, Richard Leslie, George Stevens and Paul Scardon do well in minor rôles.

Mae Marsh and Robert Harron are featured in the fourth of the Mutual Masterpictures so far seen. Among others appearing in the production are Mary Alden, Spottiswoode Aitken, Jack Dillon, Jack Conway and Ralph Lewis. Thomas Nelson Page's story lends itself well to the screen. It has been carefully transplanted. The courtroom scenes are truly remarkable.

In "The Stoning," Viola Dana is again seen in an Edison multiple-reel picture. It is a strong drama and a human document. A young girl, loving a worthless scoundrel with all her heart, is tricked by him. Her parents and her pastor forgive her. But the people of the congregation stone her as effectively as if they actually throw rocks at her head. The next day her body is found in the lake. The minister from his pulpit turns upon those he had tried to make Christians. "There is one word writ large on all your hearts," he says: "it is *"murderer."*

"Alias Jimmy Valentine" brings Robert Warwick again to the screen in the best vehicle he has yet had. It is amusing, exciting and well acted, considerably better on the whole than his later play, "The Man Who Found Himself," in which, tho he himself is above reproach, he has not the excellent story to work with that Paul Armstrong's melodrama affords.

The chief points of interest in "The Duchess"—barring Cleo Madison—are the settings and the rainstorm scenes.

"The Heart of Maryland," with Mrs. Leslie Carter, has had a successful opening at the Hippodrome, thereby inaugurating a new policy in the Shuberts' big house. The story deals with the Civil War, is suited to Motion Picture production, and is entitled to rank with the best of features.

Among those films well worthy of a trip to the Motion Picture theater are: "The Little Band of Gold" (Keystone), "The Enemies" (Vitagraph), "From the Valley of the Missing" and "Anna Karenina" (Fox), "The Devil" (New York Motion), and "The Unafraid" (Lasky).

William D. Taylor, of the Favorite Players, is a specialist in silk shirts and sports a new one every week. Perhaps he intends opening a second-hand store.

Helen Gardner and Mr. Gaskill, her director, have left the Vitagraph.

Lottie Pickford, sister of "Little Mary," has joined the American Company, with Irving Cummings in "The Diamond from the Sky."

Sounds funny, but Bosworth has left Bosworth, and is now a Universal director and player.

Anna Little says she has to have her face massaged every day to take out the woe-begone look she has to wear most of the time in the "Black Box" serial.

Carlyle Blackwell plays a light comedy part in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," for which he has had made several new suits, all very bong swagger.

Marion Weeks, formerly of the Edison Company, is now doing a singing act in vaudeville. Chas. M. Seay, also, is no longer an Edisonian, and Cleo Ridgely has left the Kalem Company for the Lasky.

The Edison Company, by the way, have reason to be proud of Viola Dana in "The Stoning," who has thereby won the honor of our July cover.

The N. Y. M. P. Co. are playing Rhea Mitchell, Harry Woodruff, Dustin Farnum and William S. Hart as trump cards.

Muriel Ostriche has joined the Vitagraph Company, and Viola Allen, famous stage star, is now with the Essanay.

Adele Lane, now of the Universal, has had some special dressing-room furniture presented to her by her husband and director, Burton King. Her make-up box is of maple, ornamented with solid silver. The grease-sticks are as usual.

Pauline Bush loves to get a lot of her girl friends and take them for long rides in her big automobile. She is always doing nice little things to please others.

Four or five years ago Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Florence Turner, Mary Pickford and Gene Gauntier were the most famous of screen stars. Miss Turner went to Europe to form a company of her own, Miss Lawrence has retired, Miss Leonard has a company of her own, and Miss Pickford alone has stuck to it. Miss Gauntier has now abandoned her company and joined the Universal, with Jack Clark as her leading man.

Some thought that Mona Darkfeather could play only Indian maidens, but in her Liberty plays she is disproving this.

Crane Wilbur, Mary Charleson, John Ince, Rosetta Brice, Jack Standing and Howard Mitchell are among the favorites who will appear in the fifteen-part serial, "Road o' Strife," Lubin's mystery drama.

The Photoplay Clearing House prize for the best photoplay submitted during the month is awarded to Webster J. Oliver, 206 Broadway, New York, for his drama, "The Real Doctor Kay."

Foxy Grace Cunard! She persuaded President Carl Laemmle to appear in the opening scene of the new serial which she wrote. Mr. Laemmle got his three-dollar pay slip, and he cashed it, too.

Maurice Costello has given up directing and will again star, with Norma Talmadge, under the direction of Van Dyke Brooke.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

The Chaplin mustache is spreading—not the mustache, but its popularity—and eyebrows on the upper lip may again come in fashion.

Marguerite Clayton, pretty little Essanay actress, sent us a photo of herself behind the bars. Hope this will not become a habit; she looks better in the sunshine. She is now doing a "dressed-up" part.

Louise Glaum (N. Y. M. P. Co.) is sporting a real Scotch hat.

Edna Maison had to ride several camels in the Oriental series put on at the "Big U" studios. Miss Maison says she much prefers automobiles. Why? See that hump!

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Island of Regeneration"; second prize to the author of "Greater Than Art."

Add Sidney Drew and Jane Morrow to "Who's Married to Whom?"

Matt Moore, brother of Tom and Owen, is now playing opposite Mary Fuller.

James Kirkwood has deserted Mary Pickford for Hazel Dawn and come back to New York, but is now directing Dorothy Bernard at Jacksonville.

As we previously announced, Henry Walthall is back with the Griffith Mutual Company in spite of the threatened lawsuit of the Balboa Company.

Billy Ritchie, famous Chaplin imitator, is with the Universal Company; but Billy Reeves, famous inebriate, is with the Lubin Company.

The New York law now requires that dogs be muzzled, and Billy Quirk, law-abiding citizen, promptly painted muzzles on the jaws of his French bulldogs. This may seem funny, but it wont when some policeman learns to distinguish between paint and leather. Later: One of the bulldogs has just had pups, and they were born with muzzles.

Among the players who will have pictured cards named after them in our new card game, "Cast," are Francis Bushman, Earle Williams, Pauline Bush, J. Warren Kerrigan, Charles Chaplin, Mary Fuller, Crane Wilbur, Romaine Fielding, Maurice Costello, King Baggot, Carlyle Blackwell, Edith Storey, Mary Maurice, Louise Lester, W. Chrystie Miller, John Bunny, Flora Finch, Bryant Washburn, Jack Richardson, and others.

Kathlyn Williams has bought a $150 Panama hat for herself.

Chester Conklin (Keystone) was once a circus clown, and he doesn't seem to change much.

Edna Payne (Ideal) has gone back on her Buick and has purchased a Hupmobile.

The Vitagraph players now have a "Welfare Club," and Naomi Childers is its president.

Alexander Gaden, formerly of the Universal, is now to play opposite Mary Nash for the Life Photo Company in "The Broken Road" and others.

An illustrated Fashion Department for this magazine is among the new things under way.

Priscilla Dean, formerly of the Biograph and still formerly with the Shakespearean Ben Greet Players, is now a Peerless player.

Again the quarrel is on—Who will win Dorothy Kelly? George Cooper, the villain, still pursues her, but James Morrison is right on the trail.

On April 5th Mr. Jess Willard knocked out Mr. Jack Johnson. But how you are going to see it on the screen is a mystery, because, alas! about three years ago Congress passed a law forbidding the importation of prizefight films into this, the land of the spree and the home of the depraved.

Barry O'Moore (Edison) is now with "The Clever Ones" at the Punch and Judy Theater, appearing under his own name of Herbert Yost.

Arthur Housman, the Edison Chaplin, grows suddenly old in "His Sad Awakening" and has a beard.

Ruth Stonehouse was recently presented with a pair of chop-sticks, but she thought they were knitting-needles and used them as such.

Pearl White wishes us to thank the many who have sent her presents of slippers, aprons, pillows, etc., but she insists that she cannot wear a No. 1-A shoe on a 4½-B foot.

And here is a new and big one—"The Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay, Inc.," of 1600 Broadway, N. Y., who deal only in big features.

There are lots of celebrated cases just now. The Kalem Company has just done the famous "A Celebrated Case," the Biograph is doing the same thing, and an all-star company is playing it also at the Empire Theater in New York.

"There are only a few of us left!" Thus spoke a famous stage star who had not yet been lured to the screen. It was William Faversham, and now the Rolfe M. P. Co. has him. The Vitagraph Company has also captured Robert Edeson, who is equally famous.

During the coming warm days, just console yourself with the thought that you can get thoroly cooled by seeing Wallie Van and company in "Love, Snow and Ice," which he has just finished taking in the far North.

Francis X. Bushman has just returned from a flying visit to the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Removal notice: Edwin August, formerly of Edison, Biograph, Vitagraph, Universal, Kinetophote, etc., etc., is now with the Smallwood Co.

And now Elaine is to be Exploited all over again in a new series of wild chases and melodramatic adventures.

Cleo Madison has bought a cow for a pet, also for its product, and she milks Bossy herself.

Katherine La Salle, famous Broadway star, is featured in a film production of "An Innocent Sinner" (Kalem), a fine story of which will appear in our July issue. See this play first, and then read the story later.

J. Warren Kerrigan plays a real character part, a Mexican greaser, in "The Guardian of the Flocks" (Victor).

The Edison Company are reviving and lengthening "With Bridges Burned," by Rex Beach, with Mabel Trunnelle playing the same part that she played five years ago, Augustus Phillips playing opposite.

We have with us this evening: Vera Sisson and J. Warren Kerrigan (p. 26); Alan Hale and Louise Vale (p. 36); Florence LaBadie (p. 41); Duncan McRae, Gertrude McCoy and Edward Earle (p. 49); Ruth Stonehouse (p. 55); Bobby Connelly (p. 63); Rankin Drew, Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno (p. 72); and John Cossar and Evelyn Greeley (p. 73).

Miss Helen Holmes, late leading lady of the Poli Stock, Washington, wishes to state that she and the Helen Holmes of the Kalem are two different people, and it was she who created the leading part in "The City" in 1909. Miss Holmes of the "Hazards of Helen" fame has never appeared on the speaking stage.

When Peter Lang (weight 250 lbs.) and George Trimble (265 lbs.) sank in a swamp while doing a Lubin scene recently, it was all that a team of oxen could do to haul them out.

Guy Coombs (Kalem), once fencing champion of America, gives an exhibition of his dexterity with the foils in "The Second Commandment."

INSERT: "The kiss that should come here was cut out by the censors." William V. Taylor suggests this. Since kissing is unsanitary and immoral, Long live the Censors!

Nevertheless, if certain manufacturers are not more discreet in what they put out, there will really be a need of censors!

More removal notices: George Larkin is now with Eclair; Virginia Pearson back with Vitagraph; Alfred Levenson now with Kriterion; Virginia Kirtley with Reliance; Raymond McKee with Edison; Thelma Saltner and William Brunton now with Selig; Rex Martin with Biograph; Mildred Adams and Pauline Curley with Universal; Ina Claire with Lasky; Neva Gerber now an American Beauty; Gertrude Robinson, Douglas Gerrard and Olive Johnson with Famous Players; John Emerson with Mutual; Gerda and Rapley Holmes have left Essanay; Lionel Adams with Vitagraph; William Russell with American; Wellington Playter with Universal; Frank Newburg from Selig to Biograph; Devore Palmer and Elsie MacLeod with Kalem; Walter Miller and Martin Faust with Peerless; James Cooley back with Imp; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bechtel have left Edison; George Periolat back with American; Elsie Albert and Betty Harte with Kriterion; Zena Keefe back to Vitagraph from vaudeville; Carlotta de Felici and Caroline Rankin with Edison; Vinnie Burns with Lubin; Harry Carey, famous "crook," back with Biograph; Edward Boulden from Edison to Flamingo; Eleanor Blevins now with Biograph; and the Smalleys back with Universal. That will be about all.

MABEL TRUNNELLE

JOHN INCE

RUTH STONEHOUSE

HELEN HOLMES

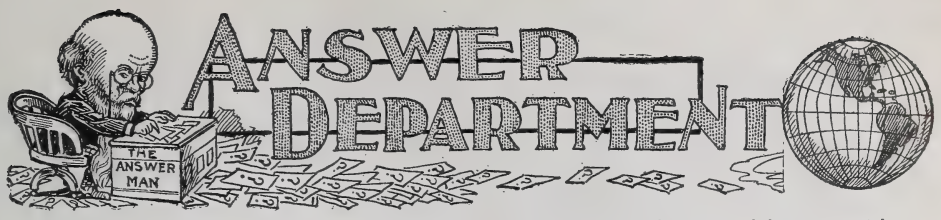
GALLAGHER

WILL WILLIAMS

CRANE WILBUR

Some of the Funny Chaps in the Movies
HE'S A 'DIL' (DOCTOR OF LAUGHTER)
FRED MACE
STERLING
Victor Potel
"SLIPPERY SLIM"
Charlie Chaplin.
ALL 'ROUND FUNNY-MAN.
ARBUCKLE
LESLIE ELMOFF
HUGHEY MACK
LESLIE ELMOFF
MABEL NORMAND
BARRY O'MOORE
Billy Jacobs and The Woman

The Great Remedy
Accept No Substitute
COOK
PAPA
SWEETHEART
DOC.
UNDERTAKER
PST PST
MOTION PICTURE BOY
MOVIES 5



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MARTHA M. A.—That is quite a problem that you put to me: "A and B buy three equal houses for $8,000, of which A contributes $5,000 and B $3,000. The properties advance and they sell one for $8,000, and decide to each take a house for himself. How should the money be divided? I think I see the catch in this. A should get $7,000 and B only $1,000.

CHAPEYSTONE.—Andrew Mack and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "The Ragged Earl." Beatrice Michelena and House Peters in "Salomy Jane" (Lasky). Cleo Madison was Thelma in "A Woman's Debt" (Gold Seal). Marie Walcamp in "The Trail Breakers" (Bison).

BESSIE E. F.—How did you know that? There are six Motion Picture theaters at the Panama Pacific International Exposition, and they will be used to teach in elaborate fashion the latest theories and experiments in educational processes accompanied with lectures.

HUGH D.—It would be impossible to give you the complete cast here. Norma Phillips was June, J. W. Johnston was Ned in "Runaway June."

JOAN.—Yes; Alfred Vosburgh with Vitagraph. We expect to have a chat with him soon. The Vitagraph represents a capital of about $5,000,000. It turns out about 1,500,000 feet of film every week, and has 1,200 employees.

GABY GIRL.—Carlyle Blackwell is with the Favorite Players Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Haven't Whitney Raymond's present whereabouts.

RUTH K.—You are among the many who are complaining that their answers did not appear in the last issue. My "copy" must go to the printer not later than the 13th of each month, and yours must have come so late that I could not write the answer in time. Octavia Handworth is with Lubin.

HARRY C. H.—So you didn't think that Mary Pickford was well cast in "Mistress Nell." I haven't seen it. Yes, write to that company. Edward Lear, W. S. Gilbert, Lewis Carroll and Gillett Burgess are the most noted of the writers of nonsense verses. You can get their works at any library, or you might try Carolyn Wells' "Nonsense Anthology."

EDDIE, OF LOS ANGELES.—Hello, old top! You say you are willing to bet that I haven't a beard. Do my eyes deceive me? What's the difference? With or without, I could probably write just as poorly. Your jokes were very fine. L. Case Russell isn't here any more.

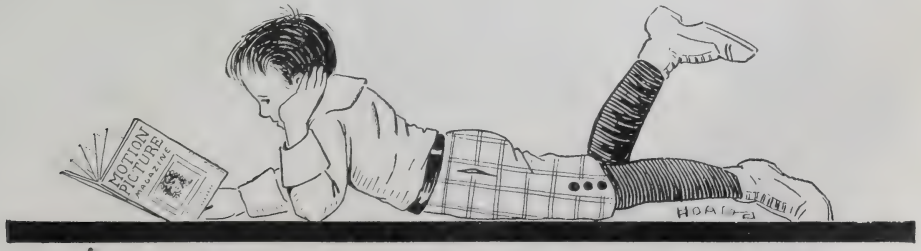
OLGA, 17.—That was a fine idear of yours, to give the Answer Man a rest, but I didn't like it one bit. I was as lonesome as a pine, and began to pine away.

JACKALINE D.—Yes; Frank Borzage in "Claim Number 3" (Lubin). That was made before he went with Kay-Bee.

LORAINE L.—Miss Thompson was the girl in "His Only Daughter" (Keystone). You have the wrong person.

YVONNE.—Send your letters here, and not to Vitagraph, if you want the answers to appear in these columns. Antonio Moreno has been with Vitagraph over a year. "The Slave-girl" (Reliance) was a mighty good play, and Mary Alden and the girl were great.

BETTY, PITTSBURG.—Write Vitagraph for price of a photo of Donald Hall.



ONE REASON WHY AMERICAN CHILDREN ARE LEARNING TO READ VERY YOUNG

Lady Fan, Superior.—I did not see Mr. Blackwell's "The Last Chapter," so cannot pass on that scene in which the negro lads appeared without fig-leaves. Probably it was overlooked by Anthony Comstock and The National Board of Censors.

Fred M. L.—Estelle Mardo in "By the Governor's Order" (Vitagraph). Biograph produced "A Scrap of Paper," and not Essanay.

Emilie M.—Loraine Huling was the sister in "The Aftermath."

The Owl.—You address me as "Dear Old Scout," but I suppose you meant Boy Scout. A man is as young as he feels, and I therefore am only a boy. Since the scenes of a photoplay are not usually taken consecutively, you can see how hard it is for a player to work up to intense emotion as they frequently have to do.

Beatrice T.—Haven't the name of the father in "A Leaf from Life" (Rex). Have patience. The first edition of 3,000 copies of "Here Lies" was soon exhausted, and the second edition is also going strong.

Margaret K. T.—William Shea and Kate Price are not married. Photoplays make strange bedfellows. So Donald Hall is your beau ideal.

Melva, 18.—Violet Southerland was King in "The Dancer and the King" (World). John Brennan and Dot Gould in "Dot's Elopement" (Sterling). So you saw "The Reign of Richard III." I didn't know it had been done. Yes, join the club. See their announcement in the advertising section last month. It is all right in every way.

Marion Lawrence.—I cant help it if some of my correspondents "go crazy over the actors and actresses." Neither can I help it if some of them write me every day, enclosing a fee and demanding answers to questions asked, can I? Pity me more and censure me less.

George C. Bellingham.—Yes, write Advertising Department. Chester Conklin in "Those Love-pangs" (Keystone). Miss Paige was the girl. Clifford Bruce, and not Francis Bushman, altho they resemble each other somewhat.

Quizzer, 666.—You say that since seeing Mary Pickford in "Cinderella" and Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower" and "The Crucible," you are inclined to take the former down from her throne and substitute the latter. Miss Clark is apparently in the photoplay to stay. Dont know much about her yet, and cant say if she is inclined to autograph for her admirers. You know it takes a lot of ink, time and patience. Do you realize that the last day when the printer can accept anything for the June issue is April 13th?

Jess, of Meadville.—Glad to hear the club is in such good standing. Irene Howley was the girl in "Peg o' the Wildwood" (Biograph). Madge Kirby was the friend in "They Called It Baby" (Biograph). Selig didn't answer on the girl in "Breaking into Jail." Millicent Evans was the wife in "The Fatal Wedding" (Klaw & Erlanger). Madge Kirby in "Getting the Sack" (Biograph).

B. M. B.—Thank you for your worthy suggestions. Elsie Macleod, formerly with Edison, now playing leads for Victor.

Gertrude Reel Mad.—Horace Carpenter was Carlos in "The Ghost-breaker" (Lasky). Gertrude Robinson was the sister in "Classmates" (Klaw & Erlanger). Lamar Johnstone was Ryan in "The Fates and Ryan" (Selig).

J. E. Sheridan.—Excellent joke of yours on "The Verdict." You know I cannot possibly publish all the jokes I get.

GETTING ACQUAINTED THRU MOTION PICTURES

LULU C.—Miss Paige in "Curses, They Said" (Keystone). Chester Conklin was her sweetheart. I think that coffee is just as bad as tea for the nerves. Drink neither, or if either, moderately.

MAYFAIR, GREENSBORO. — Ethel Grandin was leading woman in "The Submarine Spy" (Imp). Released on Dec. 28, 1914. Anita Stewart and Harry Morey in "413." No; Florence LaBadie is not dead.

FRED E. S.—So old New Haven is solid for Keystone. The vote on Keystone is close, and at this writing I cant say who's elected. Observation: Exit Sterling, enter Chaplin. Old Father Time carves out a milestone in Motion Pictures every now and then. Since Sterling is now back with Keystone and Chaplin is out, nobody knows who will be IT next year. You say that the Yale Bowl seats 70,000, and that it would not hold the New Haven admirers of Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin and Crane Wilbur. Very well, build a larger bowl.

M. P. FAN.—The play you mention is not a Universal. Perhaps you refer to Vedah Bertram, deceased. Eclectic do not supply information. Harry McCoy was Mabel's husband in "Mabel's and Fatty's Washday" (Keystone).

CARL F.—Ernest Shields and Betty Schade in "The Unmasking" (Universal). Irene Wallace and Matt Moore in "Father's Strategy" (Victor).

THE BRONCHO KID.—Yes, they are. Jere Austin in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler."

AMERICAN CHARLIE, 27.—That leaf you sent me is one of the cleverest things I have seen. How did you ever pick it out so as to make that silhouette figure in it? Much thanks. Have handed your letter over to Miss Hall. It is very clever, but you know we get lots of similar things. Your verse about me was also good.

BETTY, OF C. H. S.—Edward Donnelly was Stephen in "Fatty's Magic Pants" (Keystone). Irene Boyle was Maria in "The School for Scandal" (Kalem). Harry Northrup was Baron Barcells in "413."

R. R., INDIANA.—You are right. The time must come when there will be films 600 feet long, films 1,200 feet long, films 1,800 feet long, etc. Now they must be exactly 1,000 feet, 2,000 feet, or multiples thereof. The present plan will soon be a back number, I think. Tom Moore in "The Black Sheep" (Kalem).

RUTH MACL.—Violet Mersereau was the wife in "The Treason of Anatole" (Imp). Sidney Ayres in "On Desert Sands" (Universal). Georgia French was the child in the same. Ada Snyder was Mrs. Carewe in "The Strange Case of Princess Kahn" (Selig). Anna Luther in "Hounded."

AMORETT.—A friend in need is a friend indeed—if he doesn't need too much. There is one advantage in not having any friends nor credit—it is easy to keep out of debt. Miss Thompson was the girl in "Only a Farmer's Daughter" (Keystone). Frank Farrington was Braine.

ROBERT M. E.—Minta Durfee was the girl in "Fatty and Minne He Haw" (Keystone). Chester Conklin in "In Wild West Love" (Keystone). That player is very popular now, but time will tell. As Rochefoucauld says, "Those who have but one sort of wit are sure not to please long." One kind of funniness soon tires.

LUCILLE DE M.—Franklin Ritchie was Robert in "Crimson Moth" (Biograph). Harry McCoy in that Keystone. Charles West and Claire McDowell in "Only a Kid" (Biograph). W. E. Parsons in "The House of Darkness."

ELIZABETH H.—Yes, that was a peculiar coincidence. I did not quite understand it. That prize is given by our Editor to the author of the best story in the magazine for the month. It has nothing to do with the writing of the scenario.

If I could talk, I'd let folks know
That I'd like to see a Picture Show;
Instead of only saying "Goo,"
I'd say to them, "Please take me too."

KENTUCKIE.—That Keystone is too old. You say I am a funny old man. Nay, nay, child. I haven't a funny bone in my body —not even a funnybone.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Edwin August is with Kinetophote, but I dont think they are releasing many. Ruth Bryan in "The Wolf" (Lubin). You refer to the Fairbank twins in that Thanhouser. Rexford Kendrick was Bob in "Elsie's Uncle" (Victor). Claire Kroll in "My Lady's Boot."

GRACE VAN LOON.—Your wit made a hit. You are the Bill Nye of this department. I thoroly enjoyed your dissertation. Fred Mace was once a dentist in Philadelphia, but he found that town too slow for him, so he stopped pulling teeth and pulled up stakes and did a little moving.

GLADYS F., TUCSON.—Ray McKee in "Her Sideshow Sweetheart" (Lubin). Yours was very interesting, and I would like to hear from you again.

BUSO.—Dont know where Pearl White purchases her beauty creams. Last counting Lillian Gish had 24,480 as leading lady, and many more as beautiful young lady. We publish only the leaders.

MISS G.—Barbara Tennant and O. A. C. Lund are with the World Films. Robert Frazer still with Eclair. They have left the Tucson studio and are now in California. The studio moved to Los Angeles.

FRANK A. O.—Mack Swain was Ambrosio in "Sea Nymphs" (Keystone). It is hard to make money easy, and you have just discovered it.

ETHAN A. B.—Minta Durfee in "Rum and Wall-paper" (Keystone). Charlotte Burton in "Restitution" (American). Guy Coombs and Marguerite Courtot in "The Swamp Fox" (Kalem). Marion Fairbanks in "The Girl Across the Hall."

MISS E. G., CHICAGO.—If you will look up the original announcement of that puzzle contest, you will find that you are in error. Sorry, my dear.

MARIETTE C.—Kind friend, I appreciate the time it took you to write those thirty-seven typewritten pages containing over sixty questions, but really I have to spend a few hours out of every twenty-four in bed. If all of my children were as heartless as you I would soon be spending all my hours in bed. Why not start a magazine yourself? Dont you ever sleep? You nearly put me to sleep.

TONY B.—John Ince and Flora Lea in "Her Weakling Brother" (Lubin). Gertrude McCoy and Augustus Phillips in "Girl Who Kept Books" (Edison). Clara Young with World Film.

ORTHE, OF CHI.—Chester Barnett was Joe in "The Man of the Hour" (World Film). Chester Conklin was Mr. Droppington in "Hushing the Scandal."

KEYSTONE-KERRIGANITE.—Quite a combination. Francelia Billington was the girl in "God of Tomorrow" (Majestic). Mildred Bright and Robert Frazer in "One of the Rabble" (Eclair). Irene Wallace was Irene in "Irene's Busy Day" (Victor). Cecile Arnold in "His Musical Career."

HERMAN.—Hire a hall! I am no fish, but you may drop me a line once in a while, but dont write a book each time.

DOROTHY B.—Edward Jose was the fool, and Theda Bara was the Vampire (Box Office Attraction Co.).

MYRA G. D.—I agree with all you say, but of course there is much more money in acting than in some businesses. Better stay where you are.

N. BROOKFIELD.—Where's your name? Robert Grey was the Sullen One in "The Horse Thief" (Vitagraph).

M. B. L.—Heap much thanks. Selig have a studio in Chicago, also one in Los Angeles. That American play was not written by Miss Greenwood, and the book is not a fiction novel.

L. J. S.—Short "a" in Chaplin, as in chapter. "The Ambition of the Baron" (Essanay) was taken in Chicago. Thanks much for the fee.

EDNA H.—I dont know which letter you refer to.

MOVIE FANETTE.—Harry Northrup was Robert in "Two Women" (Vitagraph). Edna Hamel was the little girl in "Andy Learns to Swim" (Edison).

JOHN B. S.—Biograph players are expected back from California in June. Any one may vote in the Great Cast Contest. Votes have never come in like this before. "Hearts Adrift" was taken in Santa Monica, Cal. Thanks.

J. T. L.—You had better keep on the right side of me—I'm a little hard of hearing in my left ear. Dont rub the fur the wrong way. Fees are not necessary.

GOLDIE S.—Any one may ask questions, whether a subscriber or not. No, it is not "absolutely necessary to know how to swim and how to ride a horse right from the start to be a movie actress." Lots of leading women cant do that. You usually have to apply to the head of the concern, and then you are a long way from acting. Experience is the best teacher.

A. M. CHELSIA.—Alfred Vosburgh was Manley, and Miss Raamussed was Lenore in "Lost in Mid-ocean" (Vitagraph).

Frances Nelson, Hobart Henley, Howard Crampton and Allen Holubar in "The House of Fear" (Imp).

SALATHIEL B., SAYBROOK.—Universal are putting out L-Ko films. Edna Maison's name is pronounced *May-sahn'*, with a slight sneeze at the end. It's French.

EDNA C., STAFFORD.—Lewis Durham was Jim in "A Crook's Sweetheart" (Kay-Bee). You refer to Frances Nelson. William J. O'Neill in "Our Mutual Girl" series. Your verse is very good.

MARIE T.—George Larkin is no longer with Universal. I have such a large family that I cannot remember you all. Have I met you before?

ETHELE MARIE.—Dont know the gentleman. Webster Campbell is now with American. All worthy charities to benefit children should be supported, because it is wiser and cheaper to save children than to punish criminals.

JOHN H., NEWPORT.—"The Path of Wrath" (Pathé) was released in March. Eleanor Woodruff played in it and not Gwendolyn Pates. Eleanor Woodruff is now with Vitagraph.

MAY R.—Thanks for the pair of trousers you so kindly sent me. It is lucky they are paper, or I would certainly wear them. Perhaps his patrons complained of the serials. "Shall we go in and see the pictures?" said he. "No, we might run into one of those continued stories that we wouldn't understand," she replied. And the exhibitor lost twenty cents.

MYRA H., OAKLAND.—Your letters are always so interesting. Edna Maison was the girl in "Terrence O'Rourke" (Victor). Henry Lehrman in "A Muddy Romance" (Keystone). Darwin Karr still with Vita.

MRS. H. A. Q.—So you know Herbert Prior's brother. And Dwight Mead is in stock in Oregon. Picture of Warren Kerrigan and his twin brother in Sept., '13.

BOW-LEGGED BOBBY.—Cleo Madison was the girl in "A Woman's Debt" (Gold Seal). Dorothy Phillips in "A Gentleman of Art" (Imp). Doris Pawn was Dorothy in "Her Bargain" (Universal).

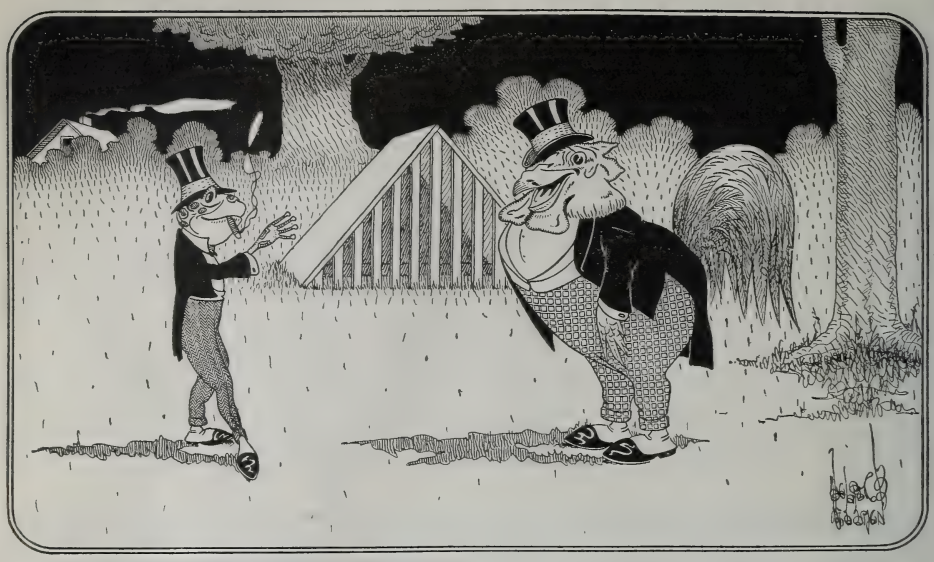
LITTLE MARY.—Mlle. Deslys was lead in "Her Triumph" (Famous Players). Leona Hutton in "On High Seas" (Kay-Bee). Vivian De Wolfe was the girl in "The House of Bondage" with Lottie Pickford. How can you expect me to be courteous to you?

MIRIAM, HARRISBURG.—The best way to get information for debates on Motion Pictures is to read up the "Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher" in all the back issues, and the many special articles we have used. We are now preparing a book containing these facts which will be published later on. Yours was very fine.

BESSIE A.—Frank Wood was Mr. Linton in "The Center of the Web" (Thanhouser). Ida Lewis was the wife in "The Master of the House" (Kay-Bee). Nolan Gane was Mr. Cinderella in that play.

GERTRUDE M. G.—You want a chat with Cleo Madison. You refer to Charles Parrott in the Keystone.

AUNT SALLY.—Awfully much obliged for your clever and complimentary verses. Have given them to Miss Hall with dire threat if she failed to use them in her department.



"I'm getting rich," said Mr. Phrog,
"Tho I was real poor once;
I'm playing in the Movies, and
I do aquatic stunts."

BINA, LYONS.—Georgia Maurice is not playing much now. Accent on second syllable. Thanks for your fine letter.

ADELE C. W.—Dont you know that I get hundreds of those thingumbobs in which a lot of names of plays and players are used to make a story? Yours was very good, but—you understand.

HARRY W.—That was a super that you refer to in "The Bargain." A super is usually a non-professional who represents a waiter, or a member of a crowd. They are also called supernumeraries and supes. The super who leads in the exit or entry of a company of supers is called Captain of the Supers. Charles Chaplin in "The Face on the Barroom Floor." The report that Charles Chaplin is dead is unfounded.

M. D. C., KANSAS CITY.—Monroe Salisbury was opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Goose-girl" (Lasky). William Russell in "The Power of the Press" (Klaw & Erlanger). Gwendolyn Pates in "When Romance Came to Anne" (Imp).

MARY M.—How many times must I tell you people that I do not answer questions on love matters? However, the best way I know of to retain your friend's love is not to return it. Marvel Stafford was the daughter in "The Cross of Fire" (Kay-Bee). Harry McCoy and Minta Durfee in "Rum and Wall-paper" (Keystone).

LITTLE NEWCOMER.—Newcomers are always welcome. The more the merrier. James Ross was Bond in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler" (Kalem). Alice Hollister was the girl. I will be the Answer Man for the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT also, I understand.

ZABE, 18.—Your letter is *nulli secundus*. Louise Orth was the girl in "Rings and Robbers" (Biograph). Rosemary Theby in "The Moth" (Lubin).

MELVA, OREGON.—Lionel Barrymore and Millicent Evans had the leads in "Seats of the Mighty" (Colonial). Victor Sutherland was King in "The Dancer and the King." Thanks for the news.

BILLIE, OF HOUSTON.—Henny Parten was Margaret in "Fires of Affection" (Pathé). Joseph Smiley was opposite Lilie Leslie in "In Her Mother's Footsteps" (Lubin).

NOVEMBER GIRL.—Lamar Johnstone in "Ryan and the Fates" (Selig). Kathlyn Williams and Lamar Johnstone in "The Lady or the Tiger?"

ALLEN S. M.—I usually rise at seven. If I arose any later, my watch would be gone, for it is always going when I get up. Yes, all photoplays should be typewritten, to stand any chance of acceptance.

LILLIAN, OF ALBANY.—You should place your questions at the top of the letter, and then write your personal letter beneath.

H. B. S.—Irene Boyle was Maria, Jere Austin was Joseph, and Guy Coombs was Charles in "School for Scandal" (Kalem). William Shay is no longer with Imp.

MARGUERITE H.—Jackie Saunders was the lead in "The Will-o'-the-Wisp" (Balboa). Henry King had the lead. Yes, fine idea. Wallie Van is always Cutey.

JAYEFF.—Chester Conklin in that Keystone. Dont call the Motion Picture industry the "film game," nor the manager a "showman"; it is undignified, disrespectful and slangy.

LILLIAN H.—Stuart Holmes and Claire Whitney in "Life's Shop-window" (Box Office). No; Anita Stewart is not Julia Swayne's daughter—no relation.

STANLEY M. F.—You ask me how I lived to be seventy-four and kept in good health. I did it by living rightly and by keeping ever before me the magic word Moderation. The things that I like that are not good for me I try not to indulge in excessively. That's the secret. Miss Paige was the girl in "His Taking Ways." Miss Thompson was the daughter. Marin Sais was the lead in "Fatal Opal" (Kalem). Minta Durfee in "Love and Bullets" (Keystone). Get your photos from the manufacturers.

C. F., RACINE.—William Morse and Gwendolyn Pates in "When Romance Came to Anne" (Imp). Ella Hall is with the Western Universal.

MARY A. G.—That's it; stick-to-it-iveness is a good thing, particularly when you are climbing a telegraph pole. Earle Foxe was the husband in "The Vivid Flame" (Selig). Walter Hitchcock in "Life's Shop-window" (Selig). That was Billie Quirk.

W. S. P., LOUISVILLE.—Miss Brown was Nell in "Shorty's Adventures in the City" (Broncho). Roscoe Arbuckle was Fatty in "Fatty, Mabel and the Law" (Keystone). Miss Wallace in "Hushing the Scandal."

GEORGE C., BELLINGHAM.—Cecile Arnold was the girl in "Caught in the Park" (Keystone). The only details I can give is for you to send a stamped, addressed envelope, enclosing $1.00, to Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz., to become a member of the Correspondence Club. It is a good thing.

FOXY.—Thanks for the gum. It came just in time. Alice Davenport and Charles Bennett in "His Talented Wife" (Keystone). Gladys Kingsbury and Frank Cooley in "As a Man Thinketh" (Beauty). Sidney Smith and Elsie Greeson in "At the Transfer Corner" (Selig). Sidney Bracy and Fan Bourke in "Sid Nee's Finish" (Thanhouser). Boyd Marshall and Ethel Jewett in "The Creator of Hunger."

OLGA, 17.—So you miss Bernard Gallagher. He still draws for us occasionally. Good for you! May you live all the days of your life!

MINNE E. I.—Jere Austin in "The Price of Silence." Yes, we adopted simplified spelling from the beginning, but we simplify the spelling of only about 20 words, such as program, kist, thru, tho, etc.

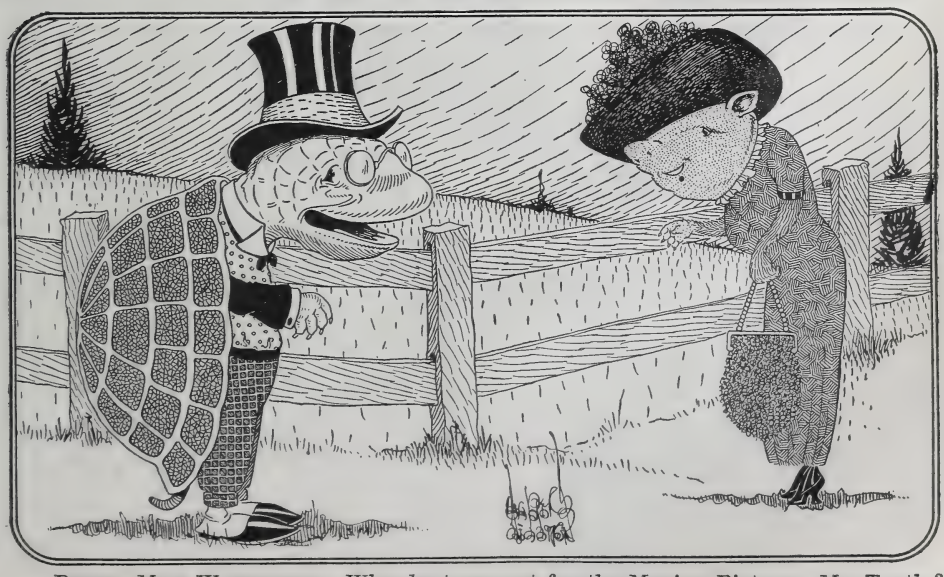
RAY B. W.—Marguerite Loveridge was Tommy in "Runaway June." J. W. Johnston was Ned, and Virginia Kirtley was Helen.

G. M. H.—Robert Warwick in "The Man of the Hour." No. You refer to Ruth Hartman. Nolan Gane was Jack, and Rene Farrington was May in "Shep the Sentinel" (Thanhouser).

ALICE M.—Robert Walker in "In Wolf's Clothing" (Kalem). Robert Ellis in "A Mother's Atonement" (Kalem). Adele Lane was the girl in "Pawn Ticket."

EDDIE F.—Your letters are very bright. Some of the jokes are very fine. You have me wrong. In fact, you haven't me at all. And if you haven't me at all, you haven't me wrong; and therefore you have me right. *Viva la logique!*

RIXAZO.—Charles Chaplin was lead in "Caught in a Cabaret." Minta Durfee in "Sea Nymphs" (Keystone).



PRETTY MISS WOODCHUCK—Why dont you act for the Moving Pictures, Mr. Turtle?
MR. TURTLE—I tried it, but the director said I moved so slowly that he couldn't make it look like a Moving Picture at all.

D. M. C., KANSAS CITY.—Irene Wallace in "The Unexpected Honeymoon" (Victor). Very clever. But just try to repeat this, without looking at it after you have read it: Whisky when I'm well makes me sick; whisky makes me well when I'm sick.

ABE, 99.—You are a very bright child. L. Shumway and Velma Whitman in "His First Case" (Lubin).

LEO F. W.—To find the circumference of a circle multiply the diameter by 3.1416.

MISS MOVING PICTURES (to Uncle Sam)—Look before you leap, Uncle.

To find the diameter of a circle multiply the circumference by .31831. To find the area of a circle multiply the square of the diameter by .7854. But why couldn't you find this information for yourself? William Hart was Jim in "The Bargain" (Kay-Bee). Yes; Norma Talmadge in "Good-by, Summer." Minnie Yvonne in "The Littlest Rebel."

BERTHA V.—Elizabeth Burbridge was Annie in "A Lucky Blowout" (Broncho). Louise Glaum was Ruth. Yes; I got you right, and hence you got left.

GRACE CUNARD ADMIRER.—You have the title wrong on that Gold Seal. Olive Golden was the other girl in "Tess of the Storm Country."

MELVA.—William Faney and Louise Fazenda in "The Baseball Fans of Fanville" (Joker). Bobbie Gould in "Dot's Elopement" (Sterling). You say you would be willing to go one better on Vyrgynya—you would be willing to hide in an ash-can just to get one peek at Robert Leonard. Very well, you have my permission.

B. R. M.—Mary Crouse was Alice, Thomas West was Martin in "Comrade Kitty" (Lubin). Mary Malatesta was Louise, Viola Smith was Mathilda, and Alan Hale was Prosper in "A Scrap of Paper" (Biograph). Alma Russell was Nellie in "A Modern Vendetta" (Selig). Justina Huff, Clarence Elmer in "Who Seeks Revenge."

RAYMOND O.—Mildred Heller was the girl in "The Mettle of Man" (Thanhouser).

ETHEL C.—I am glad you are getting so much enjoyment out of the Club. Vivian Prescott in "His Unwitting Conquest" (Biograph). That Edison prize story hasn't been released yet.

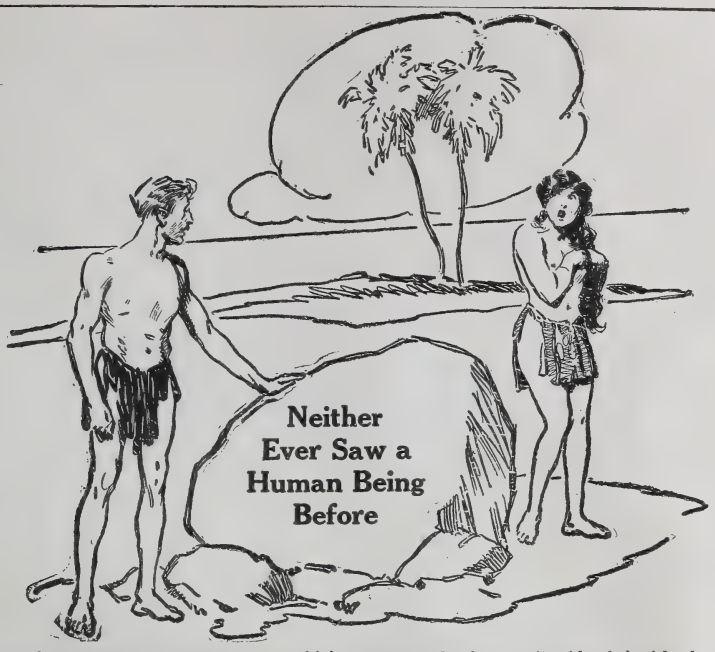
AGNES M.—Dorothy Kelly was the daughter in "Mother's Roses" (Vitagraph). Warren Kerrigan had the lead in "Samson." William D. Taylor in "Captain Alvarez."

MARGARET K. T.—Harry Von Meter in "A Heart of Gold" (American). Cleo Ridgely in "Old Isaacson's Diamonds" (Kalem). Joseph Kaufman in "The Furnace Man" (Lubin). Jade Mullally was the brother in "The Man from Home."

DAISY H.—I cant see that we are so badly off on account of the war. Six months ago we were heavily in debt abroad; now all the world is becoming our debtor. We are exchanging merchandise at war prices for interest-bearing securities at the depreciated prices caused by the war. James Cooley was the brother in "Wildflower."

MAE B.—Walter Fischer and Douglas MacLean in "As Ye Sow." Things move fast in the Moving Picture business: at fifteen a girl wants fame; at twenty she wants wealth; at twenty-five she wants a part. Everybody seems to want to get a picture job these days, and about 1 in 500 has any chance!

LOVELLITE.—Alice Davenport was Mrs. Krinkle in "Other People's Business."



A boy of three is cast on a desert island—all that's left of a ship's company. On the opposite side of the island a baby girl is cast up. Both grow up; neither knows of the other. How they survive—how they meet—what they think—throws a light on how our prehistoric ancestors may have lived—a vivid picture of instinct and need for love. The title of this story is "Primordial," and it is one of many stories—stories that writers like Rex Beach, Booth Tarkington, Robert W. Chambers and others say are some of the best stories ever written by an American author.

Morgan Robertson Is Dead

For years he had been a sailor before the mast, then, when he was 36 years old, came the impulse to write. He wrote his first story on a washtub, on the back of circulars which he was to distribute at $1.00 a day. At once he was famous. He wrote the greatest sea stories that have ever been put on paper. But tales of the sea are not all that he wrote. His fancies play about all conditions of life.

Yet Morgan Robertson was always poor, for his stories appeared in the days before magazines paid big prices to authors, and all he got was fame.

A short time ago McClure's and Metropolitan joined forces to bring to Morgan Robertson's old age the peace and prosperity which were his due.

On March 21st he went to Atlantic City for the first rest of his weary life.

But it was not ordained that he should know repose or freedom from worry this side of the grave.

With the beat of the surf in his ears, with his face turned towards the ocean he loved, Morgan Robertson died on March 23rd.

From the beginning Mr. Robertson had planned that the income from the sale of his books should go to his widow.

And we will keep this trust. On every set sold we will pay Mrs. Robertson a generous royalty. If our plans realize the success they deserve, Morgan Robertson will not have given his all in vain.

4 Volumes
30 Stories
1,000 Pages
300,000 Words
Bound in handsome red cloth
Good Paper
New Type

Here Is Our Offer

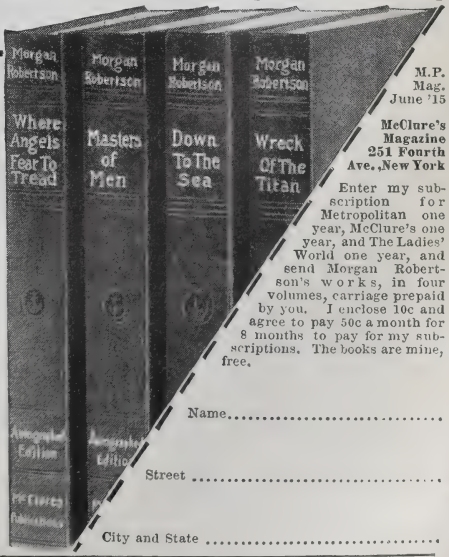
We will send you a handsome set of Morgan Robertson's best works in 4 volumes without charge—WE will pay for them—WE will pay the cost of getting them to you—and WE will pay a royalty to Mrs. Robertson—if you will pay for one year's subscription to McClure's, Metropolitan, and The Ladies' World at less than retail prices and in little installments.

Send Only 10c Now You will receive at once the set of books and the first copies of Metropolitan, McClure's and The Ladies' World. You then send us 50c a month for only 8 months. And that's all.

If you prefer to pay all at once send only $3.75 with order. (Personal checks accepted.)

For a set in handsome 3-4 Leather binding, send $6.50 with order. (Canadian and foreign postage extra. Magazines may be sent to different addresses if desired. If you are at present a subscriber to either magazine your subscription will be extended.)

McClure's Magazine, 251 Fourth Ave., New York



M.P. Mag. June '15

McClure's Magazine
251 Fourth Ave., New York

Enter my subscription for Metropolitan one year, McClure's one year, and The Ladies' World one year, and send Morgan Robertson's works, in four volumes, carriage prepaid by you. I enclose 10c and agree to pay 50c a month for 8 months to pay for my subscriptions. The books are mine, free.

Name.....

Street .....

City and State .....

ZELASO.—Belle Bennett in "What the Crystal Told" (Majestic). Marguerite Loveridge in that Reliance. Verna Mersereau in "The Dancer" (Kalem).

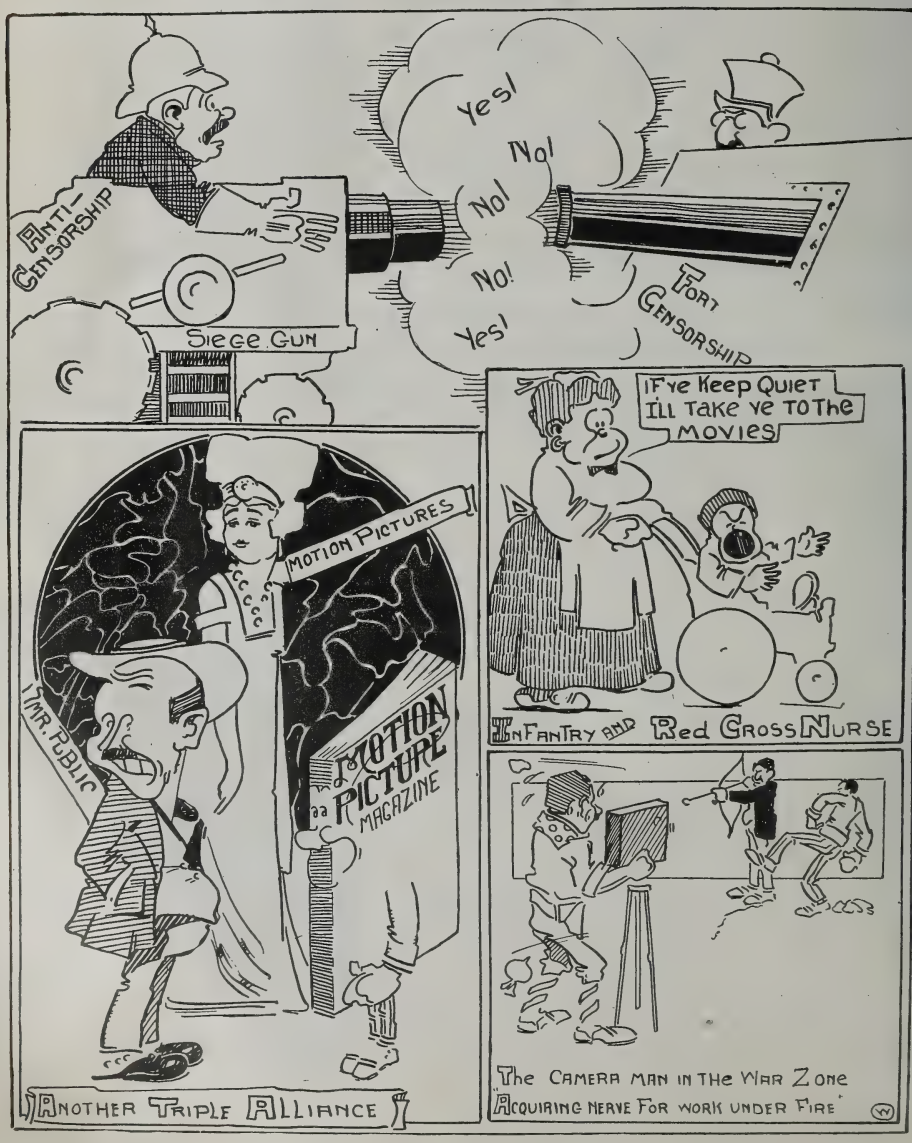
J. A. C. (K).—You say that in July '13 issue the Photoplay Philosopher made twenty-five prophecies, and that eleven of them have already come true. Now watch out for the other fourteen. I think Keystone was Charles Chaplin's first company, and Essanay the second. You ask who is considered the greatest penman. I know of none greater than "Jim the Penman." Certainly you may call again, and right welcome you will be.

ABE, 99.—Your last question I have answered before: "Is life worth living?" It all depends on the liver. Joseph Kaufman in "The Furnace Man" (Lubin). Harry Von Meter was Jim in "A Heart of Gold" (American). Jack Richardson and Vivian Rich had the leads.

KITTY MCC.—I haven't noticed that the photoplayers have irregular teeth. I think most of them have regular teeth. Lilie Leslie had the lead in "Daughters of Men" (Lubin).

ANDREW G. H.—I couldn't spare the room for that cut in this department.

FLORENCE WARNER, ET AL.—Your request for certain chats and pictures has been handed to the Editor, and his answer was encouraging, but you ask for a whole lot, and so you mustn't expect it all at once.



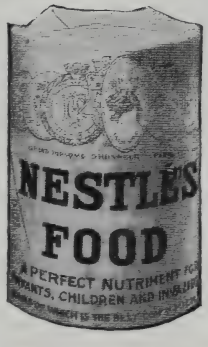
YOUR baby's business is to eat and sleep. And he can't sleep if his food is not just right. So to make yours a "Better Baby" follow these rules—

For the first six months give your own breast milk, if you can, and if it begins to fail, add one or two feedings of Nestlé's Food, because that is so close to mother's milk that baby won't feel the difference; give the baby a little cool water between feedings.

After six months if you are nursing your baby, wean him gradually on Nestlé's. Give him a spoonful of orange juice once a day, an hour before feeding; a spoonful of fresh beef juice after he is eight months old; and when his teeth come, a bit of hard cracker to exercise them on after his feeding.

Don't give him anything more. Don't give him cow's milk. If you could milk the cow yourself and cover the milk up and carry it to your baby, and you could know that the cow was healthy, it might be safe to give your baby cow's milk. Even then, it would be hard to digest, and you would have to modify it. Don't experiment on your baby. Be safe—take the best modification known to science

Nestlé's Food



Remember that five times as many mothers use it today as seven years ago. The more mothers wake up to the truths about keeping babies well, the more they use Nestlé's food. Nestlé's, as it comes to you in its air-tight can, needs only water to make it ready for your baby. Made from the clean milk of healthy cows in sanitary dairies—the curds that hurt your baby modified by a cereal that makes the curds as soft and fleecy as in mother's milk, and the things your baby needs, added. Nestlé's is clean, light and safe for the tiniest and most delicate baby.

Send Coupon for sample can of Nestle's—enough for 12 times. Send for the Book about babies and their care by Specialists.

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Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

Name.....

Address.....

ALICE L. B.—You say you think the letters in this department are not genuine. Stop in some day, and I will let you read a couple of thousand of them. Walter Miller, Millicent Evans and Irene Howley in "The Fatal Wedding" (Klaw & Erlanger). Vivian Prescott and Franklin Ritchie in "The New Magdalen." Edward Cecil in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" (Biograph).

ARTSTEW.—Yes, your drawing of Antonio Moreno looks very much like him. It is not for me to say whether Universal pictures are as good as the General Film ones. Opinions differ, perhaps. Ruth Stonehouse never played with the Moores to my knowledge.

DODO.—George Spencer was Jules in "The Wolf" (Lubin). William Cohill was Hontley in "Crowning Glory" (Lubin). John Ince was John in "Are They All the Same Man?"

WALTER E. M.—You will have to judge for yourself who the greatest child player is. There are Bobby Connelly, Helen Costello, Billy Jacobs, Marie Eline, Helen Badgely, Audrey Berry, etc., etc., to choose from.

FRED W.—Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot in "Black Sheep" (Kalem). Elizabeth Burbridge in "Face on the Ceiling."

OLIVE M. W.—Madeline and Marion Fairbanks are the Thanhouser Twins. Thanks for your invitation to come to Australia. Perhaps, when I get a day off.

EKAL TIRIPS.—Yes; "Brewster's Millions" has been filmed. "The Spoilers" was filmed in California. The so-called Miracle Plays were founded on the historic parts of the Old and New Testaments and on the lives of the saints. They were first performed in churches, and then on platforms in the streets, and were designed to instruct the people in Bible history. In Germany these plays were suppressed, with the exception of the famous one at Oberammergau.

MARGUERITE K. T.—You apparently have a sound mind. I understand that Lillian Russell has had five different husbands. She has evidently been trying to get a good one.

BILLY, '11.—Your letters are very interesting. We do not use an apostrophe in "dont" nor "cant," as most publications do, for the simple reason that our Editor thinks that the apostrophe is superfluous. These words, "cant" and "dont," have become regular words now. We use an apostrophe in "doesn't" because that is not a word and because the apostrophe stands for a letter that has been omitted.

BOB BUNNY, No. 3.—Glen White was Garrison, Stuart R. Morris was Bob, and Leona Morgan was Myrtle in "Wildfire" (World). Gerda Holmes and Rapley Holmes had both left Essanay.

LILLIE MAY CALDWELL.—Your petition, signed by several readers, asking for certain chats, has been handed to the Editor, and he says that the request shall be granted as soon as space permits.

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Perfect Your Figure

My motion picture "Neptune's Daughter," and my own exhibitions on the stage, show what my course of Physical Culture has done for me.

Become my pupil and it will do as much for you. Devote but fifteen minutes daily to my system and you can weigh what Nature intended. In the privacy of your own home you can reduce any part of your figure burdened with superfluous flesh or build up any part that is undeveloped.

My course tends to make a figure perfectly proportioned throughout—a full rounded neck; shapely shoulders, arms and legs; a fine, fresh complexion; good carriage with erect poise and grace of movement.

Improve Your Health

My system stimulates, reorganizes and regenerates your entire body. It helps transform your food into good, rich blood. It strengthens your heart, lungs and other organs, conquering all weaknesses and disorders and generating vital force.

My book, "The Body Beautiful," should be read by every woman, and *I will send it to you free.* It explodes the fallacy that lack of beauty or health cannot be avoided. In it I explain how every woman can be **vigorous, healthy and attractive.**

I have practised what I teach. In childhood I was puny and deformed. I have overcome all weaknesses by my own natural, drugless methods. Millions of people have seen in me a living demonstration of my unique system of health-culture and body-building. If you are weak, nervous, fat, thin, unshapely, tired, lacking vitality or in any other respect not at your very best, I can surely be of service to you.

MY GUARANTEE:

With my free book, "The Body Beautiful," which is fully illustrated with photographs of myself explaining my system, I give full particulars of my Guarantee Trial Plan, whereby you can test the value of my instruction without risking a single penny.

Send 2-cent stamp for "The Body Beautiful" and Trial Plan to-day

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WE have exhausted the first edition of "Here Lies," but not its demand. A second edition is now ready. This clever and timely booklet on **How Not To Write** photoplays is invaluable to bewildered and discouraged writers. The greatest obstacle in the road to success is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. At least 80% of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified and buried in "Here Lies." Read what studio editors think of it:

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LAWRENCE McCLOSKEY,
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Its subtle humor is delicious, while underlying it all there is so much truth that it is worth reading many times. It is of value to the trained and professional author, as well as to the amateur.
CALDER JOHNSTONE,
Universal Film Manufacturing Co.,
Pacific Coast Studios.

It would save some of these poor beginners many a heart-ache if they would learn what to avoid, and you seem to have struck the keynote in your Dont list.
LOUELLA I. PARSONS,
Editor of Scenarios, Essanay Film Manufacturing Co.

If "Here Lies" gets the circulation it certainly deserves, it should be a boon to writers and reconstructors who have to doctor up their work.
GEORGE RIDGWELL,
Of Vitagraph Company of America.

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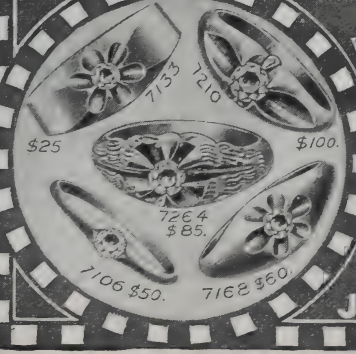

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MT. BEACON, N. Y.—Thank you for your very intelligent and appreciatory letter. It did me good, and I am captive.

ALBERT LAMONDA.—So you have joined the merry throng of daffydill writers. Very well; the more, the merrier.

M. A. D.—Yes, thanks, the picture was very pretty. You failed to send the envelope. Thanks for the green soap.

HELEN W. R.—The Strand charges 10c, 15c and 25c, and the Vitagraph Theater charges 25c, 50c and 75c. The latter used to charge $1.00. Yes; Clara Williams in "The Italian."

J. F. A. SHENNAN.—Sidney Chaplin, brother of Charles Chaplin, was the husband in "Among the Mourners" (Keystone). Miss Page in "The New Janitor" (Keystone). Madge Kirby in "The Gypsy Talisman" (Biograph). Walter Coyle in "Saved by Their Chee-ild." You had better consult the advertising department.

B. M., NEW YORK.—Bliss Milford is no longer with Edison. You refer to Leona Hutton in "Two-gun Hicks" (Broncho). You wont have to wait so long between magazines, now that the new one is started. The MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT will be placed on sale on the 20th of each month, beginning this summer.

HAROLD C. B.—Robert Grey in that Kalem detective. We have never published his picture in the magazine.

EDNA C. STAFFORD.—Chester Conklin had the lead in "How Heroes Are Made" (Keystone). Frank Offerman was the father and Miss Thompson the girl. Dont know which prize you mean.

R. M. S.—No; I know nothing of the Washington Film Company. There seems to be a new one every day.

BIRALEE, AUSTRALIA. — Thanks. Your Biograph questions are too old. They dont give casts for the old plays. Sorry. Romaine Fielding in "The Teamster" (Lubin). Anna Nilsson and Guy Coombs in "Romance of a Dixie Belle" (Kalem).

P. D. Q.—Mary Pickford is now in Los Angeles. Thanks for the cigar, which I found to be an excellent one. Since you have so much time, I expect to hear from you oftener—but dont forget the cigar.

MILDRED M.—The child was not cast in that play. Your letter was very interesting. Glad to hear from you any time.

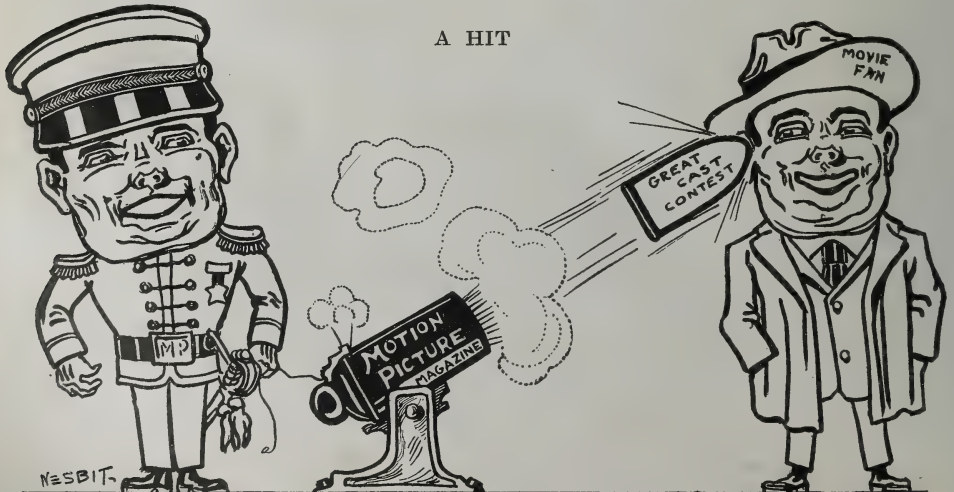
THOMAS Z.—I have laid your complaint before the Editor, and he is investigating it. I know that many times he has returned money to advertisers because he refused to carry their advertisements. He has frequently investigated the character of advertisers, and our policy has always been to accept no advertising of a doubtful nature or where we believe the advertiser is unable to do what he claims. Of course, it would be impossible to investigate every advertiser before accepting his ad. We carry over 165 different advertising accounts each month, and we believe they are all reliable people. As soon as we find any of them are not, out they go!

ROSEBUD.—That was Viola Dana in "Portrait in the Attic." Her picture will be on our July cover. What was the name of the company?

BILLY ROMAINE.—You are a lucky boy. When we are young, we have all we can do to keep from laughing when we shouldn't; when we grow older, we have all we can do to laugh when we should. It is a great thing to be able to laugh at some of the alleged comedies with which we are now afflicted.

LORETTA E. M.—Thanks very much. Arthur Ashley is with Thanhouser again. If you have what you want you have as much as the most.

A HIT



THAT SHOT CERTAINLY HIT THE MARK

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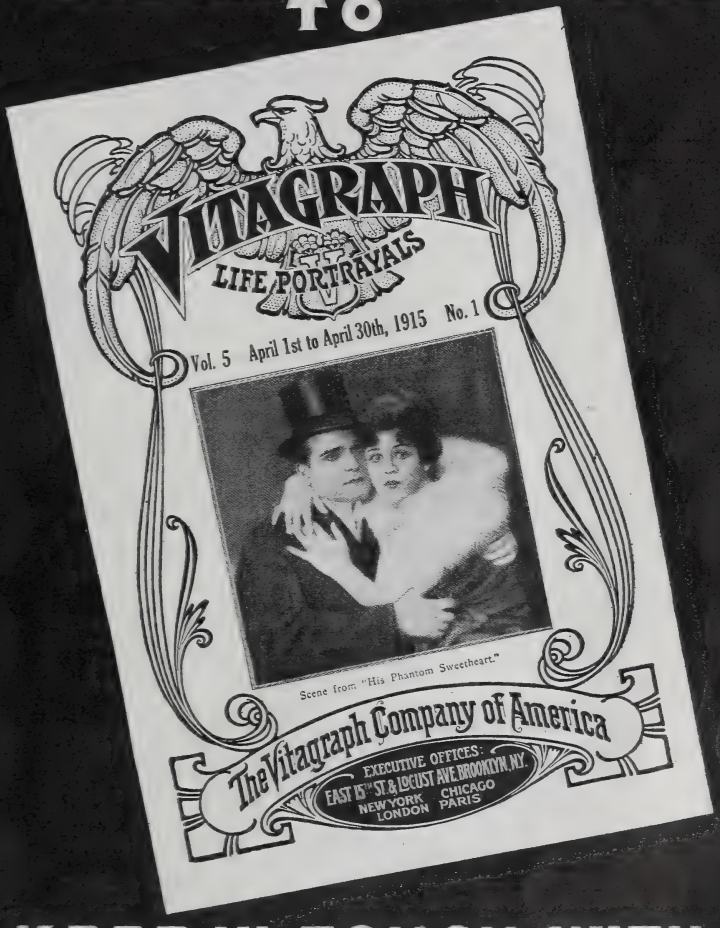
VITAGRAPH
LIFE PORTRAYALS
Vol. 5 April 1st to April 30th, 1915 No. 1
Scene from "His Phantom Sweetheart."
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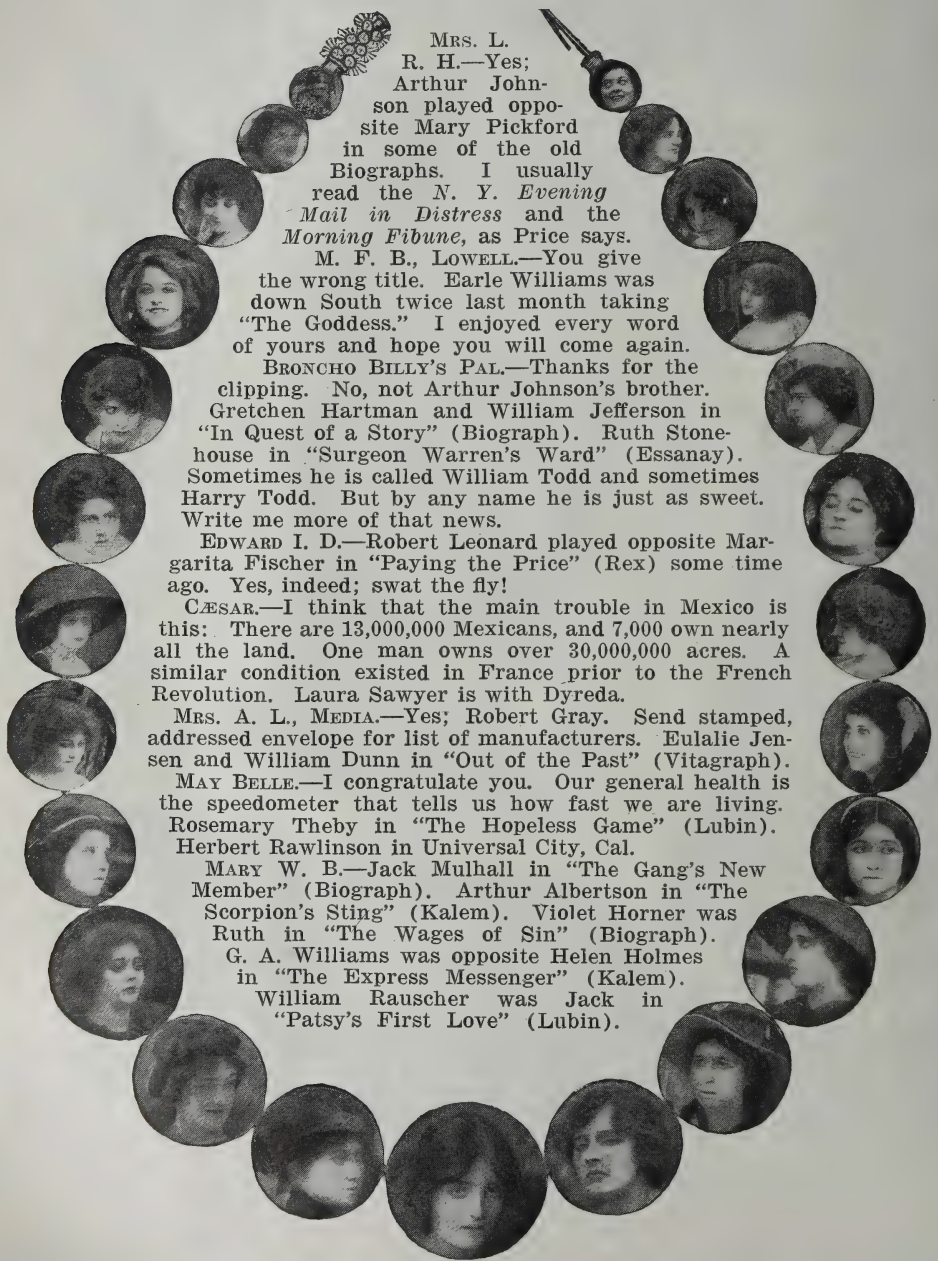
BROOKLYN NEW YORK

I. P., WILKES-BARRE.—Much thanks for the kind Easter remembrance.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Thanks for the bunch of flowers. You say you dont like Alice Joyce's hair-dress. Dont you know that it is the latest? Even I know that. Ruby Hoffman was the duchess in "Mistress Nell" (Famous Players).

FRANCES H.—So you are anxious to see the SUPPLEMENT. It is going to be the greatest ever, and I will have a department in it. I am not your friend unless I am willing to share in your misfortunes. I wish I could help you.

CAROLYN, N. Y.—Harry Carter was Wilkerson, Alan Forest was Drake in "The Master Key." William Ehfe in "The Game of Life" (Kay-Bee). Several were disappointed because Harold Lockwood isn't playing opposite Mary Pickford.

MRS. L. R. H.—Yes; Arthur Johnson played opposite Mary Pickford in some of the old Biographs. I usually read the *N. Y. Evening Mail in Distress* and the *Morning Fibune*, as Price says.

M. F. B., LOWELL.—You give the wrong title. Earle Williams was down South twice last month taking "The Goddess." I enjoyed every word of yours and hope you will come again.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—Thanks for the clipping. No, not Arthur Johnson's brother. Gretchen Hartman and William Jefferson in "In Quest of a Story" (Biograph). Ruth Stonehouse in "Surgeon Warren's Ward" (Essanay). Sometimes he is called William Todd and sometimes Harry Todd. But by any name he is just as sweet. Write me more of that news.

EDWARD I. D.—Robert Leonard played opposite Margarita Fischer in "Paying the Price" (Rex) some time ago. Yes, indeed; swat the fly!

CÆSAR.—I think that the main trouble in Mexico is this: There are 13,000,000 Mexicans, and 7,000 own nearly all the land. One man owns over 30,000,000 acres. A similar condition existed in France prior to the French Revolution. Laura Sawyer is with Dyreda.

MRS. A. L., MEDIA.—Yes; Robert Gray. Send stamped, addressed envelope for list of manufacturers. Eulalie Jensen and William Dunn in "Out of the Past" (Vitagraph).

MAY BELLE.—I congratulate you. Our general health is the speedometer that tells us how fast we are living. Rosemary Theby in "The Hopeless Game" (Lubin). Herbert Rawlinson in Universal City, Cal.

MARY W. B.—Jack Mulhall in "The Gang's New Member" (Biograph). Arthur Albertson in "The Scorpion's Sting" (Kalem). Violet Horner was Ruth in "The Wages of Sin" (Biograph). G. A. Williams was opposite Helen Holmes in "The Express Messenger" (Kalem). William Rauscher was Jack in "Patsy's First Love" (Lubin).

A STRING OF PEARLS

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MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT

the first issue of which will be the September number, on sale on or before August 20, and successive numbers on the 20th of each month thereafter.

For years the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have been asking us to make the magazine a weekly or a semi-monthly, and we have long felt the need of reaching our readers oftener than once a month—of delivering our message more promptly. During the last year or two the Motion Picture industry has grown by leaps and bounds, and so has our magazine; but twelve numbers a year are not enough to say what we have to say. Instead of changing our present magazine into a semi-monthly, which might displease some of our readers—principally those who feel that they cannot afford to pay fifteen cents twice a month—we have decided to continue our present monthly magazine just as it is, without any change whatever, and to issue another brand-new magazine, which will come out just fifteen days later. It will be 9½ x 12½ in size, and will really be wonderful in its beauty. It will have very much the same departments as its sister, namely, a Gallery of Popular Players, Chats, Brief Biographies, Stories, Greenroom Jottings, and an Answer Department conducted by our own inimitable Answer Man. Those who wish to have their queries answered in the first issue may address them the same as before, except that on the top of each sheet must be written, "For the Supplement." The same editors and writers, the same departments, the same printer, the same publisher—our own readers will surely be enthusiastic about this new magazine. It will not be necessary for readers of one publication to read the other, for each is complete in itself and entirely different from the other in material, altho the general character will be the same. The front cover will be a beautiful picture of Gertrude McCoy, in three colors.

Price 15 cents the copy; subscriptions $1.75 the year. Watch for further announcements in our July and August numbers.

ADVERTISING RATES (until further notice)

Inside page, $100; fourth cover, $200; inside covers, $125; one column, $34; two columns, $68; one inch, $3.50. Size of text page, 8 x 10; size of one column, 2⅝ x 10; size of double columns, 5½ x 10. Hence, plates and cuts of standard magazine size can be used. Advertising forms close Aug. 1st.

WAIT FOR IT! WATCH FOR IT!

Address all communications and contributions to

MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, 173 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARGARET P.—Edwin Clarke had the lead in "The Poisoned Bit" (Edison). Yes; I have several imitators, God bless 'em. We lead, others follow. Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

NANCY G.—Oh, yes, the film manufacturers love official censors—about as much as barbers love the inventor of safety razors. Louise Vale in "File Number 113." Of course you are welcome.

WESTIE.—I believe you refer to Stella Razetto. Write to our Circulation Manager. George Field was Angelone in "The Alarm of Angelone" (Mutual). Muriel Ostriche was the girl in "Check No. 130" (Princess), but she is now with Vitagraph. Some players are prompt in answering, while others never answer.

MAMIE D.—Many thanks for the strawberries. Elizabeth Burbridge was the girl in "Midas of the Desert" (Kay-Bee). A picture of Boyd Marshall for the Gallery is on its way. Betty Teare was the girl in "Love versus Chickens" (Kalem). She also played in "You'll Find Out."

LENORE M.—Chester Barnett opposite Vivian Martin in "The Wishing Ring" (World). E. K. Lincoln and Anita Stewart in "The Wreck." We are the people who put Brooklyn on the map, aren't we?

IRENE L. C.—Say, kindly dry up and blow away. Your letter was absolutely nonsensical and silly. I try hard to be patient, but you are enough to drive a man to drink and profanity.

BUSHMANITE.—Elizabeth Burbridge was Mary in "Mother Huldah." You are wrong. Boyd Marshall in "Nell's Strategy" (Princess). Marin Sais and Paul Hurst in "Smugglers of the Lone Mountain Isle."

MARTHA Y.—What are you trying to do? Get me in trouble? I think Mr. Bushman is a better player than Williams in some things, and I think Mr. Williams is a better player than Mr. Bushman in some things. They are both friends of mine, but I guess you are not.

REDHEAD.—Yes; I agree with you entirely about William Hart. He is a fine player. You say you are down on anybody who says that Mary Pickford has any equals. Very well, thumbs down! We'll eat them alive!

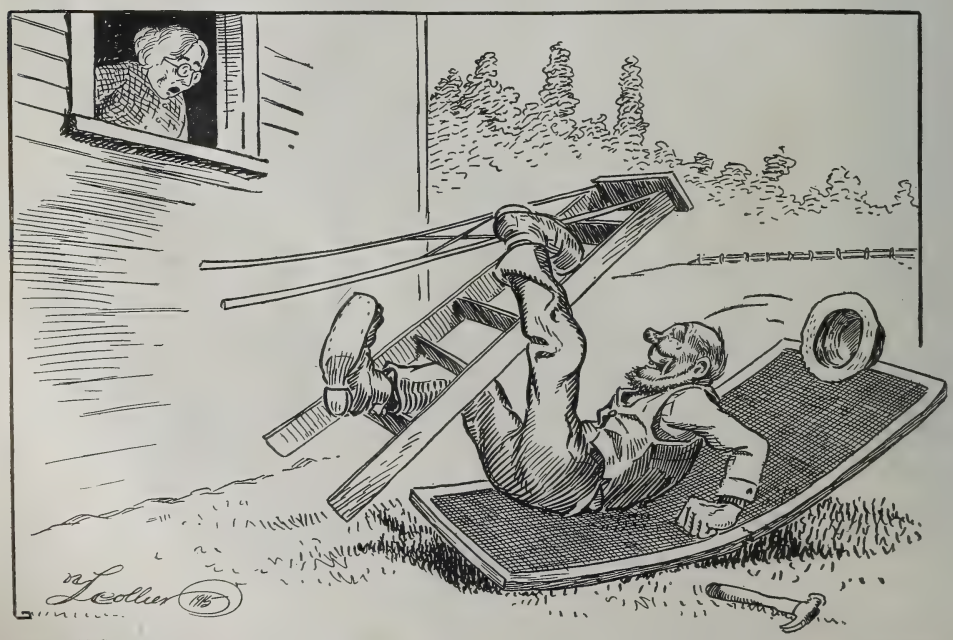
GLEN G. SABETHA.—Yes; Mary Ruby in "The Tragedy of Whispering Creek" (Bison). Mary Ruby also in "The Sobsister" (Rex). She was with Vita last.

MRS. E. M. L.—"The Deerslayer" is not being shown any more, but it should be. Thanhouser's "Shep" once played for Vitagraph, but he is dead now.

CURIOUS KIT.—Marshall Neilan in "Ham, the Piano Mover" (Kalem). When you say that Donald Hall is the most graceful and courtly man in the pictures, you wont find many who will disagree. I have over 12,000 index cards in files.

PEGGY FROM NEVADA.—Mr. Williams did not play a leading part in "My Official Wife"; he was only one of the alsorans. So you like Cleo Madison and George Larkin best.

FLY-TIME PRIZE PICTURE PUZZLE



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Here is a List of some of our sales. In further announcements we will publish many others:

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PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BRIGHTON B.—You refer to Dr. Samuel Johnson, whom Boswell made famous, and who "sat in his easy-chair and was for twenty years the literary oracle of the world." In 1775 he completed the first large dictionary of the English language after eight years' solid labor on it. Ernest Shields was Thompson in "Lucille Love" series.

MARGARET MCL.—Arthur Hoops was the prince in "Aristocracy." Monroe Salisbury was the king in "The Goose-girl."

MARTHA Y., OLNEY.—David Thompson was lead in "The Man with the Hoe" (Thanhouser). Louise Glaum was the scrub in "The Scrub" (Domino). James McLaughlin was Dick. Thomas Chatterton and Gladys Brockwell in "The Worth of a Life" (Kay-Bee).

LESTER C., WHITEMARSH.—I think you refer to Thomas Chatterton. Charles Murray was Hogan in "Hogan's Mussy Job."

FLOWER EVELYN.—Yours was as interesting as ever. "Sinners" and "Experience" were very good. I agree with you that "Underneath the Paint" and "Strange Story of Sylvia Gray" were not up to the Vitagraph standard, but "A Breath of Araby" was, tho not particularly pleasing.

TOTSIE, 19.—Mildred Harris in "The Social Ghost" (Broncho). Leona Hutton was the girl. Henry Walthall in "Strongheart." Mr. Horne was the lover in "The Closed Door" (Victor). Mona Darkfeather in "A Forest Romance" (Bison). Harry Von Meter was Chubuna in same.

QUINCY.—Gertrude McCoy was Virgin Mary in "The Birth of Our Saviour" (Edison). Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little in "The Open Shutters" (Gold Seal). Robert Ellis was the brother in "The Family Black Sheep" (Kalem). Marion Warner was the girl in "The Old Code" (Selig).

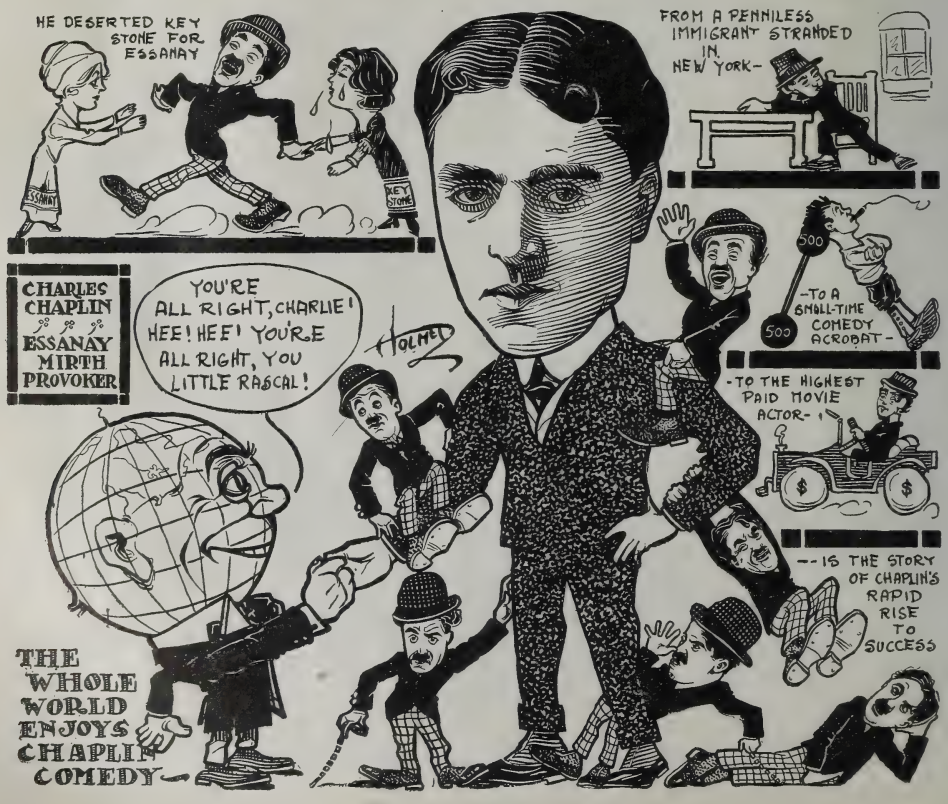
BURNETT.—"Hearts Adrift" was taken on the Pacific Coast. You cannot expect me to be nice to you if you call me a woman.

THE UNKNOWN.—I am sorry you complain. Violet MacMillan and Thomas Chatterton in "A Modern Noble" (Domino). You are wrong on my age.

CHARLES E. K.—No; I believe Miss White sent the photograph herself. I saw you in the office the other day, but you didn't see me. I was in my cage.

MELVA.—No, my child, I never get tired answering questions. I like it. You are certainly some chou-chou when you get going. That marriage in an aeroplane was certainly a fine example of high tied.

ABE F.—Viola Dana in "The Blind Fiddler" (Edison). Arthur Allardt, Joseph Franz and Edyth Sterling in "Poison."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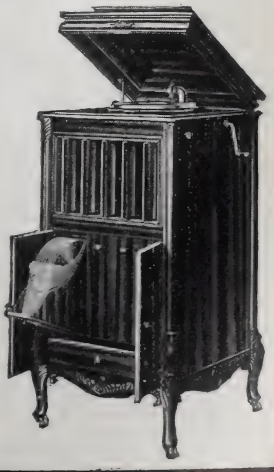

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Lucile T.—Whoa, back up! Kindly hold in your horses. Zounds and gadzooks! Elizabeth Burbridge was the girl in "Mother Huldah" (Broncho). Webster Campbell opposite her. Alice Joyce has played only for Kalem.

E. G. B. B.—If you dont feel like subscribing, you can make sure of not missing any issue by placing an order with your theater or newsdealer. Our February number was sold out before it had been out a week. We printed about 10,000 more for March, and the whole edition was soon sold out, and the same was true of the April and May issues. You should have gone to another newsstand, because some stands have a few left when others are sold out and cant get any more. James Cruze was chatted in January, '14.

Ouilla of Beanville.—One person in every eighty in the U. S. possesses an automobile, I believe, but I am not among that number. Eugenie Besserer was Lucille in "A Woman at Forty," and Margaret Allen was the girl in "If at First You Dont Succeed."

George K.—Marguerite Courtot was the singer in "The Cabaret Singer" (Kalem). Adrienne Kroell was Rosemary, and Renee Kelly was Grace in "Love vs. Pride" (Selig). Clara Young was Ada in "David Garrick" (Vitagraph).

Eckie.—Universal is the name of the company which distributes films for Rex, Eclair, Imp, etc. That ship was sunk purposely. Ages are taboo.

David S.—You are in error, my child. The proportion of fiction books to the total number of books published in this country has been steadily declining for the past six or seven years. In 1908 the proportion of fiction was 16.1 per cent.; in 1912, 9.3 per cent.; in 1914, 8.77 per cent. We are thirsting for knowledge.

R. C. M., Miami.—Thanx. Mabel Van Buren was Mary in "The Circus Man" (Lasky). Kathlyn Williams was Cherry in "The Spoilers." Louise Vale and Franklyn Ritchie in "The Crimson Moth."

Julia S.—You mean Harry Benham and not John Brennan. Address the former care of Thanhouser, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Dorothy J.—George Larkin was Alan Law in "Trey o' Hearts." Theodore Roberts was Col. Lauder in "Where the Trail Divides" (Lasky). Edwin Wallack and Adda Gleason in "The Mystery of the Seven Chests" (Selig).

Movie Fan, Canley.—Frank Hallock and Iva Shepard in "His Own Blood" (Powers). Henry King has been with Balboa for the last year or so.

Dorothy L.—You may just as well give your cow beer and expect her to give malted milk as to ask me which is the best company and expect to get an answer. There is no company in existence, however, that does not put out a poor film once in a while. The greater the output, the more chance is there to let a poor one slip by. The company that can produce seven plays a week and have them all excellent has not yet arrived. Henrietta Crosman was Mrs. Hatch in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch."

Lloyd B.—Thank you for saying that I am good at cracking jokes, but I am not guilty. Since I do not use Force, I cant crack even jokes. (Stand a little back, reader; these lightning flashes of wit are apt to happen at any minute.) You refer to Cleo Madison and George Larkin. George Periolat in "Out of the Valley," with Warren Kerrigan and Vera Sisson, but he is now with American. Murdock MacQuarrie and Agnes Vernon in "Her Grave Mistake" (Universal). Dorothy Phillips in "Tempest and Sunshine."

Lois.—Seems to me you are rather strenuous and wicked, since you both kill and drown, but since you only kill time and drown sorrow at the photoshow you are excused. Robert Ellis was the doctor in the Kalem.

Edward.—Chester Conklin and Charles Chaplin in "Dough and Dynamite" (Keystone). Afton Mineer in "Limping to Happiness." Charles Clary was Prince Umballah in the "Kathlyn" series.

Peggy.—House Peters and Beatrice Michelena in "Salomy Jane." No, one is Dorothy Donnell, and the other is Dorothy Donnelly. Ruth Hartman was Alice in "The Last Chapter." Arline Pretty in "The Treasure Train" (Imp). Miss Wallace was the girl in "Wild West Love." Frances Nelson was the girl in "Mystery of Seaview Hotel."

John M.—Mabel Van Buren in "The Girl of the Golden West." Address Signe Auen, Majestic Co., 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Jeannie McPherson was Ninci in "The Girl of the Golden West." Francis Ford was Jim in "The Ghost of Smiling Jim."

Anna B. Y.—Ah, the days are all too short! I agree with you entirely about Mrs. Mary Maurice, a splendid mother.

Myrtle S.—Charles Clary is with the Mutual Co. Yes, there is a slight similarity between "Hearts Adrift" and "The Island of Regeneration." But I am informed that Mr. Brady, who wrote the latter story, sued the Famous Players Co. and made them pay damages for infringement of his copyright, but it was an infringement of another and entirely different story from the latter.

Olga, 17.—You refer to the dachshund dog, which is defined as a low-down dog, so long that if you pat his head on Sunday his tail will not wag till Monday. What! Going to write me every day? Isn't that delightful! That will indeed be paradise.

Polly Ann.—Peerless films are released under the World Film Co. Yours was very interesting.

CHARLES A. B.—William Jefferson was servant in "Three Hats" (Biograph). Ruth Roland, and Paul C. Hurst was Thompson in "The Apartment House Mystery" (Kalem). Louise Orth in "Gems and Germs" (Universal).

DOROTHY A.—Robert Leonard as John Dore, Ella Hall as Ruth, Wilbur Highby her father and Harry Carter as Harry Willerson in "The Master Key" (Rex).

GLADIOLA, PROVIDENCE.—Rhea Mitchell was Mary in "The Gamekeeper's Daughter" (Domino). Cyril Gotlieb and Mildred Harris in "When America Was Young" (Broncho). Harris Gordon in "The Reader of Minds" (Thanhouser). Walter Edwards and Louise Glaum in "The Panther" (Broncho). I am astonished! Consistency, thou art a mule!

B. M. S.—Frank Lanning was Flattery in "The Love Victorious" (G. S.). Edwin Clarke in "The Price of Human Lives."

MARGARET C. G.—William Ehfe in "The Girl at the Throttle" (Kalem) as fireman.

WITCH HAZEL.—Glad to see you back. You must forgive your poor old Answer Man. The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old. Wallace Reid was Will in "The Three Brothers" (Majestic).

LU ELLEN M.—Thank you for the jar of jam, which was fine. Frances Nelson in "The Thread of Life" (Rex) as the nurse. Marie Weirman was Mayme.

MARIE E. T.—William Shay in that Imp. Hobart Henley was the son. Norma Phillips is the Mutual Girl. Arthur Donaldson was Gilbert in the "Runaway June" pictures.

ONTARIO GIRL.—Your comments on that trick reminds me of the boy who wondered how it was that cats should have two holes cut in their coats exactly at the places where their eyes were. Yes; Jack Pickford was in "Wildflower."

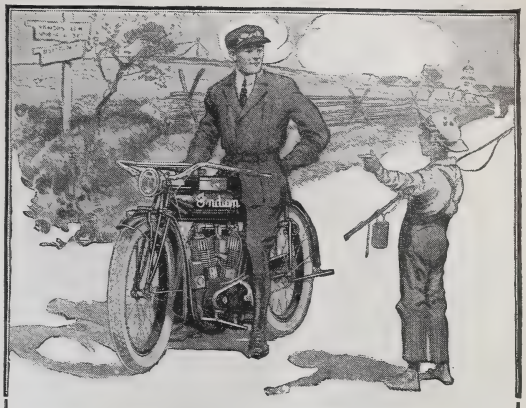
BABYOLA.—Sorry, but that was not a Lubin. Jere Austin and Guy Coombs in "The Swindler" (Kalem). Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower." I dont think the Germans will give in unless they give out.

LILLIAN S.—Pauline Bush was Mary, and Laura Oakley was the model in "Star of the Sea."

IVAN W. D.—Hillie Rhodes in "Race with the Limited" (Kalem). She also played in "Salt Mackerel Mine." Mona Darkfeather in "Grey Eagle's Last Stand" (Kalem). Betty Gray in "In Tango Flat."

M. E., HOUSTON.—Gretchen Hartman was the girl in "The First Law" (Biograph). Edna and Alice Nash in "The Athletic Family." They are no longer with Vitagraph. Monroe Salisbury in "The Goose-girl" with Marguerite Clark. Josephine Ditt in "The End of a Perfect Day." I admire both Mary and Maggie.

MELVA.—I hope you dont mean rubber. Balboa produced "St. Elmo." Only a cheese sandwich and a glass of buttermilk when I write. No beer.



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Wm. G. S.—Playgoers Co. produced "The Great Diamond Robbery."

Reta W.—Haven't the opposite of Muriel Ostriche in "A Madonna of the Poor."

Boom, 17.—Cleo Madison in "The Mysterious Woman" (Bison). Yes, that was a picture of Mary Fuller herself. I agree with you about those gowns. Occasionally a player with a good figure displays bad form.

Beatrice D., Brookline.—You say you would like to see more pictures showing Francis Bushman's beautiful arms and shoulders. Dear me! has it come to this? His chat appeared in February 1915 issue.

Dawn, Birmingham.—Sorry, but I cannot tell you the name of the picture from your meager description.

Bernice E. B.; Brother Bill; Bernice; Emory G. S.; William T.; Naomi; Duke M.; Ruth W.; Ted; G. H. B.; Hildred M.; M. H., Nyack; Dorothy H. H.; C. O. B.; B. V. D.; Emma B.; Will V. P.; Frances R. E.; Laura S.; Clara and May; Marie S. D.; Flora L.; Mrs. C. V. M.; Richard J. G.; Princess Z. M.; Bertha K.; Elice B.; John T. Q.; Mary R. P.; Gabrielle S.; Myrtle J.; Lucille L.; Flossie M.; Berne L. H.; J. R. M.; Cutie; I. L. T.; Lillian B. C.; May B.; Agnes A.; Yvonne; Miss Tott; Eddie's Son.—I have read every word in your lengthy letters and enjoyed them very much. I also want to thank you for the beautiful letters in reply to Mrs. MacKenzie's letter. I am much pressed for time and space this month.

Jacqui and Deetji.—Herbert Rawlinson was Bert in "Prowlers of the West" (Bison). Vitagraph studio is at E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn.

Twinkles.—You ask the same question that Shakespeare left unanswered: The tempted or the tempter, who sins most? E. W. Lawrence was the husband in "The Blotted Page" (Reliance). I am sorry I cant help you.

Katherine R.—Miriam Nesbitt in "A Long Way" (Edison). Yes; Carlyle Blackwell in "The Invaders" (Kalem).

Gussie J.—I am not sure, but I believe the record was made by Lasher B. Gallagher at San Francisco last year when he wrote 284 words in a minute. And this stenographer was only twenty years old. I am sorry for your sister.

Emma N.—You ask if Victor Potel's wife isn't blind and if the "hunch on Broncho Billy's nose is natural or artificial." I think you should be awarded first prize for having written the most intelligent letter and for having asked the most sensible questions.

Armicus, Milwaukee. — Mr. Hinckley was the sweetheart in "The Craven."

Zignomar.—Ruth Brockwell in "Stacked Cards" (Kay-Bee). Frank Borzage opposite her. Thomas Chatterton was Travers. Generally the reason that we forget a thing is because we never really knew it.

Carl F.—Glad to see you again. Mary Fuller and Charles Ogle in "Every Girl" (Victor). Warren Kerrigan and Vera Sisson in "A Bogus Bandit" (Victor). William Worthington and Dorothy Brown in "The Hash" (Rex). Frances Nelson and Hobart Henly in "House of Fear."

Just Pete.—Glad you are working. All scenarios should be typewritten and in scenes before submitting, altho a synopsis is sometimes acceptable. Mary Fuller is with Victor. Charles Chaplin is with Essanay. Olive Johnson was Olive in "The Battle" (Sterling).

Arnetta R.—Haven't Ruth Hennessy's whereabouts. William Clifford and Marie Walcamp in "The Jungle Master" (Bison). Marion Leonard is playing again.

Warner R.—Gladys Kingsbury was the wife in "As a Husband Thinketh" (Beauty). Minta Durfee was Lizzie, and William Brady was the villain in "Leading Lizzie Astray." Phyllis Allen and Mrs. Sniffins in "Getting Acquainted."

F. D. M.—Richard Stanton, Fanny Midgely and Louis Morrison in "The Sheriff of Muscatine" (N. Y. M. P.). Bobby Connelly and Tefft Johnson in "Chiefly Concerning Males" (Vitagraph).

Madeline.—I fear that you are a trifle sour. Come, sweeten up! A sour disposition is a greater enemy to beauty and to happiness than is the small-pox.

Punch and Judy.—Kathlyn Williams and Edwin Wallock in "A Woman Laughs" (Selig). Robert Grey in "An Innocent Delilah" (Vitagraph). He is now with Kalem. We have never printed Donald McKenzie's picture in our Gallery.

Axel.—Elizabeth Burbridge in "Midas of the Desert" (Broncho). Louise Glaum in "The Land of the Otter" (Domino). Edith Johnson in "Butterfly's Wings."

D. M. B., Sodus.—Thanks for the invitation. Tell me how to play the game. I hope you do not belong to that class who read merely that they need not think. Good reading *makes* you think.

Peggy Ann.—Gladys Hanson was Mary in "The Straight Road" (Famous Players). William Russell was the head waiter, and Iva Shepard was Lazy Liz.

Cutie Cucumber.—Your letter was all right, but you didn't ask questions.

Old A. B. Fan.—Gertrude Robinson was with Biograph last; dont know where she is now. I have sent your letter to Mr. Johnson.

Marie Elise.—Darwin Karr was Guy in "On the Stroke of Five" (Vitagraph). Jack Bulger was the doctor in "Bunny's Little Brother" (Vitagraph). Sidney Seaward was Al, and Howard Estabrook was Travers in "Officer 666" (Kleine).

Melva.—Violet Mersereau was opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "Spitfire" (Famous Players). Enjoyed yours as ever.

Teddikins. — Harold Lockwood's picture in April, 1915. He will be seen in American plays now.

RAILROAD RABBI.—Ethel Clayton was Betty in "Fortune Hunter." Jere Austin in "The Weakling" (Kalem). William Shay and Violet Mersereau in "Peg of the Wilds" (Imp). Beverly Bayne was Margery in "Masked Wrestler" (Essanay).

GERTRUDE F., MISSOURI.—It is true that Kalem are reviving some of their old plays with Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell. Isn't that delicious? Owen Moore was Charles II in "Mistress Nell." Ormi Hawley in "The Regenerating Love" (Lubin). Thelma Salter was the little girl in "The Flower of the Desert."

DOROTHY O.—Dont forget that pride goeth a good ways towards preventing a fall. Robert Ellis in "A Mother's Atonement" (Kalem). Meta White and Lamar Johnstone in "An Unredeemed Pledge" (Majestic). Elsie Gleason in "The Transfer Corner" (Selig).

MISS H. H., BRONX.—Just because mamma has at last given her consent you think that nothing stands in the way of your becoming a photoplay star. There are other obstacles, alas! Fred A. Turner and Signe Auen in "Out of the Air" (Majestic). Irene Howley in "Peg of the Wildwood" (Biograph). Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster in "A Denver Romance" (Thanhouser).

MARY W.—Renee Kelly was the girl in "Love vs. Pride" (Selig). William Russell in "The Power of the Press." A. C. Marston was Walpurgh in "On the Heights" (Biograph). Eugene Pallette and Sam de Grasse in "The Beat of the Year'" (Reliance).

HELEN AND ALICE B.—Mary Pickford was chatted in Nov., 1913, and her picture was on the cover of that issue. Vivian Prescott was Vivian in "Vivian's Beauty Test" (Crystal). Dorothy Kelly was the girl in "The Man, the Mission, the Maid" (Vitagraph).

LYDIA B., ELIZABETH, N. J.—Dont be too cynical. A little vanity in a player is a good thing; it keeps him from going into a scene without a clean collar. House Peters and Mabel Van Buren in "The Girl of the Golden West" (Lasky). George Elliott in 'The Scrub" (Domino). Louise Glaum was the lead. Vola Smith was Mathilde in "A Scrap of Paper" (Bio).

SEÑORITA, 18.—You cant bribe me that way. I am incorruptible—unless the price is worth while. I am sure you dont know who I am, and cant find out. You see, I am kinder ashamed of it, and they keep me in a cage where thieves cant break thru and steal.

FULLER-KERRIGAN ADMIRER.—A. Munden was Bobby, and Marin Sais was the girl in "An Insurance Nightmare" (Kalem). Ethel Teare and Arthur Allardt in "Thru the Keyhole" (Kalem). Thanks for all you say in your kind letter.

JANE AND BUG.—I am afraid you got up on the wrong side of the bed when you wrote that letter. Aren't you feeling well?

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JULIET S. K.—Wallace Reid, E. D. Sears and Mr. Hinckley in "The Three Brothers" (Majestic). Claire Anderson was the girl. So you want Junius to come back. Perhaps this will bring him.

E. B., NASHVILLE.—Yes; I do. Be suspicious of the man who holds his hands on his heart when he assures you of anything, and dont trust too far the one who is always boasting of his loyalty.

MRS. C. E. B. L.—I never shall forget that fudge. It was the best ever. Edwin Wallock was John Belmont in "The Mystery of the Seven Chests" (Selig). Carlyle Blackwell, care Photoplayers Club, Los Angeles, Cal., will get him any time. Edward Piel is with the Kriterion Co. now, and Ormi Hawley remains with Lubin. Gwendolyn Pates isn't playing. You know she married. No actor.

EULA B.—Richard Travers was Richard in "Surgeon Warren's Ward" (Essanay).

A. A. M. S.—It is much easier for a crowd or party to visit the studios than it is for one person. No, no; she wore a wig. You say that this magazine is popular because it gives the truth—briefly so that people will read it, clearly so that they will understand it, forcibly so that they will appreciate it, picturesquely so that they will remember it, and accurately so that they may be wisely guided by its light. We thank you for this eloquent explanation.

M. E., HAVERSTRAW.—Perhaps Mr. Bushman will lecture in your city some time. Dont give up hopes of seeing him. Only leads. The leading rôle usually gets the leading roll.

A MOVIE FANETTE.—You are too critical. Perhaps some day we wont be called upon to notice the directors' mistakes.

MISS S. E. L.—Guy Coombs was the gambler in "Cast Up by the Sea" (Kalem). Jere Austin was the count. Please dont write so tiny that I have to use a magnifying-glass. Thanks for all.

E. Z. MARK.—Welcome back. May Wallace in "Laughing Gas" (Keystone). Miss Page in "Curses, They Remarked" (Keystone). I can best answer your questions by quoting Henry Albert Phillips, and he ought to know: "In all good drama—whether it be drama, melodrama, comedy or tragedy—there must be an idea in the material, a motive in the characterization, a definite end to be attained; a reasonable cause, a logical effect, and a climacteric deed; a plot."

LILLIAN MAE H.—I trust you have entirely recovered and are getting stronger.

NANCY GRAY.—You refer to Thomas Chatterton, who is with Broncho. Elsie Greeson was the nurse in "The Ordeal" (Selig). Claire McDowell is back with Biograph. She did not stay long with Imp.

SEASIDE.—You call me a "seven per week century plant." Ever so much obliged, Seaside, and I certainly enjoy your wit. I am glad to get even $7.

TRIXIE, CHILLICOTHE. — Lillian Burns was the twin sister in "Nettie or Lettie?" I heartily approve of your idea to raise money by means of a Motion Picture show in your church. Ordinarily, money is harder to raise than chickens, but with films it comes easy.

OLIVE M. K.—So this is your first letter. Glad to have you join the merry throng. My family is getting to be larger than Solomon's. Your letter was very good reading.

KEYSTONE BARRY.—Glad that you have an automobile. An auto is all right—as far as it goes. Yes; Harry Morey.

DAYSE C. J.—Your questions are all against the rules. See paragraph at head of department.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Theodore Wharton is directing the "Exploits of Elaine" pictures. We do print pictures of Biograph players. Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little in "The Black Box." You say players are born and not made, in referring to Anita Stewart. Perhaps Miss Stewart makes a good player because she was born that way.

ALLAN H. O.—Thanks for the picture. Clara Young in "Taken by Storm" (Vitagraph). As you say, Germany may be able to keep the wolf from the door, but how about the bear?

ANNA D.—Thank you. I enjoyed the pictures. We are all educated now, except the educated classes.

MISS CANADA.—Yes; Guy D'Ennery has played opposite Ormi Hawley with the Lubin Company. If you gain new friends, dont forget the old ones.

PHŒBE E. J.—Your letter from faraway Queensland was very interesting. I am glad the magazine interests you people underneath us on the other side.

GEORGE W. M.—Thanks for the report on the exposition. Glad to hear any news about it from time to time. Ruth Shepley was Rose in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" (World Film). She was playing on Broadway this spring in "It Pays to Advertise."

ALICE L. P.—You are 'way behind. You must have been born an hour or two late and have not been able to make up the difference.

MELVA.—What, again? No cast for that Rex. So you would like to see Mabel Normand in dramas and not comedies. Glad you are happy. Happiness is simply unrepented pleasures.

EVA L.; MRS. J. O. M.; IRENE B.; MORWELL H.; ANNA R.; FREDERICK D. M.; CHARLES W. W.; E. B. W., and VEE.—Heap much thanks, but space is too short to give personal answers this time, for which sin please forgive us.

L. M. MC.—Florence LaBadie's chat in Jan., '15, and Blanche Sweet in Jan., '14.

H. A. P., MEMPHIS.—Thanks muchly for your kind remembrance. It was immensely appreciated.

GRACE Z.; AGNES A., TOLEDO; DULCE D., N. Z.; MAY L. C., NYE.—Your letters were very interesting, and I am sorry I haven't space to answer them this month.

VYRGYNYA.—Thank you a whole lot for the beautiful picture of yourself. I shall prize it dearly. I read the ten pages of your very interesting biography, and I have booked you as one of my prize friends. Permit me.

SNOOKS, NEW ZEALAND.—But you must ask questions when you write. Max Linder is not dead. 20th St. and Indiana Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., for Lubin.

JOE.—Thelma Slater was the girl in "A Flower of the Desert" (Domino). Frank Borzage in "The Land of the Otter" (Domino). Why dont you write a separate letter to the Editor? Ethel Ford in "The Winged God" (Victor).

SILENT FRIEND.—William Brunton was the son in "The Eternal Bond" (Kalem). Bach (composer) is pronounced nearly like *bark*, with a slight hawk at the end.

GABY GIRL.—So you like Carlyle Blackwell best. "Her Triumph" with Gaby Deslys. It was released in February.

MIRIAM.—Your letter was interesting plus. Glad you like the magazine. According to the census of 1910 there were 151,132 physicians and surgeons in the U. S. That accounts for the high death rate!

CATHERINE A. D.—Yes, we expect to have a chat with William Farnum soon. No, we have never used a picture of him in the Gallery. Dont think so. You failed to enclose the stamp. Must have that stamp!

EDDIE OF LOS A.—Your wit is exceeded only by your good looks. That one about the farmer who, on asking if they had any postage stamps for sale and was shown a large sheet of them, pointed out one in the center, saying that he would buy that one—well, you deserve what the stamp got. Courtenay Foote has left Bosworth, and so has Bosworth.

ALENE VON.—I agree with you about neutrality, and I try to keep these columns so—when my readers will let me. I am opposed to official censorship, but I have seen some plays lately that make me pause.

BILLY II.—You propose *photocized* in place of *phototized* when speaking of a play or novel having been *filmed*. We once proposed *photoshow* in place of *movies*, but the public didn't see it that way.

GRACE VAN LOON.—Dont imagine that I do not enjoy your wit. I always lay yours aside for a second reading. Dont give up the ship! I think that the Editor is going to print some of your letters.

E. F. S., WACO.—The Fairbank twins and Lila Chester in "Florence's Schoolmates" (23d episode of "Million-Dollar Mystery"). Gypsy Abbott was Edna in "St. Elmo" (Balboa).

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C. W. S., Norfolk.—I appreciate yours. No; I did not see "The Reformation of a Ham." What! John Bunny as Hamlet?

Indian Princess.—I cannot tell you whether Carlyle Blackwell is part Indian, altho I think not. See his chat.

Rita of Seattle.—Life's too short to figure out that puzzle. Please dont send me any more stories. I haven't time.

Retta Romaine.—Your letter was pretty long this trip. Hobart Bosworth is with the Universal now.

I. No U.—No, you dont! Arthur Hotaling is with the Lubin Jacksonville Co. Mr. Griffith was in New York about a month ago.

Jeanne.—Marion and Madeline Fairbanks are the Thanhouser twins. The reason that there are so many new film companies organized is that there is a new phool born every minute, and that is putting it conservatively.

H. A. F., Memphis.—No doubt "The Christian" has been played in Memphis and can be had again. Ask your exhibitor to get it.

Bernardine, Newburgh.—Next time you send a book in letter form, let me know ahead of time, and I will set aside a day or two. Was it meant for the Editor? Lilie Leslie in "Was His Decision Right?" (Lubin). Kempton Greene was Caroll in "The Man from Sea" (Lubin). William Stowell and Adele Lane in "The Decision of Jim O'Farrell" (Selig).

Francis E. A.—Edythe Sterling and Jas. Franz in "Won by Wire" (American). Irving Cummings and Ethel Jewett in "For Her Child's Sake" (Thanhouser). Elizabeth Burbridge and Charles Ray in "The Curse of Humanity" (Domino). Gladys Brockwell in "One of the Discard" (Domino).

Marion B.—Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber are both with Universal. J. Frank Burke, Marvel Stafford and Enid Markey in "The Hateful God" (Kay-Bee). Minta Durfee was Mrs. Fuller in "The Rounders" (Keystone). Robert Ellis in "The Cub Reporter's Assignment" (Kalem). Margaret Gibson in "His Kid Sister."

Buggs.—The Kriterion Star Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara M. P. Co., Navajo Film Mfg. Co., Alhambra Film Mfg. Co., C. K. Film Mfg. Co., Crown City Film Co. and Alhambra M. P. Co. are released thru the Kriterion Program. Mabel Normand in "Mabel's Predicament."

J. Frederick S.—Mary Fuller played in "The Virtuoso" (Victor). I would advise you to be anything but a "Moving Picture star." There are too many ahead of you looking for that position. Edward Cecil was Maxime and Marie Newton the girl in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man."

Ethel M. Y.—Yes, both Miss Snow and Mr. Cruze are playing for Thanhouser. Vera Sisson is playing opposite Warren Kerrigan. The quill is as mighty as the wing, isn't it?

C. G. G., 15.—Katherine Kerrigan was Delilah in "Samson" (Universal). Arnold Daly in "Exploits of Elaine." Rosanna Logan on page 29 in January.

Laura M. O.—The proper study of mankind is woman. She is IT, whether she votes or not. Haven't we too many voters now? Why add to the number? Still, if you ask it, I consent. Charles Murray in "Hogan's Annual Spree" (Keystone). Webster Campbell did play opposite Rhea Mitchell when he was with Broncho.

I. G. J.—In October, 1911, we carried the story, "The Child Cruisers" (Vitagraph). Thanks for all you say. W. Chrystie Miller called at our office today. He is feeling much better and intends soon to be with you all upon the screen.

Hilda S., Dallas.—Jere Austin in "Cast Up by the Sea" (Kalem).

C. W. Burr.—No fellow can make love successfully when he has a cold in his head. In either case I cant cure you, neither of the love nor of the cold. Besides, this is my busy day.

Sue.—Sorry, but I wont do it again. Harold Lockwood was Robert in "Such a Little Queen."

James S.—Madeline Travers was Sonia in "Three Weeks." Joseph Singleton was Edwin, and Mabel Van Buren was Mrs. Grey in "Brewster's Millions."

Dorothy D.—You must write to the players in care of the companies. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers. See ad in magazine about postals of players. Clara K. Young and her husband, James Young, in "The Violin of Monsieur" (Vitagraph).

Betty B.—If you have given me a rest by not writing I haven't noticed it, so you might just as well ask questions.

Betty Belle.—Lottie Briscoe had the lead in "The Beloved Adventurer" (Lubin). Yes, those were real sheep, and it was a case of "locked in the stable with the sheep."

Betty of C. H. S.—Whence all these Bettys? Robert Vignola was the millionaire and Mlle. Verna Mersereau the dancer in "The Dancer" (Kalem). George Cooper remains chief crook of the Vitagraph studios.

J. P. L., Thetford.—Muriel Ostriche was Muriel in "The Decoy" (Princess). Lionel Barrymore was the husband in "The Cracksman's Gratitude" (Biograph). Elizabeth Burbridge was Hilda in "The Heart of a Crook" (Kay-Bee). Eileen Sedgwick was the girl in "The Belle of Breweryville" (Lubin). Fred Mace is South directing a prizefight.

Lillian of Albany.—Glad to see you back. I know that it is not to your welfare to say farewell to this department. A picture of Gaston Belle soon. Anita Stewart and Earle Williams in "Sins of the Mothers." Thomas Mills was Hugh in "The Blood Ruby" (Vitagraph).

MT. BEACON.—This department was an idea of the Editor, and he started it against the advice of several who thought they knew more than he did. I am glad you like it. There seems to be no danger of its being stopped or cut down or out. Such letters as yours make my work a delight.

WILL T. H.—Greetings, kind sir, and much gratitude for your generous wit and wisdom. You are my right bower and joker.

HELEN HOSMER MACDONALD.—Ah, ha! What, you here? Well, well! a call from the enemy, bearing a flag of truce. Your long but interesting letter has been read and turned over to the powers that be, and no doubt it will be published. I surrender—I am your prisoner.

ADDISON.—Your esoteric cogitations in favor of slap-bang comedy have been handed over to the Editor. We will agree to disagree.

JAMES E. LITTLE, HAGERSTOWN.—You ask "Do Marguerite Snow and James Cruze and Mary Pickford and Owen Moore have any children, and, if so, how many? How old is Florence LaBadie? Is Adele Farrington related to Frank Farrington? I sincerely hope I have not asked you too many questions." Yes, you have, my dear child, you have, for this is my busy day. Try Census Department, Washington, D. C.

MABE, 17.—Fannie Burke was the model in "The Master's Model" (Thanhouser). George Fischer was in "The Winning Back." Yours was a great plenty.

BIMBO.—Essanay will not tell the girl opposite Charlie Chaplin. Perhaps they dont know—may have been an "extra." I know of no brother of John Bunny. Marin Sais was the girl in "Ham, at the Garbage Gentleman's Ball" (Kalem).

ETHEL N., PHILA.—No, not Romaine Fielding, but Earle Metcalfe, in "A Soldier of Peace" (Lubin). Alec B. Francis was the father in "Moonlight" (Eclair). William Russell was Sir Francis Levison in "East Lynne" (Thanhouser).

JAMES L. D.—You will apparently never be satisfied. No man is satisfied with his lot unless it is a lot, corner lots preferred.

GEORGE W. M.—Marshall Neilan, Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall in "Classmates" (Klaw & Erlanger). He is now with Selig. Gertrude Bambrick and Charles Mailes in "The Billionaire" (Biograph). Hobart Bosworth and Rhea Haines in "Odyssey of the North."

ELIZABETH T. C.—Haven't the mother in "The Secret Room." I think that the war will end in gradual disarmament of all the nations. Anyway, I hope so. It is usually the man who goes around with a chip on his shoulder that gets knocked down.

LLUSWN.—You refer to Wheeler Oakman as the sweetheart in "Her Sacrifice" (Selig). Will be glad to hear from you.

MISS PEARL WHITE

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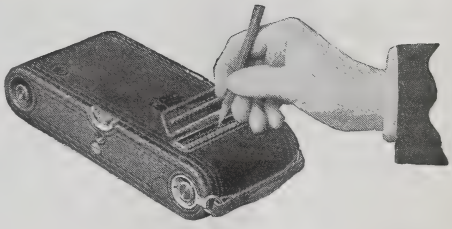

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J. P. L.—You need not be afraid about the Germans sinking all the British ships. England has about 45,000 vessels, and if the Germans sank 100 a day, it would take them over a year, and besides, the British build more ships than all the other nations put together, so they would keep coming up as fast as they were going down. Loraine Huling was Helen in "The Aftermath" (Famous Players). Jere Austin in "Mystery of the Lost Umbrella." Vola Smith was the daughter in "Ernest Maltravers."

S. E. M., San Francisco.—You seem to have a passion for piffle. Enid Markey was the girl in "Shorty's Sacrifice" (Broncho). Robert Leonard and Hazel Buckham in "A Law Unto Herself" (Rex). Herschall Mayall and Gertrude Claire in "Right to Die" (Broncho). Lindsey Hall was the nephew in "The Mountain Traitor" (Eclair). William S. Hart and Rhea Mitchell in "In the Sagebrush Country" (Kay-Bee).

Mary Ellen.—Gladys Hulette and Harry Beaumont in "The Transplanted Prairie Flower" (Edison). Irene Boyle was the girl in "A Secret Crime" (Kalem). Wont you please put your questions at the top of the page? Tom Moore and Alice Hollister in "Her Husband's Friend" (Kalem). Louise Glaum in "The Masquerader" (Kalem). Kempton Greene and Louise Huff in "The Hazard of Youth." Rosetta Brice and John Ince in "The Servant of the Rich."

Charles Chaplin's Pal.—I admit that the M. P. business is not now run by the best of men, but I look forward to the time when men of principle will be its principal men. Some of them deserve to be called "showmen" and "circus fakers." Neither Ford Sterling nor Charles Chaplin is dead.

Abe F.—Gerda Holmes was Angela in "A Song in the Dark" (Essanay). Helen Martin in "Wife" (Eclair). She was Alice, Belle Adair was Lenora, and Alec B. Francis was Price in "Wife." Louise Vale in "The Crimson Moth" (Biograph). Julia S. Gordon was Mrs. Raymond in "The Sins of the Mothers" (Vitagraph).

Richard F. N.—So you think that Francis Bushman dresses in exquisite taste. You are a very clothes observer. Marguerite Prussing was the other girl with Marguerite Courtot in "An Adventure at Briarcliff" (Kalem). Yes, a pretty little picture.

Tempest and Sunshine. — Virginia Waite was the heiress in "Under False Colors" (Thanhouser).

F. B. M., Texas.—Keystone releases five a week. It was rumored that Charles Chaplin gets $1,000 a week. Howard Hickman was Dick in "The Circus Man."

Beryl B.—William Shay was the king in "Neptune's Daughter" (Imp). William Welsh was Neptune. The Vitagraph William spells his name *Shea*.

Superba.—Cutting off the enemy's food supply was a blow below the belt, but all's fair in love and war. They didn't have much trouble in keeping Lent in Europe.

Little Mary.—Myrtle Stedman was Bess in "It's No Laughing Matter" (Bosworth). Chester Barnett was Landry in "The Pit." He also played in "The Wishing Ring." Yes, indeed, I am an exquisite singer and have a fine range. I use it to get my breakfast on.

Gertrude McL.—Glad to hear from you. I chewed the many morsels of wit in your letter like a glutton.

Amicus.—Marie Weirman was Beatrice in "The Evil Men Do" (Vitagraph). Thomas Mills was the captain. William Shay was the judge in "She Was His Mother" (Imp). Lamar Johnstone was John in "The Lady or the Tiger?" (Selig).

Martha F., 16.—Edison says that his new machine will make boys scoot to school. Pictures make things clearer and more impressive than any arrangements of words can ever hope to do. Miss M. Warner was Helen in "In the Line of Duty" (Selig). Ethel Teare and Gerald Miller in "A Melodious Mix-up" (Kalem). George Morgan was Bob, and Franklin Ritchie was the detective in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" (Biograph).

Tolo, 15, of Seattle.—Charles Chaplin played in "In the Park," "The Champion" and "The Jitney Elopement," all Essanay. No; Mr. Brewster's articles on "Expression of the Emotions" have not as yet been made into book form. James Morrison was the son in "Mother's Roses."

Minna L. P.—In your efforts to make a fool out of the Answer Man, you succeed only in making a fool out of yourself. Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho!

Curious.—Anna Luther in "Governor's Double." Clarence Elmer and Justina Huff in "House of Darkness" (Lubin).

Napoleon B.—Thomas Santschi was Bruce in "Adventures of Kathlyn." Helen Holmes in "The Express Messenger" (Kalem). Trim, and you will get trimmed; I never knew it to fail.

Nell B.—Bless your heart, honey, but you are wrong about Wallace Reid. Dick Rosson in "The Small-town Girl." Alfred Hickman was Drake in "The Master Key."

B. S., Princeton.—Theodore Roberts was Thomas in "The Circus Man" (Lasky). Monroe Salisbury was Don in "The Rose of the Rancho" (Lasky). You seem to have the cart before the horse. The way to catch pleasure is not to follow it; for, like your shadow, the more you chase it, the faster it will fly.

Reel Dope.—You apparently have the mind of a wise philosopher. Marguerite Courtot, Marguerite Prussing and Tom Moore.

Kenneth B. — Vivian Prescott was Athenais, and Louise Vale was Claire in "The Ironmaster" (Biograph).

ANNA AND EMILY.—Ray Hanford was Marrophat in "Trey o' Hearts" (G. Seal).

CLARENCE E. H.—William Bailey was with Universal last. Wallie Van is as active as ever. He called here last week. I cant give you all, but here are some of the leading stage stars who have appeared in Motion Pictures: Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lillian Russell, Lew Fields, Edwin Arden, Edwin Ables, Tully Marshall, Robert Edeson, Elsie Janis, Dustin and William Farnum, Cyril Scott, Gaby Deslys, Marie Dressler, James K. Hackett, Betty Nansen and Rose Coghlan. Miss Dressler is now with Lubin.

CARLYLE, 13.—"The Christian" was taken in and around Boston and in Brooklyn. Rene Farrington was Nell in "Nell's Strategy" (Thanhouser). Sidney Chaplin, brother of Charles the Great, is with Keystone.

ANNA F.—Marie Newton was the girl in "His Mother's Home" (Biograph). Raymond Hackett was the child in "Siren of Corsica" (Lubin).

RUTH M. MCL.—You should put your talents to better use. A machine of one horse-power running all the time is more efficient than one of fifty horse-power standing still. Keep moving! Joseph Kaufman was John in "The Furnace Man" (Lubin). Robert Grey in "Old Isaacson's Diamonds" (Kalem).

AMICUS.—That was a great character to play, and he played it well. Commiseration, compassion, pity, sympathy, a fellow-feeling for all—these are the makings of a great soul. Our photoplaywrights do not often paint characters like that. Eugene Pallette was Patsy in "How Hazel Got Even" (Mutual).

GERTIE AND ADELE.—Anna Nilsson was the girl in "The Engineer's Peril" (Kalem). Isabel Rea was the girl in "The Cowboy's Conquest" (Biograph). Ben Turpin was Charles Chaplin's partner in "His Night Out" (Essanay). Jere Austin and Guy Coombs in "The School for Scandal" (Kalem). S. Rankin Drew was Harry in "The Quality of Mercy" (Vita).

SOCIUS.—George Worth was the little engineer in "The Little Engineer" (Kalem). Joseph Singleton was Brewster in "Brewster's Millions" (Lasky). I dont wonder that that play made you blush. It was not fit for the heathen. Such films as that tend to shake my belief that censorship is unnecessary. Wish we could lay hands on those who are responsible, strap them to a public post and then tar and feather them.

PANSY.—Sorry, but I haven't the name of the Essanay girl. Ben Turpin with Charles Chaplin. Yes, see Edward Earle in "Greater than Art," this issue.

MRS. MOLLY O'R.—So you want to see a picture of Ann Schaefer. Yours was very interesting. Generally the reason that we forget a thing is because we never really knew it.

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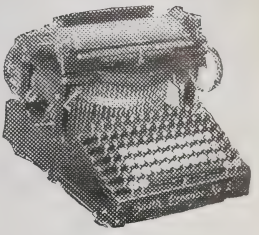

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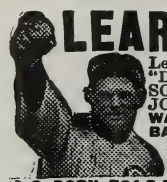

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LILLIAN H.—Ada Gleason was Thais in "One Traveler Returns" (Selig). Monroe Salisbury was the district-attorney in "The Master Mind." Jack Mulhall was the husband in "A Better Understanding" (Biograph). "Two Women" (Vitagraph) was taken in the Catskills.

MARTHA F. B., 16.—Roy Watson was Gregg, and Harry Lonsdale was Professor Delmar in "Unrest" (Selig). I have to give some attention to the foolish as well as to the wise. Adele Lane and William Stowell in "A Millionaire Cabby" (Selig). Earle Metcalfe was opposite Ormi Hawley in "The Rainy Day" (Lubin). Cleo Madison and Joe King in "Haunted Hearts" (Gold Seal).

MARION AND MAY.—My department would get too dry if I did as you say. A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.

KERRIGAN FIEND.—Miriam Cooper and Elmer Clifton in "The Fatal Black Bean" (Majestic). Lilie Leslie was Mara in "Pythoness" (Lubin). Howard Hickman and Thelma Salter in "In the Warden's Garden" (Domino). Boyd Marshall and Rene Farrington in "He Never Knew." Velma Whitman in that Lubin.

VYRGYNYA.—You have my sympathy.

ZIGOMAR. — Elizabeth Burbridge was Molly, and Gertrude Claire in "Clutches of the Gangsters" (Kay-Bee). Viva Edwards was the girl in "Lover's Luck" (Keystone). Katherine Lee and Augusta Anderson in "Fate's Protecting Arm" (Biograph). Harry McCoy and Fitz Schade in "Peanuts and Bullets" (Keystone). Alice Davenport in "The Sea Nymphs" (Keystone). Charles Murray in "Hogan" (Keystone).

BLIX.—So you think that Earle Williams never could make love like he does until he met Anita Stewart. Sorry about that Essanay.

FRANK D. E.—"The Quest" was taken in California. We have just printed a new list of manufacturers. You are a real pessimist. You keep your eyes on the ground and forget that the sun is shining.

PERCIVAL L.—Kindly focus your lens on the note at the head of this department.

VALLIE M. S.—I would advise you to write to the Selig Company direct.

GRACE VAN LOON.—Your letter deserved praise, even if it did not get it. I remember it well. But remember that you should rather deserve well without praise than to get a niche in the hall of fame and not deserve it.

CATHERINE H.—No; Arnold Daly has never played for any other Moving Picture company besides Pathé. Many thanks for the tobacco.

VERA.—No; MinA films are produced by David Horsley and released under the General Film Co. Harold Lockwood chatted in Oct., 1914. Kate Meeks was the sister in "David Harum."

ALTER EGO.—Never heard of either of them. Yes, address him at Vitagraph. He was born in Spain. Yes, indeed; Norma Talmadge called on us only a few days ago with her mother. She is all you say and more.

RETTA ROMAINE.—I read your eleven-page letter, mostly about Edward Earle. Be sure to put your questions at the top of the page hereafter, like a good girl.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSICS

UNDER this heading, and beginning in our next number, we open a new department. We wish our readers to vote for those plays which they believe to be worthy of being called *Classics*. Any reader may vote, by writing on a paper or postcard the titles of not more than five photoplays that they have seen—the same being the very best, in their judgment—and at the top of the sheet the words, "Motion Picture Classics," and at the bottom the name and address of the voter. Please add no comments on this sheet. If you wish to give your reasons, you may address a letter to the Classics Editor and enclose it with your vote. It is immaterial how old the plays are. The vote and the letter may be sent direct, or enclosed with other mail addressed to the magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. As a beginning, we have taken a poll of several of our own critics, with the following result:

"The Christian" (Vitagraph).
"Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph).
"The Birth of a Nation" (Mutual).
"Cabiria" (Italia).
"Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players).
"The Tigress" (Alco).
"From the Manger to the Cross" (Kalem).
"Battle Hymn of the Republic" (Vita).

We do not mean to guide nor to influence our readers by these selections, but it will be observed that even a one-reel play may be considered a classic by some critics. The selections given above will not be counted when making up the list hereafter, unless they are voted as classics by our readers. We shall not publish the entire list of all plays that are voted for, but only those that receive the greatest number of votes. A reader may vote only once a month.

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OLGA, 17.—Thomas Chatterton is playing as well as directing. How would you like to have him direct you?

PAUL M. E., BRISTOL.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are playing for Universal. Will Sheerer and Edna Payne in "The Girl Stage-driver" (Eclair). Yes; Sidney Chaplin is Charles Chaplin's brother.

ANNA D.—So you liked Edna Mayo opposite Francis Bushman.

A FAN.—If the saying means something big in the play it is spoken aloud, otherwise it is mumbled. Thanks for the fee.

SUIS-JE.—Whoa, back! You are on the wrong road. M. Moreau was Joseph, and M. Jacquinet was Judas in "The Life of Our Saviour" (Pathé). Jere Austin was opposite Alice Joyce in "The Mystery of the Green Umbrella." I agree with you. Louise Meredith now with Lasky.

PANZY Z.—Yes; Alfred Swenson played in "Betty of the Roses" (Lubin). Just call up the General Film Co. and ask them where it will be played on the night you want to see it. Thanks muchly.

PRISCILLA.—I can only advise you to get in touch with our Clearing House. I believe that the twelve great seaports of the world are New York, Antwerp, London, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Hongkong, Victoria, Shanghai, Marseilles, Liverpool, Singapore, Colombo and Cardiff, in about the order named.

THE RAGTIME KID.—See our ad in back of magazine. Haven't heard anything of Roscoe Arbuckle being dead.

LOUISE S.—You must address Robert Warwick, care World Film Co., 130 W. 46th St., New York City.

HELEN R. C.—Your long and interesting letter was received. How did you know I like "Kamybear" cheese? Thanks!

BILLY.—Edward Coxen had the lead in "Legend Beautiful" (American). Your other is against the rules.

STANLEY M. F.—Allan Dawn is a director and not a player. Dave Morris was the boob in the Biograph comedies, "The Would-be Hero." Charles Murray takes the part of Hogan. Thanks for the Easter greeting.

H. S. B.—Thanks for the stamps, but I would rather you write Alice Joyce.

ST. CLAIRE.— Perhaps it was Mr. Bunny you saw. He is traveling, you know. James Kirkwood opposite Mary Pickford in "The Eagle's Mate" (Famous Players).

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We offer $5 in gold for the best puzzle, or other similar feature, or idea, to be used in the new magazine, THE MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, and to be received on or before June 10, 1915.

MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT,
173 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

VIOLA P.—Florence Natol was the old maid in "Happy-Go-Lucky" (Vitagraph). Yes, that yacht was really burned when taking that picture.

MABEL D.—Your letter should have been to the Editor. Howard Gaye was Lessiter in "The Farewell Dinner" (Majestic). Rita Stanwood was the princess in "The Ghost-breaker" (Lasky). Lois Weber was Mrs. Moore and the daughter in "False Colors" (Bosworth). Rupert Julian was the snob in "The Small-town Girl" (Universal). Winifred Kingston was Aileen in "The Love Route" (Famous Players).

IRENE B. R., BUFFALO.—Louise Vale was the girl in "The Crimson Moth" (Biograph). Mary Maurice was the housekeeper in "Sins of the Mothers" (Vita).

ALFRED T. T.—Frances Nelson was Margaret in "The Black Pearl" (Imp). Pearl White's biography Dec. 1914 issue. Right you be. Find here some food for thought and some for contradiction; some lines a little overwrought, but much more truth than fiction.

BETTY D.—Arthur Hoops was Sir William opposite Marguerite Clark in "Gretna Green" (Famous Players).

LOUIS A. F.—The play you refer to is "The Fairy and the Waif." Edwin Carewe was Steve in "The Three of Us" (World Film). Arline Pretty in "The Silent Valley" (Imp).

MARTHA M.—James Young was Henry, Ethel Lloyd the girl, Clara K. Young the daughter and James Young the son in "Beauty Unadorned" (Vitagraph). James Hodges was Jimmie in "Summer Love."

ESTHER S.—Joe King was Gordon in "A Mother's Instinct."

CLAIRE R. M.—Cines are all foreign plays. Yes, the Fairbank twins. Your letter was awfully long.

ADABELLE.—Ethel Clayton is still with Lubin. Lottie Pickford will play opposite Irving Cummings in "The Diamond from the Sky," taken at the American studios.

MINNIE S., UTICA.—Louise Glaum was the girl in "The Lucky Blowout," and Barney Sherry was the country sweetheart. Lionel Barrymore and Millicent Evans in "Seats of the Mighty" (Colonial).

MRS. W. H. S.—I believe I quite agree with your father. So you are voting for Harry Morey.

JULIET M.—The Editor will use a picture of William Shay and Herbert Brennon, now with Pathé, very shortly.

T. W. G., WASHINGTON.—Yes, it was a hard one. George Gebhardt with Nestor last. David Miles has his own company in Los Angeles. Ashley Miller with Edison, but I cannot tell you where Charles Ainsley, Anita Hendrie and Linda Arbidson are.

WALTER P.—You say you are one who wrote to Miss LaBadie asking for her promised picture and did not receive it. Will Miss LaBadie kindly stand?

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PICTURE-PUZZLE WINNERS

The picture-puzzle on page 120 of our April issue proved to be very interesting to the young folks. A number of answers have been sent in, and the following are the first ten correct answers received: Robert Hackett, 10 Pine Street, Danville, Ill.; Beatrice Fairhurst, 3880 Dexter Street, Wissa, Philadelphia, Pa.; Alice Prigg, 1739 Farwell Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Charles S. Day, Box 27, Albion, Neb.; Albra Fortier, Box 108, Orono, Me.; Lucile Simpson, 114 W. Twelfth Street, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Andrew Kummer, 120 W. Fifteenth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; Helen Groblewski, Lauce Hill, Plymouth, Pa.; Master Richard Burgett, 216 E. First Street, Mansfield, Ohio, and W. S. Marshall, 319 N. Eighth Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

The correct answers to the puzzle were: Walker, King, Burns, Learn or Reid, Gardner, Church, Ford, Mason, Wilbur, Blackwell, Johnson, Williams, West, Stonehouse, Hawley and Storey.

$10.00 LIMERICK CONTEST

We offer $10 in prizes for the best limericks submitted on or before June 30, 1915. Any person may submit as many as he or she pleases, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper, bearing the name and address of the author at the bottom thereof. The first prize will be $5, the second prize $3, the third $1 and the fourth $1. We reserve the right to publish any limericks received. We do not insist on any particular form or meter, and the verse may refer to one or more photoplays, photoplayers or companies. Here is a sample:

JOHN BUNNY.

There was an old comic named Bunny,
Whose antics were painfully funny;
When asked, "Does it pay?"
He said, "Somewhat that way—
I've swapped my loose flesh for loose money."

Address all communications that are not enclosed with other magazine mail, to "Limerick Editor, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y."

Eva L. T.—I really cant tell whether that dog belongs to Warren Kerrigan or not. Shall I telegraph him to find out? Remember that all art is elevating. If it is degrading, it is not art.

T. A. T.—My attitude on scenario schools is this—there are good methods of teaching and bad ones. Any method that teaches the technique of photoplay writing is good, and I think that all schools do this. Educate the public how to write, and we will get better plays. Some will become fine writers, and some will never learn because it is not in them. No school can tell in advance. While it is wrong to encourage those who have no talent, and while some schools hold out false and alluring baits, this has always been true of all kinds of education, and no teacher refuses to teach simply because a person seems to be unworthy. Half of our public school education is wasted on pupils who never profit by it. The scenario editors are the bitterest complainers, because schools double their work.

Hazel S.—Beverly Bayne is still playing for Essanay. I am sorry, but I cannot tell you the name of that Vitagraph player from your description.

Sarah W.—You think C. Will Burr is cute. You did wrong. As Mark Twain says, "We ought never to do wrong when people are looking."

Betty S.—That's a hard question—whether you could sell your photoplays after you wrote them. No one can answer that.

Inez; Grace F.; Marden Hotel; Floris W. J.; Harry E. H.; S. E. M., Maysville; C. W. D.; Pryscylla; Bessie E. R. C.; Stella C.; J. B.; Rose A. W.; Alberta S.; and Anita W.—I enjoyed all of your letters, and thank you.

L. G. W.—William Bailey played with Mr. Bushman in "Dear Old Girl." So you are waiting for an opportunity. That is well, but you mustn't be idly waiting for an opportunity while your wife is taking in washing.

E. B., Nashville.—So you want me to publish one of Henderson's monthlies. Nay, it would take up half of the magazine. No; I am not George Ade. (Mr. Ade will now feel highly complimented, no doubt.)

A. D.—That was not Pearl White you saw. There is a lady on the vaudeville circuit playing thruout New England who is using the name of Pearl White, and in an offhand way giving the public the idea that she is Pearl White of the Pathé Frères Company. Miss White has received many letters from disappointed fans who have spent good money to see this woman, and has taken steps, thru the courts, to have this stopped.

Dollie Bean Tower.—Your letter was all right. See Crane Wilbur's diary in the September 1914 issue.

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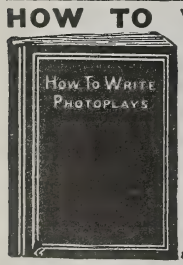

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ADAM BEDE

(*Continued from page* 40)

dening scent. It was the glorified shame of the people.

In the cart sat the condemned, face void of all earthly emotion. Near her crouched Dinah Morris, paler than that death toward which they were creaking and swaying. Near-by walked Adam Bede, his mortally hurt gaze fixed, passionately sorrowing, on Hetty.

Over the downs outside of London, a horse was rushing onward. A man sat him and flecked his sides with blood. In one hand he held a pardon from the king. He had had to see the royal person in his out-of-town palace, and the ceremony had been endless. During that bitter procurement of one, slender thread of life, Arthur Donnithorne had grown to man's estate, in things outside of age and law.

The death-cart reached the black-draped scaffolding, and the faces of those nearest to Hetty took on a pallor of deathly sickness. The girl herself preserved that immutable calm that showed her soul to be half way toward that bourne to which her body was traveling. She mounted the steps with unbending firmness, Adam and Dinah standing near. Only when Dinah kist her did her white lids flicker and her taut body unbend.

The foaming, blood-stained horse hit the cobbles of London and clattered noisily over the paves. His rider, with lips drawn in a white line across his face, urged him a bit too far, and he stumbled and fell, breathing in great gusts. Donnithorne shouted aloud in his maddened fear and ran, without a backward glance, to the nearest hostelry. A fresh mount was procured, and the way was open again.

Adam took the piteous figure in his strong arms. "God be with you, my love, my love," was all he said, and the stiff lips muttered words like a prayer against his breast, words that seemed to hold "baby," and "dust," and "God."

Then the executioner adjusted the

noose, and the condemned knelt. At the foot of the scaffold, from roof-tops, windows and porches, a great sigh went up—the agitating wave that moves a multitude swayed the onlookers. Was it of ecstasy—that ecstasy sired of the devil—that gives vent to itself on the instant of some crucifying ordeal? Was it mankind sorrowing for one of themselves? Or was it but the making way of those nearest for the frenzied rush of a horse and rider, foaming, sweating, bleeding? From the rider's parched throat a kind of cry went up, and those nearest caught and echoed it: "Stop, stop, I say! A pardon—a pardon in the king's name!"

They helped her down from the platform of death, to where Arthur Donnithorne was standing with Adam Bede and Dinah. She did not seem to see him, nor to have heard the saving cry. The eyes that he turned on her, full of passionate penitence, and reverence, and honest love, looked thus upon her too late.

She turned instead to Adam Bede and took his toil-worn hand. Kissing it very softly, she placed it on Dinah's; then the fragile, wrecked body followed the spirit, gone before. Adam, holding her, heard the low, last murmur, and he thought he heard the words: "Baby—to dust again"; then, several times, "Baby—baby"; then, very low, "I thank thee, God!"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS—There are numbers of you who seem to take it to heart because we dont publish your particular letters of praise or criticism in this department. Please absorb the following figures (there's a reason):

The circulation of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is flirting around 300,000. Allowing, on a conservative basis, five readers for every copy, we have the enormous number of 1,500,000. Assume that only one per cent. of the readers (a small average) communicate with this department every month. There's a nice, little batch of 10,000 letters to be read, as-

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sorted and classified. Now, the point is simply this: There is no discrimination shown as to which letter or letters shall be printed; but the whole matter is arranged by simple arithmetic, viz.: The subjects made prominent by the majority of letters received are the ones chosen for publication. In other words, the Editor's opinion is subordinated to the opinions of the readers. If one person doesn't admire the way Bushman brushes his hair, that is no criticism. On the other hand, if a large number concur in the opinion that Florence Lawrence is a great actress, there must be ground for it. Therefore, we select the most convincing letter on that subject and publish it. In this case, as in all others, the majority rules. There are a few exceptions, however, as when one person offers some illuminating suggestion with power to blaze a path to betterment. Now that we understand one another, let us get to the subject-matter.

Mr. W. Chrystie Miller, formerly of the Biograph Company and now at the Actors' Fund Home on Staten Island, N. Y., writes us the following touching letter:

My Very Dear Friend—Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the glowing tributes you have accorded me in the current number of your brilliant magazine. Your kind words live in my mind—they are giving me strength. Kind words are beautiful; they are real Things; they are pushing me to the front; I can feel them; they thrill me; they will soon move me upon the screen, when I can—thank God! —again earn my daily bread for my sick wife and myself. I shall need no benefit as long as I am able to work. My health and salary will be my benefit. I feel sure the beautiful dream born in your imagination will become a real thing. Surely all lovers of the photoplayers' art and all the photoplayers will assist you in erecting the grand structure you contemplate, and I hope that later on I, too, will be permitted to add a few stones to the glorious pile. I bow to you and all your official family. With love and gratitude, especially to the dear old Answer Man, I am very sincerely yours.

Mrs. Mary Tierney, of Dallas, Tex., thinks that the Policeman of the screen should be accorded the dignity

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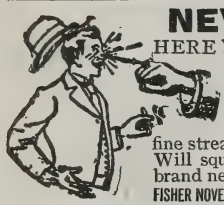

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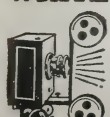

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he bears in the flesh. Had *you* ever thought of this?

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THE STOOL-PIGEON

(*Continued from page* 34)

know that I am unworthy, I have no fortune, no influence, no position in society to offer; but I love your daughter, and all I ask is that you permit me to live in hope that some day, when I have made good, I can come and claim her as my own. We have just talked it over while coming here in the carriage. May I hope, Mrs. Moore, may I?"

Then and there Mrs. Pat V. R. M. received the scratch without which she had traveled thus far. This young man from Three Meadows was not what she had hoped for. The present situation was quite unexpected, quite distressing. But then, there was her daughter looking up to her so wistfully, and there was the handsome, big manly fellow appealing to her so eloquently—what else could she do?

"Mr. Jason," she said, "when you have made good, I suppose I will have to consider the matter."

"And must we wait till then, mother dear?" appealed "Juliet," clinging close to her "Romeo."

"Well, I suppose not," said Mrs. Moore.

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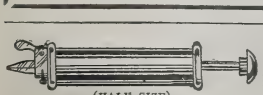
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clothes torn from them, and they were left in such a plight as to become positively disgusting and vulgar. And young ladies in company with young men were there and had to witness that, to say nothing of our little innocent children, for it was Saturday night and the house was packed. I know that I blushed for shame, and I was neither in company with a gentleman, nor am I a young girl, but was there with my little ten-year-old daughter. It might have been "funny" to a certain element, but I believe I can truthfully say that the majority of that audience did not appreciate it in the least.

OTHERWISE BILL HARRISON

(*Continued from page* 60)

escorted upstairs an' int' a kinder settin'-room at de top. An' dere I sat t'inkin' uncomplimentary t'ings about myself an' wonderin' where detectuffs went w'en dey died.

It must-of been an hour later me an' de Ed guy heard a sound at de door, an' I aint ashamed t' confess me heart jumped int' me t'roat. B'lieve muh, bo, I'm keen on de duty stunt, all right, but I'd just found a mighty good reason f'r wantin' t' live——

"Will Honorable Mister hol' up hand?" said a voice, an' dere stood Oyura an' Ethel wit' revolvers. Ed gave a howl of surprise and fanned de air, earnest. An' me, I was on de job in a secunt.

"Did youse get de warrent?" I says, "an' de p'lice?"

"Bothly," says Oyura; "also Honorable Furies an' Honorable fren', much speakin' and very maddish below."

"Den beat it wit' dis bloke," says I; "tell 'em we're comin'—but, Oyura, youse needn't say *w'en!*"

For a guy cant be hurried while he's proposin' to de niftiest, gamest little goil on Gawd's earth!

Now, so long, mister. I got ter beat it wit' dese poipers, or de cops 'll pinch me f'r holdin' up de traffic. But, say, dat wasn't all a pipe-dream. When I grows up I'm goin' t' be a detectuff, an' den maybe dat little goil——

Uxtry! Uxtry! All erbout de great Detectuff Bill Harrison! Uxtry! Uxt-*ree!*

It seems to me to place the policemen in their proper sphere would be so much better, more elevating, and I have no fear in saying that if the standard was raised we would find plenty of the "uniformed and brass-buttoned" who would not be found wanting. Think what they are—the protectors of our homes and property, to say nothing of their ever kind and watchful solicitude of our little ones on the street, in picture shows and elsewhere. Put them in the photoplays—they belong there—but in their right place. Study them, and I believe you will find that around them may be woven beautiful plays which, when placed on the screen, will prove a real pleasure to the audience and, at the same time, be highly appreciated by our public safeguards, the policemen.

Engineer Conrad O'Malley, of the Department of New York State Engineer and Surveyor, is an admirer of this magazine and of those who make it:

I want to say frankly that the men that instituted the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE ought to have a little old statue erected to them, for it exactly fills a long-felt want. It has added 50 per cent. to the enjoyment we experience in looking at the filmed productions, and it makes the pictures more human from the knowledge we obtain of the actors from its pages.

Motion Picture magazines are putting more nickels and dimes into the hands of film-producing companies than mayhap they realize, stimulating the interest of the public as it does in Motion Pictures. My magazine passes from one engineer to another, and all are enthusiastic over it. I have seen the men in this office grow from scoffers at Motion Pictures to the most consistent rooters. When I stop to think of the future of Motion Pictures along the lines of education, it makes me sit up and take notice. Well, I confess to being a loyal supporter of Motion Pictures, and I guess you will find, as a general rule, that civil engineers, take them as a whole, are always well represented in any Motion Picture audience. I am one of the men that do not believe in waiting till a man is in the coffin before telling him of your appreciation of his work and good qualities. Hence I come out frankly and tell you and your associates that you are doing a work that is really worth doing, for you are giving us no end of fun and enjoyment with each issue of your magazine.

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(Seal.)

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(*Continued from page* 44)

good, but—a bit visionary; a bit——" And then they would make condescending exits, with many promises to return—which they never did.

It was in the Park that he saw her again—Central Park—on a sunny, March morning. She was sitting on one of the benches, all snuggled into white furs. Larry saw her from afar off, and he thought, with a pang, that her sweet face was paler and thinner than when he had seen her last, and that her eyes held the look that his heart held. He was quite close before she saw him, and then she gave a great start as if she had seen an apparition. He approached and sat beside her, smilingly.

"A BIT VISIONARY—A BIT——"

"You've been ill!" she exclaimed; "oh, you have!"

Larry shook his head scornfully. "Not I!" he made retort; "but I thought that you had. Isn't Houghton treating you with human decency?"

She smiled a little and looked somewhat abashed. Then she pulled off her glove and rested a bare, ringless hand on his worn sleeve. "You see," she said simply.

Larry stared at the pathetic, little hand. "You mean——" he said hoarsely.

The girl straightened determinedly and faced him. "I mean," she said, with gentle emphasis, "that I am not going to marry Van Pell Houghton, and I told him so this very morning, on this very bench. So there!"

"You are not going to—— Oh!"

"Well?" The girl looked at him out of eyes as fresh and guileless as the morning—save for the asking heart that peered from them, unabashed.

"You love me, then, Violet? You—will take me—penniless?"

"I would take you—half-penniless," she said to him, yearningly, "and I love you—love you—love you!"

Back of them, the thin, wine-sweet air was cut by a sharp, uncanny laugh. Larry and the girl turned, and Mr. Nick looked down on them from a grassy prominence back of the bench.

"Larry," the girl said, pale and shaken, "who is that man—who *is* he? When—when I gave the ring back to Mr. Houghton this morning, he—that very man—did this identical thing—stood back of us and laughed, and then vanished from sight. Do you know him?"

"Just an acquaintance I made in Monte Carlo, darling," said Larry, lamely—"a queer old duck, but harmless, quite harmless."

The queer old duck was walking Larry's way on his return to the studio, after taking Violet to her aunt's home, where she was stopping. It was the first time Larry had ever seen the satanic personage in such an everyday manner. Somehow, he seemed more like a man of flesh and blood, and less like the evil one. His gleaming eyes held a sorrow as old as Time and as patient as Eternity. Larry recalled the fact that even Satan was reputed to have sorrows, and sorrows always make for humanity.

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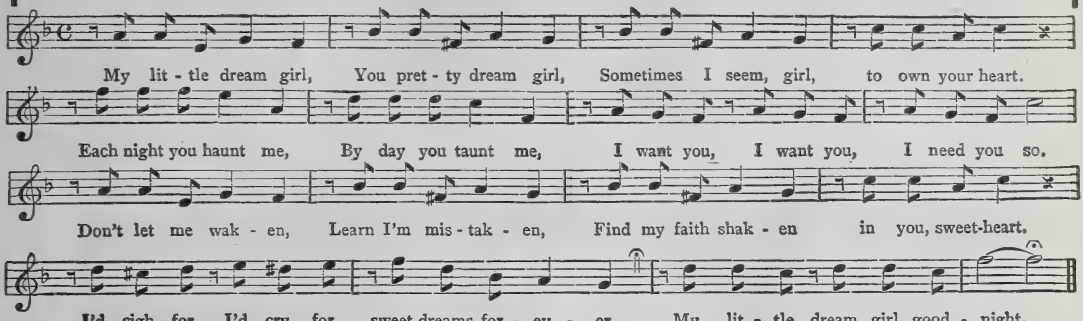
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I'd sigh for, I'd cry for, sweet dreams for - ev - er, My lit - tle dream girl, good - night.

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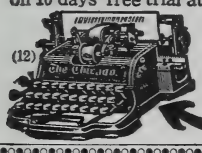

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Motion Picture Magazine

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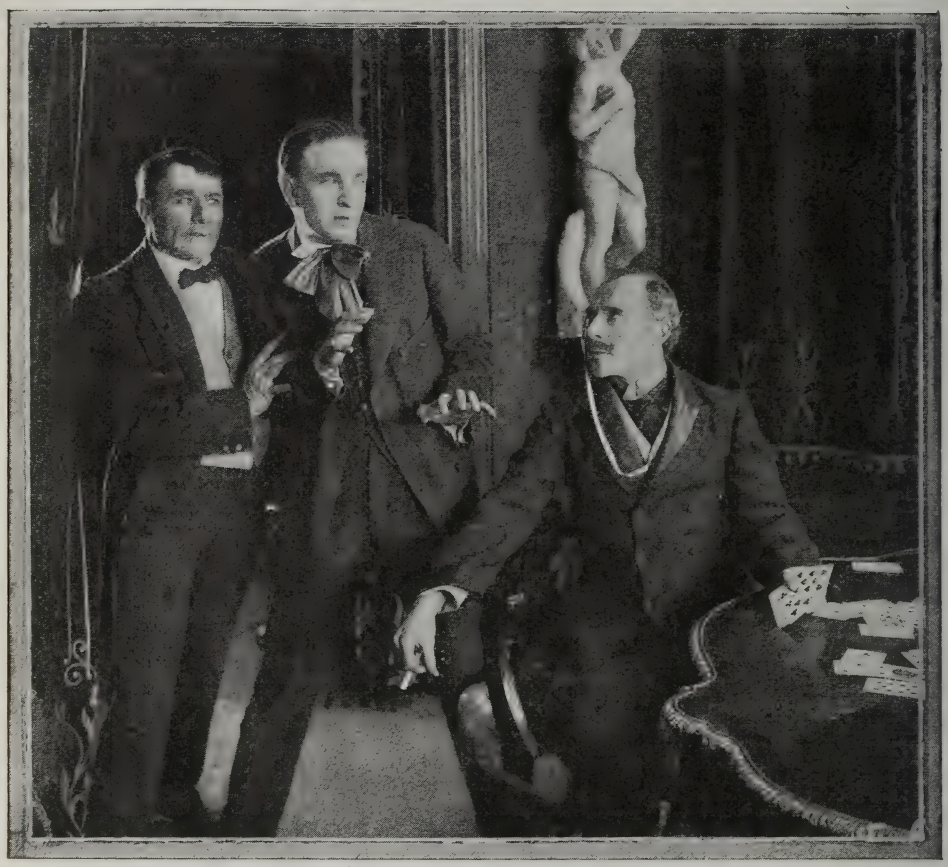
A desperate enterprise was growing in Larry's brain. He had won the girl, and, unless the gold he craved toppled and fell into his eager hand, he would have to take her to the bare, chill studio, that seemed colder and barer than ever in contrast to her vivid warmth. What was his soul to her comfort and peace of mind? With money he could take her home to his mother for awhile and fill the heart's desire of both of these dearest of women. In return he would be called upon to hand over his soul, his paltry, driveling, little soul. He had given it, anyway—to the canvases that connoisseurs smiled at—and it had been worthless. Well, men have bartered their souls in many a lesser cause. He turned and followed the swift, light steps of Mr. Nick.

That gentleman, after many and devious turns, entered the portal of a very modern, very up-to-date and very expensive apartment house. Larry followed him closely. When he reached the vestibule, Larry touched him lightly on the arm.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but I believe you met me in Monte Carlo."



IT WAS A GAME FOR HEARTS, SOULS AND BLOOD

Nick wheeled on him. The light of other days smiled from his eyes.

"At your service," he said suavely, "*quite* at your service."

Larry wet his lips and looked at him bravely.

"I want to gamble with you," he said boldly, "for a very large sum. I—the stakes——"

"Come up at once," Mr. Nick said promptly. "I love to—gamble."

The satanic apartment was hung

with rare tapestries and rich with the pillagings of the world. The evil one had summoned his butler, a corpulent, earthly-looking person, and bade him lower the shades and bring decanters.

Outside, a storm arose—a storm that was as unseasonable as it was uncanny. Ominous peals rent the air, and the atmosphere was thick and oppressive.

It was a strange game—a game for hearts, and souls, and blood—a game where the high gods wept, the elements wept for the passing of a soul, and the devil himself scooped up the winnings.

Then Mr. Nick leaned across the table to the boy, who had seemed to collapse in his chair. He took the careless, outflung hand in a kindly clasp and laid a visiting-card on the table. The boy looked at it listlessly. It bore the inscription, "M. Nickola Dupree."

"Dupree," the boy said dully; "why, that was my mother's name!"

"And your mother," the man said gently, "your mother had—a brother. Little nephew, I loved her very dearly, but she married—an enemy of mine. I have not seen her since. I left home, and the world has given me wealth. Accidentally, I stumbled across you, and I have watched you ever since. I liked your refusing to go home when your mother wanted you. I liked your daring to stick it out. I liked your being willing to give up the girl you loved for her good's sake, and the way you played at Monte Carlo—the *man's* way. Now I am going to turn fairy godfather. You are my heir, and your troubles are over."

Larry stared at him. "But," he said, "I thought——"

"You thought I was Mephisto, didn't you? But you must know that there are lambs in wolves' clothing, even as there are wolves in lambs' clothing. Under many a devil's mask there beats a Christly heart."

But Larry was not heeding. His head was bent, his lips were saying "Violet," and his tears were bathing the card of "M. Nickola Dupree."

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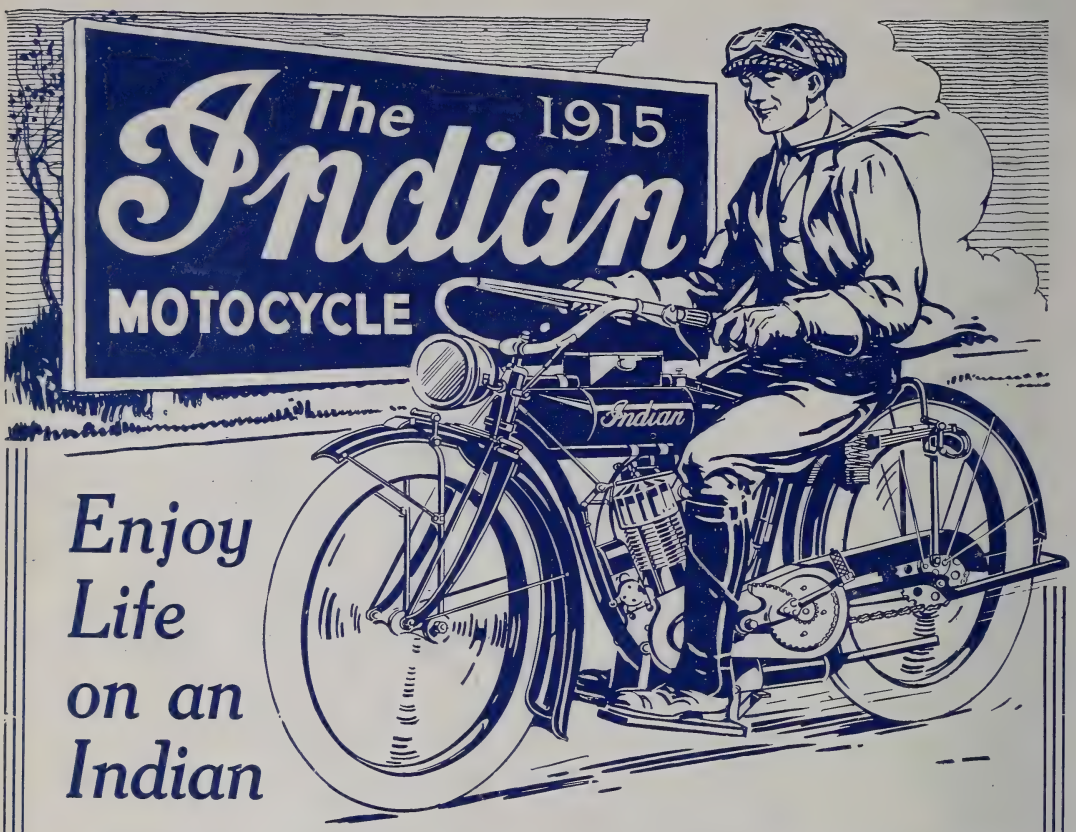

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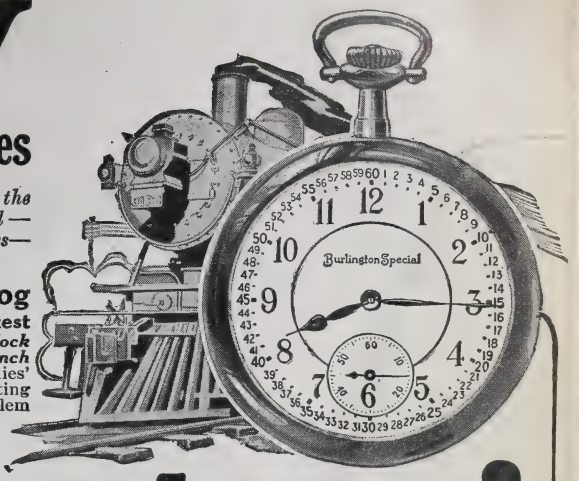

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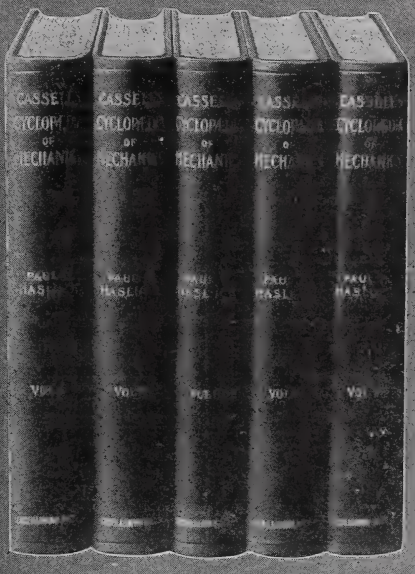

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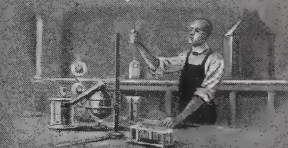

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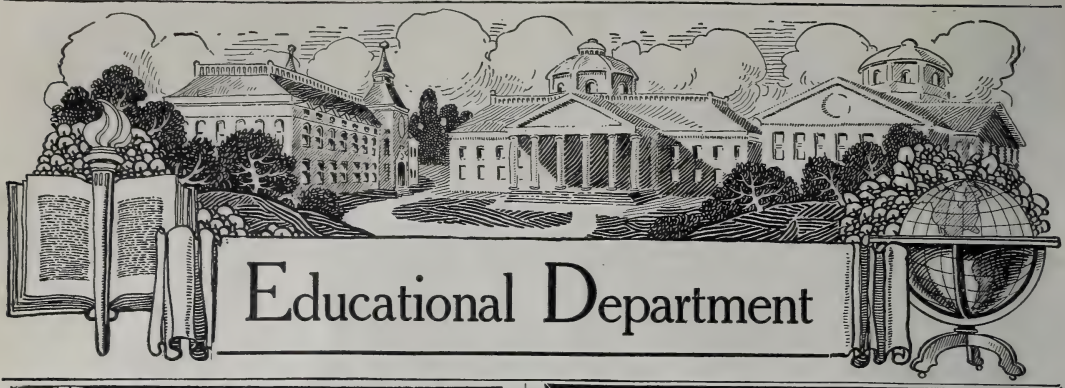

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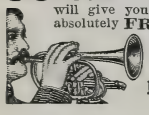

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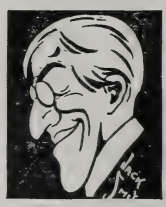

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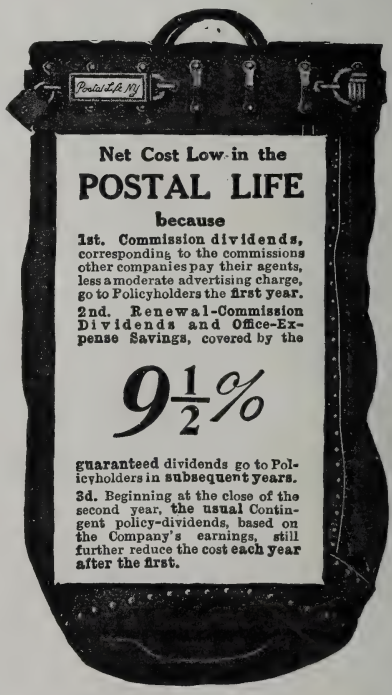
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

VOL. IX NO. 6

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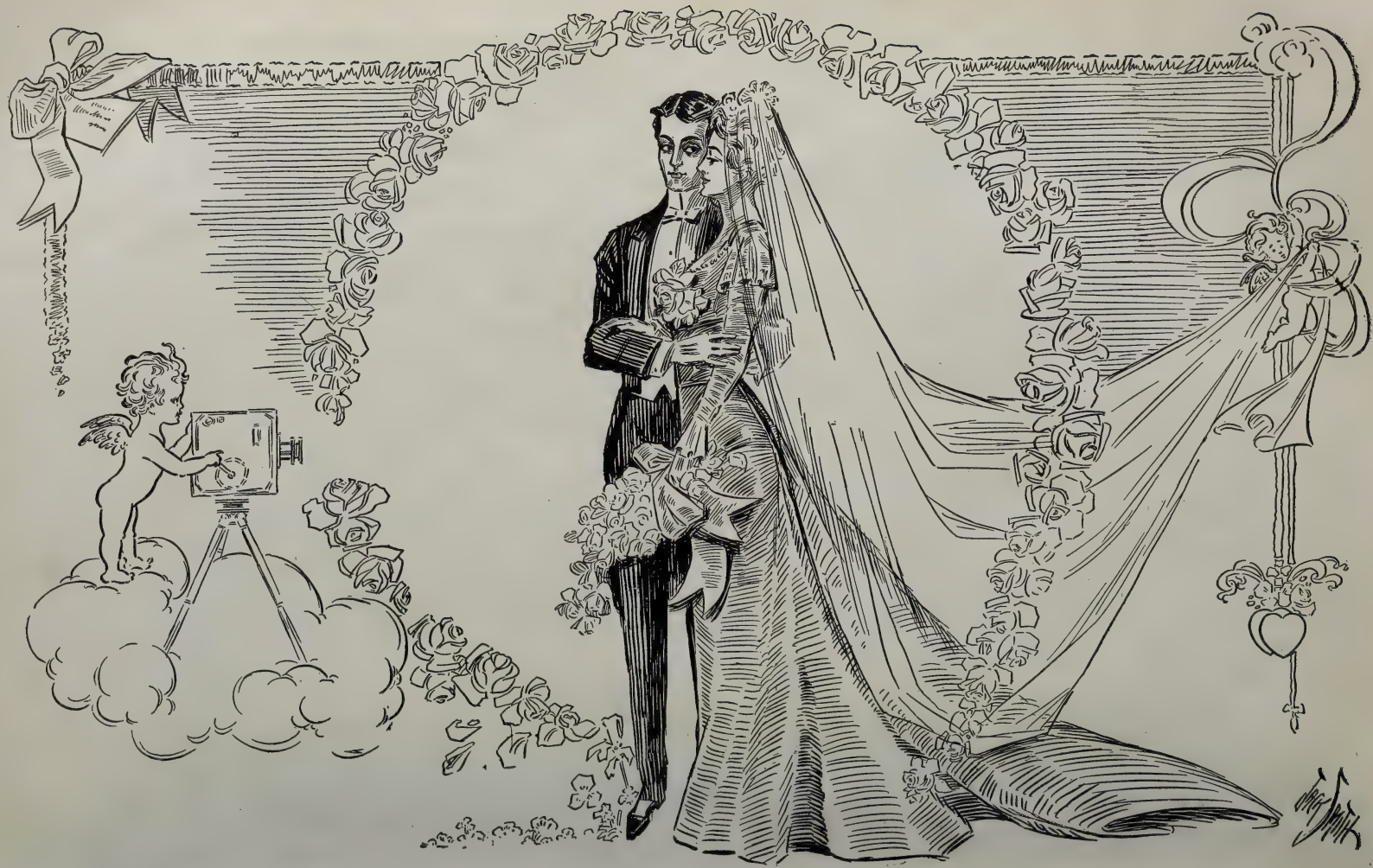

THE JUNE OPERATOR

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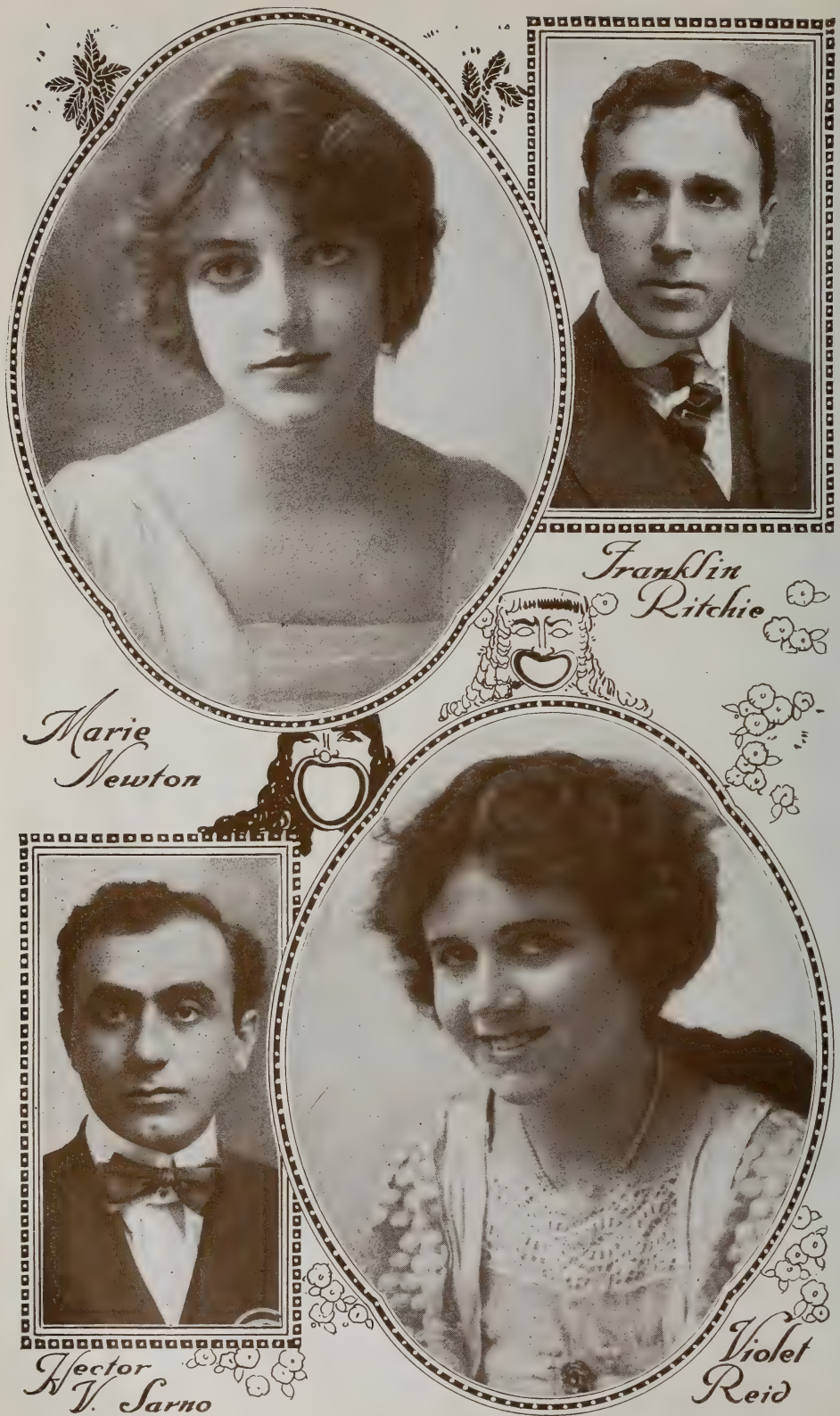


A QUARTETTE OF TALENTED BIOGRAPH PLAYERS

According to their Lights

By

Dorothy Donnell

This story was written from the Photoplay of EUGENE HOWLAND

"You women make me tired!" affirmed Colonel Snowden, heatedly. "With all due respect to your charming sex, I must confess I dont follow the line of reasoning that makes a man's character a cross between Sir Galahad and Billy Sunday on the strength of a pair of straight legs and a fair crop of hair. No, deuce take it, I dont!"

"Daddy!" his daughter protested. "Why, the very idea! I only said——"

"I suppose because I've got a bald spot and a stiff leg you'd be willing to believe me capable of robbing a bank!" The Colonel pinched the round, white arm about his shoulders, a rich chuckle running thru his words. "Lucky the juries aint made up of susceptible females, or there wouldn't be a handsome murderer hung! Well, well, and so you think I ought to accept young Mason's offer, do you? Now, I'll make a bargain with you. Give me a good, sensible reason why I should do it and I will. Gad, that's fair enough. Come; out with it, puss!"

Under the broad twinkle of her father's gaze, the girl's face took on the sweet color of a mountain rose. The crotchety old man, watching below sagging lids, averted his eyes in sudden shame at the brave confession in her straight, young look. "I trust him because I love him," said the violet eyes; "I cannot tell you the true reason," pleaded her rosied cheek, "because he has not spoken—yet.

"A reason?" challenged her lips. "Very well, then; here's my reason: I think the offer for your coal lands must be fair because Mr. Mason says it is, and I want you to accept it, because—because"—two warm lips hovered above his ear—"because—because it will please me! There! Surely, that's a good enough reason for the most critical, carping, suspicious, grasping old duck of a daddy in the world!"

The peal of the doorbell joggled the kiss, that was meant for his forehead, to the tip of his nose. Grace Snowden sprang to her feet in a panicky swirl of skirts.

"There! That's he now—no man in Madison Hills has energy enough to ring a bell like that! Now, remember your promise, daddy! I gave you a good reason–didn't I?"

One moment the old man held her vivid, laughing young face, with its velvet texture and warm coloring, between his hands, seeing, across the chasm of years, another face so like it that his eyes grew dim.

"The best reason in the world, child," he said, a trifle huskily. "There, there! Clear out with you. We're going to talk business, this young man and I!"

The tall, brown young giant in the doorway followed the girl's slim fig-

COLONEL SNOWDEN

ure with a wistful glance as he came into the room to meet the Colonel's outstretched hand.

"Sit down, sit down, Mr. Mason," grumbled the old man. "I've been

CONSENTS TO SELL

having a practical talk with my girl Grace here, going over the matter pro and con, and she advises—remarkable head for business, that girl—that I accept the offer of your firm for those coal lands. Her—ah—reasoning was so sound that I—er—have come to her way of thinking. If you want to draw up the papers, well and good."

An hour later, Bob Mason came out of the Snowden house into a world several degrees fairer than he had ever found it before in the course of twenty-seven years. The cloud-crowned mountains piled away before his eager gaze, almost unearthly in their moonlit mystery of shadow and shimmer. The warm, still air was afloat with spring odors, the wild tang of dogwood, the heavy-lidded pink scents of magnolia and the sharp, purple fragrance of the lilacs steeped all day in a burning Tennessee sun. He strode down the path and out of sight of the house, beyond a bloom-starred hedge; but his shadow, flung behind him on the silvered grass, paused a moment and lifted its long arms in a queer gesture of exultation, that was not lost by some one crouching in a darkened window, soft chin cupped in soft palms.

"Good work!" muttered young Mason; "the boss'll be pleased, all right—he never expected I'd put the deal thru! Oh, I guess I'm not so worse!" he laughed, boyishly, aloud for sheer joy; "it'll surely mean a raise, and a raise'll mean——"

The sweetness of the thought sent him onward along the mountain street in great leaps and bounds. It was as if only the telegram, informing the firm of his success, lay between him and his heart's desire. And yet, a week ago, he had never seen her, except in his sweet, secret dreams.

The telegraph operator, dozing over his gossipy key, met Bob's cheery greeting with a surly frown. He resented the young "city feller's" presence in Madison Hills with the bitter, smoldering resentment of a

narrow-chested, undersized man for one who stands sturdily six-foot two. Where a girl is quick to believe the best of a good-looking man, another man finds, in those same good looks, very grave grounds for suspicion. And the telegram only confirmed his doubts.

"Imperial—Washington—Sculpture—Lingual," he read aloud, with a dark look after the tall figure striding down the straggling street to the hotel. "Wot sense is thar to that? 'Pears like it's plumb foolishness—or spy-talk——"

ERIC ALLEN SCOWLED AS THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE WAS

Eric Allen scowled as the mysterious message was sent dancing across the moonlit miles to New York. "I'll lay he's a rev'noo feller," he muttered, gnawing his sulky lip, "an' he's makin' up t' Grace Snowden with his cursed, snuggerin' city grins——"

The small scrap of a brown creature, sitting, barefeet crossed, on the warm rocks, scuttled down with the swift grace of a wild thing, as Bob Mason's broad shoulders came in view above the steep trail. So intent was he on his thoughts, that the sound of her scramble did not draw his eyes to the crouching figure among the leaves. He flung himself down beside the rocks, and drew out his pipe, with a long breath of content that had in it the beatitude of the arching blue sky, the warm, fragrant sunshine and the far, shimmering distances.

"A whole mountain all to myself!" he gloated, bending to draw his match across the granite. "Crusoe had nothing on me—— Hullo there! A footprint in the sand!"

On the moss, a battered primer jeered up at him, in the loud, raw colors that—to the childish mind—constitute art. "A first reader, as I live! So Mr. Friday, or Miss Friday, is getting an education! Bah! It's a sin and a shame for that shiny old slug—civilization—to leave its ink-splotched trail across the face of Nature like this!"

His upraised arm, poised to hurl the ugly little book out into space, was caught in a fierce grip from behind.

"That-air's mine, stranger!" said

SENT DANCING ACROSS THE MOONLIT MILES TO NEW YORK

a voice in his ear. " 'Pears like yo'-all's purty free with other folks' truck 'round hyar!"

Mason turned to confront an angry dryad, a small, elfish girl-creature, in a dress the color and texture of dried oak-leaves. Wild hair tangled about a face all curves and dimple pricks, out of which shone two gray eyes, wide and curious. He swept her a low bow.

"Miss Friday!"

"My name's Meg—I'm Nate Tracey's gal," said the mountain maid, snatching her treasured book to her flat, childish breast. "The Traceys'll l'arn any no-'count stranger t' tech my things!"

Over the top of the red and blue primer, the gray eyes watched him thunderously.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Meg," said Mason, with amused humbleness. "Come—do say you forgive me. It's too pretty a day not to be friends!"

Meg's clouded glance cleared. She drifted down on the moss at his side with the fluttering motion of a falling leaf. "I 'low yo'-all knows 'most as much book-l'arnin' as Miss Grace," she said wistfully. "Yo' speaks like her does—not like we-all roun' hyar. 'Reckon yo' kin read an' write an' cipher! Lawd, but pen-writin' an' book-l'arnin' comes right po'ly to me!"

"Miss Grace? Is she your teacher?" The name brought a softened expression to the handsome face bending above hers. Meg caught the look, and far within her an unguessed something, that had been sleeping all her short, fierce years, stirred—awoke. She put out a timid, brown little hand, touching his.

"Lawd, ain't yer skin white!" she cried shyly. "I reckon I'm goin' t' like yo'-all, stranger. What mought be yer name?"

"Bob," answered Mason, with careless kindness. The wild little creature was really amusing—pretty, too, in her mountain way. He opened the primer to the page where a huge, yellow cat chased a small, blue mouse from morning to night. "I'm afraid I interrupted your studying," he smiled. "Suppose you read a bit to me now. I'm not much of a reader

myself, but I daresay I can help you with the harder words."

Meg caught her breath. Some strange instinct—sister to the awakened emotion within her—bid her draw her short, tattered skirt down around her bare ankles and push back the dark tangles of hair from her face. She cast a bewildered glance about—the same mountains that she had opened baby eyes upon, the same rocks and sky, but different, somehow. She was too untutored to guess that the difference was in herself, yet the hard, brown little forefinger, that traveled laboriously across the page in advance of her halting tongue, trembled a bit, and her voice stumbled more than usual over the words.

"I — see — the — rat"—read Meg slowly; "I—see—the—cat——"

The words might have been poetry, for the surging joy that ran thru them—a song, the love-song of all the ages since these very mountains rose out of the seas.

"I met a small, brown scholar of yours today," Bob told Grace that evening, as they strolled along the bank of a sunset-painted mountain-stream, "a queer, elfish little gipsy person—Meg, I believe she called herself."

"Meg Tracey," nodded Grace. "Yes, she is rather a remarkable girl; tho, according to the theory of eugenics, she shouldn't be. Her people are a lawless tribe, the root of most of the mischief that goes on in the mountains. Father suspects them of running a still, but, they're so handy with their guns, no one has ever cared to investigate."

"Funny a girl like that should care to make something of herself!" commented Bob, idly. He was watching the way the brown head of hair at his shoulder caught the glints of the sunset, and how the fine threads of it curled into odd little spirals at the end. It would be soft and sweet against a man's cheek—if a man dared——"

"The firm telegraphed that my salary had been raised," he blurted out suddenly; "my—trip is almost over, you know. Your father and I are going to Sherads Forks tomorrow morning early and look over the ground, then I'm to take the noon train——"

The jumbled sentences fell on the still air with the breathless effect of meaning something they did not say. His eyes, watching her face hungrily, caught a shadow in the upraised blue eyes. In an instant his arms were about her and his cheek crushed against the sweet masses of her hair.

"Grace! Then you're sorry I'm going—just a little sorry? You dont suppose—do you—that I'm not coming back again?"

She was weeping softly, clinging to him as tho she could not let him go. "You've seen so many lovely girls—in the city—I thought—I was afraid——"

"I've never seen *my* girl!" he told her, with a laugh of triumph, looking into her quivering, happy face, "and I've been looking for twenty-seven years. I thought I came up here to the mountains to buy coal lands, but it was just to find you! Sweetheart—listen, dear—I never called any one that before——"

The red and gold were gone from the river, when they came at length, wondering, from the enchanted land that lies beyond the portal of the first kiss. But, now, his arm was about her, as they strolled on. The girl cast a wide, bewildered glance at the dim, gray shapes lifting to the dim, gray sky.

"Why—I never knew the world was—so beautiful!" she cried out gladly, even as Meg's soul had cried that morning. Her tall lover looked down into her deep eyes and laughed softly under his breath.

"It is you who are beautiful, my dear—my dear!" he told her. "You are my world, my beautiful world."

And across the mountain, a child-woman, with a new wistfulness in her brown little face, crouched on the rude door-stone of her father's cabin and looked away into the inscrutable

sky. The monotone of voices behind her was a background for her dreams —grotesque dreams of her own rough, hard little hands grown soft and white; of her matted hair brushed into silky trigness like teacher's; of a new gown, and, perhaps—even shoes. She had made a clumsy beginning toward ladyhood that afternoon. Her shaggy locks were combed free of tangles and fastened in a knot with long thorns; the rent in her skirt, that had shown her bare knee thru, was mended, and a missing button sewed on her waist. Would he like her—she wondered anxiously—better this way?

BOB READS TO ONE, AND PROPOSES TO THE OTHER

The voices in the room behind grew louder—a sudden name pricked the bubble of her dreams.

"Bob Mason, he *calls* hisself!" snarled the telegraph operator, licking his pendulous lips into a grin, "but I 'low another name f'r him would be Rev'noo Man!"

"Rev'noo Man!" There was a rustle from the Traceys, lounging about the rude oak table, as of half a dozen hands clapped to half a dozen belts. "Th' low, sneakin' houn', spyin' 'round hyar—— But air yo'-all plumb sartin?"

The girl in the doorway held her breath, listening. She knew only too well what shrift her wild kin gave to rev'noo men.

"I reckon I'm sartin enough," said Eric Allen, doggedly. "Listen, yo' folks: today he sent a crazy telegram, full o' spy words, and tonight he war roun' askin' the way t' Sherads Forks! He 'lowed to me he war travelin' thataway tomorrer mawnin'!"

"He war?" Nate Tracey brought his great fist crashing to the table in a blow that made the mountain-oak groan. "Well, we-all 'll be plumb ready t' welcome him fittin'—how 'bout hit, boys?"

"No! No!" The wild cry from the doorway brought their heads around. Meg flung out fierce-knotted

hands. "Yo'-all hain't nawthin' ag'in that thar stranger-man!" she cried. "Yo'-all shant tech he! Hain't yo' got 'nuff dirt on yore souls a'ready t' hender yo' a-sleepin' in th' dark o' the moon?" There was something uncanny about her gesturing, and more than one of the rough men, watching, blanched under their tan. "How 'bout th' miser over on the bottoms? How 'bout Nelse Purdy, an' old man Brown? Yo' aint even stopped at women-folks—oh, I could tell a thing or two! I'm jest achin' to! Now, yo' leave this stranger-feller plumb alone!"

"Shet th' shrew's mouth, Nate!" growled Bud Tracey, with an oath of fury. "Her aint th' fust gal t' lose her head over a measly smirk!"

"Aye, lock her up!" growled another, taking his gun from the rack on the wall. "We-all got man-work t' do!"

Nate Tracey picked up his daughter as easily as he might have handled some scratching, snarling kitten, and swung her above his head into the opening of the loft. With another powerful wrench of his hand, he jerked away the ladder, and tossed it to the sod floor.

"Stay thar, yu wildcat!" he grinned contemptuously. "Yore spittin' wont hurt no one, I reckon. I 'low I'll lam th' hide from yore back when we-all come back. Now, boys, rustle yore guns right peart. Hit's moondown a'ready, an' we got t' git t' th' Forks afore th' rev'noo man!'

Meg, lying, bruised and spent, on the rough floor of the loft, listened to the heavy tramp of their feet thru the underbrush and their retreating cries.

"Go get Jed—down at the still!"

"Aye—an' tell he t' tote his gun along!"

As the voices grew fainter, she sprang to her feet and across to the window, opening on the branches of a straggling oak-tree. She slid out along the nearest limb, swung down,

THE MOONSHINERS PREPARE TO PROTECT THEIR OWN

hand over hand, and dropped, light as a panther, to the ground.

"Fools!" she panted. "They-all reckon they kin hender *me!*" She dodged across the strip of open moon-

"HE'S *YORES?*" MR. BOB IS—*YORES?*"

light, and plunged into the shadows, with sure foot. Even in the daytime, none of her kinfolks could have followed the path she found thru the woven bushes. But Meg was mountain-born, and knew every foot of the ragged steeps as a squirrel knows its home. Down she plunged, now clinging to the bare rocks with clutching fingers and straining toes, now crawling below the barrier of a thorn hedge, now swinging on a tree-branch across a roaring mountain torrent. Briars and twigs, that she would have avoided save for her haste, tore her flesh cruelly; but she hardly felt the flagellation. Every nerve was strained to reach the village before the man with the kind eyes started out for the Forks.

"Hit's gittin' light in th' east," she moaned, as she ran; "hit's gittin' moughty light——"

THE LIDS DROOPED DOWN, BUT STILL HER LIPS FORMED SLOW WORDS

Grace Snowden, strolling in the early freshness of the garden, was startled by a wild little figure that flung itself upon her, clutching her skirt with desperate hands.

"Yo' pappy an' Bob Mason—whar they-all gone?" gasped the figure, hoarsely. "*Air* they-all gone yet?"

"Why, Meg—what is the matter?" Grace gave a quick glance into the girl's face, streaked with blood from a cut over the forehead. "Yes, father and Mr. Mason left ten minutes ago for Sherads Forks——"

Meg flung her arms into the air, with a queer, hoarse cry. "They-all 'll be killed! Pap 'n' his gang is waitin' with guns!"

Grace clutched her with a grip that stung. "Oh—my—God!" she whispered. "What are you saying? Are they going to shoot—*him?*"

The agony in her voice drew Meg's eyes to the other girl's face, and suddenly she read the meaning of its white horror aright.

"He's—*yores?*" she asked slowly. "Mr. Bob is—*yores?*"

Grace burst into helpless tears. Her superior education, her training, her gentle birth had *not* fitted her to cope with a savage, primitive situation like this. One moment the mountain girl regarded her in silence, then she reached out pitiful hands.

"Come! Thar aint no time t' *cry!*" she said, with unconscious wisdom. "Doin' comes first. We-all air goin' t' *run!*"

Grace never could recall much of the few moments that followed. She seemed to be moving in a terrible dream, among whirling, unreal shapes, up unclimbable rocks, dragged by a strong, brown little hand that was the only anchor in a tossing, sick world. But the end of the wild run she could never forget. A sharp pain in her ankle swept thru her, clearing her brain, and, as she fell to the ground, she opened her eyes.

(*Continued on page* 163)

The Heart of Cerise

by

EDWIN · M· LA · ROCHE

WHERE Rue du Fouarre yawns into Rue St. Jaques, exposing its old houses, like rows of brown tooth-stumps, to the passer-by, there stands a little theater, La Hyacinthe, which is neither exotic, nor beautiful, nor sweet-smelling; nor is it famed for the whiteness of its painted portico or the faded blue of its curtain.

For two francs one may obtain the best seat in the parterre and have the privilege of rubbing elbows with the élite of the old *quartier*. They are loyal to La Hyacinthe, one and all, from the red-legged *piou-pious* in the ten-sous gallery, to the shopkeepers and clerks in the dingy plush seats near the stage.

It was the second season of Cerise Vignol, La Hyacinthe's leading lady, familiarly called La Cerise by her regular audiences. Some of the vulgarians nicknamed her *"La Cracheuse"*—the spitter—because it could not be told whether she was serious or not when well worked up to her rôle. No one knew where she came from, what was her past life, or how she lived.

Then there was Pierre, the leading man, who had seen a dozen leading women flash into favor in the fickle *quartier*, and as quickly fade. Boy-hearted, easy-going Pierre was getting too fat for juveniles, and was as flat as dishwater in romantic parts. But Pierre knew the accent of the

quartier, its pet expressions, its gestures, its heart—in fact, he was an indispensable part of the theater, that to take away would destroy the whole.

Sometimes, when things were not going right—a stupid handling of the effects, or a missed cue—Cerise would smile the sweetest at her audience and fairly smother Pierre with her stage caresses; but with the falling curtain she would rush at Marcel, box his ears and call on high heaven to rid her of such a beast of a manager. It was then that Pierre was invaluable. His acting off-stage was always more convincing, and, with little jokes and big brotherings, he soothed her ruffled feelings.

The strange part of it all was that Pierre loved her. The handsome leading man, with hair slightly shot with gray, whose heart had never quickened one beat in the embrace of a hundred others, fairly quivered when the vague, blue eyes of Cerise stared close into his. There was something, he could never tell what, in their look that reminded him of the days of long-ago in the sun-flecked vineyards, or revived the memory of the simple, blue corn-flowers scattered in the wheat.

Cerise never suspected the cause of the sudden rebirth of Pierre Reaux. He was becoming quite the vogue as an example of the perfect stage-lover. His eyes went fairly moist with tenderness, and his voice caught the trick of a curious catch. It was not uncommon at all, on the nights when Pierre was billed as Othello, to see a sprinkling of demi-toilettes and the sparkle of jewels from L'Opéra in drab La Hyacinthe. Once the great critic and advocate, Fernald Delorme, obtruded his cape and opera hat into the wings, and the following day *Le Figaro* contained a long and glowing account of the play.

If Monsieur Marcel had been able to read more than the opening sentence of the revue, which caused his head to swim and his eyes to bathe in tears, he would have been edified by the following paragraph:

> This unknown Pierre Reaux can act. Altho he is very cheaply clever in farce, he makes a convincing lover in romantic drama. His passages with Iago were quite poor—what we can expect from a stock actor in a two-franc theater; but, when Desdemona entered, all was different. This little woman, with the strange, open-air, blue eyes, *makes* him act. Othello's words become sonorous, beautiful, dominant. The pale creature, with downcast eyes, trembles at his touch. Her words are low—scarcely audible. Yet, it is she alone who is the master—the compelling force of the glorious Othello.

Perhaps the great critic was right, but nobody agreed with him, except Pierre, who silently blessed him for his perspicuity.

Several things happened. Marcel bought a fur-collared overcoat, and covered his fingers with jewels. La Hyacinthe became the haunt of fashionables, and the two-franc seats sold for ten. Pierre was pedestaled, in spite of himself, and utterly ruined his broad farce by trying to refine it. But society sat thru it without wincing—a perfect lover may have his hours of recreation. As for Delorme, he yawned rudely in the wings until Cerise appeared; then his eyes never let go of her.

On Christmas eve she stood alone with Pierre under a single wire-caged gas-jet at the back of the stage. She had just had a scene with Marcel, who had flicked his rings in her face and told her she could go. The great Reaux needed a stronger support—a much stronger, better-looking, better qualified leading woman, Marcel said, and he was looking around in the Odéon, the Français, the Ambigu—everywhere. Soon he would find some one, at a much advanced salary, and as for her, she was *passée*—"*La Cracheuse,*" with the manners of the gutter.

Pierre held her quivering wrists as Marcel lit his cigaret and marched boldly close to her on his way to his cab outside. The animal glare receded from the corn-flower eyes and her trembling stopped.

"Cerise," Pierre said, "have pity on me—dont go." A look of despair blanketed his heavy face—all but the

PIERRE ALWAYS SOOTHED HER RUFFLED FEELINGS

pleading eyes. "Before you came to La Hyacinthe," he went on, thickly, "I was going down, down, down. I'm only a middle-aged, uneducated man from the country, and in all my years in Paris I have never got acquainted with it. I'm afraid of the city—I dont understand it; and somehow you——" His voice trailed off to a thin whisper, then stopped altogether, so utterly unlike the great Reaux.

"But you're great now," her voice mocked; "you're a marked man."

"Oh, that's the terrible pity of it all, Cerise!" Pierre said so sadly that she tasted the tears in his throat; "without you I am nothing—absolutely, heartlessly nothing."

"I dont understand." The open-country look widened her eyes again.

"You *must* understand," Pierre said. "Ever since you came to La Hyacinthe I've worshiped the dirty boards you tread upon. I'd be willing to lick them clean. You deserve it—you're an angel; and I tremble like the damned in your presence."

Cerise stared at him, and her face paled. "Do you really care for me?" she asked. Pierre stepped back from her and deliberately folded his arms. He would not have her believe it part of a play.

"Why, you've made me!" he cried. "My career lies in the hollow of your hand. Every word, every gesture that comes from me is put there by you!"

"I've often wondered—I didn't know——" she faltered.

"Listen!" he said; "it's midnight, and those chimes in Notre Dame are ringing in Christmas; will you honor the great Reaux by consenting to be his wife?"

Cerise's eyes glittered in the pale gaslight and she swept him a deep curtsy. "The always ever greater Reaux," she said, "will never fail to please thru lack of me."

Pierre took her hand in the spirit of mock gallantry they were playing, and bent over it. As he stooped to kiss it, a tear rolled down his cheek and splashed across her hand.

Then she knew, and let herself be

taken into his arms, sobbing softly and holding him close.

Delorme, and even the uncritical Marcel, noticed a shade of difference in Pierre's acting after the night of their troth. There was just a tinge of reluctance—one might call it bashfulness—in the height of the love-passages.

Marcel could not suppress his feelings when Pierre and Cerise announced their engagement, but Delorme took both their hands and said that he had discovered the secret ages ago and had gloated over it like a miser.

"Your marriage will be a great thing; we must have a big wedding!" he cried. "It will broaden your art so much," and he made a sweeping gesture that encompassed their two careers.

"We owe much to you, dear friend," said Pierre, crushing his hand, "and I'm going to increase the obligation by asking you to be my best man."

"*En avant!*" cried the advocate. "I'll even go so far as to help select the trousseau."

On the eve of their wedding, Pierre escorted Cerise home from the theater as usual. She asked that he should leave her at once. There were certain little intimate touches that she wanted to give her wedding-dress—little love-pats at which the modiste would have turned up her nose.

She picked up the beautiful thing of rare Chantilly lace and fine-spun silk and laid it against her cheek, caressing its soft folds.

A knock fell upon her door. Cerise hurriedly laid down her dress and pulled the coverlet over it. Then she opened the door.

Delorme, in evening clothes, stood in the hall. He bowed and smiled toward her.

"We had almost forgotten it—a little surprise," he said. "Pierre is my unwilling accomplice. Please come at once with me."

Cerise took his arm and followed him into a waiting cab. There were several sharp turns, a sally up a dark street or two, and the cab drew up before a notorious café near the Place d'Opéra.

They entered a small, private dining-room girdled with mirrors. Cerise clapped her hands. The little table was a bower of white roses—bride's roses—drenched in dew and drooping this way and that in garden profusion.

"Garçon, has monsieur arrived yet? Very well; bring some wine at once."

Cerise sat down. Her eyes were beaming. Pierre was a secretive fellow, after all.

The minutes ticked by, and the waiter brought in the wine-cooler and stood at attention.

Delorme looked at his watch. "You may as well serve it," he said.

"I've never drunk champagne," Cerise confessed, "and I'd rather wait until Pierre came."

"Nonsense—old maids' whims!" said Delorme. "I want you to drink a toast with me: May all your days to come be as pleasant as the night before you!"

Cerise, smiling, touched his glass and drank. It tasted good—no connoisseur's palate was ever better pleased; but somehow her eyes started to burn and the mirrors to waver uncannily.

She reached forward and caught his sleeve. "Pierre—Pierre—where is he?"

"How should I know?" Delorme's piercing eyes shot thru her. "You are my guest—not his."

Cerise stood up. The mirrors dashed toward her, then fell away like heavy surf. But she staggered toward them and felt her way along the shiny, treacherous surface.

"No heroics"—the voice seemed to burst thru her ears—"you do the Bride of Lammermoor badly."

Cerise still gripped the fragile wine-glass in her hand. Somewhat of her old fury shot across her dulled brain, and she raised her arm and flung the glass full into the smiling face.

There was a sharp crackle of glass,

a quick spurt of blood, and the blinded man stumbled toward her.

Long afterward, the dazed girl tugged at a doorbell in a shabby street, and, when it was answered, a cowled sister of St. Paul stood before her. She fell forward, fainting before the words could come. But the sister understood. The heart of the world is to them a misericorde.

For two days Cerise lay in a painless stupor, while the heavy opiate worked its way thru her veins. But, thru all these lifeless hours, something like a great chime kept ringing in her ears, calling her betimes for her wedding-morn.

As soon as she could get up, Cerise hurried back to La Hyacinthe and was met by Marcel at the stage-door.

"Dont come in here!" the outraged man cried, barring the way with his cane. "All Paris is ringing with the way you treated the great Reaux."

Cerise turned back meekly; her world was tumbling too fast for her to stay it. There remained to her only Pierre.

In a few breathless seconds she had hurried to his lodgings and knocked at his door.

"It is I—Cerise!" she panted. From within, a heavy form creaked on a bed and sounds as of sobs stifled by a pillow.

"It is I—I," she called again—and waited. Then it slowly came to her that Pierre had cast her off, and that the great Reaux was only a man, after all, who loved a little more than the others, but believed as they believed.

Cerise turned away. She could knock at no more doors. They brought her the compassion of nuns and denied the love of man.

The girl did not permit herself to shed tears. Her grief was too deep for that. She took only her plainest clothes and set out for a little village, skirted by the Loire, called Neuilly.

Here she lived for eight years.

She was known as Cerise Lestoq, except to the children of the village, who called her "*petite maman.*" When her fingers were idle, her thoughts seemed to run altogether to the children, and she secretly mended many a torn dress, or bandaged many a cut tiny finger. She even set up a sort of school, in her parlor, for the illiterate and afflicted ones, and taught them pretty lines from some of her old parts.

Things could not go on this way forever in a dull place like Neuilly, and the young swains of the village began paying her attention. Among others was the commissaire of police, a little man, very much swollen with his own importance.

"YOU ARE MY GUEST—NOT HIS"

One sun-drenched day he came upon her amidst the purple grapes, and her pale face, set with earnest, sea-blue eyes, stirred his little soul to a tempest of unrest. He seized her hand and poured out his avowal.

Cerise stood stiffly still, and her eyes looked inwards to a blank wall of long-ago, with its single gas-jet, and the man who had bent over her

(*Continued on page* 164)

The Maid-O'

by Gladys Hall

SILVERY and cold and clear, the stream broke from the barren breast of the mountain source and rushed turbulently on to its ultimate destination. Its sides were bordered by drenched fern and wet, slippery, black rocks. Tall and sheer, the forest stretched beyond. Suddenly, as tho on the bald, unfoliaged surface of one of the rocks a tropic bloom had luxuriated, Mary Blake stepped into view. "Maid o' the Mountains," so they called her—they who loved her best. She was an exotic—a rare and delicate orchid, blooming solitarily in a people of hardihood. Her head was a golden glamour; her eyes were as violets seen by moonlight; her slim, bare ankles were sculptural. And under the sensitized, delectable flesh dwelt the mountain spirit—strong, dauntless, chaste and aloof.

All her life long she had been comrade to the uncouthness of life. She had been nurtured on the ugly—reared by harshness. And she had been fed by the proceeds of the illicit. Yet, her lips, but faintly weary, were unmarred by cynicism—that hopeless, dogged cynicism of the mountaineer. And her eyes dwelt on her beloved hills all unaware of the spots that festered their proud heights. For Mary was of the Truly Great. She was of that rare company who step outside the stubborn walls of the flesh, and see, tho dimly, with the gaze celestial of the spirit-self.

Now, as she bent her insufficient strength to the filling of the two heavy wooden buckets she carried, her lips moved rebelliously. "'Taint fair," she muttered, as she straightened up—"thar's a chance outside all *this; somehow*—I *know* it—but I caint find it—*here.*"

The shack, that was "home" to Mary, hung on the mountain edge like some great dun-colored, squatting toad. Ever and always there were two or three meagrely clad, unspeakably filthy infants tumbling about the door. Ever and always a woman's shrill, querulous voice could be heard from within. At some distance, against a tall, lichened rock, a strange-looking funnel emitted secretive spirals of smoke, and there, when they

the Mountains

Biograph

were not at the nondescript general store in the "village" labored her father and her would-be suitor, Jim.

In the doorway of the shack her stepmother awaited her, threateningly. Her unlovely face bore the traces of a sullen, barren youth crystallized into a mummified age. She had the raw-boned, lank-haired, runty look of the mountain woman. "Yeh'd better be hurryin' with th' supper, yuh lazy brat!" she shrilled. "Jim's called the men at th' still, and yehre pap's comin' along up this minute."

After the moonshiners had finished their noisy meal, and Mrs. Blake's querulous voice was lulled into a snatched nap, and the coarse china had been washed and put away, Mary stole out to the tiny porch, and sat, as she loved to, under the passionless stars. Here, with the chill, sweet night-breath of the mountains upon her, with the day's fret stilled, she could dream those dreams that came from no book-lore, nor word of mouth, but from that something within her that claimed kin outside the mountain walls.

"Mary," a voice broke in upon her, discordantly, "Mary, what yuh thinkin' 'bout?"

"Not 'bout *yuh,* Jim Booneton!" The girl's reply was sharp. She was accustomed to being interrupted by Jim—unpleasantly accustomed. There was something about Jim she couldn't like. Other girls had beaux—worse-looking beaux than Jim, by far. And they seemed to like it. They slicked all up, she knew, and blushed, and giggled; finally—well, finally they got married, and very gradually the slicking-up and the blushing and the giggling ceased. Meagrely clad children romped noisily in and out of miserable shacks, and faded, tired-eyed, *old* women were the bright-eyed girls of yesteryear.

Mary did not want that. Least of all, oh, least of *all,* with *Jim.* She wanted, in her vague, half-formulated way, a man who would know all the many things she did not know. She wanted a man who would be sorry when her back hurt and her head ached. She wanted a man who would love her and be unfailingly kind; not for what she could *do,* but just

because she was *herself*—a woman—and *his*.

Jim had lit his pipe, and was smoking into her face, sullenly. "Caint yuh git it thru yeh head," he remarked at length, "yeh're goin' ter *marry* me?"

"That so?"

"Yes, that's so, Mary Blake, and jest now yeh're goin' ter—*kiss* me!"

Mary sprang to her feet with the litheness of a mountain-cat. Her eyes blazed at him out of the dark. Her little, slender, virginal face burned hotly. "I'd rather kiss a snake than *yuh!*" she hissed at him. "*Ugh!*"

Jim watched her flight, dully. Then his face contorted. "You li'l *cat*, yuh!" he muttered. "You she-devil! God knows why I want yuh—but I *do*—I *do*."

There comes a moment in every life—sometimes more than one—that is a drop of sweetness, tho all the rest be gall. Harking back to it in memory, one catches a reflected glory lighting and gladdening all the years.

Sitting in the notch of a tree on the morning following Jim's avowal, Mary raised her eyes from painful perusal of a tattered volume—and saw the Man. That he was the Man she never for one instant doubted. His eyes rested on her with just the look she had thought might be—a look of gentle protectiveness, of surprise and admiration. He was tall and well built, and clad in the trim habit of the city-bred. He advanced, smiling, and stopped before the tree, in whose hollow she sat curled, like some warmly human dryad.

"I wish there could be room for two," he said, smilingly. "You look so very comfortable, and so like a dryad. Still," with a shrug, "I would not make a very plausible faun, would I?"

Mary hung her head a bit. A strange timidity crept into her heart. The gateway of dreams stood before her in the figure of this man, and, before its realization, she shrank back—afraid. Finally she looked up at him, and her clear, cool eyes searched his face keenly. Suddenly she rose and laid one slim, tanned palm on his tweed sleeve.

"Thar aint a mite o' use in your speakin' much to me," she told him solemnly, withal wistfully. "I dont know *nothin.*'"

The man stopped smiling, and regarded the earnest, upturned face gravely. What he saw there caused him to draw in his breath quickly; then he laid his other hand over hers very tenderly.

"Dear little maid," he said, simply, "do you know that you have stepped far beyond the knowledge of most of us just in *knowing* that you know nothing?"

"No," Mary declared, "I aint thought of it thataway. I meant books, mostly. I c'n read a mite, if I spell out the words, an' figger some, but that aint much. And, oh, I *want* to know."

The man considered her for a moment—the eager, child-sweet mouth, the slender, half-flowered curves, and the warm, woman-sad eyes. He was reading a strange, new lesson in that unsullied face. When he spoke, his words came quickly.

"I'm up here on a vacation," he said. "While I'm here, wont you let me help you—learn? Let us make this our trysting-place—meeting-place, you know. We will read together, and spell and write—*will you?*"

Mary looked up at him, her heart revealed an instant in her eyes. "I caint do anythin' for *yuh,*" she sorrowed. The man released her hand.

"Perhaps you can," he told her; "perhaps you can teach me a lesson I had never thought to learn—who knows?—who knows?"

Down in the "village" the door of the general store was closed. Jim Booneton leaned against it, and, from under the counter, Blake, Mary's father, peered whitely.

"They gone?" he queried, hoarsely.

"Yes—did yuh hear what they said?"

"No—quick, Jim, did I get him?"

"Yes—yuh got him. Shot him

clean the first time. It—it 'ud be a moughty pore thing for the marshal to learn who did that, Blake."

"Well—they aint *goin'* to know, lest yuh tell. Jim—yuh dont mean——"

Jim leaned nearer the white face peering grotesquely from under the counter. "I mean," he said, forcibly, "that *I want Mary;* I guess she wont want her pap jailed—but he's goin' ter be, unless she marries me; that's what I mean, Blake—just that."

Blake laughed in bravado. "Sho, Jim," he said lightly, "go git the gal; I caint do nuthin' to help —how can I?"

"I wouldn't be pap to a gal I didn't boss," Jim said, contemptuously, "and I aint a-botherin' with how yeh're goin' ter work it. I on'y know that if Mary dont see fit ter marry me, *I'm* goin' ter tell the marshal that Blake killed his son."

"AND JEST NOW YEH'RE GOIN' TER—*KISS* ME!"

"I see yuh mean business, Jim," Blake laughed, unsteadily, "an' I'll do my best. Mought as well be gittin' up to th' still now."

"Yuh better sneak it fer a day or so," admonished Jim, cautiously; "the marshal's party'll be scoutin' about pretty lively, yuh know, and yuh never c'n tell what evidence *they'll* find."

It was nothing strange to the occupants of the squatting shack on the mountain-edge to have Blake away. Mary was too absorbed to note his absence, and Mrs. Blake had too many noisy, quarrelsome children to care for. Mary was the only one to whom his return brought anything more than a mild greeting. It was late at night, and she lay huddled in her cot in the room above the general utility room. Her stepmother's shuffling steps punctuated the conversation between her father and Jim, and the girl strained her ears, while her eyes protruded and fixed in the dark.

"Caint do nothin' with her," Jim was saying sullenly, menacingly. "I'm done tryin' to coax the little spitfire—but, on my word, Blake, if Mary dont marry me, I'll *tell* the marshal who *killed his son.*"

"She'll marry yuh, Jim," Blake replied, his mouth full. "I'll see ter it—I'll see ter it."

Upstairs, Mary shivered under the covering. A little, hysterical laugh strangled between her lips. "Marry *him,*" she whispered to herself in the midst of scalding tears, "now that I know what ma'ying means—oh, Walter—Walter!"

She was first at their trysting-place, the next day—and, when he kist her, she clung to him with a fierceness, an abandon he had only guessed before. All the past days they had been giving and receiving lessons that came straight and true from the godly wisdom of Life. He had taught her to read a sweeter, sounder lesson than the ones she conned from his books, and she had given him that which he had never hoped to find—the heart of a woman and the faith of a little child. Out of these lessons a love had sprung—a love that laughed at illiteracy, at poverty and position—at

all but the need of the woman and the glad-given strength of the man.

She had told him of her life up among these mountains—the life that was as clean and bright as that of the little stream between the wet, cold rocks. She had told him of the dream she had dreamed of a life beyond the lives lived here—and, very shyly, of the man who would care when her back hurt and her head ached—the man who would know all the many things she did not know.

And he told her of his city life—his college life—his more or less successful career as a novelist; how he had wearied of copyrighted emotions, stale experiences, and pleasures jaded from overuse; how he had fled to these primitive mountains, hoping to find in them the secret of their aloofness, their vast, untroubled splendor. "And I found the secret of all the world," he had whispered, "when I found *you.*"

Today, however, she did not tell him eagerly of her trouble with her lessons—of her longing for his coming—of her thinking of him under the stars. Instead, she drew away from him, at last, and her face was troubled and uncertain.

"I have ter—to tell you something," she managed. "You'll have to—know."

"Tell me," he said, reassuringly; "dont be afraid with me, sweetheart."

"It's this way," she began, and told him the conversation she had heard the previous night between her father and Jim.

Van Beuren was silent for a moment; then he lifted up the troubled, questioning face to his. "I'm glad it has happened, in a way," he said. "You do not belong to them; you are born of the mountains—for *me.* And so—ah, marry me today, dear—*now*—here in these mountains that have given you to me—will you?"

Van Beuren never forgot her, as she stood by his side during the ceremony. Her scant, faded gingham gown revealed, rather than concealed, each strong, caressing line of her body. Under the skimpy skirt her slender bare feet showed forth, and on her rapt face was the look of one who has hungered for some ultimate star, and found the blest star-dust in her eyes.

They walked back to his tent along the narrow mountain-trail, hand in hand. The girl was silent in the fullness of her bliss, and the man was longing for the day when he could place her feet on gentler ways than the rough path her youth had trod—thus sweetly "knowin' nothin'."

"Do we have to—tell?" she asked, at length. Van Beuren considered for a moment.

"Not at present, if you would rather not," he decided. "I will tell my mother of my little girl, and, when she knows, I will be able to take you home immediately. In the meantime we will bide our time and keep our eyes on Mr. Jim."

At the door of his tent he took her in his arms. Late afternoon was falling. Over the tree-tops a silver shaft presaged the moon; the sky spotted with an occasional golden gleam. The mountain maid shivered as with some ineffable sweetness, and her arms stole close about him. He leaned near, and his kisses covered her face, closed her eyes, and brushed her yielding mouth.

There came days when Mary had to think very hard, indeed, of the vibrant moments she had lived—the wonderful star-dust that had glorified her world. For Van Beuren was summoned home by urgent news of his father's illness, and she was forced into an engagement with Jim. Before he left, he had told her that the wisest plan for her to pursue would be one of seeming acquiescence, and that a few days would find him back again and the story told.

The engagement dance was a nightmare to Mary. Jim was grossly facetious and his chief joy was in exploiting the shrinking girl. It seemed to the over-wrought girl that every time he touched her she must shriek the profanation aloud. She even found it in her heart to blame

"YOU ARE BORN OF THE MOUNTAINS—FOR *ME*"

Walter for leaving her to this horror. At midnight the fun became hilarious. The moonshiners opened some of their own distilling, and even Mary was not missed, as she crept from the barn to the shack and threw herself on the cot in the corner of the room.

There her father found her when he entered, with her stepmother, some time later.

"Yeh're a nice skedaddlin' sort of bride," he mocked her, as she rose and confronted them, a slender, trapped animal at bay.

"Pap," the girl's voice broke piteously and she lapsed into the mountain vernacular, "pap, I caint marry Jim, pap. I—I love some one else. I—I *caint.*"

Mrs. Blake sniffed loudly, and Blake's face contorted with rage that was largely fear.

"Love another, huh?" he grunted. "Well, my fine gal, yuh'll marry nobody but Jim—hark ter that."

"Please—pap—listen——"

"Git up with you—d'yuh think we c'n stand here all night botherin' with yehre drivel——"

Mary turned slowly, mounted the ladder to her attic-room, and heard the trap-door lock from below. On her own cot she sat, drooping. Gone was the star-dust that had been brilliant in her eyes. She looked out now on a night that was utterly starless. Walter had been gone three weeks, and not a word had come from him. Perhaps one of those dreadful things had happened that happened so often in books—*Walter's* books, that were bits of human life—things that kept men away from women who watched, and hoped, and loved till Time turned Love's gold to silver as he passed and hearts were broken in the waiting.

The next morning they broke the trap-door from below, when all knocking and calling had been in vain. The stepmother's face was set and grim, and the father's was white and drawn, for down in his clogged, wrong-lived heart there dwelt an odd, dauntless love for this child—this love-child; this—and the other

"Mountain Mary," who had been sleeping these many years.

There was a note on the pine dresser—a brief and simple note—that told the worst at once:

> Even tho I may have been deceived and deserted by the one I love, I will end it all rather than marry Jim. MARY.

The old moonshiner bent blurry eyes over the signature. He was wondering whether that *other* Mary had known and cared while her baby was suffering so. He was wondering whether they were together again. She had loved the baby so—that other Mary.

"What's the matter with yuh, pap, standin' thar like a loon?" Mrs. Blake's voice was raucous. "Aint yehre goin' ter *do* somethin'? Call Jim. Like as not, th' gal's scarin' yuh. These gals is flighty things. I never did——"

"She's gone, Tildy; she's gone," the man said hopelessly; "she wasn't like th' rest—Mary wasn't."

"I should say *not!* She was a moughty pert piece, an' that's more'n th' rest of us *dare* be 'round *yuh,* pap."

They searched the woods for trace of her, and finally, by the lake, they found her little, faded bonnet and well-worn jacket. Blake held them to him as he had held Mary herself in the first sweet wonder of fatherhood. Then he walked slowly back to the house. He had not thought much about Mary while she cooked and scrubbed and toiled for them, and bore the stepmother's injustice and his own uncouthness. Who does pause to consider the automaton whose slavery is our meat and drink—the provider of that which enables us to quaff life's wine and nibble its sweetmeats? And then, when the slavey is gone, we suddenly recall a sweetness of face we had not seen before. We realize that, after all, the service done will never be done again so sweetly, so willingly, so well. We know that something has gone from us that never can come again. And, knowing, we weep the tears that would have been pearls beyond price to the one for whom they are wept.

Jim found him in front of the shack, fondling the shabby hat.

"She's dead, Jim," he told him, as the youth gazed on him in dumb amazement—"she's dead—and it's part your fault, by G—— It's part——" Blake paused—his eyes followed some moving thing, then riveted, as if, perchance, he followed the spirit of Mary on some unearthly flight. Jim, wooden from the blow, turned, too,

MOTHER AND FATHER

but Blake pulled him back and raised a shaking gun to the level of his breast.

"Yuh low-down whelp!" he said, in accents curiously, terribly still, "thar goes the—marshal's son! Yuh told me—I—killed—him! Yuh made a murderer of me—to—git—my gal! Instead"—here his voice shrilled and rose—"instead, yuh've made a murderer of *yourself*—yuh've murdered—my gal! Now, go—to—*hell!*" The gun pressed against his breast, and Jim fled into the woods. The mountains are immutable fastnesses. They take a man into secrecy and will not

give him up. Jim Booneton was of these.

The revolving door of the hospital closed slowly. The orderly handled the recovered patient her bag and smiled a perfunctory farewell. Feet that had trod close to the portals of death stepped on the asphalt of the city street with an uncertainty as to direction and a timid, halting fear. Swiftly around the trafficked corner a long,

DISAGREE OVER JIM'S ADVANCES

low car turned—the uncertain feet wavered as to direction again—and a minute later the hospital door reopened to the patient, or *patients,* so recently gone forth. In the waiting-room the owner of the car—a gentleman with a harassed expression and kindly, hungry eyes—waited for news of his whilom victim. The perfunctory orderly entered with the information that the lady was more shocked than injured.

"She was carrying a young baby, sir," he said; "in fact, she became a mother in this institution a month ago. Would you care to—see her?"

"Why, certainly," the gentleman agreed, with the air of one who must perform a duty. "Perhaps I can render her some service."

She was lying on one of the cots in an empty room when he entered. Beside her a small, audible and highly animated bundle gave evidence of life vigorously maintained. The gentleman advanced solicitously; then a silence fell on the room—a silence so pregnant with unutterable things that even the perfunctory orderly was moved to vanish.

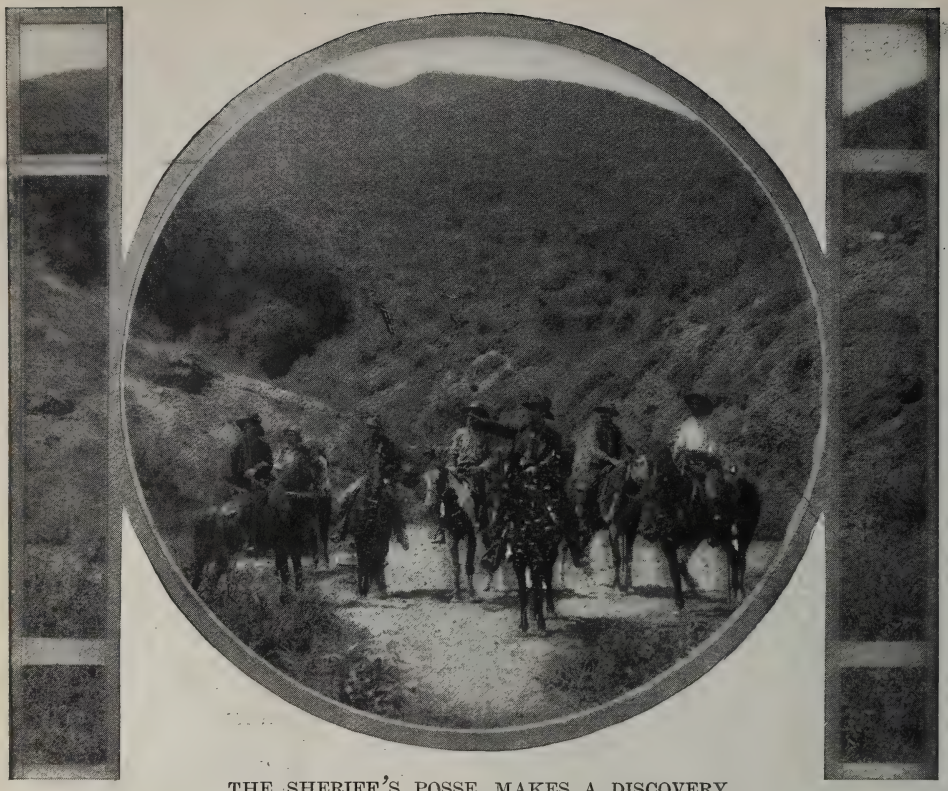
Van Beuren knelt by the cot. "I cant believe it," he was whispering to a golden head that had only moved to rest against his heart; "I cant believe it, my wife, my darling, my Mountain Maid."

After a minute, the golden head moved, and one small hand pushed the disregarded, and now silent, bundle toward Van Beuren. "Look," she said, tremulously, "your son—dear heart."

They sat in the hospital room long into the twilight. Fragments of words passed between them—her fear that he had deserted her; her flight from Jim; her trumped-up suicide; her coming to the city, and finally to the hospital, with the money he had left her; the birth of their son, and the fortuitous accident. And thru it all ran the gray thread of tears—tears for the memories that had held only stars.

He told her of his father's illness, his death, the long delay, and how, when he had gone back, at last, they had told him of her death. "I think my heart broke then, Mary," he said, "for after that life turned stale in my mouth. I am a man, and I tried to forget, but I knew that I never could. Wherever I went, whatever I did, I tasted the tang of the mountain air, I saw your stars up in the far, black heavens, and I felt you against my heart. I knew that I had lost the essence of my being. But now——"

The baby stirred a trifle, and the man bent his head over the tiny, shapeless bundle. The girl's slim hand found his hair, and lingered



THE SHERIFF'S POSSE MAKES A DISCOVERY

there, while her eyes sought the mounting stars thru the window. Of a sudden, the farthest, most radiant star quivered in its orbit and shot earthward. Something gleamed in Mary's eyes—something like moon-pearl and star-dust and very human tears. Then she turned and buried her face on the shoulder nearest her —the broad bulwark of her life.

Ode to a Worn-out Reel

By ANDREW JOSEPH SODICH

O portrayer of Humanity,
Finished product of the Silent Art;
Voiceless, yet, but oh, how powerfully
Thou depictest the flashes of the heart!

Thou who art the cast of living flesh,
Thru the realm of Action thou hast taught;
Strikingly, the pathos of Life's mesh,
Forcefully, the joy of Love unbought.

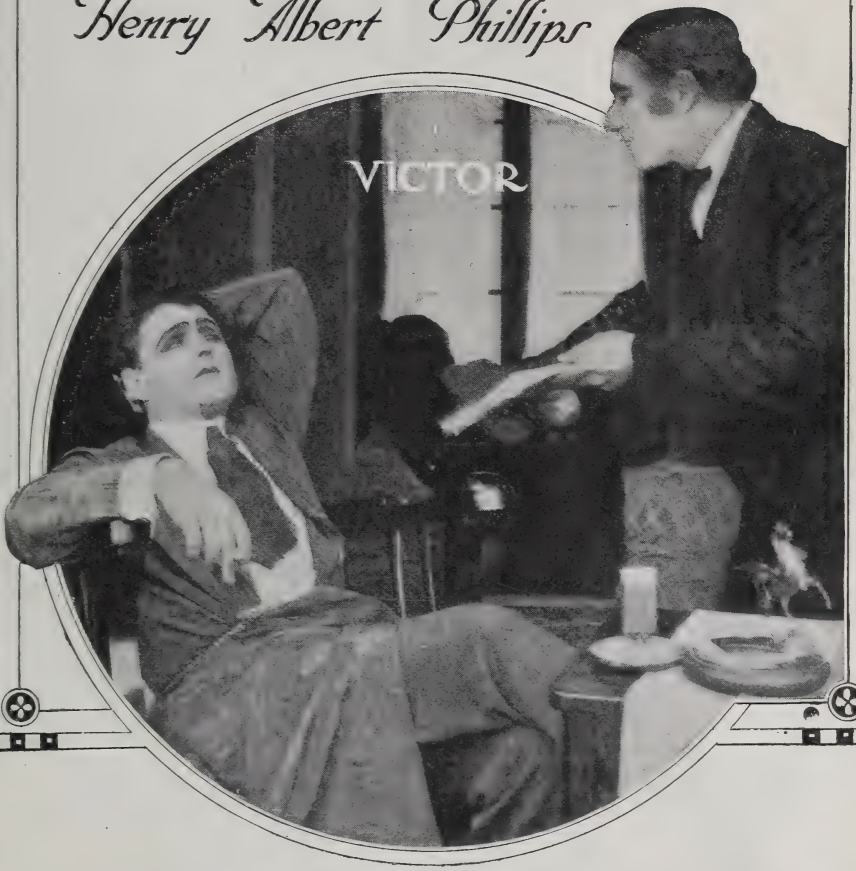
Eyes that saw not but the weight of years,
Watched thy lesson, then grew young again;
Eyes whose misty haze bespoke of tears,
Reminiscently dispelled Grief's strain.

Day by day thou hast been whirled around,
While a multitude thy uplift learned;
Battle-scarred, bedimmed, now seek thy mound
In history, a resting-place well earned.

The Oyster Dredger

By

Henry Albert Phillips



Oh, my mother's the Sea and my kin are the Waves!
Ho-ho!
And my father's the Echo that dwells in yon caves!
Ho! Ho-ho!
But my wife's not at all a waif of the sea,
She's maid of the Land is my land-lady-ee!
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Ho-ho!

JACK raised his head suddenly from the task of gathering the few scattered oysters from the bottom of the dingy, uncomfortably conscious that some one had become an audience to his rude song. But no—the wonderful creature all decked out in the trappings of a woman of the distant land-locked metropolis seemed to be absorbed in thought, as she gazed at him, rather than listening to his song. Jack grinned sheepishly and took off his hat awkwardly to her.

"You are really happy?" she said, in a tone of great weariness and just as tho he were nothing more than an oyster. He could tell that she was concerned with herself in this question rather than with him.

"No doubt about it!" It fairly bubbled out of Jack. "Fine weather and a big haul today, you know!"

She of the long-lashed eyes and burnished copper hair continued to arrange the conversation to suit herself: "Do you mean to say that you live in that—that—uh——?" The repellant tilt of her nose told exactly what she meant to say better than words could have done.

"That hut?" defended Jack. "Yes, that's mine—all mine; I own it."

"And the eternal smell of fish—doesn't it——"

"Yes, it does—makes me eternally hungry," finished Jack for her, altho it was doubtful if that was what she had in her mind. "Would you like to take some oysters home with you?"

She looked at him a little startled, as she realized that he had drawn her interest away from herself to something in which he was concerned. "Why—why, I didn't think that any one but tradesmen took them home. I suppose I could."

Jack was beginning to like her now, altho he had never seen anything on sea or land just like her. He opened a quart or more of oysters from his latest catch, and put them in a bright, new tin pail.

"They'll laugh at you maybe for carryin' these," he ventured, as he handed her the pail.

"Who will laugh at me? I dare them!"

Jack was at great pains to restrain his own laughter.

"Aren't you bored to death?" she said, resuming where she had left off when she had descended to his plane.

"Too busy to think about it," Jack assured her sincerely.

Then, with a stiff nod, she strode away, holding the pail away from her at just about the same haughty angle she had held Jack. At least that is what he thought, as he watched her until she disappeared over the sandy dunes.

In the moonlight that night he came out and sat till midnight trying, in vain, to recapture that strange vision, and, as long as he thought of her, try as he would, he could not be happy and content—for the first time in his life.

Jack woke in the morning conscious of that same unhappy feeling, yet desiring nothing less than to see that strange creature that belonged to the realm of the Land—or some sphere even above the Land, judging from her lofty manner. And instead of rowing out to the dredge an hour before sunrise, as had been his invariable custom for the past ten years, he took up a pair of short oyster-tongs and began to churn some half-forgotten oyster-beds near shore.

Jack didn't sing that day. Either the song seemed to have become so personal in its significance, or the visit of the Lady of the Land had taken all the song out of him. He pulled silently, almost glumly, into his own little cove, toward midday.

His dingy had grated well up on the beach, when he was startled by a voice grown familiar overnight.

"I have been waiting a long time for you." It was the little Lady of the Land.

"Yes?" he apologized.

"I have something of the greatest importance—at least it is important to me—to propose."

"The oysters were all right, then?" said Jack, filled with visions of an arrangement to supply her daily.

He was rewarded with a slight frown. The vision drew nearer and he caught the serious look in her eyes. "Would you be willing to leave here for awhile?" Her eyes roved over the turquoise bay and the green nose of land thrust into it as tho drinking in the sea-tang that had already imparted a tonic to her own aristocratic nostrils.

"But, you see, I'm not a landsman, strictly speaking," protested Jack. "I wouldn't know what to do for a living."

"Oh, you would be well repaid for your services." There was something very imperious in this that Jack resented, but kept silent. "Now, listen, sir. I'm not happy—never have been since my father died. There are

reasons which do not concern you. It struck me yesterday, as I sat there watching and listening to you, that happiness did exist, after all. I have an odd proposal to make. I thought that if we could change places——"

Jack gave a shrill whistle that, as suddenly, faded out under the cutting disapproval in the Lady's glance.

"If you and I could change places, I repeat," she continued haughtily. "And remember, sir, this is a serious matter with me. At least, I wish to try it. You may become master of my house in town, while I become mistress of—of—this." She swept the hut and its bleak surroundings imperiously from the landscape into her lap. "Of course you would receive compensation—a salary."

"It would make you happy?" asked Jack, in spite of himself.

"That is not the question, sir," she retorted, giving him a quick, searching glance.

"If it'll make you happy, it's a go," he persisted, in spite of her disapproving look.

"You will vacate at once, then. I'll bring my lawyer to sign an agreement this afternoon." She rose to go.

"You're a queer one!" Jack had not really meant to say it out loud.

"Perhaps," she replied; "but I'll not be told so by any one."

Jack was sure of it.

Before she returned that afternoon, Jack had changed his mind. He simply couldn't leave his "mother the Sea, and his kinsmen the Waves." Then he saw a new side to the Lady's

"I HAVE SOMETHING OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE TO PROPOSE"

character. In the depth of his feeling, he laid a hand on her shoulder and pointed, with passionate eloquence, toward the sighing bay. "It's all I love in the world!" he said.

"I have as good a stake in taking it from you," she replied.

Then she actually pleaded with him, and there was something in her eyes that smote Jack's tender heart and came there to stay.

"WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU MEAN, JONES?"

"I'll go in now and change my clothes and put on my shoes and socks," he said. When he came out again she sat staring intently out to sea, with a wistful, foreboding look in her clear eyes. And the compliment that lay on his lips was stilled as Jack, the bargainer, walked noiselessly away across the beach, to where her motor was waiting for him.

From that moment on Jack took things as a matter of course. To him it was a matter of hard day's work. He did whatever he was told, and civilly answered, to the best of his ability, any questions asked. There was a big automobile that whizzed him off to the distant city. Wonder followed upon wonder. He let them lead him into the big house in the city; occupied the room assigned to him; put on the clothes furnished, and otherwise conducted himself with the feeling that he would soon wake up amidst the fish-grimed atmosphere of the hut by the sea.

There was only one thing that he had positively disliked—that was the conduct of Carson, Vera Allen's lawyer. He knew a rascal when he saw one! The way Carson had looked at the girl and had talked to her and

touched her arm—he felt his conscience troubling him, because he had left her alone with her maid in that solitary spot by the sea. Then the magic whirl of events, in the rôle of a man of the Land, sucked him up like a whirlpool and set him down far off from his beloved bay. His valet saw to it that nothing should be ignored.

A month passed in a mad vortex of events that pitched all else into oblivion. A strange oppression there was, and a void that grew in volume daily; but as long as new pleasures came up nothing else mattered.

He came down one night, immaculately dressed for a solitary dinner in some notable place about town. He waited for some moments impatiently in the library for Jones' appearance. When the valet did appear, it was with a queer expression on his face. He was not dressed as a gentleman as usual, and carried a magazine as tho he had just left off reading.

"What the devil do you mean, Jones, by not showing up as usual?" Jack had fallen into the master's manner quite as readily as Jones had played the part of a gentleman companion.

"I meant nothing disrespectful, sir." Jones had never seen his pseudo-master angry before.

"Then why are you disrespectful?" demanded the erstwhile oyster dredger, marveling at this side of his character that he had never been conscious of before.

"I'm not going with you tonight, sir." Then, alarmed at the cloud on his master's brow, he added quickly: "I have my orders, sir."

Jack was alarmed at his own choleric outburst at this seemingly impudent remark, when a handsomely gowned and heavily veiled lady stepped into the room. The valet retired, with a low bow.

"Just the look I had on my face when I came to your hut that day," she remarked, advancing with outstretched hand.

Jack stood stunned, for this was the cruel blow of awakening that he knew would come sooner or later. A yearning flooded the void in his breast, scraping the wound with the salt tang of the sea.

THE OYSTER DREDGER IS HER HOST AT A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT

"Oh—howdedo?" he stammered at length.

"Oh, I have not come to stay, so dont look so glum," she laughed.

Jack's heart sank involuntarily. "Haven't you?" he asked disappointedly.

"No; only for the evening—I'm an oyster dredger, you know, and I must get back to the task." She laughed infectiously, deliciously, and before

he realized his boldness he had asked her to dine with him.

They went together to the restaurant. It was not till they sat down to dinner that he noted a look of anxiety behind her gayety.

"There is something——" he began.

"Yes," she answered; "I came up to tell you."

The first emotion of pleasure that he had known for weeks stole into his lonely heart.

"I am afraid." Then, noting the dangerously protective look he gave her, she changed her mode of narrative. "I'll tell you all briefly. But I want you to do nothing, or say nothing, without I order you to." He nodded a promise. "When my father died he had become a perfect slave to—Mr. Carson. He was tricked into making a will that put all of my inheritance permanently into the lawyer's power. The man has hounded me for years with proposals of marriage, reiterating that it was my father's wish, and hinting that only by accepting his proposals can I hope to obtain my inheritance. Fortunately, my father specified a sum for the annual allowance to be given me. Little I care for the fortune. What I want is happiness. I resolved to put myself to the test and to have it out with myself in strict solitude. Hence my sudden invasion of your beach and my ousting of you from your hut. The result of my adverse attitude has been anything but happiness. The man has shadowed every brightening moment of my life. As a final defiance, I told him that I would show him that I could be happier in a life without wealth and society. For the first time the serpent has wriggled out of his skin. Contrary to my wishes, he has taken up his residence near me and persists in annoying me with his presence. And——"

Jack had leaped to his feet. The girl laid her hand on his arm, smiling appealingly up at him. But his was the haughtiness that she had discarded many days ago.

"But you mustn't," she said softly. "You promised that you would do nothing or say nothing, until——"

"Very well, I won't, until——"

"I send for you. This thing has gone so far that I must master Carson, or he will me." Again she smiled, as much at his low spirits as from spontaneity. "You see, I have found some happiness, and I've learned that little song you were singing that day I first saw you, only I changed some of the lines to

But my swain's not a merman, nor 'salt' of the Sea!
He's a Lord of the Land—is my land-lord he!
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Ho-ho!

This roused only the ghost of that smile of the sea, for a strange despair of ever being happy again had come to his heart with the knowledge she had just imparted to him.

In parting with her that night he knew that he parted with sleep, too. His aching mind was filled with a disturbance not unlike a storm at sea—the howl of the wind and the roar of the breakers were incessant. He lost all appetite, except for the briny mists, the sunlit seas and the moonlit bays. He yearned for the frightened scream of the wild duck, or the wind-driven cry of the fish-hawk soaring like an idle thought above the cares of the restless sea.

Nothing could induce him to venture out of the house, either that day or the night that followed. For hours he would stalk about the rooms in his bare feet, pausing now and then to hurry to the window, as tho to be refreshed by a distant horizon. But he would turn from it with a veritable snarl, as his vision bumped rudely against a neighboring pile of brick.

Next morning, when Jones called his master, he received no answer. Somewhat alarmed, he gently pushed open the half-closed door. The bed was empty, the room vacant. Jack's erstwhile clothes lay in a disordered heap on the floor. The door of the dresser was wide open, and the rusty, homespun suit that had hung there

since the day of the oyster dredger's arrival was gone!

Jack arrived in sight of his beloved sea early that afternoon, and something tried to return to the heart of him that would have brought a bubble of song to his lips if fear for his Dream Lady had not possessed it.

He had no idea how he would make a livelihood without his hut and dingy. He longed for the sight of them again, and, altho he would not have had her see him or know of his cowardly retreat for the world, he resolved to steal up among the dunes to take a look at the things he loved.

JACK GRAPPLES WITH THE INSOLENT LAWYER

The things he loved! That thought dwelt in his mind strangely, and he fell into a state of sadness again. The nearer he got to the hut the further removed became Hope, and, when he saw his old abode at last, he could have wept. Then his mood changed, and he became almost cynical, as he lay there staring at it with somber eyes.

His sinister reflections were suddenly intensified by the faint sound of voices. There was her voice raised in a note that sounded an alarm in his heart.

CARSON GAVE ONE LOOK OF TERROR, THEN FLED PRECIPITATELY

He rose upright, throwing caution to the winds of the sea. Then he heard the voice of Carson, and there was a note to it that set his blood coursing at a passionate fury, and his feet took flight in the sand.

He entered the room the powerful oyster dredger, and became an ungovernable creature of strength the moment he saw the woman of his life struggling in Carson's arms. He had no recollection of what followed; it seemed only a red flash before she was tugging at his hammering arm, begging him to stop. Then he looked down and realized that he was pounding a limp form.

"He was drunk," she said.

"I'll throw him into the sea!" cried Jack.

"No; just lay him outside there; I've something I want to say to you."

Jack returned, fearful of what she might say.

"You've returned for your hut and your boat and your life that I borrowed of you?"

But Jack only shook his head and backed away. "No, I won't listen," he said. "You must stay." Soon he had withdrawn beyond the sound of her voice.

Then did he realize that she had not only borrowed his hut and dingy, but she had taken his happiness!

He lay in the shadow of a dune, until he saw the figure of Carson rise unsteadily and stagger off down the beach in the direction of the Seamen's Tavern. Jack followed, his hands knotted into two protective sledges.

He stole out on the dock, where the saloon hovered over the black waters, and entered unseen. Carson was fiendish with rage, pain and liquor. Jack listened to his scurrilous jargon, until the drunken man began to tell

(*Continued on page* 166)

IN THE DAYS of FAMINE

by

Francis William Sullivan

VITAGRAPH

A Story of the Far North

Written from the Photoplay of JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

At a safe distance from the trapper's shanty, Jan de Bar halted his dogs, and scrutinized it keenly for signs of habitation. Half smothered in drifted snow, mute, lonely, it seemed deserted—a lifeless thing overwhelmed by the immensity of the primeval wilderness. No sound came to him from the cabin as he listened—only the long, murmurous roar of the wind thru the northern forests and the whisper of loose snow as it blew along the frozen crust.

Had death preceded him here, too, he wondered, as it had so often on this ghastly mission?

Slowly he raised the long, birch-bark megaphone he carried and shouted thru it to the invisible dwellers. But no life stirred in answer. He fastened the harness of his dog-team to a spruce limb and approached the shanty warily, the conviction forcing itself upon him that here, as at so many other cabins, he had come too late—that the great plague which held the northland, from the Athabasca to Hudson's Bay, in its grip had been before him and left only the trackless silence of death in its frozen trail.

Binding a heavy scarf about his face to protect his nostrils, Jan walked to the square-paned, frosty window, and, with a stick of wood, broke the glass. He shouted again, but still no answer came. Then, as his eyes penetrated the dark interior, he saw, upon a miserable bunk, the stiff outlines of a figure, grotesque in death, and he drew back, his face white with a shuddering inward horror.

Were they all to die? he wondered, sickened. Were they to be wiped out like snowshoe rabbits in the seventh year? Hope that had been strong in him, when, weeks before, the factor of the Hudson's Bay Post, at God's Lake, had sent him out upon this mission, almost failed him. Few were the cabins where the destroyer had not taken his toll, and fewer still those

above which the red flag of danger was not flying.

For this was the Red Year of the North—the tithing year of the smallpox—and it was scourging the wilds like a forest fire.

Jan's next work was quickly done. With his hand-axe, he cut a quantity of brush, piled it about the cabin, and set it alight. This was the object of his long sledge journey: the burning of the dead and the cauterization of plague spots by fire. Then, as he stood back to watch the flames, suddenly he heard, above their crackle, a sound that struck him rigid and tense. Throwing off his scarf, he took a step forward, listening. It came again from the cabin—lonely, pitiful and human—and Jan, leaping to the door, tore away the heaps of incendiary brush.

For only an instant he hesitated, as the realization of the peril he faced came home to him. Then, wrapping his scarf about his face again, he entered. Straight to the bunk, where he had seen the twisted figure, he went, and drew down the blanket. But it needed only one shuddering glance to tell him that the woman was dead. Then, as he stood bewildered, the sound came again, close by, and, turning, Jan crossed quickly to a bunk on the opposite side of the cabin. There, beneath the unkempt covers, smiling, and stretching out her arms to him, was a little girl of three—little Jean—who from that hour was to hold his heart in the hollow of her hand.

The tie formed across the body of the dead mother knit them close from the first, but, as the weeks went by, it received its chief strength from the battle they fought together. For Jan, having exposed himself to the plague, knew that he must face the consequences. Setting up his Indian tepee, he hoisted the red flag of warning and prepared for the invisible stroke. And one day, while he and Jean were playing together on the floor, it came like a bolt of lightning. Even as he laughed, the pain struck thru him, leaving him white and shaking and scarcely able to drag himself to his bunk.

And, during the hideous, phantom-ridden time that followed, Jean proved herself. Now it was a stick of wood she dragged inside the tepee, now a pan of snow to melt for tea. At moments, when the fever let him, Jan struggled up and cooked for her, and thus, thru mutual pain and sacrifice, they fought on until the glad day when, weak but free from pain, he knew the crisis had passed.

Then, when he could travel, they started homeward to God's Lake and the Post. But by this time Jan's provisions were low, and his half-wild dogs had run away and joined some traveling wolf-pack. Hardship and semi-starvation faced them, but Jan set forth bravely, for at twenty the challenge of death is like a trumpet-call to battle. Snowshoe-shod, he dragged the heavy sledge alone. Blizzards came, and winds that bit like knives at thirty below, and *poudre* days when the air was full of glittering, frozen particles.

But thru them all he struggled on, while the child slept amid the duffle on the sledge. And, when his weakness overcame him and he felt he could go no farther, the sight of her there asleep would bring the light of joy to his thin, exhausted face and renewed strength to his failing limbs. So, after weeks, he won thru, at last, to the Post at God's Lake, with his foundling of the wild.

There, under the kindly nursing of the factor's wife, his strength returned again, and life took up its old round. No! Not its old round—a round as different and new as heaven is from earth. For, in his log-cabin at the fort, Jan was bringing up Jean, with old Na-shi-go, an Indian squaw, for nurse and housekeeper.

Winters and summers passed as swiftly as beads slip down a string, for it is only in misery that time hangs heavy. Jan trapped and hunted and traded at the fort, and Jean, as she grew into a slim, shapely girl, learnt to cook and sew. She learnt, too, the wonders of the forest and the

strange secrets of the bright-eyed, furtive folk. Then, on long winter evenings when they had put away the supper dishes, Jan would bring out the few books he had and teach her to read and write. And, when bedtime came, he would listen gravely while, kneeling beside him, she said the few simple prayers he had taught her.

But, all too soon, the books he owned, and those he could borrow

HARDSHIP AND SEMI-STARVATION FACED THEM, BUT JAN SET FORTH BRAVELY

SHE SAID THE FEW SIMPLE PRAYERS HE HAD TAUGHT HER

THIS RADIANT VISION JEAN, HIS LITTLE GIRL? JAN ASKED HIMSELF

from the Post, were read from cover to cover. And then, when Jean was a lovely girl of thirteen, Jan faced the duty that, for all he knew, might place her forever beyond him—the duty of sending her for an education to the mission school five hundred miles away. All one night he fought the battle, but in the end his love triumphed.

A week later, under escort of two red-coated constables of the Northwest Mounted Police, she drove away, sobbing as if her heart would break, and, when the snow-hummock at the edge of the woods shut her from view, Jan felt as tho the sun had been taken from the sky and that spring would never come again to that desolate land.

When a man is thirty, five years only emphasize the knowledge that the noon of life is passing; when a girl is thirteen, they but fulfill the glorious promise of the dawn. The aching realization of this came to Jan on the day that Jean returned. Dazzled and abashed, he watched her step from the sledge, her hand in that of Sergeant Walker, of the Northwest Mounted, whose adoring glance revealed to all the Post that he loved her.

This radiant vision Jean, his little girl? Jan asked himself. This young woman in stylish toque and furs and tailor-made suit his wild, untrammeled dryad of the forest? His heart sank. Then he heard her clear young voice calling him, and, the next minute, she was in his arms, murmuring his name and weeping for

joy. When the first bliss of meeting was over, still clinging to his arm, she introduced him to Walker, and Jan experienced then a contraction of fear to which his anguish of five years before seemed as nothing.

In their cabin, suitcase in hand, Jan delightedly watched old Nashi-go, as the transformation of her former charge sank into the old squaw's consciousness. Then he dismissed her, and, the two sitting down together, he commenced the readjustment of his world to the conditions that this new Jean imposed.

How complete that readjustment was to be he did not realize until young Walker pressed his suit with ever-present earnestness. Then, as jealousy flamed in him, the stunning realization came that he no longer loved Jean as a father, but as a lover.

And Jean knew this, for one day, looking into the window of the cabin, she found him yearning in dumb misery over her picture that he had enshrined on a shelf above his bed. And her eyes softened, for now, more even than during the five years of her absence, he seemed the embodiment of all masculine strength and tenderness.

But how to make him tell her of his love, how to evoke from that intense, deep nature the words that would fulfill the desire of both their lives, was what puzzled her, and she wrinkled her pretty forehead in despair over the problem of a loving, unasked woman.

SHE GAVE THEM EACH HER HAND AND SPED THEM ON THEIR JOURNEY

Then, one day, when Jan and Walker had been ordered away together on a distant mission, the idea came. While the two were at the store, previous to their departure, she wrote a note which she took out to the waiting sledge and slipped into what she supposed was Jan's packet-sack. Then, her eyes alight with a new radiance and her heart beating fast, she gave them each her hand and sped them on their journey.

That night, when the men made camp, Walker found the note in his pack. He opened it, puzzled, but, as

he read, a swift, exultant joy mounted to his brain.

"I love you, and when you come back I want to be your wife," sang the words, and after them came her name, "JEAN."

For a minute he stood silent, almost unable to believe that his dream had at last come true. Then, impulsively, he strode to where Jan stood by the fire and held the note out to him.

"WISH ME JOY, JAN, OLD FELLOW! BUT FOR YOU, THIS COULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED"

"Read that," he cried. "She wouldn't give me an answer before, but now——"

Bewildered, Jan read, and, as the full import of the words struck home, his face mirrored the despair that clutched his heart. There was a long moment of silence in which he heard the sound of his world crashing about him.

"So she loves you," he said, at last, very low. This, then, after all the years of devotion and sacrifice, was the end! "Oh, God!" he thought, "why didn't I let her die in that plague-stricken cabin?" Then he heard Walker's happy laugh, and felt his hand seized and wrung boyishly with all the emotion that men express when feeling passes beyond words. And, as in a dream, he heard the other say:

"Wish me joy, Jan, old fellow! But for you, this could never have happened."

Jan smiled wanly, but, with all the heart he could muster, he returned that joyous grip.

That night, after Walker, restless with happiness, had at last turned in, Jan sat long alone, his head in his hands, the flame of his life burning to ash like the embers of the fire before him. To his eyes the future stretched out an endless, gray vista of misery, a lifelong desolation that would end only at the unmourned grave itself.

Thirty miles away, in the glow of the cabin lamp at God's Lake, Jean sat, with her sewing on her lap, her

fingers idle and her eyes radiant with the glory of her dream.

"He knows now," she thought—"he knows now, and he will come back to me soon. Oh, Jan, my Jan!"

For two weeks Jan and Walker made steady progress north. Then, at Raquette Lake, with a furious blizzard raging, they lost their trail. To find it again they left camp and climbed to a great rock that rose high above the surrounding country. When they returned, an hour later, what had been a camp was a huddled confusion. Everything of value was gone—dogs, sledge, food and guns. The thief had left only the tent and a few trifles.

In such a storm their situation at once became precarious. There was but one course open to them, and they followed it. Abandoning their mission, they struck for the nearest point where they could obtain food.

Then commenced a struggle for very existence. Helpless without their guns, and worn fine already by hard traveling, they pitted their strength against the implacable forces of the wilderness. Two crawling atoms in a vastness of death, they measured the flickering spark of their lives against the eternal silences that demanded extinction. Three days, four days, and they were still fighting on, exhausted, but grim and unconquered. Then, tho the spirit burned as fiercely as ever, the flesh gave way. As Jan commenced the descent of a precipitous ridge, he slipped and fell, and, crashing downward, lay limp and still at the bottom, helpless with a broken leg.

AS JAN COMMENCED THE DESCENT OF A PRECIPITOUS RIDGE, HE SLIPPED AND FELL. . . . FOR HOURS THEY STRUGGLED ON, BOTH AWARE THAT THIS WAS THE SUPREME EFFORT

For a moment, Walker looked down upon him, aghast. Then, with the uncomplaining hardihood of the North, he met the issue. Regardless of the double danger, should he fail, he picked his hazardous way down the ravine.

"Well," Jan looked up at him with

a white-lipped smile, "I guess this is about the end of me; my leg's gone."

Walker grunted. "End nothing! We're not done yet. Here, grab hold of me, and I'll get you up." He lifted Jan slowly. "Steady, now! There! Now put your arms around my neck and I'll carry you."

They swayed a moment in the force of the gale, and then, setting his teeth, the Northwest policeman started off with Jan upon his shoulders.

For hours they struggled on, neither speaking, both aware that this was the supreme effort. Sometimes Walker fell, and each time he did so he was slower to rise. Then came the time when at last he could scarcely drag himself along, much less carry his companion. Jan recognized the end.

"You've done your best, my boy," he said—"all any man could do. Leave me here and go on. You can make it—alone."

Walker looked at him. "Do you think I can go back and tell them that I left you here like this?" he asked scornfully.

Jan smiled wanly, almost with pleasure. At least there was stuff in the man Jean loved. Then his hand went out to the other.

"You can tell them what you like," he said, "but there's a woman you must live for to make happy. Go, for her sake. We cant both get back alive, and she loves you, boy. Go to her."

Again Walker refused, and there, in the snow, they fought out their battle of self-sacrifice.

At last Jan won. "You know that's what you'd tell me to do if I were in—your place," he said, and

THE RESCUE PARTY, FAILING IN ITS PURPOSE, IS ABOUT TO GIVE UP THE SEARCH

Walker knew that he spoke the truth. With a last, strong clasp of the hand, he went.

How he reached the Post he never clearly knew, but the unconquerable spark of life and love sent his tottering footsteps straight to Jean's door. He almost fell across the threshold when she opened to his fumbling, and the girl gave a little, startled cry. Then, when she saw that it was not Jan, her face blanched with a swift, terrifying surmise. She tried to voice it in a question, but her tongue refused.

Then Walker moved towards her, his arms outstretched.

"Jean, my darling, my beloved!" he pleaded, but the girl recoiled from him bewilderedly, sick with fear.

"What are you saying? What do you mean?" she cried. Then, catching him fiercely by the shoulders, "Where is Jan? What have you done with him?"

"But, Jean—dearest——" Walker paused uncertainly, as a first glimmer of fear penetrated his dazed mind. Then, fumbling in his pocket, he pulled out her note, that he had kept since that first night in camp, and gave it to her. "What is it? Did—didn't you mean this? Dont you love me, Jean?"

The moment she read the words, the realization of her terrible mistake came to her, and she crushed the paper convulsively.

"You—*you!*" she gasped. "Oh, no, no! It was Jan I meant. I love him. Oh, what has happened to him?"

Walker swayed as if he had been struck by a blow, his haggard face twisted and seamed with lines of misery. Then, turning, he groped towards the door as if he would fight his way back thru the storm to the man he had left. But Jean caught him.

"Tell me!" she panted. "I *will* know!" And Walker, sinking down into a chair, told her the story of Jan's accident and his supreme sacrifice. Then, when he had finished, he sprang up, the light of a new determination on his face.

"But we'll get him yet if he's alive," he cried. "Get a rescue party, then give me something to eat, and I'll be ready to go with you in an hour." Even as he spoke, the factor of the Post came in, and Walker told him what had happened. In a minute the latter was shouting thru the door to the Indians to harness the dogs and pack the sledges.

At last the storm had ceased, and the earth lay covered with a blanket of snow as smooth and white as the brow of death. Beneath that mute shroud, Jean wondered, what tragedy might not lie? The rescue party was at a standstill. For two days they had beaten and scoured the trackless waste, but had found no sign of Jan.

THEN, AS THEIR SHADOWS FELL ACROSS THE WORLD OF MEN HAD

"We'll never get him now," asserted Walker. "No man could live thru that storm without food."

The factor nodded his head in sorrowful agreement.

"Not a chance in the world," he

said; "we might as well turn back."

Jean, who had heard, whirled upon him like a wolf.

"Turn back!" she snarled, quivering. "Do you call yourself a man? Go back, then; I shall go on alone."

The men, in whom no shadow of hope remained, acquiesced silently, and gave orders that camp be made for the night. But Jean, driven by a fear she dared not face even yet, wandered on a little farther. And as she rounded the base of a snow-covered hill, not six hundred yards away, she saw a thin spiral of smoke twisting upward into the still air. Could this be her Jan? Were her patience and trust thus to be rewarded? She hardly dared hope against such terrible odds—it must be some other—how could Jan, weak and impoverished, have survived that terrible storm? Doubts smothered her enthusiasm, and she hardly dared proceed, fearing the heartache of disappointment.

THE SNOW, THE TWO REALIZED THAT FOUND THEM ONCE MORE

With her heart beating so that she could scarcely breathe, she ran forward, and the next minute found her man, and it was Jan, her Jan. He was sitting by a miserable fire, so pitifully weak and emaciated that she scarcely knew him. To his blurred, wavering gaze she seemed at first but one of the unreal visions that had haunted his brain ever since Walker had left him. But, when he heard her low, tender cry, and felt her strong, young arms about him, the knowledge that this was indeed reality swept aside all but the realization of the transfigured moment.

"Jean, Jean, my beloved!" he whispered, and held her close in his fleshless arms.

Then, when the first glory of the meeting had passed, he told her, haltingly, how the day after he was left alone he had come upon the remains of a deer that wolves had killed and partially eaten, and how this had saved his life.

So sweet, so beyond all counting of time, was the lovers' reunion, that neither heard Walker and the factor as, in their anxious search for Jean, they approached. Then, as their shadows fell across the snow, the two realized that the world of men had found them once more, and another reunion took place in which all misunderstanding and bitterness were swept away.

The Huron Converts

By Norman Bruce

Reliance

THRU the tall woods, where the woven canopies of wild grape overhead let in no ray of the midday sun, went the two men, their moccasined feet pressing the thick carpet of pine needles as soundlessly as the padded step of the forest folk. For three days they had been walking thus thru a wild, painted world, in which they two were the only human beings—a world peopled with flashing bird-wings, and soft squirrel gossip, and the white breasts of dun deer creeping in the morning mist to drink from the streams.

"By the shadows, we are near the village, Asaban," said the older of the two, presently, a lean, patient man with a face that life had worn away as a stream carves the rocks. The long, shabby, black robe he wore proclaimed him one of those Jesuit missionaries driven, by a fierce hunger for souls, to dare the wilderness and

the unfriendly Indian tribes. His companion—a giant Susquehannock, bronzed by generations of open suns—nodded silently.

"Know you aught of these people, the Picahecrians?" pursued the Jesuit, eagerly. Into his worn face sprang a sudden fire, like flame reddening dead embers. "Are they ripe for the message, think you? Or will they meet love with arrows and the Great Spirit with the tomahawk?"

There was no fear in the words, nor in the strong, eager face—rather something of the martyr's zeal for suffering. The young Indian touched his belt of wampum with a significant gesture.

"Where the canoes of the Picahecrians pass there is wailing among the women for young braves slain," he said stolidly; "the old men watch their sun setting without their own blood to dance about their graves. They are as bloody as they are brave, and as brave as the wolves in the winter time."

"It is well we come to them, then," said Father John, softly. "For me death and life are the same. I accept both as gifts from my Great Father; but you are young, Asaban—my heart smites me to think of the years you may be tossing away to come with me."

The great form of the young brave seemed to grow taller. In his proud gesture were the strength and majesty of kings. "Asaban knows not fear," he said curtly; "Asaban is a son of the Great Spirit and follows where the Great Spirit bids him go."

They left the thick shades of the forest for the open of the autumn day. A crooked stream ran over a shallow bed among low, sweeping willows, and at its bend a long blue feather of smoke curled up among the trees. The Susquehannock pointed.

"The village," he said briefly; "it is the supper fires we see."

"God is with us," Father John said gladly. "Let us go down to them."

As they approached the village beside the stream, several of the ragged dogs—whose ancestors, by the gaunt, savage look of them, were wolves—began to howl. At the sound, a dozen warriors, lounging in the shade, bounded to their feet and sprang to meet the strangers. The squaws, squatting over their rude mortars, paused, in their pounding of corn, watching with incurious, beady eyes.

"What doest thou here?" snarled the foremost warrior, whose gaudier headdress proclaimed him the chieftain. "Ho! my brothers; does the paleface come among us for any good reason?"

A shout of denial rose among the rest. To their grim faces, fantastically streaked and daubed with colored clay, sprang hatred and suspicion infinitely more terrible than the devils painted on their bodies. Before the Jesuit or his companion could speak or move, they had seized them and bound them to tall stakes in the center of the village.

Father John looked calmly about him, noting, with fearless eyes, the charred circles on the ground and the sinister markings on the stake above his companion's head. He had been in places as desperate as this before, and his gaunt body bore deep witness to the tortures he had undergone for the faith that was in him. He watched the circle of his captors drawn apart for conference, awaiting the forming of the death dance; the medicine man's mad antics inflaming the blood-lust; the beating of the tom-tom, and all the hideous rites of suffering.

By the door-flap of one of the tepees sat a girl, a little apart from the other women, with small, slim hands idling over some small strips of deer-hide in her lap. Ever since the strangers had entered the village, she had sat motionless, watching first one, then the other, of them. Father John, trained to read the primer of the face, saw in hers a clarity of feature, a capacity for thought and emotion singular in the face of an Indian woman. He noted her thick, dark hair drawn away from a pure, low forehead, the deep look of her dark eyes and the fine sensitiveness of

MONOKA IN THE POWER OF WITCHCRAFT

the delicate lips, and an idea flashed to his brain. He had said that he did not fear death, and spoke truly; yet, with all his fanatic zeal, he coveted the dark souls of these savage people and craved life enough to add them to the jewels of Heaven. Very softly, then, he spoke to Asaban.

"Look you at yonder maiden at the tepee nearest you," he directed; "canst attract her attention, do you think?"

The Susquehannock turned his calm gaze upon Father John.

"I have seen naught but that maid since we came here," he said quietly. But in the sudden quiver of the dark, handsome face, like a ripple of light across a deep, shadowed pool; in the splendid swelling of his arm muscles, and in the slow solemnity of the words themselves, the Jesuit understood that his young companion, too, had found a new reason for wishing life. He smiled gravely with a priest's passive acceptance of the strange facts of human emotions.

"Speak to her," he said; "bid her tell her kinfolks that the men whom they are about to torture are miracle-

men, who can do great, wonderful things. Tell her to say to them that they can make fire without tinder and show them their own faces in a magic glass."

Asaban turned his head slowly toward the girl, and their eyes locked in a long, quiet look that said many things. In this silent voice the mountains speak to one another, and the great rocks and the sky woo the sea. Then, at length, he said the words Father John had bidden him, and she rose up silently and did as he asked her.

Ten minutes later the warriors were prostrate before the miracle-men, and the crisis was past. The women went back to their corn-grinding, or brought chinquapin cakes and succotash to set before the strangers, while the men squatted on the ground in a fantastic semi-circle, listening to the marvellous things these wonder-workers had to tell. In the door of a tepee crouched the hideous figure of an old hag, watching the soft face of the girl who had taken the Jesuit's message, Monoka, "She Who Dreams."

"The girl listens to the paleface talk; the girl looks at the stranger brave. Aie! Aie!" mumbled the crone, viciously, thru toothless gums. "There is mating in their eyes—she whom I destined as the squaw of a chieftain! No! it shall not be, as long as Moma have tongue to utter a curse, or brain to fashion a spell! They would teach her to leave her mother's gods; they would take her from me who bore her, robbing me of her dowry in my old days! But Moma is a witchwoman and not afraid of their gods."

That night, and for a moon of nights, the strangers lay in the chief's own wigwam; and the heart of Father John burned like a fiery candle before the altar of God.

"Ten more souls," he said one night to Asaban, exultingly; "ten more sheep for the fold! I thank the Great Spirit He hath given me this blessed task. It is payment thousandfold for my puny sacrifices."

The young Susquehannock sat cross-legged, limbs huddled laxly to his great chest. In the flickering firelight his dark face caught no reflection of his companion's glow. Noting his gloom, the Jesuit touched him kindly on the shoulder.

"What troubles you, lad?" he asked gently. "Is it the Maid o' Dreams? I thought you would have won her ere this. Priest that I am, I know what means the look in her eyes when you are by."

"Monoka's mother is a witchwoman," said Asaban, heavily; "she has the evil eye."

"Nonsense, boy!" said the Jesuit, sharply. "Call you yourself a Christian and speak thus? The maid hath declared our faith—she is safe from wild superstition and unhallowed rites."

"Monoka's mother is not of our faith," insisted the young man, shaking his head; "she hates the paleface and his ways. Long hath she planned to wed the girl to a chieftain, and Asaban is but a brave without pelts or lands——"

The words were smothered under a wild torrent of wails outside. Dogs barked; somewhere in the sycamore coverts a tom-tom beat like a heart, and swift feet pattered by. Father John rose, then dropped back wearily on his blankets.

"I feel my years," he sighed. "Go you, Asaban, and find what this noise means."

He was dozing when the Susquehannock returned. A fierce clutch on his shoulder brought him to his feet, to confront Asaban's face, livid with rage and grief.

" 'Tis Monoka!" he wailed. His voice gathered volume, like wind rushing thru tree-tops. "The witchwoman, her mother, hath cast a spell over her and she is blind! blind!"

A frenzy of sorrow shook him. His hand on the great bronze arm, in reassurance, Father John could feel the tide beat thru the strong veins and muscles—feel the sinews swelling with the blood-lust of savage rage.

"Steady, lad, steady!" he cried

CONVERTS PRAYING TO THE GREAT SPIRIT

cheerily. "We will go to the maid. A prayer to the one good God will go farther toward curing her than all the medicine men in the world. The Great Spirit hears a whisper when it is in His name, but the loudest tom-tom comes not to His ears."

In the tent of Moma a crowd was gathered. The witchwoman herself was not there, but her handiwork was apparent in the limp form of her daughter, crouched on the ground, in the center of the circle of lamentation. The grotesque figure of a medicine man, his body painted crimson from crown to sole, pranced and gesticulated before her, but Monoka's eyes, wide and dark, stared fixedly before her, seeing nothing. Asaban forced a way thru the wailing, swaying women for Father John, and fell on his knees, clutching the hem of his rusty robe.

"Look at her!" he cried hoarsely; "she sees neither the sun nor the dog-star. She sees not the torches nor the witch-dance, nor the eyes of her beloved. Restore her, my father, and I am your slave always, till the very gates of death!"

Father John raised a terrible hand. His spare frame quivered—seemed to grow taller.

"Be done with these unholy rites!" he cried, in a great voice of rage. "Leave off the music and the dances and the wails! The Great Spirit is angry with His people. Begone from this place and leave the maid to God!"

Like shadows, the people slunk away, leaving Asaban and the priest with the girl. A strong wind swept down from the mountains, singing along the dark sky like a great voice. The Jesuit bent over the girl, looking into her staring eyes.

"A trance!" he said briefly. He laid his hand on Monoka's forehead with firm, steady touch, and his voice sank low.

"Listen, Monoka: you think you are blind, but it is not so! God will cure you if you but pray to Him. Come; kneel down with me and close your eyes, and we will ask God to let you see again."

The murmur of whispering voices mingled with the strong wind that bent the forest's haughty head. A

flame of lightning swept the wigwam into a livid daylight, and Asaban gave a loud cry.

"She sees! The Great Spirit has heard and Monoka sees!"

He sprang to the side of the kneeling girl and caught her in his great arms. Father John saw her eyes lifted to his quivering face—knew that she did see, indeed. The frail shelter rocked with the storm-shocks. Heaven and earth seemed to mingle in its lightning and rain and wind. But the two in the tepee with Father John heard, saw nothing. The pale priest, watching, smiled to think how fitting a wooing for these two strong, primitive things it was. He turned his back, looking out into the storm with grave, patient eyes. When the first fury had abated he spoke.

"Come, Asaban—come, Monoka," he said. "The dawn is red in the sullen east, and I smell the morning. We will take Monoka to the tepee of her father's sister—a good woman. She will protect her until we return from our journey to the settlements. And then, if you wish, I will marry you two."

Along the sleeping village they made their way, followed, thru the wet, rank grass, by one of the dogs.

"It is mine," said Monoka, stooping to touch the rough, savage head against her knees. "When I was a papoose he was given to me. He is old now, and toothless, but faithful—art thou not, my Na-ko?"

Leaving the girl safe with her aunt, the two men went back to their own tepee.

"We will sleep until the sun is up," said the Father; "but dawning must find us on our way. There are many leagues between us and the settlements, and we must not tarry."

Asaban's lightened face grew somber. "It will be a half-moon ere we return," he sighed; "my heart misgives me. Much may happen in that time."

"Thy maid is safe," smiled the Jesuit. "This love they praise so highly seemeth to turn men's hearts to porridge, men's blood to water. Come, sleep, my lad. Were it not that I shall need you to help me bring supplies, I would leave you with your pretty songbird; but the days will pass swiftly as the swallows fly."

It was still gray dawnlight when the travelers started out, and Asaban's feet lagged as they passed the village outposts.

"I had a strange dream," he said pleadingly—"a dream of danger and trouble. Let us go to Monoka's tepee and say farewell."

"Pest on your dreams and omens!" laughed the old Jesuit, impatiently. "The sooner we go, the sooner we return. Leave the maid to her dreaming. Farewells bring no joy."

In silence they passed the stream and climbed the opposite hill. Idle leaves drifted from the scarlet boughs overhead. Sweet, shrill bird-calls pierced the woods; small feet pattered after them.

"Why, it is Monoka's dog!" said the Susquehannock, with an exclamation in his native tongue. "See, my father, his hair is wet with running, and there is foam on his tongue. He has come from farther than the village."

"Monoka's dog—art thou sure?" There was anxiety in the Jesuit's voice. He bent over the panting animal, noting its toothless jaws and wild eyes. Suddenly he straightened and drew his robe about him decisively.

"We will follow him," he said; "I like not the way he behaves."

It was a strange journey the old dog led them—thru unbroken thornhedges, tortuous mazes of wild grape; thru drenching torrents of icy mountain streams; across blue thistle-strewn hillsides, where their wet clothing steamed dry in the breathless, unveiled sun. Asaban strode in silence, lips compressed, eyes keenly seeking, but the Jesuit kept his anxious gaze on the dog. He had evidently traveled far already and was well-nigh exhausted. His legs trembled with weariness, and his lolling tongue shook with difficult breaths.

"Slowly — slowly, lad," begged

THE GROTESQUE FIGURE OF A MEDICINE MAN

Father John; "slowly, or we shall lack a guide."

Once, on a steep hillside, the dog stumbled and fell, but picked himself up and staggered on, panting. Across rocky ledges they picked their perilous way, moving always upward, till at length a granite ledge rose sheer before them against the sky. At the foot the dog fell, moaning, and could not rise. He rolled his dumb, bloodshot eyes piteously, uttered a short, dry bark and rolled over stiffly—dead.

Asaban bent over, peering keenly at the ground. A broken twig, a crushed pine-cone, a streak on the rock where the moss was rubbed away—

"Indians!" he said briefly, and clambered up the rock like a lizard. Less sure of foot, the Father followed, and, long ere he had gained the summit, he knew by the sound of voices that the quest was ended. When he dragged his lean form at length over the crest, he found Monoka lying, spent but smiling, in Asaban's arms. At their feet lay frayed strands of rope torn asunder by the young brave's bare hands.

"The witchwoman and her band," said the Susquehannock, grimly. "Last night they raided the tepee where we left her, and brought her here, on the backs of their ponies, and bound her to this rock to die!"

His fierce eyes clouded with fury.

(*Continued on page* 167)

An Innocent Sinner

by Norman Bruce

This story was written from the Stageplay by LAWRENCE MARSTON

Dr. Samuel Jacobs was a haunted man. You would have known it at once, if you had met him in the Carolina woods on that spring day—known it by his lax jaw, loosely hinged as the door of some deserted house; by his sodden color, an unsunned, unhealthy gray; by his furtive eyes, like windows thru which sad ghosts of memory peered. As he walked, his lips moved and his fingers twitched spasmodically. The gay, colorful day flaunted its beauties about him—beauties of burning flower-blooms, sun-spangled leafage and warm-kissing fragrant breeze; but he saw nothing of it, except with his physical, unconscious eyes.

Dr. Samuel Jacobs, being haunted, walked in a world apart, as is the way with those who live too closely with themselves. If there were

flowers in his world, they were withered ones, whose beauty had bloomed years ago; if there was sunshine in his world, it was a cold, haggard sunshine like that that falls thru crevices in the dark walls of tombs; if there were kisses, they were the ghostly kisses of the dead and dear. For all his wealth, for all his success, had you seen him, you would have chosen to be the most miserable convict among real chains in an actual prison cell than Dr. Samuel Jacobs groping thru his shadowed world of unrealities.

"Not even here," he muttered now and then; "I thought I could forget and begin anew in a new world, but she is here too. At any moment I shall see her, with her great, brown eyes and white skin——"

He was a physician and knew the necessity of self-control, yet he fairly writhed under the lash of his thoughts. He was a physician and knew the strange working of sick minds, the phantoms, the hallucinations, the obsessions they were capable of, yet he could not rid himself of them. There is no purge that can heal a fevered soul. No purge, save the forgiveness of God, and that Doctor Jacobs knew nothing of. He had always found himself sufficient to arbitrate his own affairs and the affairs of other men—and women. He had been a ruthless, selfish man of curious skill in his profession, and fascination outside his profession. He had used people for his own advancement, clambered up over them rough-shod to the goal of his desire—that of being the greatest physician in the world. And with the goal in sight he had stumbled over the slight form of a woman, his sweetheart, who had died because he did not care, and he was falling down—down.

"I think I am going mad," he said, impersonally watching his fingers quiver, "and I cannot help myself—alone. If there were some one in all the world who loved me—but there is no one—no one! My God! *Me,* to hide myself in a backwoods "cracker" town; *me,* to shiver and shake and be afraid, like any milk-blooded schoolboy! I wont have it! It's beastly—it's——"

The hoarse tone broke off like a snapped thread. Before him, almost under his feet, lay a huddled figure with warm arms gleaming thru the rents in a tattered gown. Wild, tawny hair framed a face of such innocent beauty that the worn, sated thing that had been a heart stirred painfully in the doctor's breast. Then his professional instinct noted the pain-set of the girl's lips.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, abruptly. "I am a physician. Perhaps I——"

"I reckon I done broken my ankle, stranger," said the girl, in the low, rich, vibratory tone of a harp. "Pete, mah dawg hyar, was chasin' a cottontail, an' I ran plumb into this hyar hole."

Doctor Jacobs knelt and felt skilfully of the injured foot. It was bare and sun-browned and lay in the palm of his big hand.

"Only a sprain, and a slight one at that," he said, at length. "If you will come to my office with me I can fix it up so it will not trouble you at all."

"Yu-all sho'ly mighty kind, stranger," said the girl, availing herself of his proffered hands; "I reckon yu must be the new doctah at The Corners. They done tole me 'bout you—how yu put Art Williams t' sleep whilst yu war settin' his arm, by jes' wavin' yore hands afore his face. Lordy! 'Twar like a witchman!"

Chatting gaily, she led the way out of the woods, along the highroad to the town. Her rich, throaty voice droned on the air like the deep sound of bees or the uninflected ripple of a brook, or any other natural sound. It flowed about the doctor's mood soporifically. He glanced down at his companion. She was a little wild girl of the woods, vivid with life and possibilities as yet unawakened—a very different girl from Eleanor.

"If she were with me, the other would not come," thought Doctor

"I RECKON I DONE BROKEN MY ANKLE, STRANGER"

Jacobs, suddenly, with a leap of hope; "I would be free—free to go on with my work."

But common sense whispered to him to feel his way with caution.

"Your parents—wont they be alarmed when you tell them of your accident?" he questioned, clumsily. "Where do you live—is it far from town?"

The girl laughed richly. "Thar's no one t' be afeard," she said. "Pap done died last winter, an' mam's been gone ten year."

"What is your name?"

"Hinda," said the girl, with a note of surprise in her voice; "I live in that thar cabin beyant the crick—it's a right smart jog from town."

"Hinda," said Doctor Jacobs, abruptly, "how would you like to come to town to work for me—take care of my office and keep house, you know?"

The girl shook her head, with another ripple of amusement. "I reckon not," she cried. "I moughtn't like the town. 'Pears like I war borned in the woods, an' in the woods I reckon I'll stay."

The doctor's lips tightened, but he said nothing more, for they were in the town now and curious eyes were upon them.

Two young men passing, with guns across their shoulders, nodded to Hinda, and a wave of crimson swept her cheeks. Doctor Jacobs frowned. Lovers? But he knew a way.

"Who were those men who just passed us?" he asked. "I'm a stranger and haven't got acquainted yet."

"Tom an' John Bridges," answered Hinda, consciously. "I reckon they's book-larned. Ol' Judge Bridges war a law-man, but he's dead. Onct they stopped at the cabin for a gourd o' water, an' they done talk finiky an' quare like yu-all. Is this yore shack, stranger? Be yu a-goin' to put me to sleep like Art Williams?"

"Perhaps, a little," said Doctor Jacobs shortly. "Come in."

When, half an hour later, Hinda left for the woods, she had promised —to her intense surprise—to return for several hours a day and care for the doctor's office. The haunted man watched her go, and his eyes were blank and secret, as tho curtains had been pulled down behind them.

"I need her—I must have her!" he said over and over. "Eleanor will not come if I have her. I will—*marry* her if I must to keep her. I've got to be safe again—I've got to get a little sleep——"

Hinda went slowly thru the woods, with a queer feeling that she had not seen them for a long time. By degrees the strangeness wore off. She picked a bunch of scarlet blood-bloom, and sitting on a log twisted them into a wreath for her hair, singing an old-time lilt about a maid who went a-maying.

'Tis easy to see you be heart-free,

my girl," said a croaking voice in her ear, like a frog interrupting a lark. "I used to sing once—I, too, Crazy Ann. Ha! ha! Look out for the lads, my girl, or you may never sing again!"

The grim figure did not wait for a reply, but flitted aimlessly by, like a bat astray in the sunshine, and was gone down a daisied glade. Hinda's fingers faltered. She lost something of her wild-rose color as her eyes followed the fantastic form. She shivered as tho a cold wind had chilled her joy, and the crimson wreath drooped to the grass, where it lay like a stain.

"I dont cayr for her croakin'," she cried defiantly; "her's a witch-woman—what's her knaw o' me!"

"What's who know, sweetheart?" laughed another voice that brought her to her feet with a clad cry. "What's who know of my girl?"

" 'Twar on'y foolishness!" cried Hinda. She flung warm, ardent arms about the young man's neck, and the wild rose bloomed in her cheeks again. "Oh, John honey, when yu-all is 'round, 'pears like thar aren't any but purty things in the world! But thar! Look at me kerryin' on! I reckon yu don' love me nohow? I reckon yu-all jest a-foolin'?"

"I reckon I am!" laughed the young fellow; his look kindled at the fire of her beauty. "You little Joy-o'-Life! You Rose-Girl! Here—where's my kiss, sweetheart? I've only a moment to stay. Dont let's waste that in *talk!*"

But the shadow slipped across her face again. She twisted a button on his coat, not meeting his eyes.

"Yu-all got to go? Yu mought stay sometimes. 'Pears like I'm mighty all-aloney these days."

John Bridges' young, well-looking face darkened. He cast a hasty glance around.

"Dont begin that, Hinda," he said impatiently. "You know I come as often as I can. I've explained it over and over; there's mother, you know, and—other reasons. But you must be patient. When we are married——"

"Yes," whispered Hinda, radiantly, "when we're married——"

She lifted her lips joyously, and for a few moments silence was over the forest path. The wood-girl and her lover stood clasped, and at her feet the wilting wreath stained the grass like a pool of blood.

"Whar's Tawm?" asked Hinda, presently. "Tawm, he frightens me——"

"Tom frightens you—how?" said John, sharply. He held the girl at arm's-length. "When have you seen Tom, I'd like to know?"

"Dont yu be mad," pleaded the girl; "I aint done anythin', but 'pears like I cant hender if a man wants to fall in love. He—yore brother Tawm——"

"So he's fallen in love with you, has he?" snarled John. A white fury choked him. His fingers bit her arm like claws. "The low, sneaking hound, crawling around after my girl. I'll teach him! I'll—I'll——"

"John! Look—thar!" gasped Hinda. With a wild effort, she tore her arm from his grasp and fled down the aisle of trees whither Crazy Ann had gone. The two brothers faced each other like the first two brothers. And John's face was very much like the face of Cain.

"So you've been making love to Hinda?" he sneered.

"Yes," said Tom Bridges, quietly. "Yes, I have. *Have you?*"

Red anger met red shame in John's face, and both ebbed to a craven gray. He bit his lips.

"Nonsense! Of course I haven't—I was only passing the time of day—she's a pretty little thing——"

"I love her," said Tom, slowly. "I want her for my wife. You have Peggy. One sweetheart ought to be enough for you."

John laughed harshly. "I have Peggy, of course!" he cried. "I'm not a candidate for love. Come on, old man, and forget what I said. I wish you—all the luck in the world!"

Tom followed his brother silently from the woods, but his face was very grave.

CRAZY ANN ACCUSES HINDA

"I will have it out with Hinda," he thought; "this uncertainty is killing me—and she is such a child."

A week later he found his opportunity. Hinda was coming home from her work at the doctor's, when he stepped among the trees and stood before her. In his eagerness to speak, he did not notice another following figure that paused, listened and then drew into the covert of the bushes.

"Hinda, I want your answer," he said, as the girl looked at him in pale silence, trembling thru all her slender limbs. "Dont look at me so, dear—I dont mean to frighten you, or bully you, but, oh! I cant give you up—not without a reason. Is it because you dont like me, Hinda? If that's it, I'll go away."

She looked into his face, an honest, good face, just now a bit white, but very tender.

"No—I dont—hate yu," she breathed. "Oh, Tawm, dont pester me—I caint tell yu——"

"What cant you tell me?" asked Tom steadily. "Nothing you say would anger me. There is nothing you *can* tell me that will make me stop loving you—nothing, dear."

"I—I aint fit for yu—I aint larned. I—I don' want to git married——" Suddenly she folded her shaking little hands and held her head high: "I done tol' a lie," she said steadily. "I *do* want t' git married—to yore brother John."

"Hinda!" Tom's face darkened with dread. "Why, dear, dont you know? John is engaged to a girl in town—they are to be married in June."

The woods rang to her woeful cry, and the man in the bushes and the man in the open shuddered at the raw agony of it.

"Oh, Gawd! Gawd help me—then I aint got the right to marry any man!"

Doctor Jacobs, in his office again, found himself panting heavily, as tho he had been running. There was a sick surge of anger thru his brain that frightened him.

"I'll have to fix that," he said over and over between his panting breaths; "I'll have to fix that——"

The first of June, John Bridges was found dead in the woods, a bridle twisted about his neck, and for a day or two every one in The Corners looked sidewise at every one else with suspicion in their slanting gaze. Close upon the finding of the body came a strange arrest. On the testimony of Crazy Ann, Hinda was accused of the murder of her lover and placed in jail to await her trial.

"I didn't do it," the girl said dully, "I didn't do it," and that was all she would say to any one, except Tom. When he visited her cell she looked at him dazedly a moment, and then burst into choking sobs.

"Yu-all don' reckon I killed him?" she begged, and beat upon his coat with cold, frenzied little palms. "Say you dont—say it! No, no—I tell yu 'taint so! Why does they pester me so? D'yu reckon they's gwine t' hang me?"

"No, dear—no," he comforted her, brokenly. "Dont think such things. It's all a dreadful mistake. You must be patient. It will all come right in the end."

"Then what?" she sobbed hopelessly. "Oh, they-all hed better hang me. Thar aint nobody to care. I'm done beat, Tawm, I'm done beat!"

"I care," he told her, in sudden savagery, quickly controlled. "After it's all over you're coming home with me—you're going to let me marry you and make you forget all this trouble. I—— I'll *try* to make you happy, dear."

Hinda was acquitted. The point upon which the jury decided was the knot in the bridle.

"No woman could have pulled it," they argued. "He was a strong man and would not be murdered passively. It looks like the girl—but it *cant be,* that's all; she hasn't the muscle for the job."

"And now, dear, you will marry me?" Tom begged her; "you will let me protect you?"

"It 'pears like it wouldn't be fair," she hesitated. But she was too tired, too worn with the beating of life upon her, to refuse; so Tom had his way and they were quietly married.

Doctor Jacobs did not attend the wedding. In his office he crouched in his deep chair and fought his old phantoms. The girl who had died long ago, because he did not care, was among them. White as in life, she stood beside his chair, with the awful serenity of one who has come to stay. He could not beat her off, and his attempts were too gruesomely like those of a patient he had once seen in a madhouse to reassure him. He drank heavily—and she was still there. He slept—and opened hurried eyes to find her at his bed-foot.

"If I had not lost that other!" he groaned; "Eleanor never came then——"

As a physician, he knew that he was losing his grip on sanity fast; as a patient of himself, his sick mind clamored for the relief the presence of Hinda had brought him. A long life of selfishness and ambition had amassed a terrible debt of remorse and memory, and he could not make another payment on it—it had cost his fame, his position in society, his happiness already—it should not take his sanity, too. Yet, it was hardly a sane man who came a week after the wedding to the door of the young couple.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Bridges," he bowed, as Tom answered his knock; "I have brought you a present, or, rather, I have brought Mrs. Bridges one—a bridal present, or shall I say a *bridle* one?" He opened a package on his arm and drew out, slowly, with a malicious smile—the bridle that had been found about John Bridges' neck!

From the hall, behind Tom's shoul-

HINDA RE-ENACTS THE SCENES OF THE TRAGEDY

der, came a piercing scream. Hinda flung herself into her husband's arms.

"Oh, Tawm—Tawm!" she moaned, "what's he doin' hyar? Oh, Tawm, I'm plumb afeard!"

"Get out, you blackguard, and get out quick!" snarled the young husband, with a furious kick at the dreadful thing at his feet.

Suddenly Hinda's screams ceased. She drew herself from Tom's arms, and, with the jerky movement of a sleepwalker, stooped and picked up the bridle. Her husband watched her in amazement, the doctor with cunning, fixed eyes. Down the steps went the girl, out onto the grass. She seemed to be listening. Suddenly her hands went up blindly.

"John!" cried Hinda, thickly, "John—is it true, John? Aint yu goin' t' marry me?"

The watchers held their breath. They saw her raise her arms in a weird caress; saw her lips kissing unseen lips; saw her draw back with a

ONCE, TWICE, AGAIN SHE STRUCK WITH FIERCE LITTLE HANDS

wild sob, like an animal that has been hurt. Then, very terribly, the one-sided tragedy went on. Once, twice, again she struck with fierce little hands that seemed to hold an invisible club, and then she lifted the bridle, knotted its reins, coiled them round a stump—and pulled with the strength of a fiend.

"Hinda!" sobbed her husband. "My God! Hinda!"

The girl started violently. A shudder swept her from foot to head, and the color flew to her startled face. She looked down dazedly at the bridle in her hand, dropped it and fled up the steps.

But his arms would not receive her.

"Hinda! You killed him! God! How could you?"

"No! no! I didn't do it," she cried. In wild terror, she tore his hands from his face and read the horror of her there.

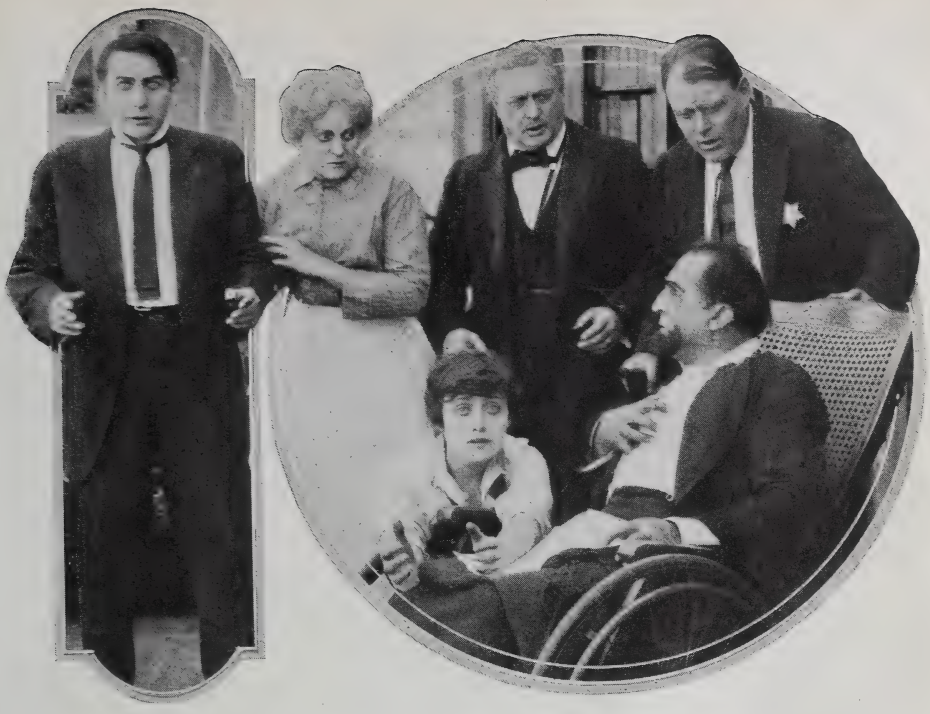
"Tawm! Look at me! What's done happened t' make yu-all look so?"

"You killed him—I *saw* you," said the young husband, drearily, "just now in the yard, with the bridle. You coiled it—ugh!—and pulled——"

She stared at him with blank eyes, then moaned low and fast. He made a motion as tho to take her to him, then his arms fell slackly at his sides.

"It's no use," he said hopelessly; "I cant love you with his blood on your hands—or, rather, God help me, I *do* love you still. But we cant live together, Hinda—you and I."

Dr. Samuel Jacobs was very ill, indeed. For days he had been on the point of death, yet something seemed to be holding him to earth, said those who took care of him. Hired care it was; out of a life full of loves, not one had remained to follow him to the end. And now he sat, worn to a shadow, in a wheel-chair and muttered cease-



"THE—SIN—IS—MINE—GOD FORGIVE ME——"

lessly thru bitten lips. And beside him—he thought—stood one with steady, brown eyes and white skin, begging him mutely for some boon. And at last he obeyed the silent command.

"Take me—to—Tom Bridges," he said difficultly, "and send—for—his wife."

In the little, cramped parlor sat Tom, and she who was his wife, amid a little group of curious neighbors. Doctor Jacobs closed his eyes to shut out their faces.

"I—made her do it," came at length, in painful gasps, between blue lips. "I—hypnotized—her. She did not know. The—sin—is mine—God forgive me——"

No one stirred. There was awe in every face, as tho they were listening to a voice beyond the grave.

"Eleanor made me—tell," trailed the slow voice at last; "she thought—it would—give me a—chance—to meet her again—some time; but she was so—good. I do not—know—perhaps——"

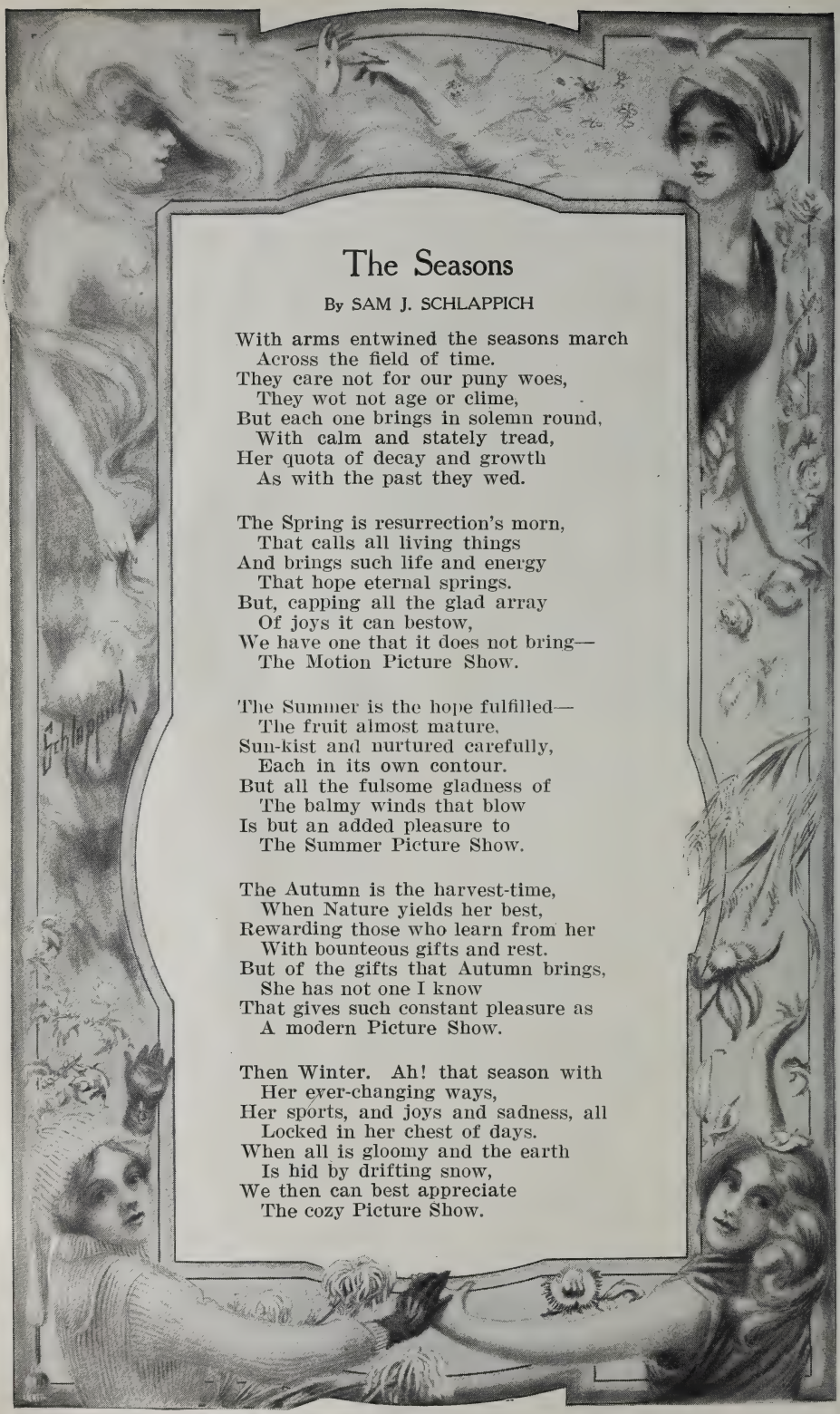
The words halted and the head fell back on the pillows. Into the harried, haunted face of Dr. Samuel Jacobs crept a look of strange peace.

And in the silence Hinda crept into her husband's outstretched arms.

Wall-Paper

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

Dear father writes scenarios;
  Dear mother does the same;
Willie's tried his hand at it,
  And so has sister Jane.
Rejection slips keep coming back,
  But we're not filled with gloom,
For we'll use the slips as wall-paper,
  When we paper Willie's room.



The Seasons

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

With arms entwined the seasons march
  Across the field of time.
They care not for our puny woes,
  They wot not age or clime,
But each one brings in solemn round,
  With calm and stately tread,
Her quota of decay and growth
  As with the past they wed.

The Spring is resurrection's morn,
  That calls all living things
And brings such life and energy
  That hope eternal springs.
But, capping all the glad array
  Of joys it can bestow,
We have one that it does not bring—
  The Motion Picture Show.

The Summer is the hope fulfilled—
  The fruit almost mature,
Sun-kist and nurtured carefully,
  Each in its own contour.
But all the fulsome gladness of
  The balmy winds that blow
Is but an added pleasure to
  The Summer Picture Show.

The Autumn is the harvest-time,
  When Nature yields her best,
Rewarding those who learn from her
  With bounteous gifts and rest.
But of the gifts that Autumn brings,
  She has not one I know
That gives such constant pleasure as
  A modern Picture Show.

Then Winter. Ah! that season with
  Her ever-changing ways,
Her sports, and joys and sadness, all
  Locked in her chest of days.
When all is gloomy and the earth
  Is hid by drifting snow,
We then can best appreciate
  The cozy Picture Show.

The Terrible Ten

BY JAMES DEVOE

Being the Adventures of Two Young Men Who Decided to "Get Rich Quick" by Starting a Feature Film Company, and Showing How Easy It Is and How Few the Difficulties, Especially If a Tragedy Is Planned and It Develops into a Comedy.

"START a feature film company! That's a growing business, and surely you and I have been to enough picture shows to know all about it!" These were the sage words of my friend Clarence, when, on my coming into a fortune, I found the will contained a clause saying I must invest the money in some "growing business." The result of a two-hour argument was that I hurriedly read books on the subject, while Clarence chased around until he found a small Motion Picture plant to lease. We discovered there were quite a few things to purchase and attend to, but, after some exciting and strenuous weeks of preparation, found ourselves in possession of a plant, with the necessary equipment, a small stock company of actors and actorines, and a four-reel manuscript, entitled "The Terrible Ten." It was a thrilling, sizzling melodrama, of Chinese "Hatchet-men" and "Highbinder" character, with a "punch" in every scene, so both Clarence and I looked forward to a big "killing" in the world of silent drama. We invited some of our friends to witness the taking of the first scene, which was supposed to represent a Chinese restaurant in Hong-Kong, and it seemed to me then—young as I was in the business—that there were some slight discrepancies in settings, etc., but Clarence was taking the active part in the directing, so I didn't like to interfere without knowing more about the game myself. Our stout leading lady went thru her part very well, except that the "property" Chinese chair was never meant to support her weight, and collapsed. After replacing the chair, the action was gone thru again and photographed. Everything was going along beautifully, when, just as the Highbinders were about to grab the unsuspecting hero and heroine, the camera man yelled out his film was exhausted. Once more it had to be done, and all of us

THE LOWER PICTURE SHOWS THE PLAYERS PREPARING TO TAKE A SCENE FOR "THE TERRIBLE TEN." THE TWO PLAYERS IN THE UPPER PICTURE WERE NOT AMONG "THE TERRIBLE TEN"

were so intent on Clarence's side-remarks to the camera-man during the re-take that we failed to notice a stage-hand walk thru the background of the scene. At the taking of our next scene, I had to play the "heavy," or villain, as our regular villain was sick, and it is barely possible that I overdid it a little, for we afterwards heard rumors of unfavorable comments on my performance.

One great trouble was that the hero was afraid to "sass" me back with becoming bravado, he probably being conscious that he was talking to his employer. In our big scene we were supposed to arraign the hero and heroine—now prisoners—before the tribunal of "The Terrible Ten." It was all dark and very spooky, with only a bull's-eye light shining thru a small window, and the scene must have gotten on some of the spectators' nerves, for just as I arose and pronounced judgment on the prisoners, some one in the audience of "friends" guffawed right out loud, causing quite a commotion and craning of necks. It was ripping hot in there, and, as a consequence, when the hero was led into the dungeon to be tortured, our stout heroine fainted dead away. That was all right; she was supposed to do that in the picture, but she was also supposed to come to when the camera stopped, but

she didn't. She had *really* fainted. However, we brought her around with a bucket of water, and for the next few days things went along swimmingly, until I decided to change leading ladies. Then there *was* trouble. We had a riot, which called out the police and cost us some money in fines; but we felt recompensed, because the affair got into the newspapers, and we secured a glorious bunch of free advertising for our film. Our regular "heavy" returned during the last week of work on the picture, so I took the opportunity to see how our mechanical department was progressing. It was not progressing. Cobwebs all around, and the foreman snoozing in the corner. I woke him up in short order, however, and put him to work joining the negative film which had been developed.

From then on, as fast as the picture was completed and the film developed, we kept him hustling. A few days after the last lot came in he announced to Clarence and me that the negative was all joined and ready to run for our inspection. We thought he had done a pretty quick job. He had, all right, and a pretty punk one, too! We ran it in our private exhibition-room, and saw the most superb product of cubist-futurist and crazy-patchwork art possible to imagine. Disgusted, we fired the foreman, and I set to work trimming the negative myself. I wasn't an expert, but the job was an improvement over our hired man's attempt, at any rate. We then sent the film away to have a print made.

Meanwhile, I had become deeply interested in Lillian, our juvenile lead, and, after a short courtship, we decided to get married at once. The bright idea occurred to me of having a Moving Picture taken of ourselves as we left the church after the ceremony, to preserve as a sort of animated album for our descendants to look at—and perhaps laugh over. On my wedding day, while bidding those at the studio good-by, the positive print arrived complete—with the exception of a couple of vision scenes—ready for inspection and trimming. For a moment I was worried, but Clarence, like the good fellow he is, told me not to

THIS GARDEN SCENE WAS EXCELLENT, EXCEPT THAT THE ROOF AND SIDES OF THE STUDIO SHOWED TOO CONSPICUOUSLY

trouble myself about it in the least —that he would trim the print into shape and have it all ready for public showing when I returned from my honeymoon. After the minister had said the fateful words, my wife and I braved the Moving Picture cameras, got into our car, and drove off to the station. During my absence, Clarence trimmed the positive film, cutting down the draggy scenes, inserting sub-titles, and had prints made of some extra "vision" scenes. All was then in readiness, and he announced to the trade-papers and various men prominent in the Motion Picture field that the great world-thriller, "The Terrible Ten," would be run at the Princess Theater, Friday, the 13th, for a select audience. Delays on the road prevented my return until the night of the 12th, so I decided to take Clarence's word for it that everything was O K. When we saw the assembled crowd at the Princess Theater next morning, my heart palpitated for a moment to note the expressions of cynical boredom on most of the faces.

SOME OF "THE TERRIBLE TEN" LEARNING THEIR PARTS

Our picture started with the main title, "The Terrible Ten," in four parts, by Jimmie Devoe and Clarence Holbrook; next a sub-title to the effect that two wealthy Americans, Eugene and Lillian, traveling in China, meet and renew old acquaintance; then followed the first scene, which was our Chinese restaurant interior. At first all looked perfectly natural, but not for long! The camera man's carelessness in allowing studio settings and the onlookers to show at one side for a moment was glaringly apparent, as were the stage-hand running across the back of the scene, a reflection in a mirror of our camera man grinding away, and little peculiarities in the settings, such as American views out the window of what was supposed to be a house in China. Clarence and I looked at the audience. Some were rubbing their eyes in a bewildered fashion, others were snickering. The subtler forms of laugh-provoking incidents, such as actors taking their cues from the director, their actions when distracted by goings-on in the studio, and inappropriate sub-titles, also seemed to register very clearly to every one.

Suddenly the whole audience burst into laughter. Horrified, I asked the grumpy old film reviewer next to me what happened. He growled out, "The hero had a light suit on in the tribunal room, but, when he stepped thru the doorway into the next room, he was wearing a black checked suit! *Some melodrama!*" I was too stunned to defend myself; so was Clarence.

Meanwhile, the picture seemed to be getting worse. The audience had now gotten into the spirit of it, so to speak, and were looking for things to laugh at. They certainly found them. In

the prison scene, the "iron" bars of the cell shook suspiciously like black ribbons. This was where the prisoner was supposed to see a vision of himself and the heroine, after their wedding ceremony, driving off in a beautiful limousine. Every one saw a vision, all right; but, to my everlasting disgrace and bewilderment, accompanied by another roar of laughter from our audience, I saw *myself* and *Lillian* leave the church and get into *my car!* While the audience was kidding me, I looked at Clarence, but the poor fellow could only stammer out something about "Must have got the negatives and positives mixed up somehow, and cut in your negative by mistake." Then, in the torture chamber scene, we used a dummy, and every one knew it, because the limbs bent in a manner no human limbs ever accomplished. By this time, even the old grouch alongside of me was chuckling. At the conclusion of the show, Clarence and I sat huddled close together—with an idea of protection, I suppose—while he "cheered me up" by whispering: "This is Friday the 13th; what can we expect?" To our utter bewilderment, every one in the place crowded up and congratulated us on producing the biggest comedy hit of the year, many asking, "Why didn't you tell us it was going to be a travesty?" Finally, I sort of "came to," and, grabbing a pencil, commenced taking orders for prints and State rights as fast as I could write.

We accepted some excellent suggestions to remedy minor defects in the film, and decided to label it as a travesty, for fear some people might think it was just a poorly produced melodrama. After filling all orders, I went home and straight to bed. Next morning, the newspapers had the whole story of our sudden rise to fame—and in headlines at that. My wife queried in a rather puzzled fashion, "What does it all mean? I thought it was to be a melodrama, Jimmie dear." I smoothly explained it, however, by saying it was "just a little surprise for 'em," thinking to myself it was Clarence and I who were surprised. While I was complacently dreaming over our meteoric rise to fame, Clarence called up and said that leading actors were raising thunder because they received no publicity, and all of them were laying for him, demanding big parts in our next

THESE CHARACTERS AND STAGE-HANDS SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SEEN, BUT THEY WERE!

big feature. After talking it all over, Clarence and I decided to quit while we still had a little money in our pockets, so we sold out the entire business for a song to a couple of Wall Street men, and took a much needed rest aboard a neat little yacht we had chartered for an indefinite Southern cruise.

A Sprite of Romantic Drama

BEATRIZ MICHELINA

(California)

UPON little women of large temperament has fallen the mantle of the sprites, the "little souls" of romantic photodrama. Fragile, wistful, vibrant of nerve, they are as light as cobwebs, and as sensitive. Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Anita Stewart are sprites; their frail bodies can scarce contain their sorrows and their loves. They are little; they cannot compete with their bigger, stronger and "earthly" sisters. We unconsciously pity them and, in pitying, love.

Into the vivid dream-world of picture pageantry has fluttered a new sprite—Beatriz Michelina. In her past years, like Marguerite Clark, and that littlest sprite of all, Tentrini, she has unfurled her tiny wings of expression thru her voice on the operatic stage. The child of a famous tenor, Fernando Michelina, the sprite, Beatriz, took up his musical career where he had laid it down. Some of us remember her in "A Girl from Dixie" and "The Princess Chic."

But the painted scenery, the prisoned cage of the stage stifled the little songbird, and she disappeared. Then came a pictured drama, an epic of the great West in its early days—Bret Harte's romantic and touching story of "Salome Jane." Set in a frame of forest monarchs, tumbling streams and rugged mountains, the sprite lived over again the story of the artless, courageous girl of the mining camps and her "Man," whose name she did not know, but loved with all her quivering, elfin heart.

And again, in "Lily of Poverty Flat" Beatriz Michelina will tease, torment and love out the butterfly life of its heroine.

Preserving the Great War for Posterity by the Movies

By ERNEST A. DENCH

WOULD you care to have this war end without letting the future generations see it for themselves? Still photography can accomplish this end, but it pales into insignificance when placed alongside the graphic and appealing medium of Motion Pictures.

One restriction after another has been placed in the way of cinematographers filming the European conflict, and it is entirely due to their pluck and resourcefulness that the war thus far has been filmed so extensively. The photographer has had quite an easy time of it in comparison, for he can snapshot almost everything and is not handicapped with a heavy tripod machine and accessories. But the movie man proceeds with the cautiousness of a cat after a mouse and is as brave as a lion.

If the cinematographer were to obey the belligerents, we would not get a single view of actual warfare. With his natural yearning for action, and then being confined to the tame incidental affairs such as troops marching and wrecked buildings, he would surely be driven to distraction. You cannot be surprised at his caring nothing for red tape, especially when the interests of us movie fans have to be upheld. At this stage it will be worth while to know just what the warring powers are doing in the matter.

TWO BITS OF FILM FROM THE "ANIMATED WEEKLY"
(EXACT SIZE)

Britain is taking no official action in arranging for the war to be recorded for future generations. King George, however, is greatly in favor of putting the Motion Picture to its true use, but he does not possess sufficient power to proceed further.

The camera man cannot film aircraft at a shorter distance than forty yards, nor is a long-distance lens permitted. This is the rule laid down by the British military authorities. When deemed necessary, which occurs pretty often, permission is refused. If the operator ventures around military camps or defenses he is liable to be arrested as a spy.

He would also like to accompany the British forces at the front in France and Belgium, but John Bull stubbornly refuses. This accounts for the few films showing the British at work on the battlefield. The operator who is daring enough to defy the regulation is, if caught, deported to England and has his camera confiscated.

When the censored films are eventually shown to British picture audiences, there is nothing to explain where such and such an incident occurred, thus depriving the pictures of a good deal of their interest by the deleting of names.

You and I would have felt rather peeved if one of us had been a promi-

nent English Moving Picture producer and, in a patriotic spirit, offered a collection of war films to a large London museum for a mere song and have the well-meant act turned down.

Canada, on the other hand, seems to be infected with the true progressive American spirit, for when the Canadian troops embarked for England they were accompanied by three camera men. Their object was to film interesting incidents on board ship, accompany the force in field maneuvers at the training camp and journey with the squad as close to the firing-line as would be permitted. The films will first be shown to Canadians to inspire patriotism, after which they will be locked in the vaults of the Dominion government in Montreal, to be placed along with other historical records.

Pathé Frères have the honor of being official cinematographers to the French government, to whom they have to present a copy of each film as completed. Before each picture is released for public exhibition it is censored by the government, which has the power to fix its own release date. This is practically all the red tape the Pathé operators have to contend with, for while they enjoy special privileges, the authorities do all they can to hinder the work of outside camera men.

THESE ARE REAL WAR SCENES, AND ARE ENLARGED FROM FILM NEGATIVES, BY COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSAL COMPANY

I will give an instance of this that has come to my knowledge. A big English company sent no less than ten operators to France and provided them with three automobiles. These the French authorities appropriated and calmly told the much annoyed operators to claim them when peace was declared. To pile up the agony,

the British army authorities seized their cameras and supplies before they had proceeded much further.

I take off my hat to Belgium for being the most kind and considerate nation of all. Altho there was a ban on the taking of films, the soldiers and officers shut their eyes to the fact, so thoughtful were they. But to Edwin F. Weigle, of the *Chicago Tribune,* must be given the credit of succeeding where others had failed in obtaining special permission. He had, however, to promise to hand over half of the profits to the Red Cross fund, but was compensated by securing more realistic pictures than any of his brother operators.

The Lubin Company has been represented by A. Radcliffe Dugmore, an Englishman, who undertook the venture in a romantic spirit rather than for money. His brother was a captain in the British army, and thru his influence he was able to go, to use the well-known phrase, "where angels fear to tread." The risky nature of his work may be judged when I tell you that Mr. Dugmore was photographing the siege of Alost from the porch of a house when a German shell wrecked a house but a few doors away. All the time he was at work shells and bullets whizzed uncomfortably by his ears.

In the first stages of the war the German government let the operator work practically as he pleased, but he was soon shown the "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted" sign. Then followed the charges of German atrocities, and it was to disprove these that Germany appointed the Express Film Company of Berlin, and the Great Northern Film Company of Copenhagen, Denmark, to cover the war on its behalf. Some of these films have already come to hand. Victories are very inspiring things to see, but it is silly for the German government to feed the Fatherland exclusively on these, for it is only building up the false hopes of the nation. But if an exhibitor has courage enough to show a film of a German defeat he finds a heavy fine awaiting him.

ENLARGEMENTS FROM BITS OF FILM, SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE BY GERMAN SHELLS ON THE ENGLISH COAST

That dauntless operator, J. Bee Mason, of the Hearst-Selig *News Pictorial,* had courage enough to venture into German territory in order to film

(*Continued on page* 169)

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

You know, dear friends, that in this game of contributing, the much-sung characteristic of Job must play a leading part.

For example, should I chance to notify a contributor that his, or her, brain-progeny is to be printed in a certain forthcoming edition, I have every intention that such is to be the case. But the ways of delay are many—space is oft curtailed, and material unavoidably "left-over" is neither my choosing nor my fault. Let us proceed:

An anonymous one takes the prize this month for the delicate, inspirational lines on Ruth Stonehouse. They laud her art, even while they praise the joy that art has brought:

THE DANCER.

To Miss Ruth Stonehouse.

Lighter than a breeze-blown blossom, softly flutt'ring here and there,
Feet that scarcely bend the grasses; star-dust shining in her hair;
Shades of ancient Greek Bacchantes, dancing in their moonlit groves,
Madly, wildly as in frenzy; gently now as dreams of love.

Lightly, gaily as Titania, now she dances to and fro,
And her face is like a Vestal's, and her foot is like the snow;
And the dance of Youth restores me all the lotus-eating years,
While her rhythmic step is guided by the music of the spheres.

Now her lovely face is lighted by a thought—which, who can know?
In this strain of high devotion does she dream of things below?
As she dances, gaily, sadly, with an art disguising art,
She has flitted to my bosom; I have 'shrined her in my heart.

Do not leave me, child of sunshine, with thy smile which gleams thru tears;
I have built for thee an altar which shall last for all my years.
With thy dear, pure face before me can my footsteps 'er go wrong?
Thou hast brought me light and gladness; I can give thee but a song.

In lines, simple and sincere, "Caroline," 41 Commonwealth Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Mass., "says her say":

IN TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM FARNUM.

If I were called upon today
To tell what "star" of all the host
I liked the best, I'd frankly say
That you, my friend, had pleased me most.

If I were asked to judge of who
Played nearest to the public's heart,
Unhesitant, I'd say that you,
My friend, were master of the art.

But since the world will never let
Me be the judge, nor say my say,
Lest we should lose you and forget,
I choose to say it, anyway.

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

CHARLES CHAPLIN

Charles Chaplin, the mere announcement of whose appearance sends a buzz of applause thru an audience, is perhaps best known for his inimitable "business." He is the man with the French kick, gnawed-off mustache, unbalanced run, "kidney feet" and misfit pantaloons.

Charlie says that his parents were very poor folk, and that he has no education save what was cuffed into him when he was an urchin apprentice in a troop of strolling English acrobats. He first appeared in this country in a pantomime, "A Night in an English Music Hall." His hilarious stunts attracted Mack Sennett, who lost no time in signing him for the Keystone Company. A moving monument to his fame is "Tillie's Punctured Romance," his last large picture with the Keystone Company.

Chaplin has recently been captured by the Essanay Company, and his latest releases, "The Champion," "A Jitney Elopement" and "The Tramp," show that he has not lost his inimitable "punch."

Speaking of imitators, Chaplin has many, which is his sincerest flattery. Most of them are a long way after him, with no hopes of catching up. Several players are announcing that Chaplin is copying them. Even so, it might be profitable for these detractors now to copy the man who copied them. Charlie's "business" is thought out by himself, and is spontaneous combustion, as it were, so there is not much fear of his imitators infringing his comedy patent.

ISABEL RAE

Close-up pictures have no terrors for Isabel Rae. They succeed in adding no years, no wrinkles to her girlish looks. However, she is quite a Miss Experience in matters theatrical. Before capitulating to the lure of the camera, she played ingénue leads with Rose Coghlan and leads with James O'Neill.

It was a Pathé camera that recorded her first Motion Picture expressions, and she was soon playing leads with the Pathé Company. Thereafter, under the directorship of Harry Salter, Miss Rae joined the Imp Company, and shortly before the Biograph Company decided upon its extensive Western hike, Isabel Rae joined its forces as an ingénue lead.

She is an expert horsewoman and all-around outdoors girl, with a mobility and sprightliness of expression that lend themselves well to the camera. Some of the latest successes in which she has appeared are: "The Cowboy's Conquest," "To Have and To Lose" and "Just a Lark."

VICTORIA FORDE

Victoria Forde was, not so many years ago, a beautiful and chubby baby, and performed wonderfully clever things even then—at least her parents thought so—such as trying to swallow her rattle whole and wiggling her toes with the skill of a Paderewski. Breaking the rule of infant prodigies, she grew up to be fully as pretty, and as delightful a comedienne, as in her cradle days.

Victoria Forde comes of a theatrical family, as her parents were stock company players. In her early days, she performed many child parts on the regular stage. Director Alfred Christie, of the Nestor Company, had occasion to cast his camera-like eye upon her, and decided that Victoria was the girl he needed for Nestor comedy. Her graceful, spontaneous posing has attracted many admirers to her, and, in such hilarious photoplays as "Eddie's Little Nightmare" and "In a Jackpot," she shines at her best.

HARRY MILLARDE

Harry Millarde, of the Kalem Company, never knows what's in store for him. He may be a romantic lover one week, an odd character, or a black-browed villain, the next. Lately, however, he has been playing rather strenuous leads.

He was born in Cincinnati, of Franco-German parentage, and, for several seasons, played on the regular stage, his last appearance before joining Kalem being in "The Blue Mouse." His best rôles with Kalem have been in "The Vampire," "Breaking Into the Big League" and the heavy in "Her Husband's Friend."

Harry Millarde's striking personality, good looks and rugged physique have aided in advancing him rapidly as a Motion Picture lead. In two of Kalem's recent feature plays, "The Destroyer" and "The Siren's Reign," he ably assumes a commanding rôle.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

Roscoe Conklin Arbuckle, alias "Keystone Fatty," "Roundhouse Roscoe" and "Cupid," weighed sixteen and a half pounds on his premier birthday celebration, and is now the beefiest juvenile comedy lead in Motion Pictures, or anywhere else. Whether he falls on a single individual or a group, their distressed and annoyed facial expression is always unassumed.

It was in May, 1908, that he first made a hit in musical comedy, in Los Angeles and on tour in the Southwestern States. Thereafter, he spent two seasons with Ferris Hartman, and followed with a grand tour in the Orient. Roscoe Arbuckle returned to Los Angeles just as Fred Mace was leaving the Keystone Company, and one look from Mack Sennett made him Mace's successor. Minta Durfee, the petite blonde who plays with him, is his wife.

Besides "Keystone Fatty's" wealth of humor, he owns an automobile, a prize bull-pup, and a happy home in Los Angeles.

Chats with the PLAYERS

S. RANKIN DREW, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

IF there is one name more than another that has contributed to the honor and glory of the English-speaking stage, it is that of Drew. The Drews, the Barrymores, the Rankins—all closely related—all names to conjure by, and all as well known at the Antipodes (alas! some are dead and gone) as in New York. Everybody knows Sidney Drew, that sterling comedian and vaudeville headliner, now with the Vitagraph Company. But not so many know his son, S. Rankin Drew, also a valued member of the Vitagraph forces, who is making an earnest effort to keep the famous family name well up in the world of art, not only by his work on the stage and in Motion Pictures, but also as a talented author, like his mother before him. Mrs. Sidney Drew became well and favorably known off the stage as a graceful writer, and several of her plays came out under the pen-name of "George Cameron." It was in one of these—"The Still Voice"—that Mr. Drew considers he made his greatest success in vaudeville. It is interesting to note that the clever talking sketch, "What the Moon Saw," which was recently done at the Vitagraph Theater on Broadway, is from the pen of S. Rankin Drew, and its undoubted success should certainly encourage the young actor-playwright to do still worthier things.

"Altho I come of several generations of stage folk," said Mr. Drew, with a smile of hearty friendliness, "and was brought up practically on the stage, my earliest infantile recollection being that of reclining in a stage-trunk in my father's and mother's dressing-room while they were at their work; altho the stage has, as it were, been handed down to me as a family heritage, of which I feel justly proud; yet, despite all this, or perhaps because of it, my father tried his best to divert my aims and tastes to other spheres of life. But it was not to be. The lure of the stage followed me even to school, where we had organized a dramatic club, and it was there that I first formed a very decided taste for dramatic work. That was at the famous Cutler School, and the first piece that our club put on was that delicious old comedy, 'The Private Secretary.' After that my fate was sealed; it was the stage or nothing.

"Ten years ago I made a tour of the world with my father and mother, and that tour will always remain one of the pleasantest memories of my life. We visited practically every English-speaking country in the world, and every day had its quota of interesting things, and I believe I enjoyed every moment of my life during the trip.

"I remember one rather interesting incident of the voyage from Australia to South Africa. The ship was the *Aberdeen,* of the Aberdeen Line, and, as is often the case on a long voyage, entertainments were given at times to while away the otherwise rather tedious hours in mid-ocean. We were about two days out from Durban, Natal, when my father and mother put on a little theatrical entertainment for the benefit of the Seamen's Home. It was the well-known—at least well known in England—'Harlequinade,' which is invariably given as an epilog to the Christmas pan-

tomime. The performance took place on the after-hatch, the scenery being painted by the ship's carpenter and the costumes fashioned by my mother from pink pajamas or any other light apparel that happened to be handy.

"Among the passengers were a number of Australians and South Africans who, altho of Old Country parentage, had never been 'Home' and had never seen a pantomime or the 'Harlequinade.' Consequently they were delighted with the performance and more than generous with their approval."

During the past few years Mr. Drew has made several tours in vaudeville with his father—tours which extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf of Mexico to the prairie cities of Western Canada. His first legitimate appearance was under the Shuberts' management in a farce entitled "Billie," which was written by his mother. Later he appeared in the one-act sketch of his mother's, "The Still Voice," and

Mr. Drew says that this work appealed to him more than anything else he had ever done. The play has since been given in pictures. It was a two-reel photoplay and marked the first appearance of his father, Mr. Sidney Drew, as a screen artist. Another work of Mr. Drew's mother, which is particularly

worthy of note, is "Agnes," a four-act play, which is now familiar to countless thousands of picture theater patrons under the title of "A Million Bid," which was for some weeks a Broadway feature.

Mr. Drew has been not quite two years in screen work, and always ith the Vitagraph Company. His joining of the Moving Picture forces, he says, was, to a large extent, owing to the influence of Lionel Barrymore, his cousin. He likes the work immensely, but freely admits that there are times when he chafes at the necessity of being continually confined in one place.

"I am very much of a nomad," he said, laughing, "and sometimes long

for a chance to roam a bit—or at least to temporarily change the location of my field of labor. If the Vitagraph Company should contemplate at an early date sending out a company to work—say, in a semi-tropical location—I sincerely pray that I may be one of their number."

I have always held that the best work Mr. Drew ever did in screen work—that is, up to the present—was in "An Unwritten Chapter," with Dorothy Kelley, which was produced, I believe, under the direction of William Humphrey. "The Tattoo Mark" was also an artistic piece of work. The young artist himself, however, thinks that his best and biggest and altogether most worthy piece of work has recently been released—"The Island of Regeneration," the well-known story of Cyrus Townsend Brady, in which he appears with Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno. Mr. Drew predicts for it a fine reception—owing to its artistic merit as a story if nothing else. But he feels confident also that the players have given the tale a worthy presentation with unusually strong characters.

Mr. Drew's grandfather, the late McKee Rankin, of "Danites" fame, was personally known to the writer of this sketch. It was during a fishing excursion in the Muskoka Country, north of the city of Toronto, Canada. I was staying at Pratt's Hotel, a famous hostelry in Rosseau, and among the other guests were "Billy" Florence and Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin. I saw them frequently on that occasion, and we had several very interesting chats together on the broad veranda of the hotel. The conversation generally began with hunting and fishing exploits, but invariably drifted to the stage, which was dear to all of us. Young Rankin Drew resembles his grandfather in many respects, including his love of literary work. The former tells me that McKee Rankin once wrote a play of French-Canadian life called "The Canuck," which had quite a successful run.

Mr. Drew is a great lover of Dickens and believes the famous English novelist is at last coming into his own in the pictures, particularly thru the able efforts of Mr. Tom Terriss. Another English production — or rather series of productions—that he dearly loves is Gilbert and Sullivan opera, that wonderful cycle of melody and satire that has never since been equaled and probably never will. Mr. Drew declares "The Mikado" to be a veritable classic, a view I have heard expressed by even musicians of note.

Football and horseback riding are the outdoor delights of Mr. Drew. His grandfather was a noted horseman, and he himself could ride when he was but eight years old. He is also fond of hockey and speaks enthusiastically of the encounters he has seen while on tour in Eastern Canada.

"In my comparatively brief stage and screen career," said Mr. Drew thoughtfully, "I owe much to my father's aid and wise counsel. To my mother, however, I feel I owe most for my artistic tastes and any talent I may possess. I have a great ambition to follow in her footsteps and become a writer—a playwright, perhaps—and do something worthy in that line on the stage as well as for the screen. I shall do my best toward that end, at any rate, and one can scarcely do more, can he?" And the young screen star and playwright shook hands and smiled pleasantly as he bowed me out of his dressing-room.

ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

GRACE CUNARD, OF THE UNIVERSAL COMPANY

GRACE CUNARD lives in the house on the mountain, and mighty proud she is of it, too. "Have you seen my home?" was her first query the last time we met, and I had to confess that I had not, so off we went willy-nilly in her big automobile (Grace does not possess anything

FOUR VIEWS OF GRACE CUNARD AT ONE SITTING

nor do anything small) and were soon chugging up the steep mountain road, the summit of which is surmounted by a handsome stone structure, the much vaunted home of Miss Cunard. It is no wonder that she is proud of it, for it is a beautiful place, and oh! the view it commands. On one side she overlooks tier after tier of mountains, with glimpses of southern California's most luxurious and prosperous valleys; another shows the city of Los Angeles spread out, with another range of mountains beyond; turn around, and the ocean glistens in the sun. It is certainly an enviable spot to plant a permanent home upon. Soon there will be a garden, for there are young trees and plants, flowers and palms all leaping up after the recent rains and now being warmed by the rays of old Sol, who is very generous right now.

"You like it? I knew you would; every one does. Now come and see what we are doing inside." And she led me toward the entrance, where we were greeted by numerous dogs. I could swear there were twenty of them, but Miss Cunard said there were but six, so I must believe her; but they all got entangled in my legs and seemed bent on telling me that I was a welcome visitor.

Inside, the home is charming in every respect, and its chief delight is a long apartment with hardwood floors, which is devoted to dancing and entertainments and where Miss Cunard's many friends come often and stay late to have a good time and to dance to the strains of her wonderful piano—she told me the name of it, but I have forgotten. This room is overlooked by a balcony which runs along one side and which leads from the living-rooms to the bedrooms. The furnishings and furniture are all in the best of taste, and everything, the house included, was designed by the busy little lady.

In this ideal home Grace Cunard perpetually entertains her mother and a sister, who has a baby boy. The little fellow was a delicate-looking mite when he arrived, but he is getting husky now, and after he had received the toy he demanded from his aunt, we sat on the front porch and had our little chat.

"Tell me, Miss Grace," I asked her, "which do you like the best—writing the photoplays or acting in them—or do you hanker for directing?"

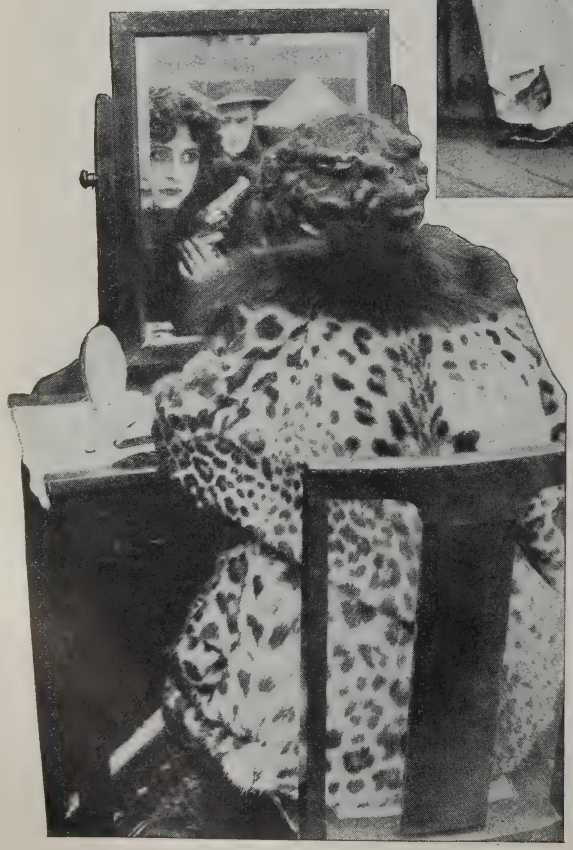
Miss Cunard laughed. "Honestly, I hardly know how to answer you," she said. "The fact is I love acting and am awfully fond of writing, too. As to the directing, altho I have done a good deal of it and often put on a photoplay while Mr. Ford is cutting and assembling a picture, I believe that I best like it in the way I do it—that is, occasionally. I hardly believe I would take to it as a steady diet. Later on, when I feel I am too old to take leads—and the time will come, you know, no matter how hard I try to stave it off—then, I guess, I will direct entirely, because I will never give up Motion Pictures—I am too wrapped up in them. At the same time I am glad I do direct now and again, for I can say that I have tried every angle of the manufacturing end of the business, and, what is more, that I am conversant with every branch and can even cut and assemble a film, with appealing subtitles, and have done so many times."

"All right," I said; "we will confine your answers to writing and acting. Which is your favorite branch?"

"You are very persistent. Let me see—well, I dont know, and refuse to commit myself. It is so delightful to make believe and to put one's thoughts on paper, knowing that they will be reproduced and that when one goes to see the finished product one is watching the creature of one's brain. I always go and see my own plays run, both to watch their imperfections and successes; this from an acting and the writing points of view. I love the acting, too, and could hardly exist without being able to create the characters I write for myself."

"You compose photoplays with yourself in view?" I queried.

"Of course I not only write parts for myself, but for all of our company. I know their abilities and their failings, and I endeavor to make all the component parts as strong as possible without injuring the story. It is comparatively easy to write for myself and Francis Ford, as we have acted together for so long and understand each other's good and bad points so well. Yes, I think he is a great director—his success points to that without my saying it."



We chatted awhile of her earlier days, the days which recalled to memory the time she was brought to America by her French father and her American mother, for Grace was born in Paris. She recalled her schooldays in Columbus, Ohio, and told me of how, at the age of thirteen, she started her legitimate stage career in the part of Dora Thorne, and how later she was featured in "Princess of Patches," playing the part of Feather, in New York and elsewhere; of her days in numerous stock companies and in vaudeville. But all this was lightly touched upon, for the heart of Grace Cunard is in Motion Pictures, and it is of the screen that she likes to talk.

Miss Cunard has appeared with the Biograph, Lubin and New York Motion Pic-

FRANCIS FORD GRACE CUNARD

ture companies, has been with the Universal since its inception and seems to be a vital part of that organization.

She has written a remarkable number of photoplays and has acted the lead in all of them. These plays embrace Civil War, domestic, society and mystery stories, and both Miss Cunard and Francis Ford are particularly fond of tales of mystery. It is hard to pick out her biggest successes, but she wove a wonderful story into "The Campbells Are Coming," the big feature picture recently produced at Universal City, and she not only put the "Lucille Love" stories into scenario form, but her acting in the name part is still enjoyed by audiences all over the States and in England, and the part she took put the seal on her popularity.

In her pretty library and study she answers all her many correspondents and she showed me a big pile of photographs ready for mailing. Grace Cunard is a brilliant young woman, and such a busy one. She is never still a moment, and with all her multifarious duties she still finds time to entertain freely and to give a part of her time to the beautifying of the house on the mountain.

RICHARD WILLIS.

WILLIAM GARWOOD, OF THE IMP COMPANY

WHAT a wonderful thing personality is, and how fortunate above his fellows is the man who possesses it in the measure that Billy Garwood does! I have watched Garwood on the screen a score of times and have been impressed by the fact that he does so much less than most of the other Motion Picture stars to get his effects, and that he gets them all "over" as impressively as they do. The fact is, that Garwood has made a study of the power of expression as against action, and those keen eyes of his can tell a whole story which otherwise would have to be made plain by the movements of hand or body, or by some exclamative expression which would savor of exaggeration. This art of silent expression, if we can term it that, is one of the greatest acquirements in the Motion Picture business and cannot be attained without a great deal of experience and study, and it will generally be found

with those who have had a previous stage career. Garwood is a good example for young actors to watch—not to *copy*, but to see how much he can do without violent action. Billy Garwood's personality is not confined to the stage by any means, and he numbers his friends by the score. When he meets them there is no false warmth in his reception, and when he revisits a studio he has become dissociated with, he is greeted not only by the leading lights, but by the stage hands and the office force, for Garwood is a good fellow thruout, clean in appearance and clean of thought.

I know much of William Garwood's private life, and a man can best be judged by the way he treats his own kith and kin. During his stay in Santa Barbara with the American Company there were very few Sundays that he did not make the journey

to Los Angeles to visit his parents, and many were the gifts he brought with him.

If Garwood has any particular weakness, it is the love of good clothes, and he can afford to satisfy his longings in that direction. At one time when I visited him he was looking disconsolately at what appeared to me to be the interior of a tailor's shop. I asked for the cause of his tribulation, and Garwood pointed to his wardrobe and said, "It's awful—scarcely a decent thing to wear. I must certainly strengthen my wardrobe." I counted the suits, and they numbered twenty-four, every one of them in tiptop condition, but neither gibes nor jeers could change his opinion that his appointment sartorial was in a shocking condition and that he would have to expend a few paltry hundreds upon strengthening it if he wanted to hold his job. Yes, William has another weakness: he likes his cigarets with a small monogram on them and carries them around in a solid gold cigaret-case, one of his numerous presents from admirers.

Garwood had solid experience before he ever entered the Motion Picture field, and apart from those healthy, necessary and gift-giving stock engagements he appeared with several of the reigning stars, including Virginia Harned and Miller Kent, and was on the road with Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby," which, at this time of writing, is being adapted for screen purposes by the Lasky Company, with Farnum in the title rôle.

His first appearance in pictures was with Thanhouser, from whom he went over to Majestic, and this joint engagement covered three useful years, at the end of which time Billy was a finished product. He was engaged by the American Company and featured with this Santa Barbara concern for several months, when he received an offer from the Imp Company in New York which was far too good to turn down; so Billy traveled East, whilst the boys wrung his hand and the girls put their handkerchiefs to their pretty eyes. All told him to hurry back again. The passing of William was quite a sloppy affair.

William Garwood is a healthy specimen of manhood, and he gives much of the credit of his condition to walking the hills and to swimming and morning exercises. During his Santa Barbara time he used to hike the hills with a miner's pick and come back loaded with specimens, and he swears to this day that if he only had had the time he would have located some mine or other. As it is, he is quite a geological expert. Everybody knows that he owns an onion patch and that he hated to leave it behind him. However, there is compensation in the thought that he can carry his bankbook along, and that it has been considerably fattened by the proceeds of said onion patch as well as by other profitable investments, for amongst other virtues Billy is an excellent business man and one of the few actors who have not been bitten by the genus wildcat.

And now William Garwood has gone to the East, and I am disconsolate, for he is the best sort of a pal, and he will be eating lobsters and things on Broadway whilst I toy with salads and fruit in sunny California. At that I do not envy Billy, and one of these days when the snow is foot-high on the ground and the Eastern foliage is on a winter vacation he will come meandering back again and will get a reception that we have been keeping in storage which will warm the hearts of himself and friends. May it be soon! THE TATLER.

From the Historian's Viewpoint

By ROBERT GRAU

THE most remarkable feature of the widely exploited Griffith film production at the Liberty Theater is that the two-dollar-a-seat Motion Picture is now a reality. In fact, there is much to indicate that the business staff, assembled by Mr. Griffith, hesitated at the outset of the advertising campaign. It was with no little timidity that seats were advertised at two dollars.

Ever since the third day of its run, the Liberty Theater box-office has taken in at night more money than for any production ever presented on its stage.

Therefore, the astonishing achievement has been the spectacle of a film production breaking all box-office records in a playhouse where the famous run of "The Spring Maid" recorded in no week less than ten thousand dollars gross receipts.

For the lay reader there is another interesting angle to the advent of the two-dollar-a-seat film production. Few there were who believed that such a goal would be achieved without the lure of famous stars of the stage as an attraction. Nor was it expected that people would pay two dollars to see a picturization of a play which, on the speaking stage, did not even find vogue in the great cities. "The Clansman," as a spoken play, was exploited mostly in popular-priced theaters, where it enjoyed a fair vogue, but there was nothing to indicate that here was the theme by which the last barrier between stage and screen was to be completely severed.

As a matter of fact, the Motion Picture productions, over which the people have raved the most, have been, as a rule, either originally written for the screen, or else so completely altered in the film studio as to be wholly unrecognizable in the newer form. "Quo Vadis?" made several fortunes as a photoplay, yet it did not profit those who exploited it as a successor to "Ben Hur," on the speaking stage. "A Million Bid," "The Juggernaut" and similar distinctly screen products attracted the public to a greater extent than most of the famous plays adapted to the screen, even without stars. In no instance have such productions required a celebrity to be featured. Always the casts were wholly made up from the roster of the stock company in the studio.

One may only conjecture as to what the influence of the strongest feature films will mean to the immediate future of the picture play.

The aspect of the Motion Picture art is still rapidly changing. Already the larger producers for the screen are impressed with this important revelation of a public flocking to buy seats, days in advance, at high prices. One company has announced a big spectacle for each year henceforth.

So it will go on, until one day there will come an utter exhaustion of the supply of stage and even book plays of other days. In that day, mayhap, the famous stars of the stage will be succeeded by the real products of a new art's amazing development. Authors, most of whom had never written a spoken play, will hand down original picture plays mostly dealing with the life we live in "today." These will be hailed as the photo-dramatists of their time.

Thus will the infant art reach its goal. In the meantime, the camera man will continue his conquests, hastening the day when artists will replace mere mechanics, until the world's greatest minds, now reluctant to bestow of their genius for the still despised "movies," will have capitulated to the last man and woman.

MISS WALCAMP DIVES INTO THE POOL TO ESCAPE THE LEOPARD

While the Leopard Went By

By ALBERT MARPLE

MARIE WALCAMP

EVERY day brings forth its wonderful feats in the Motion Picture business. This statement is probably truer in regard to Motion Pictures than it is in any line of endeavor in the world. In other words, "Something new is doing every minute." New dangers are being devised, and, as the days pass, more difficult feats are being required of the movie actor and actress. More and more is it becoming a matter of seconds rather than minutes, the principal aim of all this being that the "thriller" may be produced; that the audience, when the picture is projected upon the screen, may be caused to hold its breath, then, after the moment of suspense is over, to exclaim, "Gee! wasn't that great! It looks as tho that was real." And the strangest part of the whole affair is that in a large majority of the cases the incident was really and truly acted out as it was thrown upon the canvas.

MARIE WALCAMP

WHILE THE ACTRESS IS STILL UNDER WATER THE LEOPARD SPRINGS ACROSS THE POOL TO THE OPPOSITE BANK

The purpose of this little article is to show the extent to which one actress, Miss Marie Walcamp, of the Universal Company, the "Daredevil of the Movies," went in her effort to produce "local color," or what might be rightly termed "realism." This incident is from the picture titled "The Terrors of the Jungle," and the purpose was to show how this girl who was lost in the jungle succeeded, by diving into a pool, in escaping injury on the part of a vicious leopard. The fact of the matter was that the moment Miss Walcamp struck the water the animal was liberated, and, while the actress remained beneath the surface of the pool, the beast sprang across the pool directly above the spot where the actress was at that moment located. This is one of the many instances in that play wherein the "fake" element was lacking. After the animal had crossed the pool, this daring actress returned to the surface of the water and succeeded in escaping. It is safe to say that neither the writer nor the reader would want hair-breadth escapes like this as a steady diet.

AS THE LEOPARD DISAPPEARS, THE ACTRESS RISES TO THE SURFACE IN SAFETY

Analysis of a Motion Picture, Showing How Its Expectation of Life May Be Figured from Known Factors

By HECTOR AMES

How long may a Motion Picture live? It is easy to reply: "Just as long as public opinion permits." But the question really goes much deeper than that. This becomes plain if we state the matter a little differently. When a man insures his life, the company has no data from which to ascertain whether he will live one year or fifty. But, by striking an average of millions of cases, the actuaries have figured out what they call the "expectation of life" of such a man. Let us take a leaf from their book, and inquire: "What is the expectation of life of a photoplay?"

The elements in the case of the picture are analogous to those in the case of the man. The candidate for life insurance has to satisfy the company on such points as "antecedents," "physical disabilities" and "defects of character," the last-named including moral weaknesses, more or less serious, which may tend to shorten the span of natural life.

Corresponding to these attributes, we have to consider, in the case of the picture as it comes up for examination, the circumstances of its production, its dramatic structure, and its moral strength. These are the vital factors which determine its success or failure. Let us consider them.

First, the "antecedents" of the picture. Who is the author, who the producing company? These considerations are important because they are basic elements of the advertising appeal. Almost everybody in the business can cite cases where a picture, apparently destined to achieve a big success, has failed because, in the face of keen competition supported by adequate advertising, it was put out under an obscure trade-mark which had no wide recognition among the public, or even among the exhibitors. On the other hand, instances are numerous of poor pictures achieving undeserved circulation solely on the strength of the brand they bear.

Analogous to the physique of the life insurance candidate is the dramatic structure of the film. Symmetry, vigor and an animating impulse are vital characteristics; and if they are lacking, the picture, like the man, must be classed as a "poor risk."

Last, but most important of all, and increasingly so as public taste improves, is the moral character of the picture. How closely does it conform to certain standards everywhere accepted by rational persons as most desirable for the welfare of the community? That many pictures of a low moral order have achieved success does not weaken the force of these standards. Degenerates and criminals exist; but their shrift is usually short.

So much for the qualifications of the picture itself. The same characteristics which make a man a good life insurance risk are essential to the continued success of a picture. But the insurance companies do not stop at the individual; they bring to bear upon his case the vital statistics of his fellow-men. Can this procedure be followed with regard to a photoplay?

Unfortunately, few statistics are obtainable; the industry is too young. But a considerable number of productions have achieved a lasting success because of their qualities; and one great picture comes irresistibly to mind. In fact, these reflections are suggested by an interesting announcement concerning it. On February 28, 1915, "Judith of Bethulia," the

Biograph masterpiece in four reels, entered upon its second year; and reports from the exchanges show that it is today even more successful than at the time when, shortly after its release, the public press of every country was hailing it as the greatest achievement in Motion Pictures.

SUBJECT

"Judith of Bethulia," 1 Year Old

Author: Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Poet, from the Apocryphal Story

Producer: Biograph Company

Dramatic Strength, Corresponding to Physique of a Man

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Moral Character

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.....

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Parentage .....

Weaknesses: None

A brief analysis of the antecedents of this picture, its structure and moral character, provides a notable illustration of the principles here advanced. The story of the film was taken from the Apocryphal chapters of the Old Testament and from the poetic drama by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, by permission of Mrs. Aldrich and the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. And under the Biograph name and trade-mark the picture at once took rightful place in the esteem of exhibitors, critics and the public.

The story of "Judith" is so well known that only the briefest reference need be made to its dramatic structure. Its theme—the mental struggle of a chaste woman, torn between patriotism and a guilty passion for the tyrant of her people—is one of the noblest ever portrayed. Beginning with the invasion of the Assyrians and their siege of the walled city of Bethulia, the drama progresses inexorably to its first climax—the resolution of Judith to visit the enemy's camp and, by her woman's wiles, to trick Holofernes and kill him. One thing alone she did not consider; and we see her falling in love with the oppressor, momentarily forgetting her purpose, until the memory of her stricken country returns upon her and, alone with Holofernes in his tent, she is inspired by patriotism to draw his sword and slay him.

The well-remembered scenes flit by, and never is there a suggestion of anything mean or sordid. Vivid battle scenes abound; but, instead of being oppressed by the horrors of war, the mind retains only the exhilaration of conquest and the glory of the vanquished. Inspiration is the keynote thruout, and over the drama and the stupendous spectacle towers the noble character of Judith.

These, unless we are mistaken, are the qualities which promise for "Judith of Bethulia" a long life—perhaps immortality, if that be possible in the film world. It was well conceived in the original meaning of that abused word; physically and morally it is without a flaw. In the language of the actuary, its "expectation of life" is the fullest possible.

HENRY WALTHALL AND BLANCHE SWEET

SCENES FROM "JUDITH OF BETHULIA" (BIOGRAPH)

The strength of "antecedents" has caused the film manufacturer to turn from the untried to the tried. Such masterpieces as Kalem's "From the Manger to the Cross" is the picturization of the immortal Passion Play, and "Quo Vadis?" and "The Christian" were landmarks of literature before their advent to the screen.

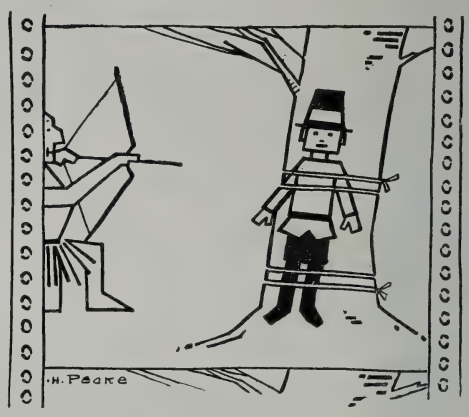
Not every picture, of course, is born under such happy auspices, or endowed with such strength of body and soul. But it is along the lines here laid down that the leaders of thought in the industry are working to promote the health and longevity of their products, just as the better class of parents are attempting to improve the moral and physical stamina of this and succeeding generations. The perfection of the ancient Greek standards cannot be obtained in a day; nor will the same ideals be obtained at once in the film industry. But every successful picture produced along these lines will add to the growing list from which to compile the vital statistics of the future, and thus enable us to determine more and more accurately what every manufacturer and exhibitor would like to know—the expectation of life of a picture.

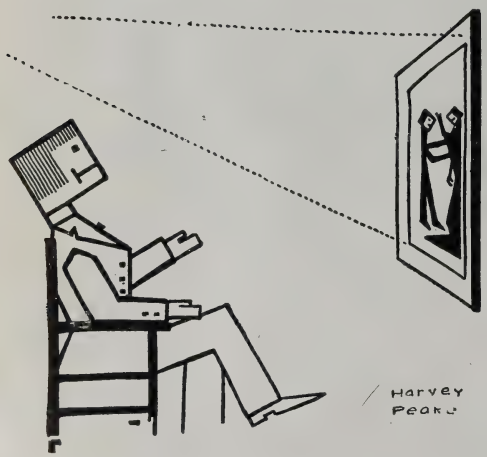
A Motion Play Primer That Is on the Square

By HARVEY PEAKE

E's the Expression of joy that we hear,
After a film play that's lucid and clear—
One that depicts life in natural way,
Bringing our better emotions in play;
Pictures like these merit praise, for we know
Where they are shown, wife and children may go!

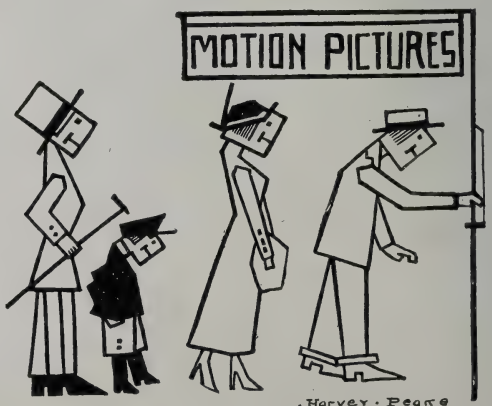
F is the Film, with its lifelike imprint,
Showing us Travel, Crime, Romance or Sprint;
Made out of celluloid, pierced full of holes,
What magic happens whene'er it unrolls!
Gone are the days when it flickered and blacked
And showed ugly stretches all blistered and cracked.





G is the Genuine Gloom he imparts
When a fan misses a serial's parts;
He'll omit supper, and likewise his bed,
Rather than fail to see "Troubles of Ted";
If you suggest other places to go,
The fan will politely but firmly say "No!"

H is the Happiness brought to mankind
By motion plays, in their various kind;
All tastes are suited—a wonderful thing!
Rich men and poor men their warm praises sing;
And to the children each play is a gem—
There's no amusement more happy for them.



(Continued from June issue, and to be continued next month)

SCENE FROM "AULD LANG SYNE" (VITAGRAPH)

What the Beasts of the Field Have Done

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

THE Motion Pictures have supplanted the melodrama, the Wild West attraction and the doubtful theatrical performance, and now they threaten to succeed the menagerie and the "animal tent," for half a century indispensable to the up-to-date circus.

No longer is the irrepressible urchin, clutching in one hand the sticky pop-corn ball and in the other hand holding a toy balloon by a string, dragged into the "animal tent" of the "biggest show on earth" by a fond parent. The young hopeful can see the beasts of the field just as entertainingly, and much more safely and economically, by visiting the Motion Picture theater.

We predict that in a few more years the traveling menagerie will be but a thing of fond memory. Even "the rhinoceros with a horn upon his nose, the most ferocious animal that travels with the shows," can be viewed at will by young and old in the "African Hunt" films, without waiting until the season for the sawdust arena.

One large circus has already retired from active business because of the Motion Pictures. "John Robinson's Ten Big Shows Combined," for thirty years an awesome spectacle to Young America of the Middle West and South, did not make its annual tour last season. "The swaying chariots, gleaming with Oriental splendor," were sold; the "gaily caparisoned steeds" cavorted elsewhere than the circus lot, and the wild animals were rented or sold outright to producers of Motion Pictures.

The Robinson circus boasted of an unusually complete menagerie. Lions, tigers, bears, reptiles, monkeys and giraffes all were there in the "animal tent" when Robinson's circus came to town. These same animals and reptiles are now doing duty for the director of Motion Pictures, who utilizes them in many plots and plays, much to the delight of the youngster and his elders.

Vitagraph was among the first to start the popularity of animal pictures, when the series of films depicting Mr. John Bunny, Miss Flora Finch, *et al.*, and the herd of elephants, made its appearance. These films were hailed with loud acclaim, and other enterprising manufacturers hastened to go and do likewise.

At present it is no unusual occurrence to see six or eight Motion Picture films, in which wild animals enact important parts, released in a week's time. One manufacturer is releasing a series of films having to do with the adventures of a brave damsel who is constantly surrounded with lions and tigers and other denizens of the forest and the field.

"Quo Vadis?" contained a very strong scene where the Christians were thrown to the lions. They were real lions, too, and delicious shivers undoubtedly ran up and down the spine of Young America, who was right in the front seat when the picture was shown. Real lions were also used in Vitagraph's "Daniel," and the Selig Company have featured animals in numerous photoplays.

Many hair-breadth escapes have been related in the public press about actors and actresses who are compelled to work with these animals, more or less wild. Instances have been recorded where a player has been seriously injured by too close a contact with the king of beasts.

Hagenbeck, the great trainer, says that the Motion Picture demand for trained wild animals has been very largely felt in his business. Formerly, shipments of animals were consigned to this or that great circus. Now, wild animals are almost exclusively shipped to the film manufacturing companies, several of which have large menageries of their own.

The gigantic portrayals recently offered call for spectacular features, and in many of these large productions the appearance of wild animals is essential to true atmosphere. The spectator sits spellbound before this unique and costly Motion Picture drama. It is a veritable section of ancient history, or wild animal life, brought to the beholder of the present.

The people who used to go to the circus "to take the children" now go to the Motion Picture theater for the same purpose, but they include their own presence without the shadow of an excuse.

The beasts of the field are doing their share further to revolutionize the amusement world. The fanfare of circus trumpets and the "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie" of the circus calliope are no longer impatiently awaited by the youngster. There is just as much entertainment offered every day in the week in the Motion Picture theater for a fourth the cost of admission, and there is also a variety of wild animals that do not glower from behind iron bars, but who perform in a very lifelike and fascinating way.

Love's Question

By LALIA MITCHELL

When we're married, sweetheart mine,
Will the love-light ever shine
In your eyes?
Will your handclasp thrill my heart,
Will your voice such joy impart,
Half divine?
Will life be as rosy then,
Or will you, like other men,
Bid me stay,
Washing dishes, while you go
To the Motion Picture Show?
Tell me, pray.

When we're married, sweetheart mine,
Will you warm my heart from thine,
Well or ill?
Will your breast my fortress be,
Will you guard and honor me,
Loving still?
Will you care for my delight,
Will you say to me each night
Let's away
From the sordid cares of life,
From the day, with burdens rife,
To the play?

Marguerite Clark, The Girl That Is Different

Motion Picture Magazine,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My Dear Miss Clark—As a very great favor, will you write me a letter containing therein the story of your life? I am in a quandary, as I am detailed to interview you for a chat, and a personal talk is impossible. I shall appreciate all the egotism and vainglory that you can cram into your pages.

Thanking you deeply both in behalf of myself and an eager public, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
Gladys Hall, *Associate Editor.*

My Dear Miss Hall—I am afraid this letter will have to sound like the letter of an egotist, but one can hardly comply with your request for "The Story of My Life" without using a great many I's.

I was not born, alas! for precedent, in the theatrical atmosphere, nor did I step from the branches of an established professional family-tree. I was the first and only one of the family who started out to seek her fortune in a profession where success or failure depends, to a very large extent, on your public, but I have been fortunate, because my public has been so very kind to me, and it has made me very happy.

I was born in Avondale, a suburb of Cincinnati, and I can, at least, claim birthdays with the Father of my Country, for I was born on the 22d of February. I lost my father and mother while I was still needful of them, and I have always felt that our first American father belonged to me, for my very own, but I suppose I have lots of rivals in his paternity.

I am small; my height is four feet and weight about ninety-five pounds.

My eyes are brown, also my hair, and I believe this will be enough to describe my looks to those who are kind enough to be interested in me. Oh, yes; I am neither married nor engaged.

Now as to what I have done. After my father and mother died I was left to the sole care of my sister, and as my father had lost a great deal of money before his death, my sister felt, in order to live as we had been accustomed to, that we must not use our little fortune, but must try and add to it. Therefore, as we were alone, the last two of the family, she thought it was best to prepare me for a career, so in the event of anything happening to her I could support myself.

Since a baby I had appeared in amateur theatricals and had met with considerable success. This, of course, suggested the idea of the stage, so we started from home to seek our fortune. We came East, where I expected to enter a dramatic school, but my sister was advised by the only two members of the profession whom she had ever met to let me go on and get practical experience at once. I did so, and after a few weeks in musical stock, and a few months under the management of Mr. George Lederer, I was engaged as ingénue-soubrette with DeWolf Hopper, and was featured with him in several musical productions. Then I went into dramatic work.

I played "Peter Pan," "Merely Mary Ann," and other plays in summer stock, and was rewarded by the Shubert Brothers giving me a delightful little play called "The Wishing Ring," in which play they starred me.

I had *never wanted to star,* and when Mr. Shubert offered me a contract to star, after I opened with DeWolf Hopper, I became almost hysterical. I could not bear the thought of the responsibility—the feeling that I might look out on empty seats and it would be my fault. It was so much more comfortable just to be a feature with a star who had to bear all the burden!

I was never what is called *stage-struck,* and while I was anxious to succeed, and at the same time heart-broken if my work did not go well, still, applause did not stimulate me as it does most actresses. I would much rather have lived in the country and had a farm with chickens and lots of pets, but I do enjoy my work just as a man enjoys his business, also the money I make, for, after all, I am really working for my livelihood.

The first part I enjoyed playing was "Peter Pan." The first time I played it I realized it was not the stage I did not care for, but the musical comedy, for I do love to play a good part in dramatic work!

After "The Wishing Ring" I appeared with the all-star revival of "Jim the Penman." That was a wonderful cast, and such fun! There, Ernest Glendinning played my brother, and Mr. William A. Brady, seeing us together, selected us for husband and wife in "Baby Mine," that wonderfully clever and funny farce, which met with such tremendous success.

Then I played a boy, Shakespeare Jarvis, in the spring star revival of "Lights of London." Again we had such a good time it seemed a shame to take our salaries. However, all this time I was learning and getting ready for bigger things, for I was later engaged by Mr. Winthrop Ames to play in the Little Theater, the most artistic theater in New York City. I played Snow White, in a fairy play for children, every afternoon and Saturday morning, and at night I appeared in "The Affairs of Anatole," making thirteen performances a week, so I worked pretty hard that winter, but it was interesting to play a little child in the afternoon, and a grown-up lady of the world at night.

Then I played Prunella in the loveliest production I have ever seen, and that I enjoyed. While in "Prunella," an offer from the Famous Players Film Company came to me, and I signed with them at the end of the season, and, just to show how con-

trary is human nature, when Mr. Frohman asked me if I would not like to give up the stage for two years, and devote all my time to pictures, I, who truly felt I had never cared for acting, cried out: "Oh, I could not give up my *art!*" I did not know then that Motion Pictures were an art—I have found out since.

I had expected to do only a few pictures, but, much to my surprise, my first one met with success. It is quite wonderful to find that in one day you have reached thousands and thousands of people who never heard of you before.

To think that the whole world is laughing and crying with you is a strange feeling, but I like it; it is wonderful.

In closing, however, I should like to add that there is no career in the world, not even the most brilliant success, either in pictures or on the stage, that could be half so enjoyable to me as a quiet home in the country, with my friends and my pets around me.

I am afraid I have bored you with this long epistle, but hoping you will be able to find some of it that may answer your purpose, I am, with all good wishes,

Most sincerely yours,

MARGUERITE CLARK.

For The Young Folks

Conducted by Ernest A Dench

Dear Girls and Boys:

When I planned the "Hidden Names of Child Players" competition for you, I must confess that I was half afraid that it would prove too hard for you to solve. Your efforts to dig out the names, however, have shown me only too plainly that I was wrong in my judgment.

The correct answers are as follows:

1. Yale Boss
2. Billy Jacobs
3. Clara Horton
4. Adelaide Lawrence
5. Kathie Fischer
6. Helen Badgely

I find that, instead of only one of you succeeding in giving the above answers, four more of you were also correct. These were received from Bertha Niederwiesen (age 11), 38 Cooper Street, Astoria, L. I.; Albertine Pouliot (age 13), 322 Meldrum Avenue, Detroit, Mich.; Marie Helen Bennes (age 13), 232 East Eighty-fourth Street, New York City; Bertha Felsburg (age 14), 495 Princeton Avenue, Trenton, N. J., and Dorothy Rose (age 14), 109 South Fifth Street, Wilmington, N. C.

It was perhaps a good thing that there was no other boy in Belleville like Bobby Hart, for he was so naughty that he had gotten beyond the control of his parents. Not only was he always disobeying his parents, but played hookey from school as often as he could, and all the folks in his small town hated him, because he was constantly annoying them with his mischievous actions. There was one good point about Bobby—he had a tender spot in his heart for the "movies," and, when he felt like stepping in at the one and only theater in his town, a sudden change would come over him. To reach the show, he had to pass the railroad station.

Every day he had gotten into the habit of making a special trip to view the posters of the photoplays that were to be put on in the evening. On the day this story is concerned with, Bobby noticed that Charles Chaplin would be seen in a two-reel Essanay comedy. He wouldn't miss Chaplin for worlds, for he was his favorite funny man. Included on the program were three one-reel dramas.

His mother always knew when such events occurred. Bobby would become so obliging that he would sweep the back yard, go on an errand to the local grocery store, or do anything else to earn a nickel from her. She now decided that if Bobby was to be good he would have to be all the time, and not only now and then, just to suit his own convenience.

So, when Bobby approached his mother early that evening, and offered to do anything she wished if she would give him a nickel, she refused to listen to him, and slammed the door in his face, telling him first that he would have to reform completely if he wanted money for the "movies."

Bobby never felt so peevish in his life. How was he to get hold of the admission price? No one in that town would give him an opportunity to earn one, as they knew his reputation too well. Yet, he had not fallen so low as to steal five cents. One chance quickly flashed across his mind. It was a slender one, he knew, but the place of opportunity was located midway between his house and the theater. He decided to try it out, so he hurriedly made tracks for the place.

(To be continued next month)

The Latest Fashions in Moving Pictures

A Review of Dainty Gowns Worn by Studio Stars

By MADAME THERESE LAVOISIER

ONLY a few years ago "any old thing" would do for gowning in Motion Pictures. Leading ladies were poorly paid and were put to their wits' end to make a slender wardrobe pass muster before the unerring eye of the camera. It was often quite a shock to a discriminating audience to see their favorite appear in a breakfast sack of flowered cretonne, evidently the remains of a discarded studio curtain. Or, in a later scene, an evening gown shrieked out loud its woes of poor-fitting, cheap material and a slap-together effect. But now such things have changed, and the leading lady who is not harmoniously gowned from slipper to bandeau is as miscast as poor Cinderella.

The position of head designer in the large studios is indeed an arduous one. Many picture stars have their gowns designed by their own modistes, especially such costumes as they desire for personal use outside of the studio. The greater part of costume origination falls, however, upon the studio designers, whose rôle compels them to be designer, fitter and modiste of the first water. Jane Lewis, the head designer of the Vitagraph Company, confesses that as the result of her labors she now has over 3,000 gowns in stock, every one of them fit to be worn in a ballroom or at a Fifth Avenue reception. In a recent picture in which Anita Stewart appeared she required thirty-one distinct gowns, and the average is from eight to ten frocks for each picture. Then, of course, the rest of the cast have to be pleased, and nothing peeves them more than to wear a costume that is not strictly à la mode. In fact, the art of picture costuming has become so distinctive that the gowns of leading women must conform to their individuality. Add to the work of the studio designer

CLARA K. YOUNG (WORLD)

GLADYS HULETTE (EDISON)

the costumes necessary for all periods of history, from the picturesque kimono of the Oriental to the enormous ruffs and tight bodice of the Elizabethan period, and you gain a slight idea of the exigencies of the up-to-date studio costumer.

Thru the graciousness of the several prominent leading ladies who have posed especially for this article, we are enabled to reproduce their photographs in some of their latest gowns.

Clara Kimball Young is shown in a costume sympathetic with the in-

VIOLET MESEREAU (IMP)

génue rôle assumed when wearing it. It is of brocaded silk, in which gold, silver and colored threads are cunningly woven together, producing a riotous color effect heightened by the dull olive green of the underskirt.

Gladys Hulette, of the Edison Players, is shown in a gown of black Chantilly lace over black satin, with rope of jet and long tassel. The coatee is of black chiffon velvet, trimmed with Russian sable.

Charming in its simplicity is the girlish gown worn by Violet Mesereau, of the Imp Company. The long surplice of tulle is trimmed with bands of jet beads and is worn over dull charmeuse.

NAOMI CHILDERS (VITAGRAPH)

HELEN LESLIE (UNIVERSAL)

The extreme *haute ton* in evening gowns is the "Chin Chin," recently created for Naomi Childers, the Vitagraph star. It is made of rose charmeuse, with a Chinese coat effect of cream Viennese lace. A wide girdle which finishes in a knot of rose fringe and is caught at the sides with knotted ornaments completes a very pretty effect.

Helen Leslie's informal evening gown is of white chiffon and girlishly simple in type. The slender lines of her figure are accentuated by the deep girdle of velvet, whose stripes shade

from the palest lavender to deep wood-violet.

The picture of charming Billie West shows the advancement in studio negligée gowning. It is made of pale blue crêpe de chine, trimmed with tiny pink rosebuds and cream-colored shadow lace.

The afternoon costume worn by Miriam Nesbitt is of high-luster vel-

BILLIE WEST (MUTUAL)

MIRIAM NESBITT (EDISON)

vet in the fashionable *tête de negre* shade, and is complete without aid of furbelows or trimmings. Soft ruffles of pleated cream-colored net accentuate the whiteness of throat and hands. The ensemble is topped with a toque almost completely covered with golden-brown pheasant wings, giving the needed dash of color.

Chaplinitis

By CHARLES J. McGUIRK

A LITTLE Englishman, quiet, unassuming, but surcharged with dynamite, is influencing the world right now. You can feel him in the theater; you read of him in the magazines; you get a glimpse of his idiosyncrasies in some twist of fashion. Among the happy youths of the slums, or the dandies of clubdom or college, an imitation of a Chaplin flirt of the coat, or the funny little waddle of the comedian, is considered the last word in humor. To be Chaplinesque is to be funny; to waddle a few steps, and then look naïvely at your audience, is a recognized form to which successful comedy is trending. You are artistic, perhaps. You were born with the gift of drawing or painting, or maybe you are a sculptor. Your gifts run to other lines. Maybe you are a poet or a writer. Very well; the thing to do now is to paint a portrait of Charles Chaplin in one of his characteristic poses, or to model him in clay. A poet can always sell a Chaplin poem; a writer finds a market for a Chaplin story. Any form of expressing Chaplin is what the public wants. The days of the minstrel's lay have come again. The world has Chaplinitis.

Once in every century or so a man is born who is able to color and influence his world. Brummel, fop and adventurer, did it in the Georgian days, when the world went mad over a correctly tied stock or the turn of a dandy's ankle. Andrew Jackson, President and backwoods politician, did it in the days of unrest that attended the winning of an empire from the wilderness and an oppressive mother-country. And now in these laughter-loving days Charles Chaplin is doing it with pantomime and personality—a finished actor, a master of his art, a comedian who has compelled the world to laugh with him and to love him.

Now, what is the idea—the Chaplin idea? How does Charlie Chaplin do

it? Is it the man, or is it his work, or is his personality the embodiment of a world-thought? Does a war-sick universe turn from the horrors of wholesale slaughter to the rib-tickling situation of a man hit on the head by a mallet in the hands of this gentle little Englishman who never smiles and who looks out on the world with the naïve wonder of a little child? Let's try to find out why you snicker?

There is a lame beginning in my statement that Charlie Chaplin cant explain his own humor. He has tried a couple of times, and he has said some very interesting things. He confesses that his humor depends almost wholly on contrast and timeliness. It does, to a certain extent. But you or I could go thru the same actions, use the same gestures and wade thru the same situations as he does. Would we bring the laughter that Charlie Chaplin does? I rather think not. Laugh-getting is Charlie's monopolistic gift. He was born to laughter as much as Edison was born to invention and Tolstoi was born to world literature. He cant explain his methods—genius has no prompt-book. Chaplin is bubbling over with fun, and it has to slop over. It is as inevitable as the budding leaf or the downhill rush of water to the sea.

When you see Chaplin, you laugh. When you know him, or when you see him making his own pictures, you have a glimmering idea of why you laugh at him and his antics. But for the life of you, you cant analyze the reason for your laughter and for Chaplin's success in comedy. The fact of the matter is that there is some unlocated spot in you which Chaplin touches and which responds to that appeal by making you laugh. That is the best explanation you can get, even tho you go to Johns Hopkins and get the results of a professional laugh-dissector's researches. Chaplin draws laughter out of you as the sun draws water from the sea. It is a matter of attraction, and that's all there is to it. So much for philosophy.

When Chaplin first came to the Essanay studio, he almost stopped the works. Every person in the studio—actors and actresses, property men, scenario writers, the publicity department and even the business office—side-stepped their tasks and stole down to the studio floor to watch the genius apply his methods. Even then he was comparatively unknown. The world had just begun to recognize that the funny little man with original methods could make whole audiences hold their abdominal muscles and go home sore from uncontrolled laughter.

But the wiseacres in Moving Pictures knew Chaplin and knew his possibilities. Hence the interest that manifested itself in the Essanay studio and the impromptu recesses that passed unrebuked. When Charlie finally came on the floor, there was an

"THE CHAMPION"

audience that cluttered entrances and lined itself stolidly and silently against the studio wall. There were far too many on the floor. Chaplin didn't notice it, but somebody else did. Orders came forth, and the crowd melted. The comedian was ready to go to work.

And do you know how he started his comedy, "His New Job"? He stood out in the center of his set, pulled three of his fingers out of joint, and then, crouching into the professional dancer's pose, he executed a clog-dance. He danced for five minutes while the actors and actresses of the company that was to play with him gazed at him. They didn't know whether he was crazy or doing it just for their amusement. Some laughed; the rest were dumb with amazement. As a matter of fact, they were all wrong. Just why he did it will be told in an illustrated continuation of this article in the August issue of this magazine.

(To be continued)

"THE GREAT CAST," as finally selected by the Motion Picture public, will be the greatest possible. The second cast will be composed of the twelve next greatest players in the world. The readers of this magazine constitute the jury of selection and award, and no larger or more competent jury is conceivable. All Motion Picture enthusiasts —"fans," as they are called—read this magazine, and most of them are eager voters. These people know what's what and who's who. They know all the players by sight and name, and they have seen them all many times. And, mark you, this is not a "popularity" contest, where matinée idols conquer and pretty faces win. It is a contest of merit, conducted scientifically, and, as near as we can tell, it will be decided justly, according to the honest opinions of a large majority of the great jury that is scattered over the four corners of the globe. To gain a place in either of these casts is an honor that seldom comes to a player in a lifetime. To be singled out, in such a world-wide contest, as the greatest artist in that particular line, is indeed an honor that will be long remembered. *No name appearing in the first cast can appear in the second cast!*

The contest will close at noon on September 6, 1915, and the last ballot will be printed in the September number. Announcement of the result will appear in the November number, giving the two all-star casts, each member of which will be entitled to a prize—twenty-four prizes in all. The prizes have all been selected, and an effort has been made to appeal to all kinds of tastes. The player receiving the largest number of votes for any one part will be entitled to first choice of the prizes; the person receiving the next largest number of votes for any one part will be entitled to second choice, and so on; but only members of the first cast and second cast will be entitled to prizes. Following is the complete list of prizes and what we consider a fair valuation of each:

LIST OF PRIZES.

	Value
1 $500 Columbia Grafonola and records	$550.00
1 gold watch and chain, or diamond ring	100.00
1 gold watch and chain, or diamond ring	75.00
1 pair diamond cuff buttons	25.00
1 Colonial Baby Regent phonograph and records	125.00
1 large oil painting by Alexander Tupper, "A June Dawn on Gloucester Coast"	250.00
1 set of Shakespeare, handsomely bound in leather	30.00
1 round trip to Bermuda	90.00
1 five-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and 2 bronze, electric candlesticks, complete	17.50
1 Columbia phonograph	175.00
1 set works by O. Henry, handsomely bound	20.00
1 oil painting by Gilbert Gaul, N. A. (original of Sept. '14 cover)	75.00
1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and 1 bronze statue (lion)	25.00
1 oak Regal phonograph and records	75.00
One set of various Motion Picture books and pictures, including all that are handled by this magazine	25.00
1 set Muhlbach's Historical Romances	25.00
1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and 1 pair bronze book-ends	25.00
1 five-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and 1 set of "Famous Paintings" (Funk & Wagnalls)	25.00

	Value
1 framed oil painting by Jas. G. Tyler (original of July 1914 cover)	100.00
1 Morris chair and Mexican rug	85.00
1 ten-year subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and reproduction of Washington Memorial	20.00
1 oil painting by Alexander Tupper, "Gloucester Harbor in Midsummer"	50.00
1 Mexican rug	50.00
1 handsomely framed oil painting by Emil Termohlin, "October Harmony"	100.00
Total value	$2,137.50

Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Every ballot must contain the name and address of the voter. The ballot will be found on another page.

2. The name of no player may appear more than twice on the same ballot. For example, the same player may be voted for as comedian and character man, but not for a third part also.

3. It makes no difference in what company they are now playing. They may be in different companies.

4. Each person may vote only once a month, but any number of ballots may be enclosed in one envelope.

5. The villain and child may be either male or female.

6. The ages of the players need not be considered. A young man can often play an old-man part well.

7. Ballots should be addressed to "Great Cast Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.," but they may be enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine.

8. Ballots need not be entirely filled.

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO MAY 14.

THE GREAT CAST

1. Leading Man		7. Comedian (Male)	
Earle Williams	722,685	Charles Chaplin	921,165
2. Leading Woman		8. Comedian (Female)	
Mary Pickford	713,450	Mabel Normand	841,620
3. Old Gentleman		9. Handsome Young Man	
W. Chrystie Miller	863,660	J. Warren Kerrigan	548,585
4. Old Lady, Mary Maurice	1,190,405	10. Beautiful Young Woman	
5. Character Man, Harry Morey	473,500	Anita Stewart	618,285
6. Character Woman		11. Villain, Jack Richardson	667,385
Norma Talmadge	650,175	12. Child, Bobby Connelly	786,290

SECOND CAST

1. Leading Man		7. Comedian (Male)	
Francis Bushman	672,435	Ford Sterling	581,390
2. Leading Woman		8. Comedian (Female)	
Beverly Bayne	486,220	Flora Finch	689,080
3. Old Gentleman		9. Handsome Young Man	
Charles Kent	789,425	Antonio Moreno	514,915
4. Old Lady, Helen Dunbar	582,860	10. Beautiful Young Woman	
5. Character Man, Romaine Fielding	390,950	Alice Joyce	583,105
6. Character Woman		11. Villain, Bryant Washburn	635,875
Julia S. Gordon	624,345	12. Child, Helen Costello	763,420

(Note—No player who is in the first cast can also be in the second cast.)

The following are the leading competitors for the first and second casts:

LEADING MAN		LEADING WOMAN	
1. Warren Kerrigan	601,275	1. Anita Stewart	635,650
2. Crane Wilbur	453,390	2. Alice Joyce	506,210
3. Arthur Johnson	433,630	3. Edith Storey	483,790
4. Carlyle Blackwell	410,420	4. Florence LaBadie	461,920
5. Paul Scardon	354,220	5. Clara Young	441,120
6. James Cruze	336,290	6. Mary Fuller	387,340
7. Harold Lockwood	331,760	7. Ruth Stonehouse	379,930
8. King Baggot	275,930	8. Pearl White	338,460
9. Tom Moore	274,600	9. Cleo Madison	315,410
10. Maurice Costello	269,940	10. Norma Talmadge	309,370
11. William Garwood	264,240	11. Marie Newton	274,230
12. Antonio Moreno	261,360	12. Marguerite Snow	261,500
13. Romaine Fielding	260,830	13. Lottie Briscoe	257,590
14. Henry Walthall	211,350	14. Grace Cunard	255,550

OLD GENTLEMAN

1.	Thomas Commerford	568,645
2.	Van Dyke Brooke	480,990
3.	Logan Paul	380,580
4.	Robert Brower	379,415
5.	William West	347,750
6.	Francis Bushman	317,760
7.	Marc MacDermott	307,450
8.	Murdock McQuarrie	277,650
9.	Bigelow Cooper	273,020
10.	Charles Ogle	238,580
11.	James Morrison	212,710
12.	George Periolat	204,260

OLD LADY

1.	Helen Relyea	387,890
2.	Julia Stuart	369,600
3.	Louise Lester	334,530
4.	Norma Talmadge	279,300
5.	Mrs. Geo. Walters	274,110
6.	May Hall	263,100
7.	Flora Finch	259,590
8.	Kate Price	258,290
9.	Pauline Bush	224,440
10.	Edith Storey	203,320
11.	Kate Toncray	156,470
12.	Mrs. Kimball	128,420

CHARACTER MAN

1.	Warren Kerrigan	456,230
2.	Francis Bushman	407,705
3.	Marc MacDermott	389,415
4.	Nicholas Dunaew	387,630
5.	James Cruze	384,410
6.	Arthur Johnson	381,070
7.	King Baggot	339,610
8.	William Wadsworth	334,870
9.	Earle Williams	323,110
10.	G. M. Anderson	320,480
11.	Billy Quirk	311,310
12.	Crane Wilbur	307,940

CHARACTER WOMAN

1.	Edith Storey	429,895
2.	Edwina Robbins	397,300
3.	Ruth Stonehouse	372,030
4.	Clara K. Young	355,815
5.	Cleo Madison	355,085
6.	Mary Pickford	348,290
7.	Mary Fuller	339,695
8.	Louise Lester	328,320
9.	Alice Washburn	317,530
10.	Flora Finch	310,090
11.	Kate Price	307,040
12.	Marguerite Snow	305,160

COMEDIAN (MALE)

1.	Wallie Van	527,360
2.	Wallace Beery	453,790
3.	Sidney Drew	393,880
4.	Billy Quirk	321,530
5.	Roscoe Arbuckle	318,510
6.	Hughie Mack	311,550
7.	William Shea	261,640
8.	Victor Potel	260,055
9.	John Brennan	251,340
10.	William Wadsworth	248,090
11.	Donald McBride	231,530
12.	Arthur Housman	228,830

COMEDIAN (FEMALE)

1.	Lillian Walker	559,260
2.	Ruth Roland	534,780
3.	Margaret Joslin	529,210
4.	Kate Price	481,940
5.	Norma Talmadge	473,620
6.	Constance Talmadge	410,880
7.	Florence Lawrence	382,000
8.	Victoria Forde	334,820
9.	Mary Pickford	315,550
10.	Karin Norman	277,300
11.	Vivian Prescott	249,790
12.	Alice Washburn	210,260

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN

1.	Francis Bushman	511,725
2.	Crane Wilbur	471,660
3.	Carlyle Blackwell	446,730
4.	Donald Hall	445,845
5.	Earle Williams	432,020
6.	Harold Lockwood	394,080
7.	James Morrison	335,110
8.	Bryant Washburn	269,070
9.	Tom Moore	264,480
10.	James Cruze	262,130
11.	George Larkin	262,060
12.	Webster Campbell	248,550

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

1.	Mary Pickford	547,130
2.	Norma Talmadge	540,675
3.	Mary Anderson	520,250
4.	Pearl White	462,430
5.	Clara K. Young	455,700
6.	Beverly Bayne	432,745
7.	Lillian Walker	401,840
8.	Florence LaBadie	358,980
9.	Marguerite Snow	310,570
10.	Blanche Sweet	279,850
11.	Margarita Fischer	278,660
12.	Lillian Gish	262,120

VILLAIN

1.	Harry Morey	654,475
2.	Paul Panzer	522,560
3.	Harry Northrup	435,440
4.	Rogers Lytton	391,630
5.	Romaine Fielding	362,660
6.	Ned Finley	324,240
7.	Marc MacDermott	315,220
8.	George Cooper	269,180
9.	Frank Farrington	269,100
10.	King Baggot	266,190
11.	Lester Cuneo	264,620
12.	Francis Ford	261,650

CHILD

1.	Audrey Berry	565,465
2.	Yale Boss	479,130
3.	Helen Badgely	396,460
4.	Andy Clark	390,850
5.	Billy Jacobs	348,650
6.	Clara Horton	330,920
7.	Mattie Roubert	317,590
8.	Dolores Costello	312,310
9.	Marie Eline	273,730
10.	Eleanor Kahn	264,580
11.	Lillian Wade	262,760
12.	Mary Pickford	216,890

HERE'S a bit of good news: Beginning June 11, the Biograph Company begins reissuing plays featuring Henry Walthall, Blanche Sweet, Lionel Barrymore, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, W. Chrystie Miller, Dorothy Bernard, Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand, Florence LaBadie, Robert Harron, and other old favorites, all directed by David Griffith.

Pauline Bush has just married Allan Dwan, her director. Hereafter, naturally, she will do the directing.

Billie Burke is the latest stage star to be captured by the screen, and Thomas Ince is her captor.

Our sympathy, and everybody's, goes out to Arthur Johnson, who is seriously ill.

G. M. Anderson, Charles Chaplin and Roscoe Arbuckle were recently discovered in a box at the Princess Theater, Los Angeles, and they were made to take the stage, where they entertained the audience for forty minutes.

James Cruze and Sidney Bracy are making an auto trip to the Exposition, and will stop at various theaters on the way.

Charles Chaplin's popularity unkindly pushed Viola Dana from our July cover, but nothing can deprive Miss Dana of that honor next month.

"The Diamond from the Sky" serial set a new standard, and then came "The Goddess," which set still another.

Tarleton Winchester is with us no more, and perhaps this will end the Mary Pickford-Marguerite Clark controversy.

The Lasky Company paid a big price to get Geraldine Farrar, and now the Motion Picture public are curious to learn if she is as good on the screen as she is in opera.

Ethel Clayton stars in Lubin's big version of "The Sporting Duchess."

The Nicholas Powers Company are somewhat proud to get the Madison Square Garden contract for installing two projection machines in that immense building, requiring a "throw" of 300 feet, the longest in the world.

Robert Edeson (Vitagraph) has just fallen heir to $100,000 real, not stage, money.

Just as we had gone to press last month came the important news of John Bunny's death, and that Francis Bushman had left the Essanay Company. Marguerite Snow will play opposite Mr. Bushman. Our best wishes.

"The Birth of a Nation," while a fine thing as a preachment-historic-spectacle-drama, is much overrated. As a combination of the four it is in a class by itself, but as any one of the four it has been excelled before many times, says "Junius."

Carlyle Blackwell's "Favorite Players" are no more, and the principal favorite is now a Laskyite.

Mary Pickford is back in New York, but will return to California in the fall.

Lillian Walker has a new auto, hence Old Ocean will not see so much of Airy Fairy Lillian this season as it did last.

Richard Travers has returned from the South and will play opposite Viola Allen in "The White Sister."

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, famous dancers, are to do a "thrilling melodrama" for the Cort Company.

Adele Lane (Universal) claims to have the most elaborate and beautiful dressing-room of all the photostars.

If you think that the pictures in our Gallery are good, wait till you see those in the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT!

Edward Earle (Edison) has two great hobbies: (1) Collecting pipes; (2) Smoking them.

Edna Maison took Pauline Bush's place while the latter was on her honeymoon.

Donald Crisp replaces Francis Bushman at the Essanay.

Wedding bells rang recently for Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster (Thanhouser), also for Louise Glaum and Harry Edwards; but they have not yet rung for Anna Little, as some papers have announced, for the simple reason, as she says, that she cannot afford to support a husband.

Myrtle Stedman is strictly neutral. She has sung for all kinds of relief funds, including British, French, Belgian and German.

Vivian Rich (American) has a new leading man, which is her fifth. If at first you dont succeed, etc.

There are magazines that have stories each month by such noted writers as Rex Beach, Jack London and Gouverneur Morris, but no magazine has seven better stories than those contained in this very magazine. Read, compare and be convinced!

Richard Stanton (N. Y. M. P.) was once a professional baseball player, famous football player and amateur boxer, and he can still hit pretty hard.

A sight for the gods!—Harold Lockwood disporting in and beyond the waves at Santa Barbara every morning about six or seven o'clock.

Will the gossip who starts those frequent rumors that Charles Chaplin is deaf, dumb or dead kindly call at this office? We will make it worth his or her while to stop it. We can afford to pay well, for it would save us much postage and telephoning.

If you have a spare thousand dollars or two, put it in the film business. There is no quicker or surer way of losing it!

"No smoking" on the stage at the "Big U" no longer holds, since the Smalleys began producing "A Cigaret—That's All." Everybody's doin' it now.

Chaplin's hobby: Raising Cane in the pictures! He has insured his feet for $150,000. Watcher step! And now there is a new dance—the Charlie Chaplin Walk. Imagine a floor full of people walking like Chaplin, with music and shoes to match.

Everybody will be playing "Cast" next winter. It is the great, new card game, and it will be ready for the fall market. Watch for announcements later.

Another exposure! Leading a double life! Gertrude McCoy, famous Edison leading lady, and Gertrude Lyons, prominent photoplay writer, are one and the same.

With V. L. S. E., Paramount, Mutual, Universal, General Film, World, Metro, and a few others all struggling for existence, look out for some big crashes before next Christmas! Too many cooks spoil the broth!

Marguerite Courtot (Kalem) has won two more beauty contests. She has also won our September cover.

Anna Little is sorry that summer has came. Her fad is furs, and she has coats, collars and muffs galore—fine food for moths!

The Great Cast Contest is coming to a close, so you will all kindly step forward and cast your final ballots. See page 124 for a list of over $2,000 worth of prizes that will go to the elect.

Sadie Lindblom, the Swedish actress now photoplaying at San Mateo, has a touring car in which meals are served and beds made. Sounds extravagant, but then it saves rent and taxes.

Vivian Prescott has left the Biograph for Imp; Ann Luther has left Universal for Selig, and Mabel Van Buren has left Lasky for the Ideal.

What are we to call that big combination, the Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay? Shall we say "V. L. S. E.," "Valtz," "The Big Four," or just "Vaseline"?

We have with us this evening: Bessie Learn (page 25); Patrick O'Malley (page 26); Margaret Prussing and Charles Sutton (page 27); Yale Benner (page 34); Pauline Bush and William Clifford (page 39); Franklin Ritchie and Louise Vale (page 45); J. Warren Kerrigan and Vera Sisson (page 51); George Cooper, Dorothy Kelly and James Morrison (page 60); Donald Hall (page 65); Bessie Buskirk, Joseph Henabery and Dark Cloud (page 66); Katherine La Salle (page 73), and Guy Coombs (page 79).

Jack Standing (Lubin) is the youngest of seven English brothers.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Maid o' the Mountain"; second prize to the author of "According to Their Lights." Hard time deciding this month—so many fine stories. Read them, and you will see.

Despite the lukewarm criticisms of some New York critics, "Junius" thinks that "The Chalice of Courage" (Vitagraph) is one of the best things ever done and ranks close up to "The Christian." Certainly William Duncan moves up to the top among the leading photoplayers of the screen with the noble character he created in this play.

Every now and then some player or company asks us the price of a page in our Gallery, or of a cover, or of a write-up, or of a story. The answer is, Nothing! They are not for sale at any price.

Much ado about nothing is the controversy about Chaplin, Ritchie and Reeves as to who was the original. Who cares? We all know hoos hoo now.

Mary Fuller recently did a special dance at the Alviene School for the Universal.

Octavia Handworth is with the Lubin Company; Marguerite Gibson has joined the N. Y. M. P. Company, and Virginia Kirtley has moved to the Majestic. While we are about it, Marshal Neilan with Selig; Ruth Blair with Pyramid; Lorraine Huling with Thanhouser; Anna Walthall with Komic; Pat Rooney with Lubin; Rena Valdez with Ideal; Lois Meredith with Rolfe; Rupert Julian back with Universal; Edward Piel also; Gus Alexander with Kalem, from Biograph; Eugenie Forde and Robyn Adair with Selig; Charles Bennett with Biograph; Fritzi Brunette with Joker; Ray Myers with Mutual; Eugene Pallette with Selig, and William Courtney comes from "Under Cover" to the Vitagraph.

The Keystone Company have seven scenario men who work behind pie-proof enclosures. Safety First!

Ollie Kirkby (Kalem) was actually hypnotized while playing in "The Closed Door."

Bliss Milford, formerly of the Edison Company, is to play opposite Edwin Arden in Edouard José's "Beloved Vagabond" (Pathé).

The Photoplay Clearing House prize for the best photoplay submitted during the month goes to W. L. Lockwood, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for his drama, "Salted."

The Universal are responsible for the loss to the stage of Henry E. Dixey and Marie Cahill.

A new company of kiddies has been organized by the Majestic, consisting of Paul Willis, Mildred Harris, Bobby Feuherer, Olive Johnson and Billy Jacobs.

Education? Oh, I dont know—Henry Otto was educated for the priesthood, and the first time he got into harness he played "The Devil."

Anna Nilsson fires off three cannon in Kalem's "Rivals."

Just to prove her neutrality, Gladys Hulette appears in "The Mission of Mr. Foo" (Edison) with a French straw hat trimmed with Russian sable, and German shoes with Spanish heels. (Sounds like an "International Rag.")

Fifty-two comedies are being prepared for Weber & Fields (World), one every two weeks for two years.

Marc MacDermott is back opposite Mabel Trunnelle again, in "His Convert."

Pretty Arline Pretty, formerly leading woman for King Baggot, is now a Vitagraph star.

Ruth Stonehouse has been lecturing at Motion Picture theaters.

Ruth Blair (Pyramid) is said to have the finest collection of handkerchiefs in filmdom.

Now that Robert Edeson is a Vitagrapher, Antonio Moreno and he have renewed old acquaintance. It was "Handsome Tony" who taught Robert his Spanish in "The Noble Spaniard" years ago.

From far-off Honolulu comes the news that Private W. G. Perkins, Company D, 25th Infantry, desires to present Kathlyn Williams with the tusk of a mammoth boar.

Grace Cunard says that her new serial, "The Broken Coin," was suggested by her new home, which has just been refurnished. The word *coin* suggests the cost, and the word *broke* suggests the result.

Ham and Bud, of Kalem comedy fame, are not eligible to the I. W. W. (I wont work), as you will understand when you see them loading a whole van with furniture in "The Merry Moving Men."

William Wadsworth (Edison) actually grew real whiskers to play true in "Cohen's Luck."

That will be about all.

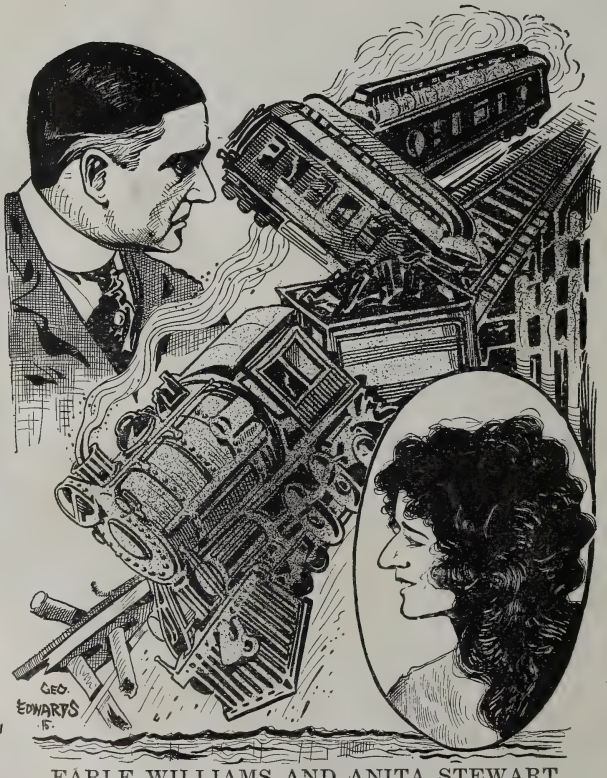
LAMAR JOHNSTONE

SHELDON LEWIS
"The Clutching Hand"

CHARLES-CHAPLIN

COSTELLO

ADELE
DE GARDE



EARLE WILLIAMS AND ANITA STEWART

HENRY WALTHALL

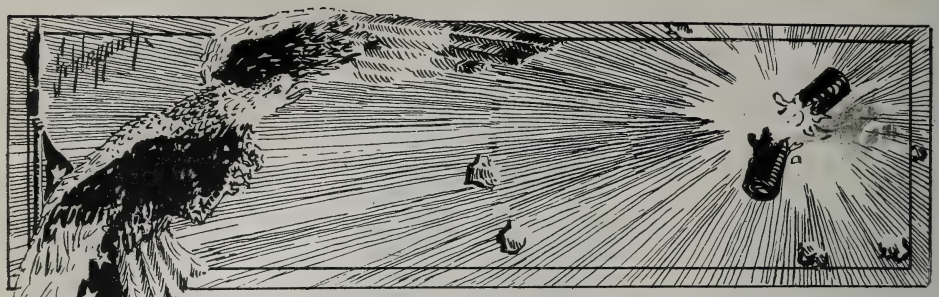
TRAVERS

CLAIRE
McDOWELL

HOUSMAN

BESSIE EYTON

WADSWORTH



Mister Wiseman's Fourth

A Suggestion

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

Mister Wiseman patriotically promised to his boys
That he'd let them celebrate the Fourth with lots of giant noise;
Tho he wished it to be "Safe and Sane," he could not break his word,
But he had a bright idea, for he knew where he had erred.

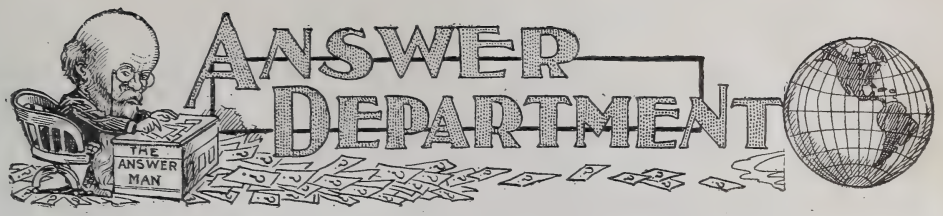
So he hurried to a "movie" show a square or two away—
"Give me forty in a bunch, all for this Independence Day."
And Miss Bright, tho quite astonished, was prepared for any rush;
Mister Wiseman hurried home with tickets, mucilage and brush.

Quickly then he pasted tickets of admission to the show
On torpedoes, giant crackers—every one, I'd have you know,
For he was a brilliant thinker, and his thoughts were not in vain,
Since he gave the boys a chance to make the Fourth both safe and sane.

Now, the boys were all excited when they saw what he had done,
And beheld admission tickets for the show on every one.
Just to think that every time they set a "thunderbolt" on fire
They would blow a "movie" ticket to the sky or even higher!

So they reasoned and decided they would choose the better way
And would save those blessed tickets, tho it took the livelong day;
Carried rockets and torpedoes to the outhouse in the rear,
Where they soaked them in the water till they got the tickets clear.

All the fireworks were ruined? Why, of course, but what of that?
Mister Wiseman reasoned soundly, he has brains beneath his hat!
For with all the "gang" both safe and sound, they go to see the play—
He had made the glorious Fourth a safe and sane and happy day.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

RAMBLING ROVER.—I know of no such vacancy. Beverley Bayne was Louise, and Bryant Washburn was her brother in "The Scars of Possession" (Essanay). You were safe on first.

DOROTHY B.—Your questions are quite forbidden. Francis Bushman will play for the Metro Film Corp., and he will be located in Los Angeles.

BINA P.—Will tell the Editor you want a picture of Robert Warwick. Georgia Maurice is playing for Vitagraph, but not very often. My child, it was Patrick Henry and not Harry Thaw who said, "Give me liberty or give me death," altho Harry several times came very near both, but has neither, while Henry got both.

BUDDY.—I am indeed sorry, but Essanay absolutely refuse to give the name of the young lady who plays opposite Charles Chaplin. It is one of the deep, dark, hidden mysteries of film history.

CARMELA M.—I will give your letter to the Editor, and he will no doubt comply. Pearl White and Arnold Daly are not married to each other. Address her at Pathé Studio, 1 Congress Street, Jersey City, N. J., altho she is going in vaudeville.

M. E. H.—W. Merkyl was the earl in "Gretna Green" (Famous Players). Address Harold Lockwood, American Studio, Santa Barbara, Cal. Dont mention it.

PEARLE Z.—Yes, our country seems to be divided into three classes: the aspiring, the inspiring and the perspiring. Just now, the last mentioned mostly. George Elliott was Gordon in "The Scrub" (Broncho). Louise Glaum was the girl. Broncho studios are in Los Angeles.

VIOLET S.—I thank you a whole lot for the beautiful bouquet of flowers. They were well packed.

BLUE-EYED BETTY.—Thanks a heap for the fee. Your poem was passed to the Editor. Drop in, anyway. Victor Southerland was the king in "The Dancer and the King." "Graustark" was released thru the Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay, Inc., April 26th.

A. D., BROOKLYN.—Violet Davis was the little girl in "The Painted World" and in "A Daughter of Israel" (Vitagraph), instead of Audrey Berry, as stated. I was thinking of "Underneath the Paint."

OLGA, 17.—Did I hear you say that the reason the Germans spell culture with a K is because the British have control of the seas? Ho, hum! Rachel, fetch in the children, the Board of Health is approaching. But what has it to do with M. P.?

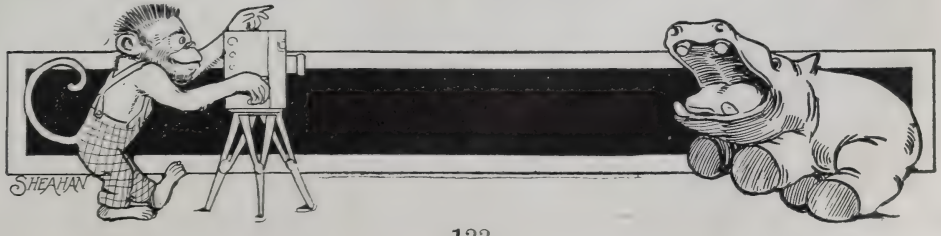
S. W. I. M.—Address Muriel Ostriche care of Vitagraph. You refer to Boyd Marshall.

TARHEEL CRACKER.—William Russell is with American Company, and Maude Fealy is with Holland Film Company. It is pretty hard to keep track of them all nowadays, and a new company, like certain other things, is born every minute. Arthur Donaldson is Gilbert in "Runaway June" series. You actually make me laff.

JAE TED.—No, I cannot give you the history of Charlie Chaplin's mustache. I dont know when it was born, nor the color of it, nor whether it is real or false. I would refer him to Pathé.

BRUCE W. T.—Vera Sisson was opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Illusive Empire" (Victor). No answer on the Nestor. No, to your third. Send for a list of manufacturers, and address the players in care of their company.

MARTIN, CHICAGO.—Antonio Moreno, I believe. I read that your city has 100,000 idle. Does this refer to workingmen only? We have that many idle rich men in our little town.



BERNICE C. B.—May Allison was Katherine in "The Governor's Lady" (Lasky). Robert Grey was Tom Brandon in "Brandon's Last Ride" (Vitagraph).

TOOTSIE TOODLES.—Lilie Leslie was the lead in "The White Mask" (Lubin). The Thanhouser Kidlet is a girl, and so is the Kid.

REINE F.—You neglected to enclose the envelope. I really cant answer why Charles Chaplin doesn't kiss his opposite. Possibly she wont let him, or maybe it is the censors, or his mustache.

FULLER-KERRIGAN.—Thanks for the views of the exposition. Very pretty.

MICI G.—Gwendolyn Pates was last with Imp for a while, but I cant tell where she is now. Thanks for the invitation. I never butter my corn on the cob, on account of my whiskers.

BUDDY.—Yes, that was Miriam Nesbitt in "Killed Against Orders" (Edison), but she still lives.

HELEN L. R., QUEENA, VYRGYNYA, ALICE A. B., BILLY ROMAINE.—Thank you for your remembrance.

LUTY, DOVER.—I enjoyed yours, and I hope to hear from you again.

MAY B.—So you thought our last issue was the "best yet?" Isn't that always so? William Betchel was Franci in "The Portrait in the Attic" (Edison). Viola Dana was Thelma. Lilie Leslie was Carola in "Siren of Corsica" (Lubin). Franklin Ritchie was Tonio in "His Romany Wife."

MARGARETTE K. T.—I am not sure that I can settle the dispute. Charles Chaplin was born in England in 1890. Billie Ritchie says that Mr. Chaplin copied his make-up from him, because he, Ritchie, first used it in 1897 in England and later 5,000 times in "A Night in an English Music Hall" in this country and in England long before Mr. Chaplin adopted a similar style and make-up. I dont know Mr. Chaplin's reply to this assertion, and Billie Reeves (Lubin) claims that he, Reeves, was the original. Which is the funniest of the three I leave to you; but certainly Mr. Chaplin is the most widely known and popular.

C. C. H. CLARION.—Thanks for the compliment. Some studios work only one picture ahead, while others release according to circumstances. "Here Lies" contains donts about photoplay writing and gives fifty plots that are dead and buried. First edition was 3,000 copies.

BETTY B.—You have got your colors mixed. Betty Gray is with Vitagraph, and Betty Brown is with Essanay. William Humphrey was Mr. Marsh in "His Wedded Wife" (Vitagraph). Crane Wilbur with Lubin. Yes, it is possible, and it is so, that fifty films of "Exploits of Elaine" are shown at the same time at different theaters all over the country. Some companies make 120 or more duplicates. There is only one negative. Only the positive prints are shown, and they can make as many positives as they wish.

MORWELL H. VICTORIA.—William Taylor was Captain Alvarez. Ormi Hawley in "His Conscience" (Lubin). Thanks.

OKLAHOMA.—I dont know the origin of the practice of cracking a bottle of champagne on a ship when she is launched, but I think it a very bad practice. Still, it is perhaps the best use that the stuff could be put to. Arthur Donaldson in the "Runaway June" series.

OLGA, 17.—So you really saw Paul Panzer. Wonderful sight! I have gotten so I look for yours first. Thanks!!

AT THE GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS

HEEDLESS OF FEAR, WHEN IN SEARCH OF "GOOD READING"

"Say, mister, me and Freddie's jist been fightin', but we'll do it over again if ye'll get our pitchers in de movies!"

BEATRICE B. S., MONTREAL.—Douglas MacLean and Walter Fischer were the brothers in "As Ye Sow" (World Film). Howard Hickman was Hans in "The Chinatown Mystery" (Broncho). Betty Gray in "His Last Dollar" (Famous Players). House Peters was Wilhelm in "Mignon" (California Company).

FLORENCE B.—Yes, I take off my hat to W. Chrystie Miller, and I will pass it around for him, too, if he needs it. Ruth Stonehouse was Ruth, Lillian Drew was Alice, and Helen Dunbar was Frank's mother in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Louise Vale was the wife in "The Dilemma" (Biograph). Viola Dana in that Edison. Florence LaBadie and James Cruze in "The Star of Bethlehem." Miss Navarro was Aunt Ruth in "A Night Before Christmas" (Vitagraph).

ROBERTA F.—No, I wasn't the chap who threw the kiss at Cissy in "How Cissy Made Good." They cut me out, I believe, after the first week at the Vitagraph Theater. Kalem-Helen Holmes Company is at Glendale, Cal.

JOHN D., HALIFAX.—Owen Moore with Keystone. Arthur Johnson has played for Biograph. Miss Johnson was Princess Hildegarde in "The Goose Girl." J. W. Johnston in "The Rose of the Rancho."

VIOLET J.—Arthur Tavares was the gangster in "At Three o'Clock." Gertrude Bambrick in "Just Kids" (Biograph).

JESSE S., NEW YORK.—Francis Bushman and Edna Mayo in "Two Stars Their Courses Change" (Essanay). Your paper is quite elegant.

GERMAN GIRL.—Yale Boss and Bessie Learn in "Shorty" (Edison). Anita Stewart and Harry Morey in "413" (Vitagraph). Joseph Harris and Margarita Fischer in "When Queenie Came Back" (Beauty). J. Frank Burke was Jonathan in "The Hateful God" (Kay-Bee). Alfred Gronell was the fisherman in "He Landed a Big One" (Essanay).

HOBO JIM.—A good exercise for the memory is to repeat a few of those Russian and French war names. We are usually overstocked with drawings, but you might submit what you have. Jere Austin was the lead in "The Swindler."

JULIA C. F.—Sorry you are troubled with insomnia. There is only one thing worse than insomnia, and that is worrying over it. The best thing I know of to induce sleep is to busy the brain over nothing—make your mind a blank. "Audrey" was released March 18th. Harold Lockwood was interviewed in October, 1914.

PAUL W. T.—I agree that one Keystone in five is great, and that some of the other four are—well, you understand. Did you ever note how few subtitles the Keystone Company use? Maude Gilbert was Marie, Carey Leigh was Eloise, and Charles Guthrie was Govain in "Samson."

MARY B., ST. JOHN.—To do a mean thing is bad, but to keep on doing it is wicked. It is easier to quench a spark than a fire, so stop now. Bessie Eyton was Madge, and Wheeler Oakman was Van Dorn in "Tragedy of Ambition" (Selig). Marin Sais was Nancy in "Barrier of Ignorance" (Kalem).

LEONE G.—Thanhouser are at New Rochelle, N. Y. Francelia Billington in "Who Shot Bud Walton?"

GERTIE.—Yes, too bad that Thomas Chatterton directs more than he plays. He prefers money to applause, apparently. You call me "Lamp of Knowledge." I enjoy foolish letters along with the good ones. As Rochefoucauld says: "A man of wit would be often at a loss, were it not for the company of fools." I am a whit.

VIOLET N.—So you vote for Blanche Sweet. John Brennan and Ruth Roland in "Too Many Johnnies" (Kalem). Ruth Roland in "The Mystery of the Thé Dansant" (Kalem).

THOMAS W., NEW ZEALAND.—Florence Hackett was the girl in "When the Heart Changes" (Lubin).

HOWARD T.—Cheer up, I was only teasing. Send your scenario direct to the Western Universal, Universal City, Cal. Vitagraph produced "Love, Luck and Gasoline."

H. G. H.—Write to H. A. D'Arcy, Lubin Company, Philadelphia, the author of "The Face on the Barroom Floor."

A. A. M. S.—Write to our Photoplay Clearing House about scenarios. Paramount control Bosworth, Lasky, Famous Player and Morosco companies.

EKAL TIRIPS.—Haven't heard of "House of the Thousand Candles" as having been produced. Eva Nelson was the girl in "A Rural Demon" (Keystone).

SEÑORITA.—I never give advice on stock speculation except to quote my friend Mark Twain, "There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he cant afford to and when he can." Katherine Lee was the girl in "The Third Act" (American).

GLADYS L. S.—Thanks for the photograph. Dick Rosson was Dick in "A Small Town Girl" (Universal). 'Most all film companies have their own scenario writers. No, the picture was not of Lillian Drew.

ANTOWN.—Louise Vale played for Rex some time ago. Yes; Antonio Moreno in the Mutual as the country boy.

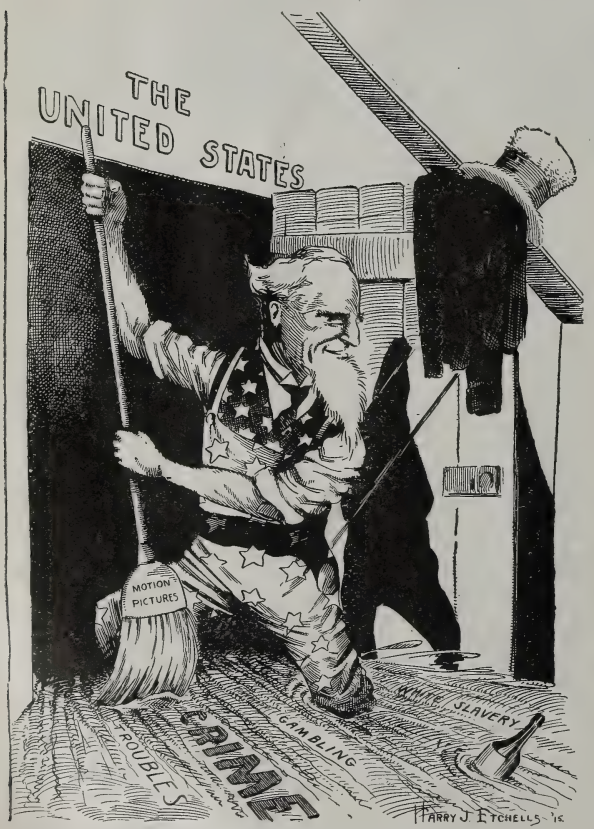
F. S., SCRANTON.—Mabel Van Buren was Mary in "The Circus Man." Jade Mullally was Dave in the above.

BOB BUNNY.—Marin Sais was the mother, Douglas Gerrard the brother, and Frank Jonasson was Benton in "The Tragedy of Bear Mountain." Madge Kirby and Louise Owen were the employees in "The Boob and the Baker."

JUDY G.—I must apply Shakespeare's advice to you: "Do not draw out the thread of your verbosity finer than the staple of your argument." Yes, write to Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz. He is secretary of the club, but be sure to enclose a stamp for reply. Stamps are scarce in Arizona.

JOHN C. M.—A chat with Edward Earle in last issue, and one coming with Violet Mersereau. Cheer up.

BUDDY.—You here again? You refer to little Olive Johnson in the Sterling plays.



UNCLE SAM—This is just about the best instrument I have for cleaning out my stables.

THOMAS C. P.—Max Swain was the king in "His Prehistoric Past" (Keystone). Chester Conklin had the lead in "How Heroes Are Made" (Keystone). Florence LaBadie was Florence Gray in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

NATHAN C.—Elizabeth Burbridge was the lead in "A Lucky Blowout" (Kay-Bee). Mayre Hall and Ethel Jewett in "The Creator of Hunger" (Princess). Francelia Billington was leading lady in "Who Shot Bud Walton?" (Reliance). Italia Manzini was Sophonisba in "Cabiria." George Field was Angelone in "The Alarm of Angelone" (American). Rene Farrington and Boyd Marshall in "The Home of Silence" (Princess). And here endeth the reading of the lesson.

CARLYLE-HAROLD. — Justinia Johnstone was the sister in "The Crucible" (Famous Players). Gypsy Abbott was Melissa in "The Man Who Could Not Lose."

LILLIAN H. C.—Mary Keane was Helen in "The Debt" (Lubin). Arthur Jarrett and Leona Hutton in "The Spark" (Kay-Bee). Earle Foxe, Adda Gleason and Miss Clifton in "The Harbor of Love" (Selig). George Morgan and Louise Vale in "The Derelict" (Biograph). Edwin August was the schoolteacher in "The Schoolteacher and the Waif" (Biograph).

MARGARETTE K. T.—Thanks for the pamphlet. Milton Sills was William in "The Deep Purple" (World). May Hopkins was the sister. Robert Warwick and Ruth Shepley in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" (World). Marion Warner was Rose in "Love and the Leopard" (Selig).

SEATTLE KID.—Jack Nelson and Elvira Weil in "Thru the Murk" (Domino). William West in "The Affair of the Deserted House" (Kalem). Ethel Corcoran and Arthur Cozine were Miss De Bris and Fritz in "War" (Vitagraph).

VIOLET, N. J.—Those players were not with Vitagraph. Anna Little was Edith in "The Silent Witness" (Broncho). Harry Benham in "Just a Shabby Doll" (Thanhouser). Dorothy Gish was Margery in "Her Old Teacher" (Biograph). Thomas Chatterton had the lead in "The Substitute" (Kay-Bee).

ARIOBARZANES.—So you want a job writing contracts for Edwin August? Why, my child, dont you know that no one person could undertake such a task? You ask if Charlie Chaplin was born in "Nutville," which, I presume, is what is called a joke. Charles Chaplin directs his own plays. Of course I chew gum. All respectable persons with teeth indulge.

H. R. H. LE GARSON.—Ruth Roland and Marshall Neilan in "When Men Wear Skirts" (Kalem). Paul Smith in "Vengeance Is Mine" (Lubin).

HENRY S. V.—Just send in a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers. You appear to be an expert on laffology, and your jokes are enough to make a hoss larf.

"So you've just come from church? How long was the sermon?"

"I should say about six reels."

STRANGER LASS.—Not until next January. The distance from the lens to the screen in the New York Hippodrome is greater than in any theater in the world. The screen is the largest in the world. It is 18 feet 8 inches by 24 feet 8 inches.

E. H. A., JAMES B., ISHAM B. F., NATE Z., JOE C., J.-9 CHATTANOOGA and A. M. AKRON.—I enjoyed your letters, but you didn't ask questions.

F. J. M.—Francis Bushman did not play in "The Bishop's Carriage." Charles Chaplin is with the Western Essanay.

MARION W.—Your letter was particularly clever. Of course you can call me daddy if you like. How can I stop it? Call again.

ROBERT W.—Write to our Photoplay Clearing House for sample scenario, or get a copy of "Here Lies," which contains one. Mrs. Russell is not here any more, but she does some work for us occasionally. Excellent writer.

FRANK A. O.—Thanks for the clippings. Gertrude Claire was the mother, Jack Nelson the boy, and Elvira Weil was Ivy in "Thru the Murk" (Broncho). Dorothy Brown was the girl in "The Flash" (Rex).

DAPHNE L.—I cannot tell you the name of any colored players. There are a lot of answer men scattered over this planet, but I believe that I am the first to be called The Answer Man.

A. M. W., UTICA.—It was awfully hard for me to read your pencillings. Charles Manley was Tom in "The Master Key."

GERTIE.—Yes; Vola Smith is very pretty and promising. Large picture of her in SUPPLEMENT. Your scenario is ripping. Yes; John Bunny is dead.

IRENE S. DORMONT.—Cleo Ridgely was Mickey in "Micky Flynn's Escape" (Kalem). James Ross, Guy Coombs and Jere Austin were the male leads in "The Riddle of the Green Umbrella" (Kalem).

PINKY.—Yes, that was I. I think Richard Travers will answer you if you write him; he is such a good fellow. Address him "Dear Doctor," and he will.

SAMUEL O.—Robert Grau does not write this department, but he is fully able to do so. Lewis Durham was Buck in "Flower of the Desert" (Domino).

NOAH'S NEWARK.—Thanks for the picture. Justina Huff was Muriel in "Love of Women" (Lubin). I feel sorry for your friend; tell her to send the chocolates on, and there wont be any trouble —or any left.

E. M. D., CHICAGO.—Delphine Fielding was Bess in "Hard Road" (Victor).

JANET H.—Robert Warwick was playing on the stage in April. Earle Williams' mother is in California. Yes, the Martha Washington.

GLADYS C.—Pearl White is with Pathé, but is going into vaudeville. Yes, there was a rumor around about a month ago that Charles Chaplin was dead. We had about 100 telephone calls a day. Haven't heard whether "Fanchon, the Cricket" was released. That's his own name.

ELSIE S.—Battie Burbridge was the girl in "A Neighborly Quarrel" (Frontier).

BEATRICE R.—John Bunny and Flora Finch were not married to each other. Florence LaBadie was Mary in "The Star of Bethlehem" (Thanhouser).

A MODERN VERSION OF "ALADDIN'S LAMP"

BESSIE H.—David Hartford was Daddy, Olive Golden was Teola, and Harold Lockwood was Fred in "Tess of the Storm Country." You remind me of the girl who said to the fellow: "Would you like to take a nice, long walk?" "I would love to," he replied. "Well, dont let me detain you," she retorted, and he took the hint. You whet up my appetite, and then say I cannot have it.

MELVA, PORTLAND.—No cast for "The Walls of Jericho." Quite right. In America they run for President; in Mexico they do most of the running after they are elected. Am quite sure we shall not have war with Mexico.

FLOWER EVELYN G.—Your comments on the shows and films were quite entertaining. You are a regular cubist. Since you ask no questions I must move on; it's gettin' late.

RUTH, 19.—The Nash twins are not playing now. Glen White was the husband in "Wildfire" (Famous Players). Jack Pickford with Famous Players.

DAD B.—No; Anita Stewart is not related to Julia S. Gordon, altho there is a marked resemblance. If you go in a large party, you might be able to visit the studios.

MAY F., FLORIDA.—Write to Selig Company, 20 East Randolph Street, Chicago, for a picture of Bessie Eyton. Ella Hall and Robert Leonard in "The Master Key." (Rex).

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—I should like to see you as leading woman opposite Romaine Fielding. Why not?

C. WILL BURR.—If I did not praise your bright letter, it was not because it did not deserve it. It pleases us much to have praise when we deserve it, but it should joy us more to deserve praise when we have it. I dont always have room to say nice things about the fine letters I receive.

EFFIE.—That picture was taken in Los Angeles. Charles Chaplin is going to produce in Los Angeles now.

M. E., HOUSTON.—Yes; Jackie Saunders was the chorus girl in "The Acid Test" (Pathé). Everett Overton was Bruce in "Peggy of Fifth Avenue" (Vitagraph).

ROMAINE'S LITTLE PAL.—Oh, kind madam, dont be so severe on me. As my friend Shakespeare says, "It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." Webster Campbell and Elizabeth Burbridge in "The Word of His People" (Broncho).

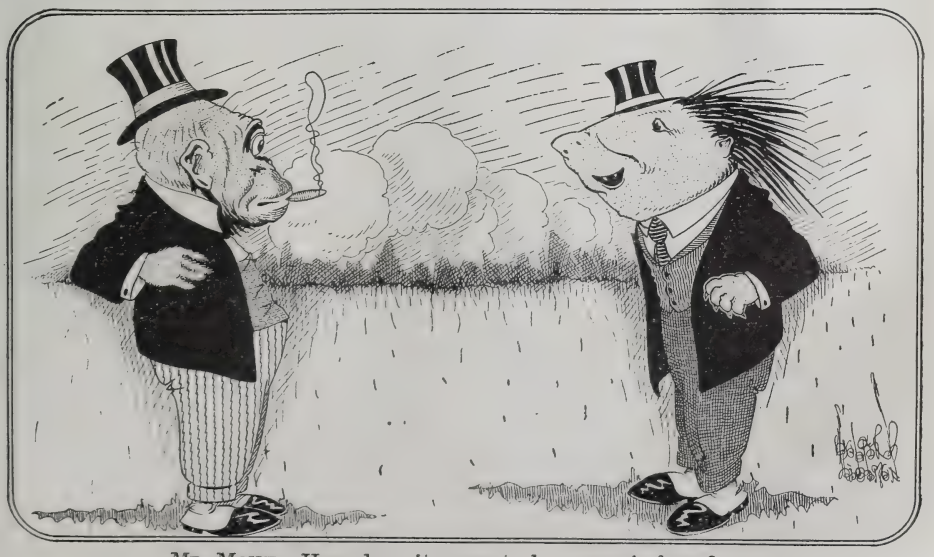
FLORENCE B., NEW YORK.—Florence LaBadie was chatted in January, 1913, 1915. Ethel Clayton in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Gerda Holmes in "The Song in the Dark" (Essanay).

F. E. C.—Henrietta Crosman in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" (Famous Players). Yes, an interview with Richard Travers will soon make its appearance, and he deserves it. He does not rant and saw the air, as some of the players do. Excellent player.

ABE, 99.—Yet it looked like a Ruth Stonehouse number. Louise Vale was the wife in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man."

AN ARDENT FAN.—Once more this oft-repeated, irksome task must be accomplished: This department cannot be used for a matrimonial bureau. Too ardent!

ROSE, WASH.—George Elliott was Gordon in "The Scrub" (Domino). James McLoughlin was Dick in the above. Boyd Marshall was Joy in that Princess. W. E. Lawrence with Mutual.



MR. MONK—How does it seem to be a movie hero?
MR. PORCUPINE—Fine! All the girls get stuck on me.

FRANKLYN L. S.—You appeal to eminent authority when you appeal to me for advice on how to prevent hair from falling out (see my bald pate!). However, if I had known fifty years ago what I know now, I might have saved my mop. Baldness comes of a too tight scalp, or a too dry one. Take the tips of the fingers and loosen the scalp, occasionally, and rub in a bit of crude oil once or twice a week.

AGNES B.—Glad you like our magazine. I believe there are a few others who do. Billie Mason, formerly with Essanay, is with Pathé. He can be seen in "The Prince of India."

HOPELESS LENGTH.—Arthur Johnson is six feet, and Harold Lockwood is a quarter of an inch less than six feet tall. THE SUPPLEMENT is the only other magazine under our management, and that wont start till the good old summer time —August 20th.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Your letter was plus-excellence, but all 'bout Edward Earle. I'll bet his nose itched when I read that letter. Thanks for the fee.

GERTIE.—I am not in business for my health, but I try to keep in health for my business. My business consists of answering a few fool questions and a few thousand sensible ones. Any time.

FOR THE PLEASURE OF THE PUBLIC

BILLERNY.—I cannot tell you why there are more studios in New York than in Chicago. Perhaps it is because there are more exchanges here and because New York is the American metropolis. Milton Sills was Mr. Lake in "The Deep Purple."

RICHARD G.—Robert Walker was the reporter in "The Vampire's Trail" (Kalem). Henry Hallam was the father in "Wolf's Clothing" (Kalem). Charles Wellesly was Van Alstyne in "Love, Luck and Gasoline" (Vitagraph).

MRS. H. C. V.—Our publication date is the 5th of the month, but subscribers often get their magazine on the 3d or 4th.

DOROTHY F.—Watch out for the Blackwell-Joyce pictures which Kalem are reviving, and one will be released every other Friday. They wont be Indians.

MRS. C. E. B. L.—Your postal was very appropriate. Ann Luther has joined Selig now.

RUTH W. B.—Edna Mayo was Virginia in "Aristocracy" (Famous Players). Neva Gerber had the lead opposite William Taylor in "An Eye for an Eye" (Pathé). Florence Dagmar in "The Country Boy" (Lasky). Yes; Henry King is playing opposite Ruth Roland.

MARGARET A.—Essanay will not tell the name of the girl in "The Jitney Elopement." Let's call her I. M. Nameless.

MARGUERITE CLARK FAN.—Vernon Steele was Paul, and Claude Flemming was Palma in "Hearts in Exile" (World). Yes; William Cohill is still with Lubin. Ethel Grey Terry was Bernice in "Sign of the Cross" (Famous Players). Arthur Hoops was the prince in "Aristocracy."

In Memoriam

By H. Thompson Rich

Bunny, the Grand Old Man of the "Movies"
—dead:
Bring woodbine and arbutus to his bed;
Bring lilies, roses, lilac-blossoms now,
And lay them on that cold and solemn brow;
Bring laurel-leaf and myrtle, bay, and rue,
And heap them o'er that heart that beat for
you;
Bring honor, in the guise he loved the best
(Kindest, devoutest, simplest, noblest,
And robed in garments wonderfully white),
And let it hover o'er him like a light;
Bring fame, in silent pomp and majesty
(Defender of our immortality),
And let it gleam above him like a sword,
Strong with the stern omnipotence of God;
Bring children, men and women, one and all,
Whose hearts he lightened—let the clarion
call
Once, faintly and distinctly o'er the earth;
Then let the mighty planet cease its mirth,
Its joy, its pain, its sorrow, its despair;
And let there float out on the echoing air
Some few fond words of inarticulate prayer;
Then let the sacred music slowly toll
One sad, departing anthem for his soul;
Then let the rest in silences be said:
Bunny, the Grand Old Man of the "Movies"
—dead!

EDITORIAL NOTE: John Bunny, famous Vitagraph comedian, died at Brooklyn, N. Y., April 26, 1915.

OLLIE C. H.—Thanks just the same. The checks would have been very acceptable. So you dont think a show is complete without a Keystone or Chaplin.

MABE, 17.—Yes, that was Charles Ogle and Muriel Ostriche in "The Heartbreaker" (Universal). Creighton Hale has been only with Pathé. Claude Fleming opposite Clara Young in "Hearts in Exile" (World).

DOROTHY M.—The expression, "put one over," comes from baseball, as when the pitcher unexpectedly puts a ball over the plate and has a strike called. Franklin Ritchie was Robert in "The Crimson Moth" (Biograph).

WUZZY.—Bryant Washburn was Arthur in "Stars Their Courses Change" (Essanay). D. Sears was Robert in "The Three Brothers" (Reliance). Frank Currier was the father in "Mother's Roses" (Vitagraph).

YUM YUM.—Why not see Cleo Madison's article in June? Your questions came too late for the June issue.

OLGA, 17.—Your Unwise and Otherwise number was splendid. I think that would make a stunning scenario (accent on the first syllable). Again my thanks.

LOCKWOOD BOOSTER.—You want a long interview with Harold Lockwood. I, too, am getting tired reading the war news. One day the Germans gain two and three-quarter inches, and the next day the Allies gain a few inches, and so on. I cant see but that things are pretty much the same as they were eight months ago.

ANNA B. G.—You should put your name at the top of your letter, please. Florence LaBadie did not get killed. Yes; John Bunny died on Monday, April 26, 1915. He laughed, and the world laughed with him; he died, and the whole world mourns. Reminds me of the boy in the woods who cried "Wolf, wolf!" when there was none, just to fool the men who ran to his rescue. At last a wolf came, but the men did not, and the boy was killed. There have been many, many reports of Bunny's death, and at last death came.

NOTHING, 16.—Charming name! Yes; Yale Boss was Daddy, the office-boy, in "Dolly of the Dailies" (Edison). Andy Clarke is still with Edison. Thurlow Bergen was "Handsome Harry" in "A Change of Heart." Yes, thanks.

BUDDY.—And again? I must say your poetry is superb. Yessiree, I am really seventy-four, but I am far from being an old man. I am good for at least a quarter of a century more.

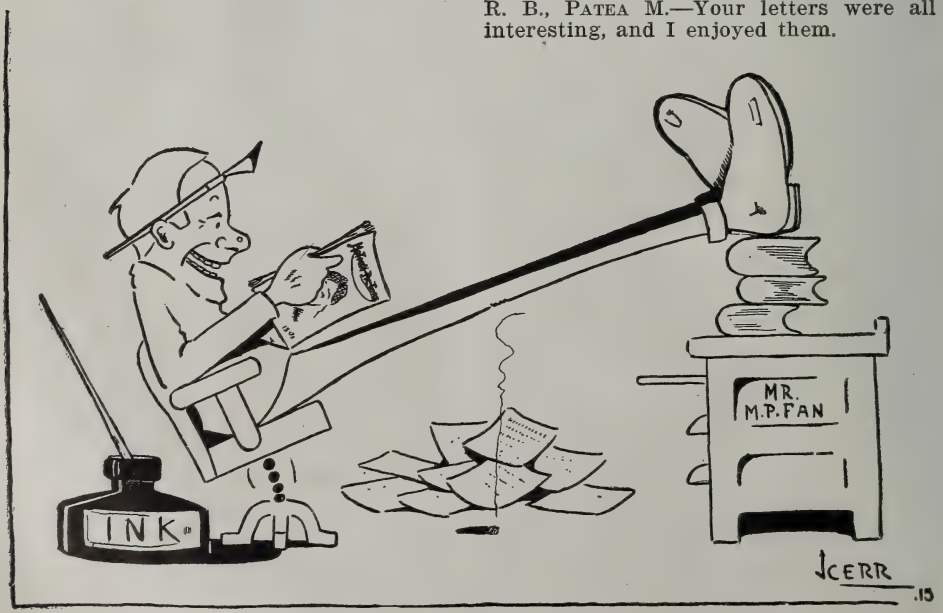
PHYLLIS M. L.—Send for a list of manufacturers. We have very few pictures of Mary Pickford here. We have forwarded your letter.

GEORGE H. G.—Mary Pickford still with Famous Players, and Elsie MacLeod is with Kalem now. I am still fighting away in the trenches. This sort of work is play for me, so I do not need pity.

ETHEL C.—Jack Barleycorn was Jack. Thanks for the information. Yours was 100 per cent. good.

SARA W.—Any one can secure a list of the addresses of different Motion Picture manufacturers by sending me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. William Shay was the king in "Neptune's Daughter."

MAE G., RUTH 17, ALICE S., MINNIE R. B., PATEA M.—Your letters were all interesting, and I enjoyed them.



THE FIFTH OF THE MONTH—HIS BUSY DAY

You Should See How We Make These Biscuit

You should see the selected materials which are used—flour, sugar, butter, eggs, nuts, spices, fruits and flavors.

You should see the large, airy bakeries, with their new apparatus for mixing, with evenly heated ovens and with white-clad attendants.

These, together with ceaseless care and newest methods, make each variety of National Biscuit Company biscuit the best of its kind.

You will find the attractive packages in the grocery store near you, for the National Biscuit Company distributes from Coast to Coast.

Buy biscuit baked by

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Always look for that Name

Uneeda Biscuit
Perfectly baked soda crackers—perfectly kept in the moisture-proof package. Five cents.

Snaparoons
Delightful biscuit with the flavor of cocoanut. Always fresh. Ten cents.

Lucille L.—Yes; Alfred Vosburgh in "The Legend of Lone Tree" (Vitagraph). Estelle Allen was Madge in "The Black Wallet" (Vitagraph). Augustus Carney is now Mutual Ike. He was first Alkali Ike, then Universal Ike. If he would stick to one place he would be famous.

Beatrice B. S., Montreal.—Rupert Julian was the snob in "The Small Town Girl" (Rex). Warren Kerrigan's biography in July, 1914.

Aline I.—O. A. C. Lund and Barbara Tennant in "M'liss." You will see Owen Moore and Lois Meredith in "Help Wanted," produced by Morosco-Bosworth.

George Larkin Admirer.—Fred Truesdell was the young man, and J. Gunnis was Dan's chauffeur in "No Show for a Chauffeur" (Eclair). Thomas Chatterton and Gladys Brockwell in "The Worth of a Life" (Kay-Bee). Gladden James was opposite Helen Gardner in "Underneath the Paint" (Vitagraph).

Mabel, 10.—Violet Davis was the child in "The Painted World." Flora Lea was Tillie in "Patsy at School" (Lubin). I was so glad to hear from you.

Robert Lee E.—House Peters was Jennico in "The Pride of Jennico." But you must give the name of the company, please. You want a chat with House Peters and Warren Kerrigan? Your circulation seems to be poor. You should get more exercise. Also, you might subscribe to this magazine; that will improve the circulation.

Sydney.—Perhaps you refer to Margaret Risser, who played the part of Rachel in "Threads of Destiny" (Lubin). Flora Lea opposite John Ince in "Her Weakling Brother" (Lubin). Not at all.

Colonel.—E. K. Lincoln has his own company. Alice Hollister was opposite Harry Millarde in "Midnight Tragedy."

Nancy G.—Frankie Mann and Joseph Kaufman in "The House Next Door" (Lubin). That was Thomas Chatterton in the Broncho. The National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures is a voluntary, coöperative organization established by the People's Institute, New York City, and its address is 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. They issue several booklets which they will send you on request, some of which they sell at 10 cents each.

Dagmar.—You must see Earle Williams in "The Awakening." He is unusually good in that, and it is an appealing story. The Edison Company was the first to put the cast on the screen on the instalment plan, and since then a number of companies have followed suit.

Amicus.—Clara Williams was the wife in "Winning Back" (Broncho). Anders Randolf was the theatrical magnate in "Underneath the Paint." Denton Vane was the son, and Mary Anderson the daughter grown up in "The Silent Plea."

Eddie W. B.—So you think Gertie is a "brick." Theda Bara was the vampire in "A Fool There Was." She also played in "The Clemenceau Case."

H. C.—Violet Mersereau was the mother, and Hobart Henley was the son in "She Was His Mother" (Universal).

LOST

THE ART OF SELLING A PHOTOPLAY

A THING MORE DIFFICULT TO ACQUIRE THAN THE KNACK OF WRITING ONE

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Here is a List of some of our sales. In further announcements we will publish many others:

Title	Company	Sale Price	Title	Company	Sale Price
The Schemers	(Vitagraph)	$20.00	The Price of Vanity	(Vitagraph)	$50.00
The Phantom Organist	(Kinetograph)	25.00	Buddy's First Call	(Vitagraph)	20.00
Roughing the Cub	(Vitagraph)	25.00	Dr. Polly	(Vitagraph)	50.00
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The Smiths Entertain	(Vitagraph)	25.00	A Freshman Entertains	(Kalem)	20.00
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The Closed House	(Vitagraph)	50.00	Honor of the Mounted	(Vitagraph)	50.00
Saved by the Code	(Vitagraph)	25.00	Levy's Seven Daughters	(Vitagraph)	25.00
Brandon's Last Ride	(Vitagraph)	50.00	Eternal Justice	(Lubin)	100.00
Uncle's Namesake	(Vitagraph)	60.00	Greatest Invention of the Age	(Biograph)	15.00
The Ten-to-One Parson	(Lubin)	15.00	Fortune's Plaything	(Biograph)	25.00
The Laurelei Madonna	(Vitagraph)	50.00	The Prize Rose	(Lubin)	25.00
A Grim Destiny	(Majestic-Reliance)	100.00	Editha's Sacrifice	(Kalem)	25.00
Welcome to Bohemia	(Vitagraph)	50.00	Money to Burn	(Biograph)	25.00
An Invisible Scar	(Vitagraph)	40.00	The Mills of the Gods	(Vitagraph)	50.00
The Good-fellow	(Vitagraph)	50.00	His Father's Son	(Kalem)	25.00
The Boob	(Pathé Frères)	25.00	A Tumultuous Honeymoon	(Gaumont)	15.00
The Smuggler's Daughter	(Eclair)	25.00	The Vacant House	(Gaumont)	35.00
The Rocky Road to Love	(Vitagraph)	25.00	An Ozark Genius	(Lubin)	20.00
Out-Blacked	(Biograph)	15.00	Roseda	(Kay-Bee)	50.00
The Line Rider	(Eclair)	30.00	Shorty	(Edison)	35.00

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We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

It will be read by competent photoplay editors, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections in detail, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, detailed, general criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, 50c. per reel extra). For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GLAD BAD.—Really, your questions are the limit. It seems to be no use teaching enthusiasts prudence.

OLGA M.—Leila Bliss was Letitia in "Pretty Mrs. Smith." Forrest Stanley was the second husband.

HORTANCE M. W.—I should be glad to hear more. And you want a picture of Tefft Johnson? Some day, some day.

DEBBIE B.—No, our new magazine is called THE MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT.

PRUNELLA.—Elsie Greeson was the girl in "A Sealed Package" (Selig). Franklyn Hall was Brian in the same. Arthur Housman was Tom in "When the Man Left Town" (Edison). Scott Beal was the son in "The Ace of Clubs" (Powers). I really enjoyed yours.

G. N. J., CHICAGO.—Address Wheeler Oakman, care of Selig, 20 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

ANTHONY.—Glad to see you again. If you want to desert me, go ahead. Then I'll sue you for abandonment. You cant quarrel with me, my lord. It takes two indiscreet individuals to make a quarrel, and I shall not be one of them.

MARCUS M. D. M.—Sorry, but I cannot tell you about Elsie Greeson. She has played several leading parts. Address her at Selig Co. See above.

LITHA P.—I believe Jeff is the taller. No; I never thought you weren't all there. Since you are not partly elsewhere, you must be all there.

MISS M. G.—Good, but where are your questions? Dont be afraid.

LAUGHING J.—Ella Hall was the girl in "Out of the Darkness" (Rex). Miss Page was the girl in "The Love Thief" (Keystone). Sidney Bracy was the butler in "The Million-Dollar Mystery" (Thanhouser). Max Swain was the king in "His Prehistoric Past" (Keystone). Anna Nilsson was Miss Van Pult in "The Man in the Vault" (Kalem).

RUTH, 14.—Harold Lockwood is with American. Most players answer letters. Violet Reid and W. J. Butler in "Seekers" (Biograph). Hope you like the club.

BETTY B.—Ernest Shields was the husband in "A Third Party" (Joker). R. Benton was Mary Fuller's lover in "My Lady High and Mighty" (Victor). Sorry I cannot help you.

GUSSIE J.—Dont you know that it is not necessary when playing the comedian to play the fool? The Bosworths are with Universal. William T. Ranous, formerly with Vitagraph, is dead.

BETTY BELL.—No; I dont think Lottie Briscoe intends to start a company of her own. I believe she is contented. If Ormi Hawley will have some pictures taken, the Editor says he will be glad to publish one.

A PICTURE CHAT with MABEL NORMAND (Keystone)
A GENUINE COMEDIENNE IS A VERY RARE ARTICLE
SHE EXERCISES GREAT CARE and THOUGHT in the SELECTION of UNUSUAL HATS and GOWNS
THAT "DENTAL SMILE"
KEY to the COMEDY in KEYSTONE COMEDIES
"KEYSTONE MABEL" IS A WONDERFUL SWIMMER AND FANCY DIVER, AND HAS EXHIBITED HER TALENTS IN SEVERAL KEYSTONE COMEDIES
SHE'S AN UNUSUALLY EXPERT DRIVER AND IS A FAMILIAR FIGURE ON CALIFORNIA'S GREAT OILED ROADS
MACK SENNETT, DIRECTOR and MABEL NORMAND, PORTRAYER of KEYSTONE BURLESQUE

The Heat Won't Hurt the Baby—

If you keep him outdoors at least five hours each clear day.

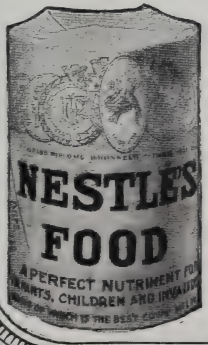
If you don't put too many clothes on him.

If you let him play on your bed without any clothes on at all for an hour each day. (This is his exercise.)

If you feed him regularly and are sure his food is right.

And know, you mother with that precious little body in your arms—that the food counts most of all. What good are air and exercise if his little body is not fed by the food that will make him grow? He will grow big and strong on your own breast milk. And, after the sixth month, give one feeding a day of

Nestlé's Food



because Nestlé's is so like mother's milk the baby can combine the two. Later make it two feedings a day until, at last, the baby is all weaned on Nestlé's.

Nestlé's makes summer glad for you and easy for your baby. There's health in Nestlé's and laughter and round little arms that cling and round little legs that kick. In Nestlé's there's no danger of unclean milk—or the germs that grow so fast in ordinary cow's milk.

Nestle's is made from the milk of healthy cows, in Sanitary Dairies. All the harmful, heavy parts have been changed so that the curd is soft and fleecy as in mother's milk. Then other food elements your baby needs, and that are not in cow's milk, are added—all in just the right amount.

Send coupon. A box of Nestle's Food—enough for twelve feedings, Free, and a book about babies by specialists.

NESTLE'S FOOD COMPANY, 241 Broadway, New York
Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

Name .....

Address .....

MARY B. W.—Thanks for the large fee. Mary Charleson, Charles Kent, Brinsley Shaw, Robert Gaillord, Julia S. Gordon, Georgia Maurice and Howard Missimer in "The Warmakers" (Vitagraph). Naomi Childers, Phyllis Grey, Edwina Robbins and Mae Halpin in "Roselyn" (Vitagraph). If the names do not appear in the contest, it is because they haven't received enough votes. Yes, if you send in $1.50 we will send you ten portraits and entitle you to 300 votes.

BABBLER.—Robert Grey formerly played with Western Vitagraph and is now with Kalem. Yes, he is a handsome young man.

MYRA L., BALTIMORE.—So you want to start a fund to buy me an automobile. Please dont. Would much rather walk. Romaine Fielding is still in Arizona.

THE OLD MAID.—"Jane Eyre" was produced by the Imp. Yes; Anders Randolf is still with Vitagraph. Arthur Johnson is the employer in "Her Martyrdom." I enjoyed yours. Come again.

R. M. T.—You are one of several who complained about the printing last month. There were a few bad copies that got out, owing to an experiment that was being made by another printer, and pages 25 to 88 were poorly printed. It wont occur again.

M. C. D., ZANESVILLE.—Marguerite Loveridge was Tommy in "Runaway June." Jane Morrow was the lead in "When Greek Meets Greek" (Vitagraph). Louise Glaum was the schoolteacher in "Universal Ike and the Schoolteacher." Arthur Allardt was Arthur, and Edythe Sterling the girl in "The Outlaw's Daughter."

INFALLIBLE

FIRST HOBO—Say, Red, I gotta system fer pickin' out de dead towns along de rute.

SECOND HOBO—Yeah? Let's hear it.

FIRST HOBO—Count de Movin' Pitcher palaces. If der's one, dey're alive. If der's two, dey're prosperous. If der's *none*, dey're *dead*. Draw de coitain.

EDITH AND EARLE.—Gertrude Claire was the girl in "Thru the Murk." Arthur Donaldson and Winnifred Burke in "Runaway June" as Mr. and Mrs. Blettering.

DENVERITE.—Monroe Salisbury was opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl" (Famous Players). You can point to prosperous exceptions, but it pays in the long run to travel the straight and narrow way. According to the Good Book, this means everlasting bliss, while the other course means everlasting blister.

IKY.—Allen Forrest was Joe in "When Joe Went West" (Powers). See above.

F. J. H., BOISE.—Idaho. Ida Who? Ida Know. I do not know why Francis Bushman left Essanay, but I suppose he was offered a flattering salary, and he decided to make hay while the sun shines. You will probably find that he will not gain in popularity by his new move, altho he will probably gain in wealth, for the present at least. Very few who get popular with one company are able to retain it with another.

M. K., MEADVILLE.—Lillian Gish was Eleanor, and Walter Miller was Hugh in "Lord Chumley." Millicent Evans was Bessie, Betty Gray was Miriam, and Lionel Barrymore the husband.

A. P. NOTHING.—Thanks for your valuable hints on how to economize. What we all want, however, is some hint on how to live without economizing. Ruth Roland was Mrs. Morton in "The Model Wife." Lloyd Hamilton was her husband. Carlyle Blackwell is with Lasky.

MAE G.—I am always glad to get letters, even tho I cannot answer them all. Harry Smith was Mr. Bix in "Three of Us." Cleo Madison played both Rose and Judith in "The Trey o' Hearts."

LUCILLE T.—No, not Wilson versus Roosevelt next time, but Jesse Willard versus Billy Sunday. Louise Vale was Valentine in "File No. 113."

GERALDINE B., LACHINE.—Where was Magna Charta signed? At the bottom, of course. (This is my busy day.) Always give the name of the company, please. Hobart Henley was Hobart in 'The House of Fear" (Universal Imp). I liked your snappy letter.

BARBARA H. S.—I believe Arnold Daly expects to remain with Pathé. Margaret Skirvin was in "The Port of Missing Men" (Famous Players). George M. Mareo was Bobbie in "Runaway June." We will have to tell the Editor you want a chat with House Peters.

RUBE.—Yes, they really posed for the picture. Gertrude Robinson is with Famous Players. King Baggot was interviewed in March, 1914.

MAX B., CHICAGO.—Yes; Owen Moore opposite Mary Pickford in "Cinderella." Isabel Kernon was the stepmother in the same. Charles Ray was the artist in "The Friend" (Domino). Enid Markey was the model.

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ROSAMUND S.—I am on to your curves. I may be seventy-four years old, but I am this year's model. Percilla Dean was Ardith in "Mother" (World).

HERMAN.—Yes, I have often observed that some of the players invariably open a letter in a drawing-room or ballroom or library and promptly throw the envelope and scraps on the floor. Certainly people of good breeding do not do this in real life. I guess it is the old-fashioned idea of motion that prompts this—the directors want to see things move. And that is why they used to take all outdoor scenes when there was a strong breeze.

ALMA B.—What! complaining again? Aren't you ever satisfied? Address Robert Warwick with World Film. He played in "Man of the Hour." Carlyle Blackwell's hair is black.

JEAN L.—Jere Austin was Kit in "The Arkansas Traveler" (Kalem). Winnifred Kingston was Molly in "The Virginian" (Lasky). Edward Coxen in "The Ruin of Manley" (American). Anna Little in "The Chorus Girl's Thanksgiving" (Universal). Violet Mersereau was Peg in "Peg of the Wilds." Edwin Wallock and Adele Lane in "The Fatal Note" (Selig). What! going so soon? Well, so long.

ARMAND R., CANTON.—William Bertram was the Indian in "The Silent Way" (American). I believe the first of the popular series pictures was "What Happened to Mary," produced by Edison.

PIMBO.—Arthur Tavares was the gentleman crook, and Gus Erdman was the yeggman in "Dude Raffles" (Sterling). Released January 21st.

LEO A. F.—Walter Edwards was Don José, Clara Williams was Maria, and Frank Burke was the professor in "The Secret of the Dead" (Domino). Harry Keenan and Clara Williams in "Winning Back" (Broncho).

EMILY T., DETROIT.—You must not call that player an old maid; call her a bachelor girl. Delphine Fielding was Bess in "The Hard Road" (Universal). Mary Ruby was Liza in "Sagebrush Gal."

MARGARETTE K. T.—I surrender. I haven't heard those jokes. Thanks, but I'd much rather they'd write on my tombstone "He made millions think," than "He made millions laugh."

MARY R.—Tom Forman was Tom in "Young Romance" (Lasky). Baby McGrath was Paul in "Three Weeks."

T. V. S.—Katherine Horne was Cigaret in "Under Two Flags" (Thanhouser). Yes, that was Arthur Hoops ("Hoops, my dear") in "Lost Paradise."

POLICEMAN—Well, now, and who are you?

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Editor of Scenarios, Essanay Film Manufacturing Co.

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The **Photoplay Clearing House** **175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

HETTIE B.—Yes, I get a copy of that little scenario paper every month, and it amuseth me muchly. Mr. Russell E. Smith used to work for our Photoplay Clearing House and seemed to enjoy it and indicated that he would like to remain with it. He is now one of the Mutual scenario editors, and the principal opponent to photoplay schools, unless Mr. Epes Winthrop Sargent is. Mr. Sargent was recently connected with a scenario school, contributing monthly to its official organ, and now he is teaching scenario writing in a trade publication and also has some private pupils. I can honestly recommend Mr. Sargent as a scenario teacher. He has written an able book on the art. Mr. Smith and others say that photoplay writing cannot be taught, however; so I dont know where you get off.

H. W. W.—You refer to Virginia Kirtley in "The Hut in Sycamore Gap" (Selig). Edward Jose and Theda Bara had the leads in "A Fool There Was."

CLAIRE H.—Lilie Leslie was the siren in "The Siren of Corsica" (Lubin). Viola Dana in that Edison. Yes, that was a real wreck in "The Juggernaut."

CLAIRE M., CRIPPLE CREEK.—Very sorry, but I cant recall the incident. If you care to explain, I will answer, provided you enclose a stamp.

EDNA B. W.—Not Helen Holmes but Anna Nilsson in "The Night Operator at Buxton." Vivian Rich and David Lythgoe in "The Heart of the Woods" (American).

BOLL WEEVIL.—The expression "Hire a Man" is the slogan for those who seek to solve the problem of the unemployed. 'Most all movements nowadays have such catchwords as "Swat the Fly," "Buy It Now," "Lend a Hand," "Live a Little Longer," "Buy a Bale," "Pay It Back," etc. Tom Moore is at the New York studio most of the time. Josephine Totten in "The Lieutenant-Governor" (Essanay).

MARY W.—Thanks for the information. I am not afraid.

MABEL, ARIZONA.—Thanks for the picture. George Field was Dan in "The Alarm of Angelone" (American).

MRS. W.—Mr. Ira Lowry is the general manager of the Lubin plant.

LILLIAN L., TAMPA.—Creighton Hale was the reporter in "The Warning." Arthur Ashley was Alfred in "The Speed King."

MADELINE D.—"Chatted" means interviewed, or a short biography. No; the "Trey o' Hearts" plays were taken in California. No, they were dummies.

CAROLYN, N. Y.—Even neutral waters are not free from submarines, and I am getting so that I am afraid to take a bath in my tub. No, she played in only the one picture. Rose King in "The Cabaret Singer" (Kalem).

CORINTHIE V.—Ethel Grandin and Hobart Henley in "Forgetting" (Imp). Violet Mersereau was in "The Spitfire."

VIOLET M.—Yes, I hope the contest turns out the way you want it to.

PATRICK HENRY.—Resurrected? Henry Walthall was the lead in the film "Strongheart," while Robert Edeson was the lead in the stage play. Edwin August is in New York. You want a chat with Maurice Costello.

GABY GIRL.—I have passed a unanimous vote of thanks to you for your dandy letter and kind words.

EDNA M. E. H.—Sid Smith, Elsie Greeson and William Scott in "Jim, the Porter" (Selig). Gertrude Barnes was the actress, and Tom Moore was opposite her in "His Inspiration" (Kalem). You ought to be able to visit that studio. Adrienne Kroell was the girl in "The Stolen Face" (Selig). Marin Sais and Paul Hurst in "On the Brink of Ruin" (Kalem). Irene Boyle and James Vincent in "The Detective's Trap" (Kalem).

SAL SHOESTRINGS.—Where have you been? Mary Anderson was the girl in the pajamas in "Henry's Home-coming" (Vitagraph). Florence Lee was the wife in "The Boob and the Baker" (Biograph). Vivian Prescott was Georgine in "Money."

SELMA E.—James Morrison was Paul in "The Christian" (Vitagraph). Yes; Cleo Madison took both parts in "Trey o' Hearts." Frank Borzage had the lead in "A Relic of Old Japan" (Domino).

HARRY D. H.—William Shay and Ethel Grandin had the leads in "The Submarine Spy." Yes, they are. George Larkin is with the Ideal. Mariam Josie Garcee is with Vitagraph. She played in "His Phantom Sweetheart," "Local Color," and the dancer in "Bar Sinister." An "extra."

NAPOLEON B.—I am sorry you have reason to complain. That Selig series was taken in California. No cast for that Biograph. Things will be different now.

MARY L. L.—Arthur Cozine was Dick in "Fixing Their Dad." Your number is 967,892. Just about 767,891 other persons have asked why the players always carry around engagement rings in their pockets. I suppose it is because it is easy and quick to register in that way, and it certainly saves time, for otherwise they would have to show other scenes in which the fellow is seen entering store and buying ring.

CECILIA M.—That verse you sent is very pretty indeed, and I believe it is quite appropriate. Charles Chaplin in a tragic rôle? Ah! I saw him play a pathetic one. That reminds me of the hen who sat on a brick by mistake, and then thought she was a bricklayer. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

J. Q. JANE.—Edward Abeles and Betty Schade in "After Five" (Lasky). Dot Kelly was the daughter in "Mother's Roses."

MR. AND MRS. BILL, AKRON.—Ruth Donnelly was the wife in "Ten Commandments" (Universal). Charles Chaplin did not play in that Universal.

ZABE, 18.—I rather expect to see the Boston Braves repeat their walkover of last year. Why not? They have improved their team just as much as have the others, haven't they? I dont know about those Giants. I do not think Edwin August has moved since yesterday. You think Mary Fuller should get in touch with Flora Finch regarding "How to Get Thin"? Growing fat is common now, and fat grows abundantly without much cultivation, especially after the twenty-fifth year.

HARRY W.—David Powell and Farna Marinott in "One of Our Girls" (Famous Players). Vivian Prescott and George Morgan in "The Ironmaster" (Biograph).

NETTIE M. A.—Vivian Rich was Zira in "The Heart of Flame" (American). Harry Von Meter was Von Exdorf.

WILLIAM W.—Kindly hire a hall. Life is too short.

VIOLA, 16.—I am not sure whether Antonio Moreno belongs to the club or not. You would like to see Antonio Moreno and me at the ball? Sorry, but I dont dance, and I am old enough to be his great-grandfather.

MILDRED C.—E. H. Calvert in "One Wonderful Night" (Essanay). He also played in "Third Hand High." I do not know how many words I have in my vocabulary. Never counted them. The average is said to be 5,000 words, altho Shakespeare had over 15,000.

AGNES J.—Richard Rosson was Dick in "A Small-Town Girl." There are several pronunciations, and yours is correct. Anyway, Preyzemysl is not impregnable, even if it is unpronounceable.

MAY W.—Edward Brennan was Dunbar in "Our Mutual Girl." George Marlo as Mr. Blethering. Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "The Redemption of a Pal" (American).

RUTH M.—Harold Lockwood in your first. House Peters was Arnold in "Clothes." Tom Forman was Tom in "Young Romance."

RUTH C., DORCHESTER.—The principal male rôles in a play are the star, leading man, heavy, first old man, second old man, comedian, light comedian, low comedian, eccentric comedian, villain, juvenile, walking gentleman, utility man and super. In star plays the leading man plays the male rôle next in importance to that of the star. In stock companies the leading man fills the place of the star whenever the play calls for one.

EDWARD E. B.—I enjoyed your letter. Call again some time.

IDA M. B.—I have unanimously passed a vote of thanks for you for those strawberries. They came in good condition, and I enjoyed them. Why did you not send some cream? David Thompson and Marguerite Loveridge in "The Man with the Hoe" (Thanhouser). Rhea Mitchell in "The Master of the House."

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FLOWER E. G.—I heard that joke of yours. There are about 26,000 manufacturing establishments in Greater New York. Haven't seen "The Song Shop."

LOUISE F.—You women are all the time trying to get what you call liberty and independence, but it is a fact that the heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to. A good strong man is often useful in that respect.

JESS MCE.—Dorothy Phillips was Sunshine and Alexander Gaden was Wilmott in "Tempest and Sunshine." Josephine Miller was Phyllis in "The Lady of the Cyclamen" (Selig).

E. W. R.—You ask who Essanay's leading woman is. Take your choice: Edna Mayo, Beverly Bayne, Ruth Stonehouse, Lillian Drew. Your letter isn't too long, and I hope it will not be long before I get another. So long.

T. G. H.—William Hart was Hicks in "The Passing of Two-gun Hicks." James Morrison, and Dorothy Kelly was Nana in "Twice Rescued." Isabel Rae in "The Sheriff of Willow Gulch" (Biograph). Sydney Ayres was leading man in "On Desert Sands" (Universal).

GLADYS M. B.—Guy Coombs in "The White Goddess" (Kalem). Owen Moore in "Cinderella" (Famous Players).

ANNIE S.—You refer to Winnifred Greenwood in that American. You seem to be able to believe anything you wish. What a lucky creature!

SEATTLE KID.—Harold Lockwood was Mr. Ashby in "Love Route." Malcolm Beggs, Jr., was the child in "The Silent Plea." Betty Brown was the mother in "The Mother."

J. R.—Thanks for the pressed leaves. I have not the honor of the acquaintance of the other Answer Man you speak of. You know that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

E. L.—Lilie Leslie and Florence Hackett in that Lubin. George Chesebro was George in "Money" (World). Harry Keenan and Clara Williams in "Winning Back" (Broncho). Rene Farrington and Boyd Marshall in "And He Never Knew" (Princess).

R. J. S., WESTFIELD.—W. E. Parsons was Richard in "Beneath the Sea" (Lubin). Robert Whittier was Robert in "The Third Degree" (Lubin).

EARLE, HAVERSTRAW.—It beats all how this high cost of living keeps up. Earle Williams had to pay nearly $2,000 for his 1915 automobile. Charles Bartlett was leading man in "Kidnapped by Indians."

A. MCQ., CLINTON.—Irene Boyle in "The Mad Mountaineer" (Kalem). Marin Sais was the girl in "The Waitress and the Books" (Kalem). Ethel Teare in "Getting Father's Goat" (Kalem). Florence Turner was Lucy in "Tale of Two Cities."

BEULAH B. BELL.—My impression of Mr. W. Chrystie Miller is that he is popular because of his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner, which show in his face and in every movement. Charles Murray was Hogan.

CLIFFORD R. G.—Miss Brown was Nell in "Shorty's Adventures in the City" (Broncho). Mary Pickford is her stage name. I dont give real names.

LOUISE H. D.—My eyes are sore looking for that package. I promise I will sample it. Advance gratitude—thanks!

PRYSCYLLA.—That was Mary Fuller in "A Modern Cinderella" (Edison). Please do not say to me, "May your shadow never grow less." I am trying to reduce.

JEANNETTE M.—Thelma Salter was the little girl in "A Flower in the Desert" (Domino). Edward Coxen was Manly in "The Ruin of Manly." Ray Gallagher was Ray, and Billie Canfield was the district attorney in "The Recoil" (Big U).

JACQUI AND DEETJI.—Your card and letter much appreciated. Oh, let there be more!

V. C.—The Huff sisters are still with Lubin. Billy Jacobs played in "A Beach Romance." The reason I do not answer questions on marriage is because I do not think it a proper subject for public discussion. It is immaterial whether a player is married or not.

KERJLY.—Sydney Chaplin was Reggie in "Gussie the Golfer" (Keystone). Edward Coxen was Christ in "Saviour in the Legend" (American).

FLORENCE W.—Earle Williams in "Memories That Haunt." John Reinhard and Ethel Stevens in "When Vice Shuddered."

HELENA JANE.—Violet Mersereau was the leading woman in "Spitfire."

DUTCHIE.—I agree that the censors are getting too strict. Next thing we know they will not allow a photoplayer to lick a stamp. They have already cut out the licking scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." James Morrison and Anita Stewart in "He Never Knew" (Vitagraph). Wallace Reid in "The City Beautiful" (Reliance).

ABE, 99.—I cant say that I agree with you. I prefer feasting to fasting. Leo Maloney, Sidney Jordan and Goldie Colwell in "The Rival Stage Lines" (Selig). Ivan Christy was the son in "A Mother's Way" (Biograph). Ruth Roland and Marshal Neilan in "The Life-saver."

BILLIE.—Vivian Martin was the daughter, and Chester Barnett was Harold in "Old Dutch." Write Essanay for a photo of Charles Chaplin.

G. D. C.; JANE, WEST VA.; VIRGINIA S.; MIRIAM R.; MAJELLA; ESTHER W.; GERTRUDE C.; MILDRED O.; C. M. S.; ALMA A.; RUTH B.; GENEVIEVE P.; DOROTHY J.; EVA G. A.; ESTHER C.; MYRTLE C.; O. W. M.; MARJORIE M.; MARIE P.; JESSIE, 14; VIOLA A. B.; TIDBITS; ELMYRA T.; LILLIAN L. M.; DORIS F.; ELIZABETH S.; ISABEL W.; SUE F.; NANCY G.; H. S. B., and P. H. S.—I read your letters and enjoyed them. Next time I hope you will ask questions.

EDITH H. G.—Robert Warwick was playing on Broadway in May. Mary Pickford is playing right along for Famous Players. Carlyle Blackwell played opposite her in "Such a Little Queen."

MARJORIE I.—Yes, they are sisters. Arthur Hoops was Sir Wilhelm in "Gretna Green." You want to know if Francis Bushman is the nephew of the Kaiser of Germany? Nay, he is not.

B. D. M.—Edith Storey was Ameuset in "The Dust of Egypt" (Vitagraph). Francelia Billington is with Majestic. Romaine Fielding is still with Lubin.

INGOMAR.—You back again? Good! Your suggestion is fine, and I have handed it to the Editor. Kathryn Osterman had the lead in "Housekeeping Under Cover" (World). Milton Sills was Thaddeus in "The Arrival of Perpetua" (World). John E. Mackin was Sahki in "The Second Commandment."

GLADYS M. B.—I enjoyed your letter hugely. It was very bright, and I read every word of it.

BETTY B.—Just send in a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will send you a list of manufacturers so that you can write to the different companies. There are just seventy-five companies on the list at present.

GEORGE J. F.—The answers to the Missing Letter Puzzle were Edward Coxen, Florence LaBadie, Henry Walthall, Dorothy Kelly, Arthur Johnson, Wallie Van, Alice Hollister, Helen Gardner, Norma Talmadge, Romaine Fielding, Phillips Smalley, Ruth Roland, Bessie Eyton, Mary Pickford, Sidney Drew, Clara Young, Muriel Ostriche, Mabel Normand, True Boardman and Gilbert Anderson.

TILLIE E. J.—Your letter was all about Crane Wilbur, but I guess he deserves it. Yes; Charles Chaplin is the most talked-of player in the business.

BILLIE F. T.—Your letter was very interesting, but you neglected to ask questions. If you want thoroly to go into the matter of reducing I advise you to get a copy of Gaertner's "Reducing Weight Comfortably," published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, at $1.50. It treats the matter exhaustively, interestingly and from an entirely new standpoint. Most books on reducing make it so hard that the patient would rather bear those ills he has than to fly into others that seem twice as hard to bear.

R. G., OMAHA.—Yes; I enjoyed your letter. No, dear child, that man who sued Mr. Roosevelt for libel is not the original Mr. Barnes of New York.

GENEVIEVE C.—Herbert Rawlinson had the lead in "The Big Sister's Christmas" (Rex). Joseph Kaufman and Ethel Clayton in "The Furnace Man" (Lubin).

A. A. M. S.—I believe that picture was taken in California. Yes, a permit is needed to carry or to sell firearms in New York State.

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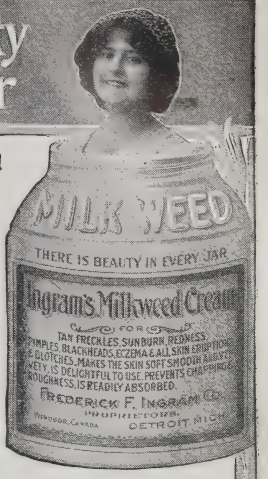

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AGNES T.—Cleo Madison had both parts in that serial. Maxine Brown was Barbara in "The Boston Tea Party."

HARLEY C.—Your questions are all out of order. Some of the companies sell sheet music to exhibitors, and perhaps some day they will be selling organ music by the choir. Lottie Briscoe was Kitty in "Comrade Kitty."

IRENE J.—Neva Gerber was the girl opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "The High Hand." Harold Lockwood was chatted October, 1914. Charles Manley was Tom in "The Master Key." You are wrong. We published a picture of Thomas Moore in November, 1913. Watch out for chat.

ARTHUR W. F.—Barry O'Moore was the actor in "Master Mummer" (Edison). Yes; Francis Bushman really was the wrestler in "The Masked Wrestler" (Essanay), but they had a professional, too, and perhaps you got them mixed.

GERTIE.—No; Edith Halleran is no longer with Vitagraph. Your letters are always interesting. What would my Answer Department be without you?

MARGARETTE K. T.; ESTER U.; PHYLLIS; DOROTHEA S. B.; JACK R.; VALERIE F.; ELSIE W.; DAISY P.; A. B., JERSEY CITY; MARTHA L.; P. M. S.; QUILLE E. M., and MARY C.—Your letters were very interesting, but a little too long.

OLGA, 17.—Ah! you say that you love me so much that you would go to the gates of hell with me. Dear me, that's nothing. I would go *in* for you. Crane Wilbur expects to remain with Lubin. Hence he will probably regain his lost popularity.

STOREY-WILLIAMS ADMIRER.—Your letter was very interesting. Earle Williams and Anita Stewart do not appear in the first episode of "The Goddess." One way to tell whether a photoplayer man is married or not is by noticing whether he carries a baby most like a lamp or an overcoat.

RIPPY.—Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen had the leads in "The Stolen Masterpiece" (American). That Biograph was too old. Enid Markey and Frank Burke in "The Hateful God" (Kay-Bee).

LEILA H.—I hardly think that company is in need of scenarios. Unless you have something with an exceptionally new idea, dont submit it.

MAID OF ST. LOUIS.—And you, too, are rooting for Richard Travers?

MARION B.—Walter Miller was Hugh in "Lord Chumley" (Klaw & Erlanger). Leo Delaney's picture in December, 1912. Of course I will be your daddy. Your letter sparkled with wit.

SAL SHOESTRINGS.—All of my readers that you mention enclose a small fee for prompt answers. I really cannot tell you whether that player was in bare feet or not. Millicent Evans was Alixe in "Seats of the Mighty." The Kalem Kalendar is a monthly bulletin giving Kalem synopses and casts. Didn't you ever hear of Catholic people saving canceled stamps? Ask one of your friends.

MELVA.—Marie Weirman was opposite King Baggot in "Pressing His Suit" (Universal). Arline Pretty was the other girl. Thanks.

GOOP.—You must not ask those forbidden questions—naughty. You ask why does Charles Chaplin spread his toes out so far and what size shoes does he wear. Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!

MARTHA F. B.—A fee means this: If you enclose a stamp or coin with your questions, they will be answered immediately in the following issue, but otherwise they will have to await their turn among the thousands of other questions. You refer to Ethel Teare in "Tale of a Hat" (Kalem).

BETTY BELL.—Pray, forgive me, O faithful one! Yes, I have noticed that Darwin Karr resembles Francis Bushman. Arthur Johnson has been very ill, but he is improving now.

LILLIE M. S.—Those Selig pictures were taken in California, and not in India. If you have a good library in your town you have a university.

K. D. C.—The Essanay Company was named as follows: The *Ess* meaning the S in Spoor, the *an* for and, and the *ay* for the A in Anderson, owners of the company. Thanks for the information.

S. D. H., NORWALK.—I am sure I can tell you nothing about Earle Williams' private affairs, but we shall have a chat with him soon. James Jeffrey was Chappy Raster in "Wildfire." Your letter was very interesting.

MARJORIE S.—I haven't received the package as yet. Sidney Olcott was the lad in "Lad from Old Ireland" (Kalem). He is now with Famous Players. This is getting to be a temperance age. They think they can keep up our spirits by preventing us from putting them down.

BETTY B.—Thanks for the information. "Prince of India" was produced by Pathé.

THERESA C., ATTLEBORO.—Violet MacMillan was the girl in that Broncho. If you write to Mary Anderson, enclosing a stamp, she will be glad to send you one of her photos.

ROSETTE, MONTREAL.—Robert Edeson was "How" in "Where the Trail Divides" (Lasky). J. W. Johnston is Ned in the "Runaway June" series.

JEAN S. M.—Of course I will answer your questions by mail. I meant that it will be impossible for me to carry on a regular personal correspondence by mail. Send your poems to the Editor, please.

VIOLA I. S.—No; Helen Gardner was not in that Rex. She is not playing at all now. I think that the biggest fire in recent years was the $10,000,000 fire at Salem, Mass., on June 25, 1914, in which about 1,000 buildings were destroyed.

ROSEMARY.—George Periolat was the Prime Minister in "The King and the Man" (Victor). Edna Maison was opposite Warren Kerrigan in the "O'Rourke" series.

WALTER S.—Arnold Daly was playing on Broadway at the same time that the "Exploits of Elaine" were taken.

LITTLE RHODY.—Rene Farrington was the girl in "Across the Way" (Princess). It is a luxury to read letters like yours.

ELAINE K.—Harold Lockwood in "The Crucible" (Famous Players). Anita Stewart is not married.

R. MACK.—Muriel Ostriche was with Thanhouser, then with Universal, and now with Vitagraph. You can write to her there. Lloyd Hamilton and Bud Duncan in the "Ham" series.

MRS. M. C.—Your letter was very clever. Beautiful writer. Yes, drop in some time. I understand that about 500,000 motor cars will be produced in America this year, with a valuation of about $450,000,000.

HONEY B.—It would take the whole book to answer yours. Not so many next time, please.

BLANCHE S.—Perhaps Vitagraph will revive "Vengeance of Durand" and "Love's Sunset," but it hasn't been decided yet.

HELEN YORKE, PENN.—George Seigman is with Majestic. Yes; Vivian Martin is playing right along.

MARY S.—You should put your questions at the top of the sheet.

CARL V. H.—Ray Gallagher is with Rex (Universal). Ivan Christy was Wallace in "The Lady of Dreams."

BILLIE B.—Mr. Bushman was probably getting settled with his new company, but he will, no doubt, answer you. The first long-distance telephone wire in the United States was installed in 1876, between Boston and Cambridge, Mass. On January 25th people talked between New York and San Francisco.

MELVA.—You here again? I agree with all you say about censorship. Wish I could print your letter. You failed to give the name of the company.

MRS. F. M.—Margaret Edwards was Truth in "Hypocrites."

NEW ZEALAND.—You neglected to sign your name. You refer to Marin Sais in that Kalem.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Violet Mersereau was the wood nymph in "Peg o' the Wilds" (Imp). Marguerite Courtot was Dorothy in "The Riddle of the Green Umbrella" (Kalem). Gretchen Hartman was the girl in "In Quest of a Story."

ALMA L. C.—J. Lanoe was the eunuch to Holofernes in "Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph). Thanks.

AGNES A.—I am glad to hear that you are a Correspondence Club member. Antonio Moreno has not gone into vaudeville and does not expect to.

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DONALD H.—Yes; Vitagraph have released a picture called "The Blue Rose." E. K. Lincoln in "Shadows of the Past."

CHALLYS B.—Most players do not like to have it known that they are married. Glad you like the Gallery.

EASTONIAN.—Robert Walker and Henry Hallam in "The Siren's Reign" (Kalem). Morris Foster was opposite Florence LaBadie in "The Cycle of Hatred."

ABE, 99.—Phyllis Allen was the girl in "When Hazel Met the Villain" (Keystone). The two you mention were not cast. Lillian Wade was Edith in "In Tune with the Wild." I read it all.

GORDON B.—Bobbie Gould in "When Romance Came to Anne." Naomi Childers in "The Tangle" (Vitagraph). L. Rogers Lytton was the colonel. Pauline Bush was the bride-to-be in that play; at least, she was the tried-to-be.

KERRIGANNETTE.—Raymond Nye, Carmen Phillips and George Periolat in "Smouldering Fires" (Universal). Edward Brennan was Rev. Larney in "The Phantom of the Hearth." Tom Mix and Goldie Colwell in "The Stagecoach Driver and the Girl."

BOB BUNNY.—Harry Davenport and Rose Tapley are the husband and wife in "The Jarr Family" (Vitagraph). Harry Todd was Mustang Pete in "Slippery Slim's Wedding Day."

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—No, I am not too old to eat candy, thank you. Howard Mitchell was Freddie, and Lottie Briscoe was Mabel in "The Question and the Answer Man."

LENA S.—Your letter was indeed interesting, but you neglected to give the name of the company. A temperance wave seems to be sweeping over the world, and it is a good thing.

HYNTOE.—You need not approach with fear and trembling. I neither bite, bark nor scratch, and am "too proud to fight." Really seventy-four; yes, I are. I think you have real literary ability. The V. L. S. E. claim to have over 100 important stars engaged in making their features, which is the biggest yet.

GRACE VAN LOON.—I think I should like an Angora cat, but I really would not care for a purple cow. The best way to get the pictures you want is to leave a polite note at the boxoffice requesting the management to show the plays you wish. Get a few friends to do likewise, and you'll get them. I have three old letters of yours to answer yet.

CHELSEA, 535.—Hello, hello! Yes, this is the Answer Man. You shall have all the space you require in the SUPPLEMENT, and I want you to be represented in the first issue. Thanks for excellent idea.

IRENE F., NEWARK.—Glad to hear that our magazine stands so high in your high school. E. K. Lincoln is still playing, but since he plays features entirely he has lost much of his former popularity. Very few players will ever become popular in features. Just think of the popularity of Maurice Costello, Florence Turner, Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, G. M. Anderson, Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell, and where they got it.

GERTIE.—So you think that Vola Smith (Biograph) is to be the Mary Pickford of the future. But what's to become of Little Mary? A large picture of her in the September SUPPLEMENT. Also one of Crane Wilbur. Yes; Marguerite Clayton has "come back," and Norma Talmadge is all you say of her in "A Daughter's Strange Inheritance," and that was certainly an excellent play. She has not had the opportunities nor the advertising of Anita Stewart, as you say. Your scenario is very funny, but when you get the principal characters in the room and the clock strikes one, dont you know that the censors will cut that out? They dont permit any kind of striking nowadays. As to the eight-cylinder Ford —well, put on your chains, you're skidding!

I. M. AND U. R.—The reason we require the correct names and addresses on all communications is simply as a matter of good faith. We pay no attention to anonymous communications. Viola Dana has apparently deserted the regular stage for the Edison screen. You say you saw her on the stage in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." I have recorded your three cheers for Rosemary Theby because she comes from St. Louis. Constantly strive to make your best better—that's the way to approach perfection.

J. M. T.—You set yourself up as my critic, censor and guide, but you should remember that you have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant. I am always glad to hear from temperate critics. The irate, self-satisfied ones only make me laugh.

GRACE VAN L.—Such a delight! I wish I had your wit. You must write a letter to the editor of the SUPPLEMENT. I dont answer "Who's married to whom?" questions. Only one magazine does that, and that is about all they do answer. My card-index consists of about 15,000 cards, and it has taken over four years to accumulate them. Our "morgue" is also useful in preparing these answers. But with all this, I am sometimes stuck, which prevents me from getting stuck up. When I cant find the answer to an important question, I ask everybody around here; then I telephone; then I get down the books; then I get mad. And now you know just how it is done.

MINON M.—Bessie Eyton and Thomas Santschi in "The Spoilers" (Selig). Marie Doro was Nance in "Oliver Twist." Clara Blandick was the wife in "His Inspiration" (Kalem). Arthur Albertson was opposite Alice Joyce in "The White Goddess" (Kalem).

C. A. P.—Your idea is good but stale. A company is already making spoons with photoplayers on them, the first being Mary Pickford.

Alter Ego.—Antonio Moreno was chatted in December, 1914. Norma Talmadge was chatted in November, 1914. Yours was a dandy.

C. Will Burr.—You can go often to the Vitagraph Theater, since they have reduced the price. Remember me to all the boys at Columbia. I dont think that Roscoe Arbuckle wants your sympathy. He does not seem to mind carrying around all that excess baggage. I understand that Kriterion and Santa Barbara have gone up the flue. More to follow.

Boyd O. R.—Crystal never gives out casts. Beverly Bayne is still with Essanay. Yes, I do think Thomas Chatterton looks like Crane Wilbur. He looks like a later edition of the same works.

Petite Annie.—I refer you to an article in our November 1914 issue by Mr. Heyl. You think Charles Chaplin is a bit vulgar at times? Always glad to see you.

Ida B. G.—David Hartford was the father in "Tess of the Storm Country." Yes, the lawyer was the Clutching Hand. Write to the American Company, Santa Barbara, Cal., for a picture of Harold Lockwood.

U Need A.—Jack Mulhall was Jack, Joe McDermott was Joe, Irma Dawkins was Grace, and Gretchen Hartman was Carlotta in "His Brother's Keeper" (Biograph). Harry Pollard was John, and Margarita Fischer the girl in "The Quest" (Beauty). Joseph Smiley was Prince Nordoff in "The White Mask" (Lubin). I am indeed sorry.

Beverly P.—Yes, that was my mistake; sorry. Beverly Bayne is still with Essanay and doesn't intend to leave. I cannot tell you the salary that player gets. Thanks. Eleanor Blevins and L. C. Shumway are leads for Western Lubin.

E. F. S. Silsbee.—No cast for "Blue Mouse" nor "Destiny of Zingo." Madeline Traverse was Sonia in "Three Weeks." Beatriz Michelena is with the California Company. Will try to locate the two above for next month.

Blix, Cleveland.—Am I in favor of teaching in public schools by means of Moving Pictures? Sure! That's the only possible way of teaching European geography these days—the boundary lines be a-movin' right along. Adele De Garde is with Vitagraph. The "long-necked individual" is Ben Turpin.

Susie G.—But you must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope if you want a reply by mail. Cheer up—life's too short.

Mary and May.—William Stowell was the lover in "Lonely Lovers" (Selig). The first Billie Reeves Lubin was "The Substitute."

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CARIBEL C.—You want an interview with Jere Austin, of Kalem? I have handed yours to the Editor. Fritzi Brunette is now with Universal.

CALIFORNIA POPPY.—James Kirkwood was leading man in "Behind the Scenes." Gail Kane was Laura in "The Pit." Mae Marsh is in Los Angeles, 4500 Sunset Boulevard.

GOLDEN LOCKS.—Latest war news: General Prosperity is advancing all along the line. Gertrude Robinson was Phyllis in "Classmates." Marshal Neilan was her brother. Marguerite Snow and Francis Bushman opposite each other.

RUTH H.—Charles Wells was Dr. Bell, and J. P. McGowan was Selwyn in "The Identification" (Essanay). Dolly Larkin was the girl, and Webster Campbell was opposite her in "A Secret Marriage." Thanks for all you say.

ELERIA M., DALLAS.—Vitagraph are producing Williams and Stewart pictures right along. Send your verses to the Popular Plays and Players Department. "Who Pays" will be released in series of twelve-reel dramas, with Henry King and Ruth Roland.

ENDORA V. P.—Anna Nilsson was Anne in "The Haunted House" (Kalem). Norma Talmadge was the girl on the May cover. Edith Storey was Amuset in "The Dust of Egypt" (Vitagraph). Marguerite Clark was Repita in "Pretty Sister of José" (Famous Players). O K, only you should have put your name at the top of the sheet, instead of at the bottom. Ruth Blair is Edwin August's leading woman.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—Yes; the Gaiety Theater of Los Angeles will now be called the Hippodrome. Charles Ray was John in "The Cup of Life" (Essanay). Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "When Love and Honor Called" (Essanay). Thanks for all that.

ELSA G. D.—You are on the wrong track. Instead of waiting for Opportunity to knock, you are apparently waiting to knock Opportunity. Give her a chance. Misfortunes never come singly. They are always married. Keep one eye open for Dame Fortune, but watch out for her daughter, Misfortune. Norma and Constance Talmadge are sisters and live with their mother in Brooklyn.

E. A. C.—Yes, all photoplays should be typewritten. You need not put in the conversation. Most manufacturers are in the market for photoplays. Get in touch with our Clearing House.

FANNY FAN.—So you are boosting Garry McGarry. Good! he needs it. Robert Nolan and Augusta Anderson in "The Call of Her Child" (Biograph). Should be glad to hear from you again.

D. M. B., SODUS.—Glad you liked the June. Your letters are always interesting.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Your letter was nectar and ambrosia—simply delicious. Now, dont everybody get jealous, for I cant pay such poetic compliments to all. Vivian Rich used to play opposite Warren Kerrigan. She certainly uses too much white powder on her face and "black" paint on her lips.

IRENE B. R.—Gertrude McCoy was the girl in "Greater Than Art" (Edison). Edward Earle opposite her. And you, too, say the June issue is the best yet. *Sic semper.* Mary Fuller is with Universal, 573 Eleventh Avenue, New York City.

C. C. K.—Yes; Selig produced "Evangeline." Eclair produced "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

MARTIN P., SACRAMENTO.—That was taken in France, by a foreign company. Yes, I missed the nuts this year, but I thought of you. Anyway, I am always pleased to hear from you.

TARHEEL CRACKER.—I am indeed sorry you were not answered. Sidney Ayres is with the Big U, Universal brand. William Russell with American. Solax release only State right pictures. Victoria Forde is with Nestor. The new list is ready.

HAPPY GO LUCKY.—You want a picture of Anne Schaefer? And you say Dorothy Donnell knows how to interview?

E. M. G., HOUSTON.—Yours was very interesting. I am glad that you are praying for peace, but possibly the Lord Almighty knows best whether peace at this time is desirable. He may have some great plan to work out.

EIGHT 22.—You refer to Anders Randolf in "From Headquarters" (Vitagraph). Yes, "The Goddess" has very beautiful scenery, but the first episode of two reels does not contain Earle Williams and Anita Stewart.

OLGA, 17.—Now you have seen Antonio Moreno. Hooray! Good-by to Crane Wilbur. Come along any time.

KNICKERBOCKER, OTTAWA.—Monroe Salisbury was King Frederick in "The Goose Girl" (Famous Players). You dont think Kerrigan gets good enough plots?

DAISY LEE.—Better send in those answers. Florence Natol was the old maid in "The Green Cat" (Vitagraph). Last month I said that Florence Natol was the old maid in "The Happy Go Lucky." That was a mistake. It was Helen Relyea. You see, I am not quite omniscient and infallible.

ANTHONY.—Glad to see you back. Yes; Harry Carey returned to Biograph. Earle Williams did play in a Western Vitagraph some time ago.

BEATRICE P.—Norma Phillips was the lead in that serial. Kalem produced "The Bolted Door" also, and Vitagraph "The Locked Door." Howard Mainhall was Clancy in "One Wonderful Night."

RUBY D.—Thanks for the snapshot. I like to receive pictures, and I hope to get many this summer.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSICS

OUR request in the last number has met with a generous response, and we are able to announce a considerable list of *classics* even at this early date. Any reader may vote, by writing on a postcard or paper, the titles of not more than five photoplays, that he or she has seen, which are worthy of being called *classics*. At the top write "Motion Picture Classics"; at the bottom your name and address, as an evidence of good faith, and mail (or enclose with other communication) to this magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Here are fifteen *classics*, according to our readers, being those plays that have received the most votes to date, in the order named:

"The Christian" (Vitagraph).
"Cabiria" (Italia).
"Quo Vadis?" (Kleine).
"Tess of the Storm Country" (Fam. Pl.).
"The Eternal City" (Famous Players).
"Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph).
"From Manger to Cross" (Kalem).
"Vanity Fair" (Vitagraph).
"Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players).
"My Official Wife" (Vitagraph).
"Caste" (Edison).
"Mistress Nell" (Famous Players).
"Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph).
"The Captive" (Lasky).
"The Stoning" (Edison).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. CHESTER W. CLEVELAND, of 223 Plum Street, Plymouth, Ind., seems to be a very keen observer. Already his prediction is coming true, judging from that almost infallible thermometer, the Great Cast Contest:

Why do certain photoplayers leave the companies that made them famous at the extreme height of their popularity? Such is the case of Francis X. Bushman, who is leaving the Essanay Company for the Metro.

Could not Mr. Bushman see by the experiences of other photoplayers that he was making a step in the wrong direction? We all know how well Helen Gardner, Gene Gauntier, Ford Sterling, Florence Turner, Carlyle Blackwell, Mary Fuller, and many others succeeded after leaving the companies that made them famous.

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Helen Gardner and Florence Turner both left the Vitagraph at the height of their popularity, and it was not a long time until the names of these two actresses were almost forgotten in connection with Motion Pictures. Miss Gardner saw her mistake after a time and returned to the Vitagraph Company, where she has partly regained her lost popularity.

When Mary Fuller left the Edison Company she was the most-talked-of actress, with the exception of Mary Pickford. She is slowly dropping out, as can be seen by the Great Cast Contest.

Florence Lawrence was one of the most popular actresses of the day when she appeared with Arthur Johnson in Lubin pictures. Look at the result of her leaving the Lubin Company!

The majority of the picture-going public always want to see Essanay, Vitagraph, Selig, Lubin, Kalem, Biograph and Edison pictures, regardless of whom the stars are. Just because a popular player of one of these companies should jump to the Universal or Mutual Company, they are not going to continually follow him. The General Film Program is the only program, and all of the popular players, with the exception of a very few, are connected with it.

The one- and two-reel programs are what made the various players popular. These are the only programs that the small-town exhibitor can afford to use. When the players who have become popular in the one- and two-reel photoplays jump to a feature company, they are bound to lose their popularity. The exhibitor in the small place cannot afford to run these features, and thus the players lose their popularity.

I hope that Mr. Bushman will reconsider his move and will be back with the Essanay before long.

Miss Alice White, of 5949 Erie Street, Chicago, Ill., differs with many of our readers who think we pay too much attention to the old-time favorites and not enough to the new players:

I have been a reader of the Motion Picture Magazine for some time and enjoy it very much, at least most parts of it. Now, will you allow me the privilege of criticizing that which I do not like?

I would like to request a review, both in the "Art Gallery of Popular Players," and in the articles, so that we again be allowed to see Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce, Kathlyn Williams, Florence LaBadie, the Moore brothers, and the host of others who appeared so long ago. A review would revive interest in them more than ever.

The only thing I do not like is that only new stars are being talked about and shown. Of course I know that all should have a chance to win public approval; still I do not like to see the others standing back, resting on laurels won so long ago.

Then why cant we hear more about Mary Pickford? I know much has been said about her already. In fact, some one said, "Nothing more can be said of her." Still the public would be glad to have this refreshened in their minds. We never find a good picture of her anywhere—her features are blurred—and we find her photo used more as an advertisement than anything else. Cant we have a number of views of her and scenes in which she has starred, etc.? Those playing in the serials are dangerous rivals, so it is up to the papers and magazines to help keep her at the top.

Then, cant you give us views of Norma Talmadge, Mabel Normand, and others? I hope that I may have the pleasure of seeing the established stars soon again.

Among the hundreds of letters and verses we have received, regarding the death of John Bunny, is this excellent verse by the well-known poet, Mr. H. A. D'Arcy:

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BUNNY.

Good-by, good clown,
Indeed thou wert a merry fool;
Thy unctuous wit and rotund shape
Could wring kind wrinkles from the wisest face.
Thy life was not in vain,
For richly didst thou earn the gratitude
Of mankind of thy time.
Ten hundred thousand friends for years will tell
The stories of the parts thou played so well,
And laugh again as they recall
Thy droll pomposity.
Thy "Bottom" was the top of classic humor
And earned for thee a name
Fit to be graven in the Hall of Fame.
Thou passed too soon,
But memory will keep thy name forever honored.
"Requiescat in pace."

The following letter, addressed to a well-known writer and critic, was refused by the addressee, and is printed here by request of the author:

Dear Mr. Sargent—I am hoping that you will permit me to say a few words in your valuable column on the subject of teaching the art of photoplaywriting. Under date of April 24th and headed

"The Reason for Crêpe," you make certain strong assertions that are so contrary to my own convictions on the subject that I cannot refrain from offering them for the consideration of photoplaywrights, along with yours. Be assured that this is neither a defense nor an attack; I have neither reason nor cause for either. I speak not of schools—even tho you state that "in nine cases out of ten, and generally the tenth, they are conducted as a downright cheat." Alas for all who teach photoplaywriting—or write books that attempt to teach—for they belong to the same genus!

Imagination, brains and success cannot be bought thru any school or college, I grant you. Yet they are worthless

(*Continued on page* 168)

ACCORDING TO THEIR LIGHTS

(*Continued from page* 34)

Bob and her father were coming toward them, up the hillside. At the top, behind a boulder, crouched a sinister group of men with leveled guns. A terrible lassitude clogged her tongue—she could neither speak nor move; but Meg Tracey sprang forward, waving warning arms.

"Back! Back!" she screamed. "Oh, Gawd! make they understan'!"

Her quick eye caught the motion of the rifle in her father's hands. Bob and the Colonel had halted uncertainly on the slope, in full view of the ambushed mountaineers. A strange joy flashed across the girl's small, brown face, robbing it of its grotesqueness, ennobling it into sudden beauty. With a protecting gesture, such as mothers make, she stepped forward, and the bullet, meant for the "rev'noo man," found its goal in her soft breast.

The heavy eyelids fluttered—the clouded, gray eyes moved about the circle, from her kinfolks' sobered faces, from Grace's tear-wet cheeks, to rest at last on Bob Mason's shocked face, bent over hers.

"Dont yo'-all—care," she whispered, difficultly. "I reckon—I'm—glad——"

The lids drooped down, but still her lips formed slow words.

"I—see—the—rat," said Meg Tracey clearly; "do you—see—the—cat——"

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CERISE BIDS FAREWELL TO THE COMPASSIONATE SISTERS

(*Continued from page* 39)

hand gallantly until his tear had splashed it.

And now another little, great man was about to venture the same deed. Her summer vision dispelled to the sound of his pleading. And then an unheard-of thing happened: Cerise refused the proposal of the man who promised to raise her to his lofty pinnacle. The commissaire was a hard loser, however, and shortly afterward brought serious charges against her. Cerise was accused of changing her name without leave and of teaching school without a license.

A formal process of arrest followed, and Cerise was brought to court and arraigned before the district judge.

She did not glance up as the commissaire recited his list of charges, but, in the silence which followed, she permitted herself to look up. The judge bore a scarred and hated face—the leering one into which the bride of La Hyacinthe had hurled the drugged wine-glass.

"You have another name, also, I believe," he said; "it is that of '*La Cracheuse.*'"

All the latent blood in Cerise boiled as in the days of La Hyacinthe. She reached up quickly, savagely, and drew her nails downward across his face.

"A parting kiss," she laughed shrilly, "from the Bride of Lammermoor."

In prison Cerise had time to think over her ill-fated life, and the sum of its misfortunes for once caused her stout heart to falter. She had always borne up well, she thought, fighting her own battles, and even putting the surplus of her fire into others. But now, *hélas!* life held nothing in store for her.

Once having made up her mind, Cerise's determination to make away with herself would not be stayed. She took to her pallet, in spite of threat, artifice and cajolery, and refused to eat the prison fare.

The thin girl became thinner; to

AT HER TRIAL CERISE RECOGNIZES THE SCARRED FACE OF DELORME

her pale face was added the pallor of the prison and the hopeless heart; the corn-flower blue of her eyes deepened to the violet shadows of iris.

She grew weak to the danger-point, and the venerable physician was called in. "It's a case for the good Curé—a starving heart in need of food," he said. "I can do nothing." But he sent a record of the case to the Paris prisons, and the next day the strange life and approaching end of Cerise Vignol flared across the pages of the newspapers.

Marcel read it, with a sigh of bitterness, recalling the fur-lined overcoat and his jeweled fingers in the days of La Hyacinthe's vogue.

But Pierre, the remains of the great Reaux—the grizzled, fat player of farce—read it, and a curious mist gathered on his window-pane, which he tried to rub off, but found had formed across his eyes instead.

After the play, he did not eat heartily as usual, but sat up late, with his plump hands clasping the table and his eyes staring at the wall as tho seeing a mystical film.

At daybreak he dashed copious water into his face and set off for Neuilly. The pale face and corn-flower eyes had stood between him and his vulgar audience—had stared from the pages of every flaunting news-sheet and hung like a luminous portrait on his grimy wall. The least he could do was to see, for the last time, the possessor of this dogged ghost.

In the train a panic took hold of him, and he came near turning back. Suppose she were already dead and her image would follow him always? Pierre, the maker of farces, shivered at the thought.

At last he stood timidly by her pallet. She looked up and smiled at him, and he realized that she was more beautiful than ever. Her skin was clear and white, like young lilies, and her wonderful eyes held him speechless.

"Pierre!" she said, barely above a whisper, yet so that it drowned his ears.

"Yes"—his tongue loosed from its paralysis—"Pierre—the idiot, the fool, the wretch, the cheap farceur—is before you!"

"To me you are always the great Reaux," she said—and again the scalding tear splashed upon her hand.

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THE OYSTER DREDGER

(*Continued from page* 56)

his hearers how the wealthy girl kept the good-for-nothing dredger. Suddenly did the dredger seem to rise before the lawyer. Carson gave one look of terror, then fled precipitately out of the back door. He stumbled, and there was an ominous splash.

Jack was the first to jump to the rescue and the one to work the hardest, but all his well-meant efforts were fruitless. It was nearly dusk when they located the body and brought it into the saloon.

That night a great jovial-faced moon rose out of the sea. Two figures stood black against the brightness of it, and the golden sheen of the rippling waters accentuated the solemnity of their expressions.

"And even now that that man is—is drowned—I seem unhappier than ever," the woman was saying.

"And, when you leave tomorrow, I shall be unhappy," he confessed.

"Even with your good little boat and your sea and——" she mourned.

"Without you," he added.

"But it was I who brought you unhappiness," she said, a little startled.

"Yes."

"I would do anything in the world to give it back to you again," she said impulsively.

"Anything?" he asked quickly.

She looked into his moonlit eyes for the merest instant, but did not answer—in so many words.

"Vera!" he cried gladly.

And she replied in the new voice that should ever be fresh writ in the most treasured archives of his heart: "Yes—Jack!"

And the moon continued to rise and withdraw out of their way; and the lapping water turned from sobs into laughter; and the soft night-wind became a perfect æolian harp for their voices as they sang:

Oh, my mother's the Sea and my kin are the Waves!
Ho-ho!
And my father's the Echo that dwells in yon caves!
Ho! Ho-ho!

(*Continued from page* 72)

"The hot sun at noonday—the wolves at night—the thirst and hunger! Father, if we had gone on to the settlements——"

"God is great!" said the Jesuit, gravely; "God never deserts His own."

"Monoka knew that you would come," said the girl, softly. One weak hand went up to her lover's drawn cheek. "Love calls with a loud voice," she murmured; "the eagle flies to his mate, the waters go to the valleys, and thou, oh, my Brave One, my True One—thou comest to me——"

"But they who brought you here—" said the young brave, very coldly. Rising, he put her from him gently, then turned a terrible face toward the west. "They shall feel the might of Asaban's hand, the hot breath of his anger; they shall call upon their evil gods in vain; there shall be wailing of women and death-pyres, where Asaban's vengeance comes!"

"GOD NEVER DESERTS HIS OWN"

It was a chant of hatred, terrible to hear. But the Jesuit's calm face did not change. When he spoke, his voice was like cool waters across a flame.

"Vengeance belongs to the Great Spirit, and to Him alone, Asaban," he said quietly. "Leave your blood-feud in His hands. For you there wait Joy and Love and Life. Think no more of evil things, but only of the maid. Take her hand, Asaban, and look at me. She shall go back with us to the settlements, and the fire that flickers before your tepee shall be fed by her and warm her also to the ending of your days."

And so, hand in hand, there on the hilltop, with only the winds and the sun and the deep sky to see, Asaban and Monoka were wedded. The look on their dark, quivering faces was not for other eyes to see. Father John left them on the hilltop and went down into the valley, to wait their coming, on his knees.

"For them joy in each other—for me joy in my mission," he murmured, lifting patient eyes to the calm, blue sky. "God be praised for the joy He hath given His sinful world!"

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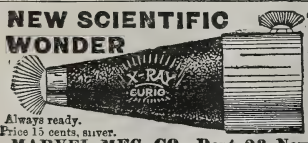

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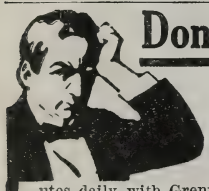

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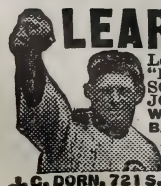

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(*Continued from page* 163)

without cultivation, education and application. We are born with them all, just as we are embryo photoplaywrights, perhaps, in our cradles. If I have a bent for a profession, or a trade, or a business, I seek out an apprenticeship, or a college, or an office where I may *cultivate* and *develop* what I desire to perfect. I may learn all there is to learn in my books and schools and yet fail or attain nothing more than mediocrity—ninety-nine out of a hundred in every pursuit do. All lawyers are not Websters; nor clergymen, Phillips Brooks; nor writers, Dickens.

But why should photoplaywriting or any other kind of writing be deplored as a teachable art or science? I can teach the most talented student struggling to understand this very new science a score of things about plot and technique and effects that no book would quite make clear; you know you can do it. You can tell an earnest student more when you have corrected his work than the dumb book can. You can tell him more in a few minutes than he could dig out from experience unaided in maybe several months.

I am afraid most persons criticising the teaching of these arts confound the terms talent and cultivation (or development) with science and art. I am afraid, too, that your arraignment is too sweeping. You possibly mean that illiterates cannot and should not be accepted as students. You no doubt mean that persons who do not know an art themselves cannot teach others. You must mean, too, that very few persons are teachers at all, no matter how much they know of a subject. Again, you mean that teaching that is not personally conducted—thru correspondence or otherwise—is not teaching at all. I agree with you heartily on all these points, but I insist that there are exceptions, and place you at the head of the list of the capable few.

All any school, for any specified study, can do is to develop. You can teach any one anything, if he is prepared to grasp the subject by previous cultivation, but you cant teach anybody anything.

Only a genius can learn a science or an art by seeing or hearing the finished product. The more we can learn from seeing the screened drama, the poorer the dramatist must have been to let us see his mechanics. How, then, shall we learn the inside workings of the photoplay? Not one person in three can *teach himself* anything from a book. At best it is an arduous process, which coupled with brutal and continued rejections of scripts will extend over months, maybe years. Many a talented person has dropped from the ranks after a short fruitless experience of this kind.

(*Continued on page* 170)

(*Continued from page* 91)

PRESERVING THE GREAT WAR FOR POSTERITY BY THE MOVIES

the English prisoners' camp. He was not worried at all by having his enthusiasm dampened. As calmly as anything, he placed his Aeroscope movie camera, which is a tripodless contrivance, underneath the barrack gates. Our hero used a stone to rest the machine in an upright position. Lighting a cigaret, he sat on the camera as if it were a chair. Then when the guards accosted him he offered each a cigaret and asked them how long they thought the war would last. With their vigilance relaxed in this way, they did not notice him turning the camera crank with one hand, with which he recorded a squad of soldiers who were exercising in the barrack yard.

The latest country to come into line is Russia, which has conferred the responsibility upon Pathé Frères. Only Britain and Austria now remain uncovered.

Our country, in seeking permanent records recently, took occasion to call in all illustrations of the Civil War. Thousands of aged-looking photographs were sent by private collectors, old soldiers, historical societies, etc. The plan succeeded admirably, so it is not unlikely that the European powers will request the producers to supply a copy of every film after the war has ceased. The producers, fortunately, always preserve the negative.

The credit, however, for leading the way must go to Uncle Sam, for the Modern Historic Records Association is forming a complete Moving Picture panorama of the war, which will be shown in New York once peace is effected. Already a number of films have been acquired, and their number is being constantly added to. They are arranged in logical order, and eventually the films are to be stored in air-tight vaults so that they will be available for future generations.

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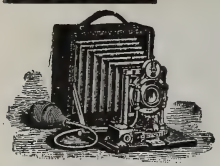

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

A Sales-Producing Medium

(*Continued from page* 168)

I am with you in whacking the frauds and I shake your hand for discouraging the boobs, for there *is* one born every sixty seconds. I am with you in any campaign you can suggest in bawling out the quack teachers for ailing photoplaywrights. But I ask, how shall we learn authoritatively and honestly an art that is teachable?—and heaven knows it needs teachers after sitting thru the average portrayal of an evening! And there are really so many who might be taught and developed, to the everlasting credit of all concerned—especially the slowly rising photodrama.

Sincerely and cordially yours,

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.

P. F. Leahy, of San Francisco, Cal., has "gone into things" in his very interesting letter. He likes, and he knows why. He dislikes, and he knows why. All who read will profit by candid criticism and well-thought-out opinions, even if you do not agree:

It seems particularly hard to me to name one person for any one rôle, because each and every actor or actress has some one line of work which they do better than any other one line, and so it is difficult to classify, as I have done, Tom Moore as leading man, when there is no way to tell what kind of a plot would fall to his lot and just what would be required of him as the leading man in any one scenario. I have named him because he is an adept in handling the semi-juvenile leads in modern society and real life picture plays, which seem to be in the majority now. In a recent Kalem release, the name being "The Stowaway," if my mind serves me rightly, he depicted the scion of a noble British family who had stolen passage on an Atlantic liner to reach New York and escape the marriage with an American heiress which was to be thrust upon him. He made out of that rather slender plot a clever comedy that was delicious. His expressions when hiding in the life-boat, and eating his stolen loaf, were works of art. But Tom Moore could never handle such a part as John Storm, or that of the lead in "Samson," which William Farnum made perfect.

I hesitated over my choice for leading lady, being half inclined to write Blanche Sweet's name in place of that of Miss Talmadge. However, as Miss Talmadge is almost as clever a character woman as she is young girl or straight lead, I finally chose her. And then (dont smile, please) Blanche Sweet *does* wear her hair so mussy that it makes me nervous for fear it will tumble down and spoil a scene, and so detracts from the pleasure I would otherwise feel in watching her on the

screen. Miss Talmadge, in my opinion, is about the most versatile young lady appearing in screen plays today. Her beauty is undeniable, and so is her youth, yet she can make up to appear a hardened woman of the world, an elderly lady, or a little schoolgirl, and she does each of them inimitably, too.

Van Dyke Brooke and Mrs. Maurice are two perfect old people, who make us think of our own mothers or fathers in the majority of the plays in which they appear. However, Mr. Brooke can make a splendid villain, too, altho far be it from "Mother" Maurice ever playing anything but what must be her own sweet self.

Henry Walthall is the greatest actor on the screen now, yesterday, or in the future. It seems a shame that a man so wonderfully gifted as he is should be anything but a powerful man who looks more like our ideal of the parts he plays or could play. His characterizations are always perfect, and he can always be depended upon to give a smooth, even performance of any part assigned to him. In fact, years ago, when the Biograph were still refusing to divulge the names of their players, we called Mr. Walthall "The Coward," and it was not intended as derogatory, either, but was because of the splendid work he did in a play in which he was cast as a deserter from the Union Army during the Civil War. His best later work was in Poe's gruesome "Avenging Conscience."

Julia Swayne Gordon would be better than she is if she would use her eyes just a little less noticeably than she does. Also, if she would costume her rôles a little more in keeping with the part she is portraying. They usually look like last year's made over, which, tho no disgrace, does take away from the value of a picture.

Sidney Drew is usually a "scream," and has it all over Chaplin or Bunny in every way; that is, when he stays away from the slapsticks. We are getting altogether too much of that class of comedy from the Keystone and Biograph farces.

I might have named Mae Marsh as the female comedian for my cast, and am even yet hesitating about it. Her Apple-Pie Mary with Robert Harron in "Home, Sweet Home," was about the quaintest, most pathetic little piece of comedy I have ever seen. But her work in "The Escape" branded her as something more than a comedienne.

I have never yet seen what I would call a "*perfectly* beautiful" woman, but Clara Kimball Young, with her immense eyes and lovely hair, comes as near to it as possible without being the ideal. I used to see her in stock in Seattle years ago when she was still Clara Kimball, and not Mrs. Young.

Can there be a better villain than Mr. Crisp's Bull Magee in "The Escape"?

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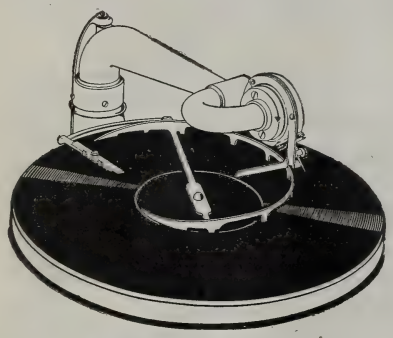

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Rek-Rep

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Even Rogers Lytton, that arch-villain, could not have played the part as did Donald Crisp.

Where was there ever a more clever little actress than Mimi Yvonne? The small part she took in the Famous Players Company's "Clothes," and the lead with E. K. Lincoln in "The Littlest Rebel," must surely have placed her in the very front rank of child prodigies. She is a consummate actress.

Harold Lockwood I have chosen for his fresh boyishness of face and manner and his utter lack of conceit or "stand-offishness." He looks more human than the majority of leading men, and he is handsome in his own big, fresh way.

This letter is dragging itself out astonishingly, but there are just a few more remarks I'd like to make before closing. I trust your patience will allow.

I'd like to follow the lead of others and name my favorites and their characteristic which appeals most to me, or which detracts a wee bit from their place in my esteem. May I? Thank you.

Norma Talmadge—Her whole-hearted smile, which is not forced to show dimples, nor yet is it a smirk. It is a *real* smile.

William Farnum—His splendid physique and his air of quiet power which is apparent in all his rôles. Also the masterly swing of that powerful right arm of his as in "Samson" and "The Spoilers."

Earle Williams — His innate gentlemanly manner and air of quiet reserve.

Tom Moore—His ability to amuse with only the expressions of his face. His awkwardness (may he and Miss Joyce forgive).

Lillian Gish—The characteristic movement of her hands and the sweet expression in her eyes, altho I cannot agree with Belasco as to her beauty.

Marguerite Clark—Her elfishness and lack of self-consciousness. Her "little-girl" head of hair, and her cute little ways, more entrancing than Mary Pickford's much-lauded pout.

Edith Storey—Her versatility and ability to play almost any rôle well. Also her splendid horsemanship, altho we see none of it these days.

Marguerite Courtot — Her girlishness and winsomeness. Tho not beautiful, she has a way of getting at one's heartstrings.

Mary Fuller—Now, I'm about to make a statement which will cause quite a furore, I'm afraid, but I *do not* like her work. She appears, along with Lillian Walker and a few others, to have altogether too good an opinion of herself and her acting. Maurice Costello and Bushman are other examples.

Well, I find that I could go on 'most all day at this, but I haven't the time, and neither have you, so I'll stop now.

Lindley W. Hubbell, 157 Kenyon

(*Continued on page* 174)

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FISHER NOVELTY CO., Dept. 34, 721 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 172)

Street, Hartford, Conn., thinks that "furrin" players are being neglected, photodramatically, at least. He also has a grievance, 'twould seem, against our estimable censors:

Why is it that so many of the foreign players are neglected? I quite agree with the majority that the foreign comedies and many of the players are odious, but, to my mind, Anthony Novelli, of "Quo Vadis?" fame, is the greatest of male photoplayers in the world. He also did remarkable work in "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Between Savage and Tiger," and, more recently, in "Julius Cæsar." I also think that Italia Manzini, who was Queen Sophonisba in "Cabiria," should occupy a high place in the realm of photoplays.

One more point before I close. If that prim collection of antediluvian old maids, who call themselves "The National Board of Censors," would stop trying to ban all that is interesting in all the best photoplays, and instead stop some of those awful "News Pictorials," such as the Hearst-Selig, Pathé, Animated and Universal, they would do a good deed for once in their useless existence.

A. K. Pettit, Dallas, Texas, has a weird and wonderful thought. Can you imagine it? What do you think of it?

I read in the March issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE an article appertaining to Mr. Chaplin, in which he says, in part, "I had always been ambitious to work in drama." And in this connection, since Mr. Chaplin is with a company that does produce dramas, why not give him a chance, say a part with no make-up, one that requires a full-dress?

I have heard many fans say they wish they could see him in drama.

Think of the interest it would create if it were advertised that Mr. Chaplin would appear in some deep drama! Packed houses, I believe.

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More Good News for Prize-Winners
$625 in Prizes

As a fitting climax to our Great Artist Contest of last year we inaugurated the $100 Prize Photoplay Contest, in which the great artists of photoplay were to appear in prize photoplays especially written by our readers. Last month we announced the distribution of $375, and we herewith award $250 additional. $100 is awarded to "A

(*Continued on page* 176)

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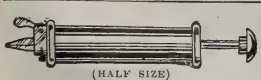

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(*Continued from page* 174)

Man's Conscience," by L. W. Moses, Shawnee, Oklahoma. The Lubin Company has accepted this powerful and unusual photodrama in which Crane Wilbur will shortly be starred. Its story will appear in our pages. $100 is awarded to "When Circumstances Deceive," by Samuel D. Chubb, 2364 Eighty-third Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Kalem Company will feature Marguerite Courtot in this charming light drama, and we will publish its story in a coming number, with probably a changed title. $50 is awarded to "A Mother Heart Awakened," by Emma C. Cox, 435 Washington Street, Peekskill, N. Y. Ormi Hawley, the talented Lubin star, will play the leading rôle in this appealing plea to motherhood. Its story will soon appear in our pages.

At this season of the year the studios are calling in their companies, and decisions are hard to arrive at, but we are assured of further support and will announce additional prizes in the August number.

A complete list of prize photoplays up to date, their authors, the companies producing them and the stars who will appear in them is as follows:

$100—"The Prize Story," by John S. Kelly—Vitagraph—Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno. $100—"The Moth and the Candle," by Mrs. Edward Pels—Edison—Gertrude McCoy and Augustus Phillips. $100—"A Man's Conscience," by L. W. Moses—Lubin—Crane Wilbur. $100—"When Circumstances Deceive," by S. D. Chubb—Kalem—Marguerite Courtot. $50—"Commandeered," by Anne S. O'Neill—Essanay. $50—"A Mother Heart Awakened," by Emma C. Cox—Lubin—Ormi Hawley. $50—"The Danse de Abandon," by Ida M. Sharp—Vitagraph—Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno. $25—"Old Steve," by Margaret T. Cronin—Universal—King Baggot. $25—"The Awakening of Don Morgan," by H. A. Farnham—Universal—Mary Fuller. $25—"The Stolen Will," by W. T. Allen—Grandin—Ethel Grandin.

LIMERICK CONTEST

THE light-hearted Irishman who invented the original limerick did not realize what a deadly missile he had fashioned. It's the neatest little package of rhyming words we know of for hurling bouquets or bombs at an innocent person. Last month we offered to distribute $10.00, in prizes of $5.00, $3.00, $1.00, and $1.00 each for the four best limericks praising or poking fun at photoplays or players. You may have your shot

(*Continued on page* 178)

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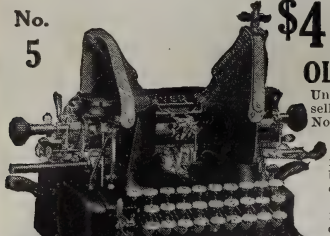

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(*Continued from page* 176)

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He was bitterly hostile to plays,
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Till he saw Lillian Walker;
Then he yelled, "What a corker!"
At the movies he now spends his days.
Washington, D. C. ARTHUR LENOX.

I envy Francis Bushman; yes, that's true!
Not because he's young and handsome, too,
Nor yet because he's strong;
But just because I long
To hug the beauteous Beverly, I do!
St. Louis, Mo. ANN BELL.

There is a young lady from Lynn
Whose face bears one constant grin;
She goes to the play
At least once a day,
When she sees Mabel Normand's within.
Wash'gt'n, D. C. MRS. J. J. O'CONNELL.

FIRED.

A leading man for movies was hired,
But kissing homely girls made him tired;
He would kiss all the "peaches,"
But not those with poor features,
So, of course, later on he got fired.
Brockton, Mass. OTTIE E. COLBURN.

Who told the reporter in an interview
That he wished he was built like Sidney Drew;
Then, if caught in tight places, he could wiggle thru?
Roscoe Arbuckle.
Syracuse, N. Y. THELMA BROWNE.

There is a slim lady named Finch,
Who is all skin and bones, it's a cinch;
But I'll bet a week's pay,
Whatever you say,
She'll always get by in a pinch.
Little Rock, Ark. NELLY A. SHELTON.

JIMMY CRUZE.

As an actor "Old Jimmy's" a "pro";
In the "Mystery" he's the candy beau;
But the folks here all wonder,
And me, too, by thunder,
Why the Kaiser he dont *marry Flo?*
Lloydminster, Sask. R. W. TUCKWELL.

HOBART BOSWORTH IN "THE SEA WOLF."

There was an old sailor named Hobart
Who didn't go oft to the cupboard;
With a snarl and a frown
He knocked them all down,
And he banged all the tars till they blubbered.
Phillipsburg, N. J. E. E. JENKINS.

"BUT WE'LL GET HIM YET, IF HE'S ALIVE!" (SCENE FROM "IN THE DAYS OF FAMINE," PAGE 64.)

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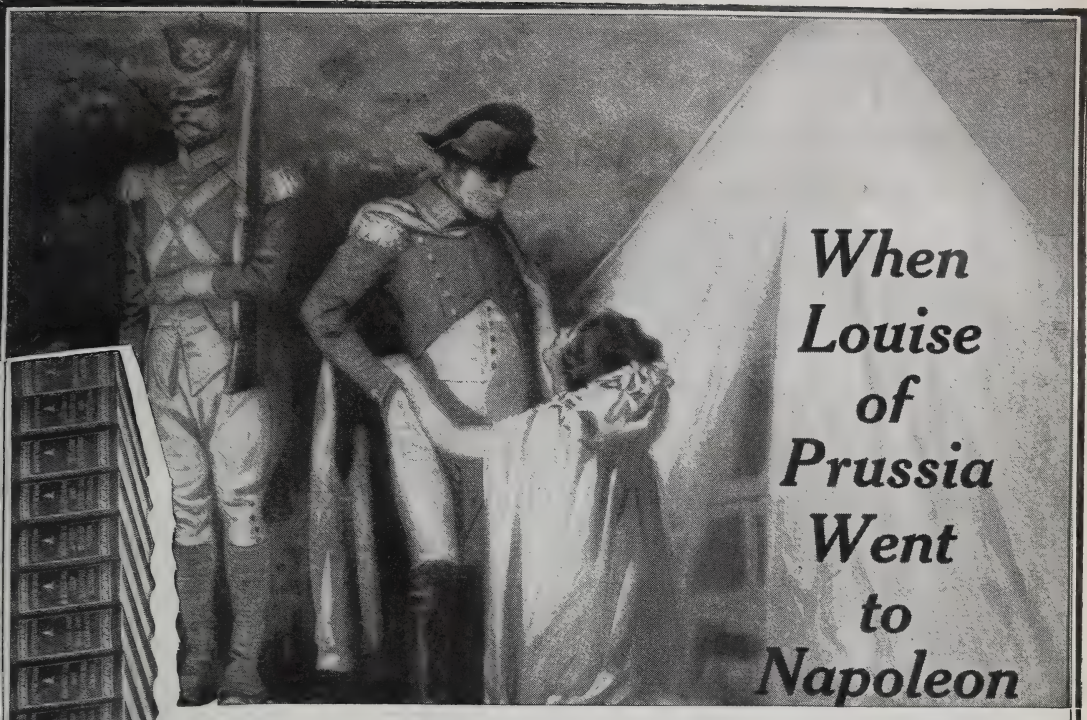

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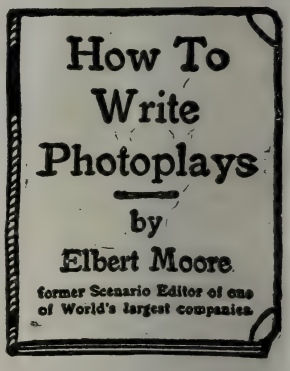

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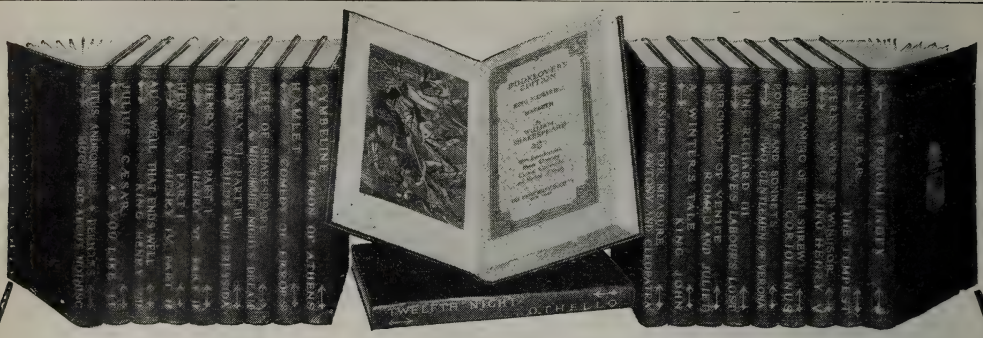

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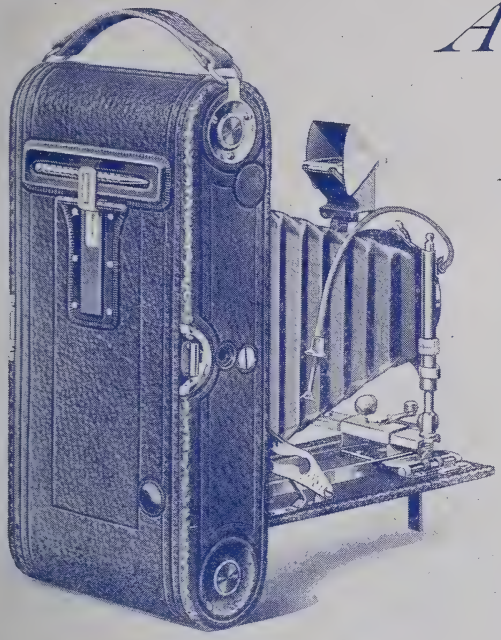

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